


✓ 43032

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
internet archive

<http://archive.org/details/nation133julnewy>

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
INDUSTRY

FOUNDED 1865

43032

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC

VOLUME CXXXIII

JULY 1, 1931, TO DECEMBER 30, 1931

THE NATION, Inc.
20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXIII

JULY 1, 1931, TO DECEMBER 30, 1931

(Nos. 3443-3469)

The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A Art
C Correspondence
Ct Cartoon
D Drama
Dt Driftway
E Editorial Article
EP Editorial Paragraph
I International Relations, Documents
IP International Relations, Foreign Press
IS International Relations, Signed Article
M Music
P Poetry
S Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

A

- Abel, Herbert
Gun-rule in Kentucky; S.....306; correction; C..... 365
- Abrams, C.
Communist votes in Britain; C..... 644
- Academic freedom
Destroyed at Ohio state university by dismissal of Professor Miller; EP..... 171
Taylor, C. C., dismissed by North Carolina state college; EP..... 26
Uhler, J. E., dismissed by Louisiana state university for writing novel; EP..... 475
- Adams, Secretary Charles F. See Navy, United States
- Addams, Jane
Nobel peace prize award; EP..... 683
- Aeronautics
Autogiro; flying in; Dt..... 39
Dornier airplane, DO-X; flight to United States; E..... 272
Flights, transatlantic and round-the-world; EP..... 27
Flying, fascination of; Dt..... 15
Nation, *The*, on achievements. E. R. Rechel; C..... 66
Post and Gatty encircle globe in eight and a half days; EP..... 53
- Aeroplanes. See Aeronautics
- After all. J. W. Krutch; D..... 706
- Africa
Riches; EP..... 119
- Agricultural relief
Farm board failure; EP..... 51
Farm board loss on wheat; EP..... 626
Farm board scandal. I. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 592
Farm board scandal. II. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 641
Farmers a dying order. A. Oldenburg; C..... 389
Wheat holdings by farm board; EP..... 77
Wheat policy; EP..... 26
- Aguinaldo, Emilio
Philippine independence, demand for; EP 144
- Aiken, Conrad
Poetry of. S. J. Kunitz; S..... 393
- Aiken, Newton
Decency and prohibition enforcement; S. 156
"Gag rule" under fire; S..... 598
- Airplanes. See Aeronautics
- Aliens
Absolved by Wickersham commission of blame for crime wave; EP..... 216
- Allen, Devere
Miller, H. A., as teacher; C..... 135
Rebirth of British labor; S..... 301
- Allen, John D.
Hoover's opportunity; C.....109; see also E, 4
- Allen, Robert S.
Business talks; S..... 564
Congress, meeting of; S..... 635
Discharged as Washington correspondent of *Christian science monitor*; EP..... 349
- American civil liberties union
Ward, H. F., chairman, receives doctorate of laws from university of Wisconsin; EP..... 53
- American college of surgeons; congress; E.....477; see also C.....573; C..... 671
- American federation of labor. See Unions
- American legion
Convention; measures proposed; EP.... 348
- American tragedy, an. A. Bakshy; D..... 237
- Anderson, Paul Y.
Congress; Washington madhouse; S.696; see also EP..... 681
Hoover and the press; S..... 382
Hoover the politician; S..... 175
- Anderson, William A.
Elected labor mayor of Minneapolis; EP 1
- Anti-semitism. See Jews
- Architecture
New pace in. D. Haskell; S..... 440
- Arcturus
Light to start Chicago world's fair; EP 217
- Armament limitation and disarmament
Adams, Secretary, asks more money for navy; EP..... 625
Back numbers, two; Ct..... 300
Baltimore *Evening Sun*, views; EP..... 503
College voting shows trend toward pacifism; EP..... 683
Conference, Geneva. See Armament limitation—Geneva conference
Disarm! published by League for industrial democracy; EP..... 349
Disarmament and depression. A. B. Houghton; S..... 695
Disarmament movement grows; EP.... 418
Disarmament petition. R. Wanger; C.. 67
France; does she want war? R. Dell; S.....133; see also..... 36
French attitude. A. B. Houghton on; EP..... 557
French chamber refuses to vote for battleship; EP..... 1
French idea of security; EP..... 196
French memorandum to League of nations; EP..... 117
Geneva conference; EP.....643; EP..... 654
Geneva conference. A. Einstein; S.... 300
Geneva conference; holiday on armaments until after conference suggested; EP..... 293
Geneva conference; personnel; EP..... 143
Geneva conference; policy at. Viscount Cecil; S..... 107
Geneva conference; United States delegation to, EP..... 709
Hoover, President; disarmament policy urged upon him; E..... 28
Hoover views; EP..... 557
Hot and cold, United States; E..... 173
London conference; failure—and after; E..... 120
MacDonald, Ramsay, views; EP..... 557
Mussolini, B., views; EP..... 473
Paris peace meeting; break-up by rowdism; EP..... 625
Peace caravan work opposed; EP..... 446
Truce, general, proposed; EP..... 501
Time for action. L. A. Mead; C..... 258
United States has no need for big army and navy; EP..... 268
Wisconsin views; Dt..... 487
- Army, United States
Economies, possible; EP..... 625
- Around the world in eighty minutes. M. Marshall; D..... 652
- Arrowsmith. M. Marshall; D..... 706
- Art censorship. See Censorship, art
- Arvin, Newton
Individualism and American writers; S. 391
- Auslander, Joseph
Two sonnets from Petrarch; P..... 545
- Austria
And free trade. K. Polanyi; S..... 361
"Friendship!"—slogan of Vienna. C. S. Parker; IS..... 735
Heimwehr putsch fails; EP.....294; E..... 321
- Austro-German customs agreement
Abandonment; EP..... 267
Forbidden by world court; E..... 297
- Authors
Individualism and American writers. N. Arvin; S..... 391
Sentences for offenders; E..... 6
- Autogiros. See Aeronautics
- Automobiles
Industry, comparative prosperity; EP... 118
- Aviation. See Aeronautics
- B
Back numbers, two; Ct..... 300
- Baker, J. W.
Challenges *The Nation* on capitalist social organization; C..185; see also EP.... 97
- Bakshy, Alexander
American tragedy, an; D..... 237
Bought; D..... 237
Chances; D..... 47
Common law, the; D..... 192
Hell below zero; D..... 94
Immortal vagabond, the; D..... 192
Jew at war, a; D..... 192
Men call it love; D..... 47
Miracle woman, the; D..... 237
Morals for women; D..... 192
Moving pictures, talking; S..... 142
Mystery of life; D..... 94
Skin game, the; D..... 47
Street scene; D..... 290
Transgression; D..... 47
- Bailey, George S.
Mellonism takes count; S..... 594
- Baker, J. Stewart, views on banking reform. N. Thomas; C..459; see also..... 357
- Ballyhoo; success; EP..... 627
- Balkans
French gold in Balkans and central Europe. J. Gunther; S..... 511
- Baltimore *Evening Sun*
Disarmament, views on; EP..... 503
- Bank of England
Gets credit from Federal reserve bank of New York and Bank of France; EP. 143
- Bank of France
Loses suit against Chase national bank and Equitable trust company; E..... 30
See also Bank of England
- Bank of United States
Conviction, tardy, of officials; E..... 30
- Bankers
American, and fall of British labor government; EP..... 320
- Banks
Billions, unused. S. P. Harman; S.... 460
Failures, rising number; E..... 147
Hoover aid; E..... 421
Reform, views of J. S. Baker. N. Thomas; C.....459; see also..... 357
See also Federal reserve banks
- Barbecue, impromptu. L. Maury; C..... 109
- Barberton, Ohio
Newspapermen assaulted by police at meeting of radicals; EP..... 78
- Barbour, Warren W.
Appointed senator from New Jersey; EP 654
- Barnett, A. G.
French Guiana escaped convicts; C.... 459
- Barter system
Taos, New Mexico; EP..... 587
- Beard, Charles A.
Hoover record; appointments; S.....82; see also C..... 364
New River ruling; C..364; see also... 82
"Bears." See Stocks and bonds
- Becker, Charles U.
Lauds Hoover; EP..... 531
- Beiler, Irwin Ross
Defense of the spirit; C..573; see also. 432
- Beliefs. See What I Believe
- Bentall, J. O.
Farmers and the cow war; C.....543; see also EP..... 349
- Berger, Victor L., foundation, inc.
Founded; EP..... 119
- Berry, Reverend A. Lawrence
Radicalism; EP..... 197
- Bethlen, Count Stephen. See Hungary
- Bible, the; new "American version"; E.... 714
- Bigelow, John O.
Upholds freedom of speech; EP..... 145
- Billings, Warren K. See Mooney and Billings
- Blair, Sheriff J. H. See Coal miners, American
- Bland, Marie Averill
Resolution in her favor sent to president; EP..... 321
- Bliss, Lizzie P.
Memorial; museum of modern art. P. Rosenfeld; A..... 493
- Bloody laughter. J. W. Krutch; D..... 732
- Bolton, J. R. Glorney
Youth at the gateway of India; IS.... 193
- Bonds. See Stocks and bonds
- Bonus. See Veterans
- Books
Book of the year; Oh yeah? E..... 561
Censorship. See Censorship, book
Piracy; Case of Mr. Crump, by L. Lewi-son, pirated; EP..... 349
Serious books less in demand in time of economic depression; E..... 174
Survival rate; EP..... 197
See also Authors

- Borah, William Edgar
 Boom for president; EP..... 293
 European situation, views on; EP..117;
 EP..... 473
 French idea of security, views on; EP. 196
- Boston, Massachusetts
 Refuses bread. P. C. Scottron; C..... 518
- Bought. A. Bakshy; D..... 237
- Boulder dam. See Hoover dam
- Brandeis, Louis Dembitz
 Seventy-five years old. E. W. Patterson;
 S..... 513
- Brandt, Karl
 If Germany had free trade; S..... 277
- Bray, John Francis
 Information on life sought. A. Lyles;
 C..... 40
- Breadwinner, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 408
- Brenner, Anita
 Making Mexico Jew-conscious; S..... 252
- Brewer, James L.
 Rochester, N. Y., treatment of liberals;
 C..... 644; see also E..... 533
- Briand, Aristide
 Briand the unaccountable. R. Dell; S. 205
 Visit to Berlin; EP..... 376
- Brief moment. J. W. Krutch; D..... 621
- Briffault, Robert
 What I believe; S..... 225
- Britten, Fred
 Responsible for visit of fleet to Montauk
 Point. H. K. Fleming; S..... 228
- Brockway, A. Fenner
 Interview with Mahatma Gandhi; S.... 697
- Broun, Heywood
 Shoot the works, play; E..... 148
- Bruckner, Anton. A. Mendel; M..... 549
- Brüning, Chancellor. See Germany
- Bull, carrying; EP.....295; C..... 459
- Bullock, William E.
 Government competition; C.....601;
 see also..... 508
- Bureau of mines
 Used for private profit. F. J. Schlink;
 S.....508; see also C..... 601
- Bureau of standards
 Used for private profit. F. J. Schlink;
 S.....508; see also C..... 601
- Bureaus, government. See United States
- Burnett, William. See Coal miners, American
- Burroughs, Gordon; kidnapping. P. Hapgood; S..... 669
- Business
 Swope stabilization plan; E..... 323
- Business depression
 Aspects; EP..502; correction; EP..... 586
 Barter system in Taos, New Mexico; EP 587
 Conference, immediate, demanded by W. Green; EP..... 169
 Disarmament and depression. A. B. Houghton; S..... 695
 Extra session demanded by J. Couzens; EP..... 169
 For charity or change? M. W. Hillyer; C..... 601
 Helping ourselves; E..... 246
 Hoover leaves job to congress; E..... 656
 Hoover prosperity invocations. W. P. Mangold; S..... 429
 Hoover "twelve-point program"; EP..... 681
 Juggling of figures denied by department of commerce; EP..... 2
 Pius XI, Pope, on cause; EP..... 655
 Price rise may presage recovery; EP..... 530
 Rubber money and iron debts. H. Hazlitt; S..... 691
 Senate interstate commerce committee hearings. R. S. Allen; S..... 564
 Shipping trade; EP..... 2
 Silver forecasts recovery. S. P. Harman; S..... 574
 Solution offered by clergyman; EP..295;
 see also C..... 434
 Strawn, S. H., views; EP..... 294
 Talks; R. S. Allen; S..... 564
 Turning point reached? S. P. Harman; S..... 544
 Way of the ostrich. C. Fadiman; C.... 459
 Working people's condition. L. T. Stevens; S..... 281
 See also Industry
- Butler, Frank
 Pennsylvania's mine war; S..... 38
- Butler, Nicholas Murray
 Nobel peace prize award; EP..... 683
 On personnel of disarmament conference; EP..... 143
- Butler, General Smedley Darlington
 Unable to draw crowd in Portland, Oregon. C. J. Walker; C..... 699
 Views on pacifism; EP..... 243
- Byington, Steven T.
 Presidency; no second term; C..... 66
- Bynner, Witter
 Gulls; P..... 124
- C
- Caine, Hall
 Death; E..... 271
- Cameroon, Africa
 Sends aid to United States unemployed;
 EP..... 3
- Camp Hill, Alabama
 Clash between Negroes and whites; EP. 119
- Canada
 Communist party. See Communist party
 Customs union with United States. A. Skelton; S..... 482
- Cannon, Bishop James, Jr.
 Activities in presidential campaign of 1928; EP..... 242
- Capitalism
 Defects and merits pointed out by Sir J. A. Salter; EP..... 2
 The Nation challenged on present system. J. W. Baker; C..185; see also EP... 97
- Capone, Al
 Deplores gang movies; EP..... 145
- Caraway, Thaddeus H.
 Death; EP..... 531
- Cardozo, Benjamin N.
 Roosevelt medal conferred on him; EP. 53
- Caribbean, seminar in. H. C. Herring; C. 726
- Carroll, Lewis
 Mr. Dodgson and Lewis Carroll. D. Van Doren; S..... 607
- Castle, Victor
 On Hoover dam working conditions; S.....207; see also EP..... 197
- Castillo, Andres V.
 New nationalism in the Philippines; IS. 23
- Cat and the fiddle, the. J. W. Krutch; D... 496
- Catholic church
 Convent labor. A. G. Macaulay; C.... 601
 Convent labor called a menace to America. G. S. Gartong; C..... 364
 Power wanes; E..... 219
 See also Pius XI, Pope
- Cattle. See Iowa
- Caught wet. J. W. Krutch; D..... 582
- Cayton, Horace R.
 Black bugs, the; S..... 255
- Cecil of Chelwood, Viscount
 Disarmament policy at Geneva; S..... 107
- Censorship
 Irish free state. R. M. Fox; IS..... 49
- Censorship, art
 Whistler and Zorn etchings barred; EP 559
- Censorship, book
 Case of Mr. Crump, by L. Lewisohn, pirated; EP..... 349
 Library of congress. R. Shostack; C. 434
 New York society for the suppression of vice report; EP..... 559
- Ulysses, censorship in America. E. Pound; C..... 109
- Censorship, moving pictures
 Breast of nursing mother must not be shown in New York state; EP..... 217
- Censorship, plays
 Dramatists withdraw from conference board in difference on question; EP... 418
- Central Europe. See Balkans
- Century of progress exposition. See Chicago world's fair
- Chamorrans. See Guam, island of
- Champ, the. M. Marshall; D..... 652
- Chances. A. Bakshy; D..... 47
- Chase, Stuart
 If I were dictator; S.....536; see also C..... 642
- Chase national bank. See Bank of France
- Chemistry
 Langmuir award given to Doctor L. Pauling; EP..... 217
- Chesterton, Gilbert Keith
 "Sentenced" for preferring past to present; E..... 6
- Chiang Kai-shek. See China
- Chicago
 Evictions cause riots; EP..... 170
- Chicago world's fair
 Light from Arcturus to start machinery; EP..... 217
- Childhood, free speech in. B. Russell; S... 12
- Chile
 Revolution; President Ibañez overthrown; EP..... 119
- China
 Chiang Kai-shek, fall; EP..... 710
 Floods; E..... 421
- Chinese-Japanese relations
 Chinese boycott of Japanese goods; EP. 626
 Japan and Manchuria; E..... 351
 Japan defies imperialists. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 514
 Japan shows hand; EP..... 529
 Japanese action in Manchuria; EP..... 710
 Japanese militarists win; EP..... 682
 Kellogg treaty forgotten; EP..... 376
 League of nations action; EP..... 474
 Manchurian battleground. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 452
 Manchurian crisis; E..... 419
 Mysteries in situation; EP..... 529
 Russia and Japan in Manchuria. L. Fischer; S..... 633
 Russian interest in question; EP..... 502
 Secret diplomacy, peril in; EP..... 627
- United States, attitude of; E..... 560
 "Victory" of Japan; E..... 588
- Christensen, George W. J.
 Party, new, time for; C..... 109
- Christian science monitor
 Allen, R. S., Washington correspondent, discharged; EP..... 349
- Church mouse, a. J. W. Krutch; D..... 467
- Churches
 Radicalism in; EP..... 197
 See also Religion
- Citizenship
 Resolution in Bland and Macintosh cases sent to president; EP..... 321
- City and village; Dt..... 458
- Civil liberties union. See American civil liberties union
- Clemens, Cyril
 Seeks material for biography of J. Clemens; C..... 601
- Clemens, Jeremiah
 Biographical material sought. C. Clemens; C..... 601
- Clugston, W. G.
 Thunder in the wheat belt; S..... 123
- Coal
 American industry, plan for; E..... 245
- Coal miners, American
 Appeal for clothing; Dt..... 335
 Christmas for miners' children. M. Fox and W. Ludwig; C..... 671
 Colorado fuel and iron company, appeal against wage cut; EP..... 144
 Crisis again in industry; E..... 122
 Cry for help. N. Thomas and J. Herling; C..... 135
 Dreiser inquiry into Kentucky conditions; EP..... 530
 Harlan county, Kentucky, conditions; Sheriff Blair's views; EP..... 348
 Harlan county; Johnson, A., jailed in strike; K. Page; C..... 230
 Harlan county; miners put on trial on murder charge; EP..... 195
 Harlan county; treatment of miners denounced by New York Times correspondent; EP..... 377
 Kentucky, gun rule in. H. Abel; S.306; correction; C..... 365
 Kentucky jury acquits W. Burnett, accused of murder; EP..... 587
 Legal aid for miners; C..... 184
 Need, desperate. G. Hutchins; C..... 159
 Pennsylvania's bloody mine war. F. Butler; S..... 38
 Socialist relief for. S. Limbach; C, with editorial comment..158; see also... 105
 Strike broken; EP..... 216
 Strike, danger ahead. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 131
 Strikes; EP..... 3
 West Virginia conditions. Dr. R. Fox; C..... 257
 West Virginia, feudalism in. H. G. Norton; S..... 154
 Why must the miners starve? M. A. Hallgren; S..105; see also C..... 158
- Cobden, Richard
 House opened to public. F. W. Hirst; C..... 110
- Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
 Night is here; P..... 160
- Cohen, Morris R.
 What I believe; S..... 128
- College of Puget Sound
 Master's degree, granting of. E. H. Todd; C..... 185
- Colleges and universities
 Pacifism, trend toward; EP..... 683
 Training schools for American business; EP..... 145
- Colorado
 Pauper labor and child labor in sugar beet fields; EP..... 26
- Colorado fuel and iron company. See Coal miners, American
- Commerce, department of
 Denies juggling figures on economic depression; EP..... 2
 Information, reliability doubted; EP.... 52
- Common law, the. A. Bakshy; D..... 192
- Communists
 Kidnapping of communists in Council Bluffs. P. Hapgood; S..... 669
 Negro; "black bugs." H. R. Cayton; S..... 255
 "Red" unions and the American federation of labor. F. Morrow; S..... 722
 Stool pigeon's evidence against Canadians; EP..... 531
 Vote in Great Britain and New York; EP..... 559
- Conference, economic. See Economic conference
- Conference on home building and home ownership. A. E. Wood; S..... 693
- Congress
 "Armistice" on controversial economic questions proposed; EP..... 653

- Both parties without program or leadership; EP.....681; see also..... 696
 Extra session, need for; E..... 146
 "Gag rule" under fire. N. Aiken; S... 598
 Leaderless; E..... 628
 Meeting. R. S. Allen; S..... 635
 Washington madhouse. P. Y. Anderson; S.....696; see also EP..... 681
 Congress, library of. See Censorship, book
 Constant sinner, the. J. W. Krutch; D.... 344
 Convent labor. A. G. Macaulay; C..... 601
 Coolidge, Calvin
 For Hoover reelection; EP..... 375
 Copyright and common sense—II. T. Solberg; S..... 63
 Corning, Howard McKinley
 This is the death; P..... 136
 Toward the mountain; P..... 366
 Cortes Rubio, Emilio. See Rubio, E. C.
 Cosmetics
 Inge, dean, on use; EP..... 655
 Cost of living
 Drop exceeded by wage reductions; EP. 375
 Costigan, Senator. See Unemployment
 Cotton
 Destruction of third of crop suggested as remedy for overproduction; E..... 198
 Restriction program fails; EP..... 215
 Council Bluffs, kidnapping in. P. Hapgood; S..... 669
 Counsellor-at-law. J. W. Krutch; D..... 620
 Couzens, James
 Demands extra session; EP..... 169
 Cowboys; Dt..... 643
 Credit
 Billions, unused. S. P. Harman; S... 460
 National credit corporation, organization; EP..... 474
 Crime and criminals
 Aliens absolved by Wickersham commission from blame for crime wave; EP 216
 Anti-gangster laws, drastic, demanded by New York police; EP..... 269
 Gangsters' funerals; EP..... 27
 Criticism
 Critic's dilemma. I. Science or art? J. W. Krutch; S..... 605
 Croats. See Yugoslavia
 Cuba
 Insurrection due to dictatorship; EP.... 197
 Cunard company
 Work halted on giant ship; EP..... 682
 Currency
 British; pound, decline of; EP..... 654
 French stake in sound dollar. S. P. Harman; S..... 519
 Pounds and dollars. P. Musgrave; C... 487
 Rubber money and iron debts. H. Hazlitt; S..... 691
 Customs. See Tariff
 Cuthbert, Clifton
 Others; P..... 310
 Cynara. M.V.D.; D...621; J. W. Krutch, D. 706
- D
- DO-X. See Aeronautics
 Daily Nation, The. P. Musgrave; C..... 364
 Davis, Ethel
 Dismissal as secretary of Young women's christian association, Rochester, New York; E.....533; see also C..... 644
 Davis, James J.
 Purchase of sugar company stock; EP.. 626
 Davis, S. L.
 Asks Cleveland readers of *The Nation* to form group; C..... 519
 Davison, Edward
 Tender pelican; P..... 727
 Debts, war. See War debts and reparations
 Degree, third. See Police
 De Intimis, M.
 Unable to renew subscription to *The Nation*; C..... 699
 Dell, Robert
 Briand the unaccountable; S..... 205
 Does France want war? S.....133; see also..... 36
 Free trade and France; S..... 303
 Laval, Pierre; S..... 456
 Demuth, Charles. P. Rosenfeld; A..... 371
 Dent, Lancelot
 Logic of the rose, the; P..... 259
 Deportation
 Alien radicals may go to Russia; EP... 376
 Michigan passes "Spolansky" act. M. Sugar; S..... 31
 Depression, business. See Business depression; Economic conditions, world
 Derricotte, Juliette; victim of race prejudice; EP..... 711
 Detroit
 Mayor Murphy wins primary election on welfare record; EP..... 418
 Unemployment relief program fails; EP 52
 Dickinson, G. Lowes
 If I were dictator; S..... 567
 Dickinson, Thomas H.
 Asks *The Nation* to name its presidential candidate; C..... 15
- Dictators; E..... 420
 See also If I were dictator
 Disarmament. See Armament limitation
 Divorce
 Protestant episcopalian views; E.298; E. 379
 Doak, William Nuckles
 Report on immigration; EP..... 681
 Doctors. See Medical profession
 Dodgson, Charles Lutwidge. See Carroll, L.
 Dole. See Insurance, unemployment
 Dollar. See Currency
 Dornier airplanes. See Aeronautics
 Doucet and Wiener
 Recital. A. Mendel; M..... 495
 Downer, John
 Lynching attempted; EP..... 474
 Drama. See Theater, the
 Dramatists' guild
 Representatives withdraw from Conference board of the theater; EP..... 418
 Dreiser, Theodore
 Activity in public affairs; E..... 56
 Inquiry into Kentucky coal mining conditions; EP..... 530
 Drug traffic
 Convention signed at Geneva; EP..... 98
 Geneva convention not ratified; EP..... 710
 Dunmow flitch
 Awarded to happy British couples; EP. 171
 Duties. See Tariff
- E
- Eastenes, Mrs. John, help for. F. L. Palmer; C..... 671
 Economic conditions, American. See Business depression
 Economic conditions, world
 Twenty-five-year plan proposed. S. Smyser; C..... 16
 Economic conference, proposed; EP..... 682
 Economic depression. See Business depression
 Edison, Thomas A.
 Anecdotes of; Dt..... 517
 Death; E..... 429
 Views on immortality; E..... 534
 Einstein, Albert
 Disarmament conference of 1932; S.... 300
 Peace appeal..... 239
 Elections
 Notice to quit served on Hoover; E.... 532
 Eliot, Thomas Stearns
 Appointed Charles Eliot Norton professor at Harvard; EP..... 711
 Elliott, John
 Germany in the world crisis; S..... 662
 Emigration and immigration. See Immigration
 Empire state building. F. L. Wright; C.... 725
 Employment service, federal service, politics in; EP..... 3
 Enemy of mankind. A. Guérard; S.....36; see also..... 133
 Engdahl, J. Louis
 Legal aid for miners; C..... 184
 England
 Spoliation; removal of ancient buildings and art treasures to America; E.... 562
 See also Great Britain
 English language
 As taught. H. Ledding; C..... 41
 Equitable trust company. See Bank of France
 Europe
 And the United States; E..... 100
 Borah, W. E., views; EP.....117; 473
 Europe, Central. See Balkans
 European war
 "Amalgamation" of United States and British forces. F. M. Kenyon; C.... 40
 Responsibility for; Shipstead resolution to remove sole blame from Germany; EP..... 118
 Exports. See Trade, foreign
 Exposition of Indian tribal arts; Dt..... 725
- F
- Fabricant, Noah
 Intolerance in Vienna; IS..... 442
 Fadiman, Clifton
 Way of the ostrich; on business depression; C..... 459
 Fairfield, Andrew M.
 Hoover, Herbert, credo; S..... 330
 Fall, Albert Bacon
 Goes to prison; EP..... 118
 Fame; E..... 450
 Farm board and relief. See Agricultural relief
 Farmers
 Dying order, a. A. Oldenburg; C..... 389
 Father, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 467
 Federal reserve banks
 Billions unused. S. P. Harman; S..... 460
 "Broadening." S. P. Harman; S..... 434
 See also Bank of England
 Ferril, Thomas Hornsby
 Screen doors for your tomb; P..... 396
 Films. See Moving pictures
- Finance, international
 Bankruptcy in sight; E..... 80
 Firearms
 Law against private machine-guns, and stronger law on pistols urged by Governor Roosevelt; EP..... 269
 Fischer, Louis
 Planning, Russian; S..... 424
 Russia and Japan in Manchuria; S.... 633
 Russia and the world crisis; S..... 571
 Russia; bathtub comes; S..... 274
 Russia struggles on; S..... 85
 Russia's race against time; S..... 178
 Fleming, H. K.
 Visit of fleet to Montauk Point; S.... 228
 Floods
 Chinese; E..... 421
 Flötenkonzert von Sans Souci, das. M. Marshall; D..... 526
 Floyd, William
 Nation's presidential candidate; C..... 66
 Peace patriots; new organization; C.... 390
 Flying. See Aeronautics
 Folger, Henry Clay, Shakespeare library; E 506
 Football
 Deaths; EP..... 627
 Ford motor company
 Lays off men; EP..... 144
 Foreign trade. See Trade, foreign
 Fox, Mary, and W. Ludwig
 Christmas for miners' children; C.... 671
 Fox, R. M.
 Censorship in the Irish free state; IS.. 49
 Fox, Doctor Ruth
 West Virginia coal mines; C..... 257
 France
 Against the world. O. G. Villard; S.....149; see also C..... 365
 Aims. H. S. Reid; C...365; see also.. 149
 And Germany; C..... 89
 Balkans, French gold in. J. Gunther; S 511
 Does not want war. A. Guérard; C... 257
 Fair in Gascony; Dt..... 183
 Fear, professed, of Germany; EP..... 294
 Free trade and France. R. Dell; S.... 303
 Laval and Briand, visit to Berlin may bring cooperation with Germany; EP. 348
 Laval visit to United States; agreement in dark; E..... 477
 Navy; deputies refuse to vote for battleship; EP..... 1
 Peace, attitude toward; EP..... 625
 Public opinion in. A. Guérard; S...36; see also..... 133
 Public opinion; does France want war? R. Dell; S.....133; see also..... 36
 Reconciliation with Germany advanced by Laval-Briand visit to Berlin; EP. 376
 Security, French idea; EP..... 196
 Frank, Glenn
 If I were dictator; S..... 688
 Free speech in childhood. B. Russell; S... 12
 Free trade. See Tariff
 Free will, twilight of. J. B. S. Haldane; S 329
 Freedom, academic. See Academic freedom
 Freedom of speech
 Pennsylvania decision in yellow-dog contract case; EP..... 475
 Upheld by New Jersey vice-chancellor; EP..... 145
 Freedom of the individual. R. Rolland and A. V. Lunacharsky; S..... 57
 Freedom of the press
 German, blow at; EP..... 627
 Freight rates. See Railroads
 French, Daniel Chester
 Death; EP..... 419
 French Guiana
 Escaped convicts; A. G. Barnett; C.... 459
 Freundin so goldig wie du, eine. M. Marshall; D..... 626
 Frost, Frances M.
 Pattern of summer; P..... 231
 Funerals, gangsters'; EP..... 27
- G
- "Gag rule." See Congress
 Gangsters. See Crime and criminals
 Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand
 Interview with. A. F. Brockway; S... 697
 Returns to India from London; EP.... 654
 See also India
 Gartong, G. S.
 Roman catholic menace to America; C.. 364
 Gatty and Post. See Aeronautics
 Geneva conference. See Armament limitation
 Geneva drug convention. See Drug traffic
 George Washington bridge, opening; EP.... 475
 Germany
 And France. F. H. Simonds; C..... 89
 Brüning address on finances; EP..... 530
 Brüning control; EP..... 446
 Brüning's last stand to save country; E 685
 Conditions, catastrophic; EP..... 25
 Conditions; from the heart of Germany. W. H. Hale; IS..... 554
 Credit needs; EP..... 143
 Debts, private; proposed action; EP.... 710

- Exports, excess over imports in August; EP 320
 Exports, foreign trade outwardly good; EP 447
 Finances; creditors confer. S. P. Harman; S. 645
 Finances; Wiggins committee arranges for moratorium on German short-term debts; EP 216
 Finances; situation; EP 170
 French professed fear; EP 294
 German-Austrian customs agreement. See Austro-German customs agreement
 Gold standard, Germany and. S. P. Harman; S. 700
 Hitler confers with von Hindenburg; EP 417
 Hitler message to foreign press; EP 654
 Hitler talks; EP 269
 In the world crisis. J. Elliott; S. 662
 Laval and Briand, visit to Berlin, may bring cooperation with France; EP. 348; 376
 National socialist gains; EP 559
 On the brink. A. B. Houghton; S. 7
 Reichsbank accused of falsification; EP 417
 Social welfare expenditures, Thyssen views on; EP 587
 Socialism in the balance. H. W. Laidler; S. 384
 Tariff; agreement with Rumania; EP 25
 Tariff; if Germany had free trade. K. Brandt; S. 277
 Unemployment; grows again; EP 216
 War debts and reparations. See War debts and reparations
- Gerstein, Evelyn
 Karamazov; D. 407
 Lindenwirth, die; D. 407
 Palmy days; D. 407
- Gifford, Walter S.
 Appointed federal unemployment administrator; EP 215
 Gifford committee. See Unemployment
- Gilmour, Leonie (Mrs. Y. Noguchi)
 Correction of book review; C. 110
- Ginzburg, Benjamin
 Religion and the lost leadership; S. 432; see also C. 573
- Glicksberg, Charles I.
 Whitman, Walt, biographical material sought; C. 41
- Gedkin, Edwin Lawrence, centenary. O. G. V.; S. 354
 Influence. J. B. Moore; C. 433
- Gold
 Accumulation in United States; E. 297
 Germany and the gold standard. S. P. Harman; S. 700
 Soviet. See Bank of France
 "Sterile." S. P. Harman; S. 390
 Supply, United States; EP 445
 Supply, United States, European "raid" on; EP 473
 See also Currency; Great Britain—Finances
- Gomez, Manuel Garcia. See Rubio, E. C.
 Good companions, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 440
 Good fairy, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 678
 Government bureaus. See United States
 Government ownership
 Jones Beach an example; Dt. 283
 See also Railroads
- Grandi, Dino
 Disarmament, views on; EP. 293; EP. 625
 Visit to United States; EP 586
- Great Britain
 Bankers, American, and fall of Labor government; EP 320
 Cabinet, new; EP 530
 Chaos, edge of. J. A. Hobson; S. 637
 Dissolution of MacDonald government; E 379
 Dole. See Unemployment
 Election; EP 445
 Election. J.; C. 573
 Election. E. Williamson; C. 600
 Election; communist vote. C. Abrams; C. 644; see also E. 504
 England—workshop or bank? S. P. Harman; S. 365
 Finances; blundering budget. J. A. Hobson; S. 328
 Finances; gold payments suspended; EP 319; E. 350
 Finances; MacDonald bungling; EP 347
 Finances; pound, decline of; EP 654
 Finances; sterling weakness; EP 241
 Financial and governmental mess; EP 296
 Government crisis traced to war; EP 241
 Housing act becomes law; EP 171
 Labor party; fall; E. 218
 Labor party; rebirth. D. Allen; S. 301
 Labor party, smashed by MacDonald; E. 504; see also C. 644
 MacDonald, R.; tragic fall. O. G. Villard; S. 248
 Naval mutiny against pay cuts; EP 320
 Tariff; emergency measure of new national government; EP 586
 Tariff, rhymed views on; EP 503
 Tariff, sentiment for; E. 533
 Unemployment. See Unemployment
- Green, William
 Asks for immediate conference of economists; EP 169
- Gregg, Richard B.
 Has Gandhi sold out? IS 74
- Gregory, Horace
 Salvos for Randolph Bourne; P. 701
- Griffith, H. J.
 Amos 'n' Andy 'n' Herbert; C. 66
- Gruening, Ernest
 Hope for Porto Rico; S. 332; different view, by T. Schroeder; S. 334
- Guam, Island of
 Chamorroans, treatment by United States. D. W. Safford; C. 109; see also C. 390
 Proposal to make it national park. P. S. Taylor; C. 390
- Guérard, Albert
 France does not want war; C. 257
 France, public opinion; S. 36; see also 133
- Gunther, John
 Balkans, French gold in; S. 511
 Graustark gets down to figures (on Rumania); S. 59
- H
- H., F.
 Late F. J. Kern; C. 699
- H., H.
 Second comin', the; D. 706
 Ziegfeld follies; D. 95
- Habeas corpus; E. 589
- Haiti
 End of financial dictatorship by United States, and restoration of self-government asked; EP 682
 Problem still unsolved; E. 55
 Withdrawal of Americans October 1; EP 171
- Haldane, J. B. S.
 Twilight of free will, the; S. 329
- Hale, William Harlan
 From the heart of Germany; IS 552
- Hall, Bolton
 Reform and land prices; C, with editorial comment. 16
- Hall, Doctor Ray
 Resigns from department of commerce; charges juggling of figures on depression; EP 2
- Hallgren, Mauritz A.
 Coal strike; danger ahead; S. 131
 Farm-relief scandal; S. 592; 641
 Japan defies imperialists; S. 514
 Manchurian battleground; S. 452
 Milking the utilities; S. 721
 Why must the miners starve? S. 105; see also C. 158
- Halliday, Wallace
 Doctor Mayo and war; C. 283
- Hamilton, Anne
 There might be glory in the night; P. 42
- Hamlet. J. W. Krutch; D. 621
- Hapgood, Powers
 Kidnapping in Council Bluffs; S. 669
- Hard, William
 Hoover as individualist; S. 201
- Harding, Warren Gamaliel
 "Betrayal" as seen by Hoover; EP 3
- Harlan county, Kentucky. See Coal Miners, American
- Harlem
 Living conditions intolerable; gets a new jail. G. W. Harris; C. 258
- Harman, S. Palmer
 "Bears," facts about; S. 488
 Billions, unused, in banks; E. 460
 Bonds, needless fears about; S. 346
 "Broadening" federal reserve banks; S. 434
 England—workshop or bank? S. 365
 German finances; S. 645; S. 700
 Gold, "sterile"; S. 390
 Has depression turned corner? C. 544
 Railroads, future; S. 604
 Railroads, slump in earnings; S. 672
 Reparations, new aspects; S. 726
 Stocks below figures of 1926; S. 317
 Why silver forecasts recovery; S. 574
- Harris, A.
 How they shoot up a congress (Mexico) IS 291
- Harris, Frank
 Death; career; E. 245
- Harris, George W.
 Harlem gets a new jail; C. 258
- Haskell, Douglas
 Architecture, new pace in; S. 440
 Van Nelle factory, Holland; S. 549
- Hawes, Harry B.
 Filipino demonstration; EP 78
- Hayti. See Haiti
- Hazlitt, Henry
 Moving pictures from plays; S. 343
 Rubber money and iron debts; S. 691
- He. J. W. Krutch; D. 373
- Health rules; Dt. 308
- Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich
 Centenary of death. O. Jaszi, S. 541
- Hell below zero. A. Bakshy; D. 94
- Henryetta, Oklahoma
 Starving men act; EP 98
- Herald Tribune. See New York Herald Tribune
- Here goes the bride. J. W. Krutch; D. 582
- Herling, John
 Coal miners; cry for help; C. 135
- Herring, Hubert C.
 Seminar in the Caribbean; C. 726
- Hicks, Granville
 In defense of Miss Walton; C. 335
- Hillyer, Mary W.
 For charity or change? C. 601
- Hindenburg, President von. See Germany
- Hirst, Francis W.
 Cobden, Richard, house opened; C. 110
 Free trade or protection? S. 223
- Hitler, Adolf. See Germany
- Hoashi, Richiro
 Compulsory military training; C. 389
- Hobson, J. A.
 British budget, blundering; S. 328
 England on edge of chaos; S. 637
- Hoffman, Albert
 Arrested for asking for permit to speak; EP 145
- Hogan, Lawrence
 Marion strikers, help for; C. 670
- Home building
 Hoover home-loan discount bank plan; EP 558
- Homes. See Housing
- Hoover, Herbert
 Administration and stock speculation. B. M. Joyce; C (with editorial comment) 65
 Amos 'n' Andy 'n' Herbert. H. J. Griffith; C. 66
 And federal employment service; EP. 3
 And the banks; E. 421
 And the press. P. Y. Anderson; S. 382
 Anti-Hooverism; EP 293
 Armament limitation, views on; EP 557
 Belief in administration undermined by assistant secretaries of departments; EP 195
 Bonus, veterans'; appeals to American legion to abandon proposal for additional payments; EP 319
 Business depression; leaves it to congress; E. 656
 Call congress! E. 146
 Credo. A. M. Fairfield; S. 330
 Economy order; EP 117
 Election serves notice on him to quit; E 532
 English condemned. R. P. Jarvis; C. 16
 Harding cabinet member; EP 3
 Home-loan discount bank plan; EP 558
 Immigration; illegal action on; E. 712
 Indianapolis speech; EP 3
 Inevitable in 1932? E. 322
 Lauded by C. U. Becker; EP 531
 Laval visit; imaginary conversation; E 448
 Navy, dispute with Navy league; E. 503; E 685
 Navy league charges denied by investigating committee; EP 529
 Philippine independence, views on; EP 502
 Press censorship, attempt; EP 320
 Press conferences less frequent; EP 243
 Prosperity invocations. W. P. Mangold; S. 429
 Record. II. Foreign policy. J. B. Whitton; S. 9
 III. Economics. H. R. Mussey; S. 34
 IV. President and unemployment. R. M. La Follette; S. 61
 V. Presidential appointments. C. A. Beard; S. 82; see also C. 364
 VI. "Noble experiment." P. H. Odegard; S. 102
 VII. Hoover and power. A. Pinchot; S 125
 VIII. Hoover and power. A. Pinchot; S 151
 IX. Hoover the politician. P. Y. Anderson; S. 175
 X. Hoover as individualist. W. Hard; S 201
 Short selling, opinion on; EP 77
 Tax program; E. 684
 Taxation; views on; EP 319
 "Twelve-point program" to relieve business depression; EP 681
 Unemployment plans. See Unemployment
 War-debt moratorium plan; E. 54
 War debts and reparations, action on; E. 4; see also C. 109
 White house magicians. I. Prosperity invocations. W. P. Mangold; S. 429
 II. Playing with statistics. W. P. Mangold; S. 454
- Hoover dam
 Strike; EP 195
 Town for workers being created; EP. 348; see also 207
 Working conditions; V. Castle; S. 207; see also EP 197
- Horn, Trader (Aloysius Smith)
 Death; EP 27
- Hotson, Leslie. See Shakespeare, W.

- Houghton, Alanson B.
Disarmament and depression; S..... 695
French attitude toward disarmament; EP 557
Germany on the brink; S..... 7
House of representatives. See Congress
House of Connelly, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 408
House, small versus large; Dt..... 363; 600
Housing
"Home" and the housing experts. A. E. Wood; S..... 693
See also Great Britain
Huber, C. J.
Stamps, postage, special issues; S..... 87
Hull, Cordell
Tariff war; S..... 667
Hungary
Bethlen, Count Stephen, resigns from premiership; EP..... 216
Elections, winning. F. Scheu; IS..... 167
Hunger march. See Unemployment
Hurwitz, Henry
Defends *Menorah Journal*; C, with editorial comment..183; see also EP.... 97
Hutchins, Grace
Coal miners' desperate need; C..... 159
Political prisoners, relief for; C..... 67
Huxley, Aldous
Censured. N. C. Stevens; C..... 601
Hyman, George M.
Tells Syracuse readers of Villard address; C..... 644
- I
- I love an actress. J. W. Krutch; D..... 373
If—; E..... 121
If I were dictator
Chase, S.; S..536; see also E..533; C.. 642
Dickinson, G. Lowes; S..... 567
Frank, Glenn; S..... 688
Mumford, L.; S..... 631
White, William Allen; S..... 596
If I were you. J. W. Krutch; D..... 408
If love were all. J. W. Krutch; D..... 650
Immigration
Decrease; EP..... 170
Doak report; EP..... 681
Hoover illegal action on; E..... 712
Immortal vagabond, the. A. Bakshy; D.... 192
India
Conference, futility; E..... 629
Conference results and Gandhi return; EP..... 654
Dominion status proposed by Gandhi and Irwin; EP..... 1
Gandhi; has he sold out? R. B. Gregg; IS..... 74
Gandhi; non-violence tenets; EP..... 293
Gandhi, power of; E..... 323
Gandhi, refusal to attend conference; EP 196
Gandhi, will attend London conference; EP..... 242
Youth at the gateway. J. R. G. Bolton; IS..... 193
Indian tribal arts, exposition of; Dt..... 725
Individual, freedom of the. R. Rolland and A. V. Lunacharsky; S..... 57
Industry
Swope stabilization plan; E..... 323
Swope plan; a socialist view. N. Thomas; S..... 355; see also C..... 459
Inge, Dean
On use of cosmetics; EP..... 655
Insect menace; Dt..... 389
Insurance, unemployment
Dole and tariff. O. W. Zeigler; C..... 726
Dole, British; E..... 244
"No dole"; Ct..... 276
New York state; Roosevelt objection to dole; EP..... 242
International labor defense. See Lee, Y.
Investment trusts
Questionnaire on practice by New York state; EP..... 269
Iowa
Tuberculin test war; EP....349; C.... 543
Irish free state
Censorship. R. M. Fox; IS..... 49
Irwin, Lord. See India
Italy
Vatican and state conflict; EP..... 53
Vatican, reconciliation with; EP..... 269
- J
- J.
Election, British; C..... 573
Japan
Chinese-Japanese relations. See Chinese-Japanese relations
Wakatsuki cabinet falls; EP..... 682
Jackson, Gardiner
Vanzetti and the quest for truth; S.... 204
Jarvis, Royal P.
Hoover English; C..... 16
Jaszi, Oscar
Hegel—a hundred years after; S..... 541
Jennings, Leslie Nelson
After-comer; P..... 435
Intra muros; P..... 111
No herb of healing; P..... 17
This dark recession; P..... 575
Jew at war, a. A. Bakshy; D..... 192
Jews
Mexico; anti-semitism. A. Brenner; S 252
Vienna, university of, anti-semitism. N. Fabricant; IS..... 442
Johnson, Arnold
Jailed in Kentucky coal strike. K. Page; C..... 230
Jones, Orphan. See Lee, Yuel
Jones beach; Dt..... 283
Jordan, David Starr
Death; EP..... 321
Journalists. See Newspapers
Joyce, B. M.
Asks what administration could have done about stock speculation (with editorial comment); C..... 65
Joyce, James
Ulysses, censorship in United States. E. Pound; C..... 109
Jugoslavia
Constitution, sham. E. Lengyel; IS... 499
Croats unjustly sentenced; appeal to Americans. L. D. Kezman; C..... 110
Elections; EP..... 655
Jungle life and life in the United States; Dt 89
Just to remind you. J. W. Krutch; D..... 316
Juvenile delinquency
Brutality toward offenders in federal prisons; EP..... 79
- K
- Karamazov. E. Gerstein; D..... 407
Karlins, Sheldon
Incident in Russian history; C..... 66
Kellogg treaty
Forgotten in Chinese-Japanese situation; EP..... 376
Kentucky. See Coal miners, American
Kenyon, F. M.
"Amalgamation" of United States and British forces in European war; C... 40
Kern, F. J., tribute to. F. H.; C..... 699
Kezman, L. D.
Appeal for Croats unjustly sentenced; C 110
Kidnapping in Council Bluffs. P. Hapgood; S..... 669
King, Carol Weiss
Scottsboro case; part of S. Roddy; C... 15
Krutch, Joseph Wood
After all; D..... 706
Bloody laughter; D..... 732
Breadwinner, the; D..... 408
Brief moment; D..... 621
Cat and the fiddle, the; D..... 496
Caught wet; D..... 582
Censured. N. C. Stevens; C..... 601
Church mouse, a; D..... 467
Constant sinner, the; D..... 344
Counsellor-at-law; D..... 621
Critic's dilemma, the. I. Science or art? S..... 605
Cynara; D..... 706
Father, the; D..... 467
Good companions, the; D..... 440
Good fairy, the; D..... 678
Hamlet; D..... 621
He; D..... 373
Here goes the bride; D..... 582
House of Connelly, the; D..... 408
I love an actress; D..... 373
If I were you; D..... 408
If love were all; D..... 650
Just to remind you; D..... 316
Ladies of creation; D..... 316
Laugh parade, the; D..... 582
Lean harvest; D..... 496
Left bank, the; D..... 440
Mourning becomes Electra; D..... 551
Payment deferred; D..... 440
Pillars of society, the; D..... 496
Reunion in Vienna; D..... 650
Roof, the; D..... 582
School for scandal, the; D..... 621
Sex fable, the; D..... 525
Sing high, sing low; D..... 650
Singin' the blues; D..... 373
Springtime for Henry; D..... 732
Steel; D..... 650
Streets of New York, the; D..... 467
Wonder boy; D..... 525
Kuczynski, R. R.
Paradoxes of population; S..... 485
Kunitz, Stanley J.
Poetry of C. Aiken; S..... 393
Kylsant, Lord
Sentenced for issuing false prospectus; EP..... 144
- L
- Labor
Wage, diminishing; E..... 351
Wages; British. M. Starr; C..... 518
Wages; railroad, proposed cut; EP..... 585
Wages; reductions exceed reduction in living cost; EP..... 375
Wisconsin code enacted; E..... 81
Working people's condition in depression. L. T. Stevens; S..... 281
Labor party, British. See Great Britain
Ladies of creation. J. W. Krutch; D..... 316
La Follette, Governor Philip Fox
Message; E..... 629
La Follette, Robert Marion
President and unemployment; S..... 61
La Follette, Mrs. Robert Marion
Death; EP..... 217
Laidler, Henry W.
German socialism in the balance; S.... 384
Land prices, effect of reforms. B. Hall; C, with editorial comment..... 16
Lane, Doctor Joseph L.
On socialization of medicine; C...671; see also E.....477; C..... 573
Langmuir award
Won by Dr. L. Pauling; EP..... 217
Latin America
Monroe doctrine outworn; EP..... 51
United States policy; E..... 5
Laugh parade, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 582
Laval, Pierre
Career and character. R. Dell; S..... 456
Visit to Berlin; EP..... 376
Visit to Hoover; imaginary conversation; E..... 448
Visit to United States; agreement in dark; E..... 477
Law, tardy; E..... 30
Lawrence, Massachusetts. See Strikes—Textile mills—Massachusetts
Lea, Colonel Luke
Convicted of fraud; EP..... 243
League for industrial democracy
Disarm! published; EP..... 349
League of Nations
Chinese-Japanese situation, action on; EP 474
Mexico; accepts invitation to enter; repudiates Monroe doctrine; EP..... 294
Mexico, proposal to extend invitation to enter league; EP..268; correction, C.. 434
United States cooperation in Manchurian crisis; E..... 449
Lean harvest. J. W. Krutch; D..... 496
Lee, Yuel (Orphan Jones)
Defense by International labor defense; lawyer attacked; EP..... 531
Treatment in Maryland jail; EP..... 474
Ledding, Herman
English as taught; C..... 41
Left bank, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 440
Lemont, Jessie
Snake (Jardin des plantes); P..... 336
Lengyel, Emil
Jugoslavia, sham constitution, IS..... 499
Lessing, Otto E.
Polish corridor; C..... 185
Letter carriers. See Postoffice department
Levy, I. M.
Church and state in Spain; IS..... 470
Spain lets military down; IS..... 238
Lewis, Sinclair
Letter to critics, a; on *The Nation's* review of "Vermonters"; S.....280; see also.....189, 308
Lewis, Victor
Hoover dam, job at; S.....208; see also EP..... 348
Lewisohn, Ludwig
Case of Mr. Crump pirated; EP..... 349
Library of congress. See Censorship, book
Limbach, Sarah
Socialist relief for striking miners; C, with editorial comment..158; see also 105
Lindeman, E. C.
Pioneer youth of America, achievements and camp; C..... 67
Lindenwirth, die. E. Gerstein; D..... 407
Lindsay, Vachel
Death; E..... 658
Linville, Henry R.
Yellow-dog contracts for teachers; S... 13
Lippmann, Walter
Writes for New York *Herald Tribune*; EP..... 295
Lipstick. See Cosmetics
Literature
And affairs; E..... 56
Wright, Harold Bell, views; E..... 686
See also Authors; Books; Criticism
Little, Clarence C.
On American colleges; EP..... 145
Live stock. See Iowa
Living, cost of. See Cost of living
London conference. See War debts and reparations
Louisiana state university dismisses J. E. Uhler for writing novel; EP..... 475
Ludwig, Walter, and M. Fox
Christmas for miners' children; C..... 671
Lumber. See Russia—Timber
Lunacharsky, A. V.
Man, a, can be free; S..... 57
Lyles, A.
Bray, John Francis, information on life sought; C..... 40

- Lynchings**
 Attempts on Negroes; EP..... 474
 Innocent lynched; E..... 561
 Lynchings, fears and folkways. H. W. Odum; S..... 719
 Maryland; killing of M. Williams; EP... 655
 Negro deaths for year, to December 10, thirteen; EP..... 683
 West Virginia; two Negroes lynched; EP 683
- Macaulay, Albert G.**
 Convent labor; C..... 601
- Macaulay, Rose**
 What I believe; S..... 664
- MacDonald, James Ramsay**
 Disarmament, views on; EP..... 557
 Fall, tragic. O. G. Villard; S..... 248
- MacDonald government.** See Great Britain
- M**
- Machine-guns.** See Firearms
- Macintosh, Douglas C.**
 Resolution in his favor sent to president; EP..... 321
- McLean, William L.**
 Death; EP..... 145
- MacLeod, A. S.**
 Macleods not English; C..... 41
- Magee, Carl C.**
 Oklahoma, protest from; C.487; see also 359
- Man, H. E.**
 Carries live bull daily; EP.295; C... 459
- Man can be free, a.** R. Rolland and A. V. Lunacharsky; S..... 57
- Manchuria.** See Chinese-Japanese relations
- Mangold, W. P.**
 White house magicians. I. Prosperity invocations; S..... 429
 II. Playing with statistics; S..... 454
- Manners, E.**..... 352
- Manning, William T.**
 Views; E..... 298
- Marconi, Guglielmo**
 Thirtieth anniversary of wireless; EP.. 683
- Marion, North Carolina.** See Strikes—Textile mills, southern
- Marriage and divorce**
 Protestant episcopalian attitude; E.... 379
- Marshall, Margaret**
 Around the world in eighty minutes; D 652
 Arrowsmith; D..... 706
 Champ, the; D..... 652
 Flötenkonzert von Sans Souci, das; D... 526
 Freundin so goldig wie du, eine; D... 526
 Sin of Madelon Claudet, the; D..... 582
 Strictly dishonorable; D..... 652
 Susan Lenox; D..... 526
 Unholy garden, the; D..... 582
- Martin, Everett Dean**
 What I believe; S..... 426
- Martin, John**
 Message to California readers; C..... 671
- Maryland**
 National guard, no need for; EP..... 503
 See also Lynchings
- Matisse, Henri**
 Show. P. Rosenfeld; A..618; see also C 725
- Maugham, Somerset**
 Sues E. Mordaunt, author of Full circle, and publishers, for libel; EP..... 418
- Maury, Lowndes**
 Barbecue, impromptu; C..... 109
- Mayo, Charles H.**
 Views on war. W. Halliday; C..... 283
- Mead, Lucia Ames**
 Disarmament; C..... 258
- Medical profession**
 Surgeons, congress of, discusses problems; E..477; see also C..573; C... 671
- Medicine, socialization of; E.....477; C.....573; C.....671**
- Mellonism takes count.** G. S. Bailey; S.... 594
- Melner, F. Toby**
 Praises S. Chase article; C..... 642
- Melody of the world.** D. Van Doren; D.... 466
- Men call it love.** A. Bakshy; D..... 47
- Mencken, Henry L.**
 Censured. N. C. Stevens; C..... 601
- Mendel, Arthur**
 Bruckner, Anton; M..... 549
 Schwanda, der dudelsackpfeifer; M.... 620
 Weinrich, Carl; M..... 439
 Wiener and Doucet, recital; M..... 495
 Wozzeck; M..... 677
- Menorah Journal**
 Defended. H. Hurwitz; C, with editorial comment..183; see also EP... 97
- Merchant marine.** See Steamship lines
- Mexico**
 Acquittal of Oklahoma police in shooting of E. Cortes Rubio and M. G. Gomez arouses press; EP..... 627
 Anti-Semitism. A. Brenner; S..... 252
 Congress, shooting up. A. Harris; IS 291
 Crisis, political; EP..... 447
 League of Nations; accepts invitation to enter; repudiates Monroe doctrine; EP..... 294
 League of nations; proposal to extend invitation to enter; EP..268, correction, C..... 434
- Meyers, J. O.**
 Olson, Governor, of Minnesota; S..... 539
- Michigan**
 "Spolansky" alien deportation act. M. Sugar; S..... 31
- Militarism**
 Compulsory training. R. Hoashi; C... 389
 Mayo, Doctor Charles H., views on war. W. Halliday; C..... 283
- Militarists; are they feeble-minded? E.** A. Ross; S..... 181
- Miller, Herbert Adolphus**
 Academic freedom at Ohio state university destroyed by his dismissal; EP... 171
 As teacher. D. Allen; C..... 135
- Mines, bureau of.** See Bureau of mines
- Minneapolis, Minnesota**
 Elects labor mayor, W. A. Anderson; EP..... 1
- Minnesota, governor of.** See Olson, F. B.
- Miracle woman, the.** A. Bakshy; D..... 237
- Mittel-Europa.** See Balkans
- Money.** See Currency
- Monkey business.** D. Van Doren; D..... 466
- Monroe doctrine**
 Mexico repudiates doctrine, in accepting invitation to League of nations; EP... 294
 Outworn; EP..... 51
- Montauk Point.** See Navy, United States
- Moody, William Vaughn**
 Letters sought for biography. J. M. Schmalz; C..... 185
- Mooney and Billings**
 Case called "shocking" by Wickersham commission; EP..... 98
 Mooney still in jail; E..... 657
 Walker, Mayor, trip in Mooney's behalf; EP..... 585
 Wickersham commission report; EP..... 170
- Moore, Clifford Hershel**
 Death; F. N. Robinson; C..... 364
- Moore, John Bassett**
 Godkin, E. L., influence; C..... 433
- Moore, Virginia**
 Oh more than cruel love; P..... 209
 Tell me, God; P..... 720
- Morals for women.** A. Bakshy; D..... 192
- Moratorium, war-debt.** See War debts and reparations
- Morrow, Dwight Whitney**
 Death; E..... 377
 Grief over death; EP..... 419
- Morton, David**
 To one who may be listening; P..... 461
- Moskowitz, Doctor H.**
 On socialization of medicine; C...671; see also E.....477; C..... 573
- Most, Amicus**
 Everybody votes for Tammany; S..... 566
- Motor transport**
 Winning race with railroads; E..... 220
- Mourning becomes Electra.** J. W. Krutch; D 551
- Moving pictures**
 Censorship. See Censorship, moving picture
- Pictures from plays.** H. Hazlitt; S... 342
- Reviews called waste of space.** I. K. Rolling; C..... 544
- Talking.** A. Bakshy; S..... 142
- Mumford, Lewis**
 If I were dictator; S..... 631
- Murders**
 New York city; E..... 147
- Murphy, Frank.** See Detroit
- Museum of modern art; P. Rosenfeld; A.... 493**
- Musgrave, Percival**
 Daily Nation; C..... 364
 Pounds and dollars; C..... 487
- Mussey, Henry Raymond**
 Free trade and the United States; S.... 250
 Hoover, President, economics; S..... 34
 Labor, forced, in Russia; S..... 480
- Mussolini, Benito**
 Armament limitation; views on; EP... 473
- Myers, Cortland**
 Views on business depression; EP..295; see also C..... 434
- Mystery of life.** A. Bakshy; D..... 94
- N**
- Nation, The**
 Aeronautical achievements, views on. E. R. Rehel; C..... 66
 California readers asked to meet. J. Martin; C..... 671
 Cleveland readers asked to form group. S. L. Davis; C..... 519
 Free trade articles praised. G. F. Peabody; C..... 284
 Moving picture reviews called waste of space. I. K. Rolling; C..... 544
 Presidential candidate. W. Floyd; C.66; see also..... 15
 Subscriber without even a dollar; C... 699
 Westchester readers asked to organize. E. Wagner; C..... 699
- National commission on law observance and enforcement (Wickersham commission)**
 Death; E..... 55
- Ignoring of Sacco-Vanzetti case.** G. Jackson; S..... 204
- Juvenile offenders, report on treatment in federal prisons; EP..... 79**
- Mooney and Billings, views on; EP... 170**
- Police failure and methods denounced; EP.....170; E.....173; EP..... 268**
- Prisons condemned; EP..... 118**
- Report absolves aliens of blame for crime wave; EP..... 216**
- National committee on wood utilization**
 Used for private profit. F. J. Schlink; S.....508; see also C..... 601
- National credit corporation; organization; EP 474**
- Naval reduction.** See Armament limitation
- Navy, British.** See Great Britain
- Navy league**
 What it is. B. H. Williams; S..... 569
 See also Navy, United States
- Navy, United States**
 Adams, Secretary, seeks more money; EP 625
 Controversy with President Hoover; E. 685
 Economy, no genuine; EP..... 558
 Hoover dispute with Navy league; E.. 503
 Navy league accuses Hoover of "abysmal ignorance"; committee exonerates him; EP..... 529
 President, congress and navy; economy plans; E..... 378
 Visit to Montauk. H. K. Fleming; S.... 228
- Negroes**
 Alabama. See Negroes, Scottsboro
 "Black bugs"; Negro communists. H. R. Cayton; S..... 255
 Camp Hill, Alabama, clash with whites; EP..... 119
 Harlem living conditions intolerable; gets a new jail. G. W. Harris; C..... 258
 Increase in New York city and elsewhere; EP..... 78
 Lynchings. See Lynchings
 Race prejudice; Miss Derricotte a victim; EP..... 711
 Scottsboro, Alabama, case; foreign protests against sentences; EP..... 78
 Scottsboro case; part of S. Roddy. C. W. King; C..... 15
- New Jersey**
 Barbour, W. W., appointed senator; EP 654
- New River.** See Power and power industry
- New York city**
 Election vindicates Tammany. A. Most; S..... 566
 Investigation of government; Governor Roosevelt calls extra session of legislature; EP..... 196
 Murders; E..... 147
 Tammany hall, "new," exploits city; EP 446
- New York Herald Tribune**
 W. Lippmann joins staff; EP..... 295
- New York state**
 Unemployment. See Unemployment
- New York Times**
 Sermon page; EP..295; see also C.... 434
- Newport-Plymouth race.** See Yachting
- Newspapers**
 Hoover and the press. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 382
 Newspaper men assaulted by police at meeting of radicals, Barberton, Ohio; EP..... 78
 Science, newspaper; E..... 590
 White house and other conferences in Washington less frequent; EP..... 243
- 1931. J. W. Krutch; D..... 732**
- Nobel prizes**
 Peace prize award to J. Addams and N. M. Butler; EP..... 683
- Noguchi, Mrs. Yone.** See Gilmour, L.
- Norris, George W.**
 Seventieth birthday; EP..... 26
- North Carolina state college**
 Dismissal of C. C. Taylor; EP..... 26
- Norton, Helen G.**
 Feudalism in West Virginia; S..... 154
- O**
- Ocean race.** See Yachting
- Odegard, Peter H.**
 Hoover's "noble experiment"; S..... 102
- Odum, Howard W.**
 Lynchings, fears and folkways; S..... 719
- Officials, public.** See Public officials
- Ohio state university**
 Miller, H. A., as teacher. D. Allen; C 135
 See also Academic freedom; Stone, J
- Oii.** See Petroleum
- Oklahoma.** See Rubio, E. C.
- Oklahoma City**
 Unemployment problem solution. K. Pretshold; S..359; see also C..... 487
- Oldenburg, Alice**
 Dying order; farmers; C..... 389
- Olson, Governor Floyd D.** J. O. Meyers; S 539
- Overproduction**
 Destruction not the remedy; EP..... 198
- Ossietsky, Carl von**
 Sentence = blow at press freedom; EP. 627
- Ownership, government.** See Railroads

P

- Paassen, Pierre van
Anti-soviet concentration in Paris; IS.. 602
- Pacifism
Butler, S. D., views; EP..... 243
Peace patriots; new organization. W. Floyd; C..... 390
See also Armament limitation; Citizenship (for Bland and Macintosh cases)
- Page, Kirby
Johnson, A., jailed in Kentucky coal strike; C..... 230
- Palestine
World Zionist conference; revisionist's action; EP..... 97; see also C..... 183
- Palmer, Frank L.
Correction of article on Kentucky coal strike; C..... 365; see also..... 306
Eastenes, Mrs. John, help for; C..... 671
- Palmy days. E. Gerstein; D..... 407
- Pan-american commercial conference
Avoids tariff; EP..... 417
- Papacy. See Roman catholic church
- Papcun, George; kidnapping. P. Hapgood; S..... 669
- Parker, Cornelia Stratton
"Friendship!"—slogan of Vienna; IS.. 735
- Parker, Walter
Price stabilization; C..... 67
- Party, new. See Progressives
- Patterson, Edwin W.
Brandeis, Louis Dembitz, seventy-five years old; S..... 513
- Pauling, Doctor Linus
Wins Langmuir award; EP..... 217
- Payment deferred. J. W. Krutch; D..... 440
- Peabody, George Foster
Praises *The Nation's* articles on free trade; C..... 284
- Peace
Einstein, A., appeal by..... 239
Meeting, Albert hall, London; E..... 79
See also Pacifism
- Peace caravan. See Armament limitation
- Peace patriots; new organization. W. Floyd; C..... 390
- Peace prizes. See Nobel prizes
- Pennsylvania
Coal strikes. See Coal miners, American
Unemployment; EP..... 558
- Permanent court of international justice
Blow to court in decision against Austro-German customs agreement; EP..... 267
- Petroleum
Fall, Albert B., goes to prison EP.... 118
Production curbed by militia in Oklahoma and Texas; E..... 219
- Philadelphia *Bulletin*
Success; death of owner, W. L. McLean; EP..... 145
- Philanthropy, American; E..... 505
- Philipovich, Mrs. Mary
Need, desperate. G. Hutchins; C..... 159
- Philippine islands
Hawes, Senator, demonstration for; EP 78
Independence, demand for; EP..... 144
Independence; demonstration; EP..... 78
Independence, Hoover views; EP..... 502
Independence; movement grows; EP.... 52
New nationalism. Andres V. Castillo; IS..... 23
- Physicians. See Medical profession
- Pillars of society, the. J. W. Krutch; D... 496
- Pilnyak, Boris
Russia, new, scenes from; S..... 355
- Pinchot, Amos
Hoover and power; S..... 125
Hoover, H., record; Hoover and power; S..... 151
Relief: 1931 style; S..... 660
- Pioneer youth of America
Achievements and camp. E. C. Lindeman; C..... 67
- Pistols. See Firearms
- Pittsburgh
Mellonism takes count. G. S. Bailey; S 594
- Pius XI, Pope
On cause of business depression; EP.... 655
- Planning, capitalistic and Russian. L. Fischer; S..... 424
- Plays. See Theater, the
- Poems
After-comer. L. N. Jennings..... 435
Bystanders, the. M. Van Doren..... 490
Captive, the. E. Shipman..... 285
Gulls. W. Bynner..... 124
Intra muros. L. N. Jennings..... 111
Letter never sent. E. L. Walton..... 91
Logic of the rose, the. L. Dent..... 259
Meekness after wrath. M. Van Doren 68
Night is here. R. P. T. Coffin..... 160
No herb of healing. L. N. Jennings... 17
Oh more than cruel love. V. Moore..... 209
Others. C. Cuthbert..... 310
Pattern of summer. F. M. Frost..... 231
Pressure, the. M. Van Doren..... 646
Rich return. L. Untermeyer..... 609
Salvos for Randolph Bourne. H. Gregory..... 701

- Screen doors for your tomb. T. H. Ferril 396
- Snake (Jardin des plantes). J. Lemont 336
- Song. E. Shipman..... 186
- Sonnets, two, from Petrarch. J. Auslander..... 545
- Steam-heated room, the. I. Schneider. 609
- Tell me, God. V. Moore..... 720
- Tender pelican. E. Davison..... 727
- There might be glory in the night. A. Hamilton..... 42
- This dark recession. L. N. Jennings.. 575
- This is the death. H. McK. Corning... 136
- To one who may be listening. D. Morton 461
- Toward the mountain. H. McK. Corning..... 366
- Vision, a. A. Tate..... 673
- Poland
Persecutes minorities; EP..... 295
Polish corridor question. O. E. Lessing; C..... 185
- Polanyi, Karl
Austria and free trade; S..... 361
- Police
Brutality toward newspapermen and others; EP..... 78
Third degree, use of. S. Untermeyer; C 600
"Third degree," Wickersham commission's views; EP..... 170; EP..... 268
Wickersham commission denounces failure and methods; E..... 173
- Polish corridor question. O. E. Lessing; C 185
- Political prisoners
Relief for: G. Hutchins; C..... 67
- Pope. See Pius XI, Pope
- Population
Paradoxes. R. R. Kuczynski; S..... 485
- Porter, Alan
Dry heart, the; P..... 520
- Porto Rico
Balances budget; condition; EP..... 294
Conditions. P. M. de Rojas; C..... 458
Hope for. E. Gruening; S..... 332; different view, by T. Schroeder; S... 334
- Post and Gatty. See Aeronautics
- Postage stamps. See Stamps, postage
- Post office department
Employees overworked and underpaid in holiday season; EP..... 711
- Pound, Ezra
Censorship of Ulysses; C..... 109
- Power and power industry
Hoover and power. A. Pinchot; S.125; 151
New River ruling. C. A. Beard; C.364; see also..... 82
- Prejudice, race. See Negroes
- President of the United States
No second term. S. T. Byington; C.... 66
- Presidential campaign of 1928
Cannon, Bishop, activities; EP..... 242
- Presidential campaign of 1932
Borah and Hoover; EP..... 293
Hoover inevitable? E..... 322
Nation, The, will not support Republican or Democratic nominee..... 15
Notice to quit served on Hoover by Nov. election; E..... 532
- Press. See Newspapers
- Press, freedom. See Freedom of the press
- Pretshold, Karl
Oklahoma City solution of unemployment problem; S..359; see also C... 487
- Price stabilization. W. Parker; C..... 67
- Prices
Rubber money and iron debts. H. Hazlitt; S..... 691
See also Business depression
- Prisoners, political. See Political prisoners
- Prisons
Condemned by Wickersham commission; EP..... 118
- Progressives
Party, new, time for. G. W. J. Christensen; C..... 109
- Prohibition
American legion proposal for referendum; EP..... 348
Decency and enforcement. N. Aiken; S 156
Hoover's "noble experiment." P. H. Odegard; S..... 102
Vote in congress possible; EP..... 653
- Protection. See Tariff
- Protestant episcopal church
Marriage and divorce, views on; E.298; E..... 379
- Prussia
Election; government wins; E..... 172
- Public officials
Actions, illegal; E..... 712
- Public ownership. See Railroads
- Public utilities
Milking the utilities. M. A. Hallgren; S 721
Public competition; EP..... 446
- Puget sound, college of. See College of Puget sound

R

- Race prejudice. See Negroes
- Radicalism
Ministerial; EP..... 197
- Radio
Thirtieth anniversary; EP..... 683
- Radio corporation of America
Broadcasting licenses renewed despite anti-trust law violation; EP..... 26
- Railroads
Earnings, slump in. S. P. Harman; S 672
Freight-rate increase, petition for; E... 5
Freight-rate increase, protests against; EP..... 196
Freight-rate proposals, Interstate commerce commission; EP..... 585
Future of. S. P. Harman; S..... 604
Government ownership unless earnings improve; EP..... 268
Losing in race with motor transport; E 220
Problems; EP..... 559
Revenues and stocks fall; EP..... 243
Sleeping cars; Dt..... 135
Solidarity or bankruptcy; E..... 476
Wages. See Labor
- Rates, freight. See Railroads
- "Reds." See Communists
- Rechel, Ernest R.
Nation, The, on aeronautical achievements; C..... 66
- Real estate
Depression; EP..... 2
Returns, fair; EP..... 77
- Reeves, Joseph W.
Censures quoting by *The Nation* of the Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers; C...434; see also EP..... 295
- Reform and land prices. B. Hall; C, with editorial comment..... 16
- Reichsbank. See Germany
- Reid, H. S.
French aims; C..365; see also..... 149
- Religion
And lost leadership. B. Ginzburg; S.....432; see also C..... 573
Defense of the spirit. I. R. Beiler; C.....573; see also..... 432
Intellectual poverty shown in sermons; EP.....295; see also C..... 434
- Rents
High; EP..... 77
- Reparations. See War debts and reparations
- Representatives, house of. See Congress
- Research, triumphs of; EP..... 27
- Reunion in Vienna. J. W. Krutch; D.... 650
- Revolution, speaking of. See Van Loon, H. W.
- Roberts, Eugene F.
Praises S. Chase article; C..... 642
- Robinson, F. N.
Moore, Clifford Hershel; death; C.... 364
- Roche, Josephine
Appeals to J. D. Rockefeller, junior, against wage cut for miners; EP.... 144
- Rochester, New York
Business and the Young women's christian association; E..533; see also C. 644
- Rockefeller, John Davison, junior. See Coal miners, American
- Rodeo, world series; Dt..... 543
- Rogers, W. G.
Bull carrying; C..459; see also EP.... 295
- Rojas, Pauline M. de
Porto Rico, little hope for; C..... 458
- Relland, Romain
Man can be free, a; S..... 57
- Rolling, I. K.
Calls moving picture reviews a waste of space; C..... 544
- Roman catholic church. See Catholic church
- Roof, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 582
- Roosevelt, Franklin Delano
Calls extra session of legislature on New York city investigation; EP..... 196
- Roosevelt, Theodore, junior
Work in Porto Rico. E. Gruening and T. Schroeder; S.....332, 334
- Rosenberg, James N.
Calls London conference a success; C, with editorial comment..... 184
- Rosenfeld, Paul
Demuth, Charles; A..... 371
Matisse, Henri, show; A..618; see also C..... 725
Museum of modern art; A..... 493
Whitney museum; A..... 731
- Ross, Edward Alsworth
Are militarists feeble-minded? S..... 181
- Rothenberg, Samuel
Workers' theater; C..... 185
- Rouge. See Cosmetics
- Rubio, Emilio Cortes
Acquittal of Oklahoma police in shooting of him and M. G. Gomez; EP..... 627
- Rumania
Gets down to figures. J. Gunther; S... 59
Tariff agreement with Germany; EP.. 25

Q

- Quaker sentiments; Dt..... 433

- Russell, Bertrand
Free speech in childhood; S..... 12
Returns to England; EP..... 711
- Russia
Anti-soviet concentration in Paris. P. van Paassen; IS..... 602
Bathub comes to Russia. L. Fischer; S 274
Chinese-Japanese relations. See Chinese-Japanese relations
Crisis, world, and Russia. L. Fischer; S 571
Culture, advance of. L. Fischer; S..... 274
Gold; Bank of France loses case; E... 30
History, "constitutza" incident. S. Karlins; C..... 66
Industrialization; race against time. L. Fischer; S..... 178
Labor, forced. H. R. Mussey; S..... 480
Labor, forced; no evidence in timber case; EP..... 99
Man can be free, a. R. Rolland and A. V. Lunacharsky; S..... 57
New, scenes from. B. Pilnyak; S..... 355
Planning. L. Fischer; S..... 424
Shaw, G. B., and Russia; E..... 122
Stalin's new economic policy; EP..... 51
Struggles on. L. Fischer; S..... 85
Trade with United States; EP.169; EP. 586
Woll campaign against communism; EP 52
- S
Sacco-Vanzetti
Vanzetti and the quest for truth; Wick-ersham commission's ignoring of case. G. Jackson; S..... 204
Safford, D. Wade
Chamorrans, of Guam; C..109; see also C..... 390
Salter, Sir James Arthur
Points out merits and defects of capitalism; EP..... 2
Samoa
Proposal to make it ethnological park. P. S. Taylor; C..... 390
Savings banks
Interest rate reduction; EP..... 52
Schapiro, Meyer
Rosenfeld and Matisse; C..725; see also 618
Scheu, Friedrich
Hungary, elections in; IS..... 167
Schinnerer, Otto P.
Schnitzler, Arthur; S..... 516
Schlink, F. J.
Government bureaus for private profit; S.....508; see also C..... 601
Schmalz, Julia Moody
Seeks letters of brother W. V. Moody; C 185
Schneider, Isidor
Steam-heated room, the; P..... 609
Schnitzler, Arthur
Death; EP..... 475
Man who loved life. O. P. Schinnerer; S..... 516
School for scandal, the. J. W. Krutch; D.. 621
Schools, modern; Dt..... 698
Schroeder, Theodore
Porto Rico, views on; S..334; see also 332
Schwanda, der dudelsackpfeifer. A. Mendel; M..... 620
Science
Newspaper; EP..... 590
Triumphs of research; EP..... 27
Scottron, Pearl C.
Boston refuses bread; C..... 518
Scottsboro case. See Negroes
Second comin', the. H. H.; D..... 706
Seminar in the Caribbean. H. C. Herring; C..... 726
Sex fable, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 525
Shakespeare library, Folger; E..... 506
Shakespeare, William
Hotson, Leslie, discoveries; E..... 380
Shaw, George Bernard
And Russia; E..... 122
Shipman, Evan
Captive, the; P..... 285
Song; P..... 186
Shipping
Depression in ocean trade; EP..... 2
See also Steamship lines
Shipstead, Senator Henrik
Resolution to remove sole war guilt from Germany; EP..... 118
Shoot the works, play, E..... 148
Short selling
Cause for; E..... 713
Hoover opinion on; EP..... 77
Law against, proposed; EP..... 375
Shostack, Robert
Library of congress censorship; C..... 434
Silver
Forecasts business recovery. S. P. Harman; S..... 574
Simonds, Frank H.
France and Germany; C..... 89
Sin of Madelon Claudet, the. M. Marshall; D..... 582
Sin, wages of; E..... 478
Sinclair, Upton
Letter to L. Steffens; C..... 699
Sing high, sing low. J. W. Krutch; D..... 650
Singin' the blues; J. W. Krutch; D..... 373
Skelton, Alex
North American customs union; S..... 482
Skin game, the. A. Bakshy; D..... 47
Skyscrapers
Attacked by F. L. Wright; E..324; C.. 725
Sleeping cars; Dt..... 135
Smart young men. N. C. Stevens; C..... 601
Smith, Aloysius (Trader Horn)
Death; EP..... 27
Smyser, Selden
Twenty-five-year world plan; C..... 16
Socialist party
Coal miners, relief for. S. Limbach; C, with editorial comment158; see also 105
Peace, united front for; EP..... 143
Solberg, Thorvald
Copyright and common sense—II; S... 63
Soviets. See Russia
Spain
Army let down. I. M. Levy; IS..... 238
Church and state. I. M. Levy; IS..... 470
Constitution adopted; E..... 657
Donkeys and miniature golf; Dt..... 65
Elections; EP..... 25
Religious problem; EP..... 447
Republic in precarious position; EP.... 171
Woman suffrage granted; EP..... 376
Speaking of revolution. See Van Loon, H. W.
Speech, freedom of. See Freedom of speech
Springtime for Henry. J. W. Krutch; D... 732
Stage, the. See Theater, the
Stage censorship. See Censorship, plays
Stalin, Joseph. See Russia
Stamps, postage
Issues, special. C. J. Huber; S..... 87
Standards, bureau of. See Bureau of standards
Starr, Mark
British wages; C..... 618
Steamship lines
Depression; E..... 101
Steamships. See Cunard company
Steel. J. W. Krutch; D..... 650
Steffens, Lincoln; U. Sinclair seeks letter written to him; C..... 699
Steinberg, Doctor W.
Doctors, trouble with; C.....573; see also E.....477; C..... 671
Stevens, Laura Turnidge
We haven't saved a cent; S..... 281
Stevens, Neil C.
On smart young men; C..... 601
Sthamer, Doctor Friedrich
Death; E..... 99
Stocks and bonds
"Bears," facts about. S. P. Harman; S 488
Bonds, needless fears about. S. P. Harman; S..... 346
Crash, administration's responsibility for. B. M. Joyce; C, with editorial comment 65
Short selling; E..... 713
Values below those of 1926. S. P. Harman; S..... 317
Stone, Julius
Appointment to board of trustees, Ohio state university. N. Thomas; C..... 66
Strawn, Silas H.
Views on business depression; EP..... 294
Street scene. A. Bakshy; D..... 290
Streets of New York, the. J. W. Krutch; D 467
Strictly dishonorable. M. Marshall; D... 652
Strikes, coal. See Coal miners, American
Strikes—Textile mills, general
Called by communists; EP..... 98
Strikes—textile mills, Massachusetts
Lawrence families in dire need; EP..... 587
Strikes—Textile mills, southern
Marion, North Carolina, help for. L. Hogan; C..... 670
Sugar, Maurice
Michigan passes "Spolansky" act; S... 31
Sugar
Colorado pauper labor and child labor; EP..... 26
Senators' purchase of stock in companies; EP..... 626
Summer reading; Dt..... 158
Surgeons, congress; E.....477; see also C.....573; C..... 671
Susan Lenox. M. Marshall; D..... 526
Swope, Gerard
Economic views; correction of editorial of Nov. 11; EP..586; see also EP... 502
Swope plan. See Industry
- T
Tammany Hall
"New," exploits New York; EP..... 446
Vindicated by election. A. Most; S... 566
Taos, New Mexico
Barter system instituted; EP..... 587
Tariff
Subject avoided by Pan-American commercial conference; EP..... 417
Walls; Ct..... 222
War. C. Hull; S..... 667
Tariff, British. See Great Britain
Tariff, Europe
Agreements; EP..... 25
Tariff—Free trade
Austria and free trade. K. Polanyi; S 361
France and free trade. R. Dell; S..... 303
Free trade—its moral advantages. O. G. Villard; S..... 326
Free trade or protection? F. W. Hirst; S..... 223
Germany; if Germany had free trade. K. Brandt; S..... 277
Nation's free trade articles praised. G. F. Peabody; C..... 284
United States and free trade. H. R. Mussey; S..... 250
Tariff—North American
North American customs union. A. Skelton; S..... 482
Tariff, United States
Commission reports; EP..... 78
High tariff and collapse of foreign trade; EP..... 215
Prosperity, promised, not forthcoming; EP..... 1
War. C. Hull; S..... 667
Tate, Allen
Vision, a; P..... 673
Taxation, United States
Hoover program; E..... 684
Hoover's views; EP..... 319
Must be increased; E..... 589
Taylor, Carl C.
Dismissal by North Carolina state college; EP..... 26
Taylor, Paul S.
Guam or Samoa; C..... 390
Teachers
Contracts, yellow-dog. H. R. Linville; S..... 13
Texas, in 1841; Dt..... 670
Textile mills. See Strikes
Thanksgiving day; Dt..... 572
Theater, the
Bad seasons and good plays; E..... 630
Censorship. See Censorship, plays
Sin, wages of; E..... 478
"Third degree." See Police
Third party. See Progressives
Thomas, Norman
Baker, J. S., views on banking reform; C.....459; see also 357
Candidate for borough president; EP.. 418
Coal miners; cry for help; C..... 135
Socialist looks at Swope plan; S..357; see also C..... 459
Stone of Ohio state university; C..... 66
Thyssen, Fritz
On German social welfare expenditures; EP..... 587
Timber. See Russia
Todd, Edward H.
College of Puget Sound, master's degrees; C..... 185
Trade, foreign
Drop; EP..... 215
Figures of trade with Russia and other countries; EP..... 169
Trade, free. See Tariff
Trade union unity league. F. Morrow; S. 722
Trade unions. See Unions
Trader Horn (Aloysius Smith)
Death; EP..... 27
Transgression. A. Bakshy; D..... 47
Trotzky, Leon
Not opposed to Union of socialist soviet republics; EP..... 99
Tuberculin test war. See Iowa
Twenty-five-year world plan. S. Smyser; C 16
Two back numbers; Ct..... 300
- U
Uhler, John Earle
Dismissal from Louisiana state university; EP..... 475
Ulysses. See Joyce, J.
Unemployment
Boston refuses bread. P. C. Scottron; C 518
Cameroon, aid for United States; EP.. 3
Chicago evictions cause riots; EP..... 170
Costigan relief bill; EP..... 710
Detroit program fails; EP..... 52
Germany. See Germany
Gifford committee plan; EP..... 347
Hoover appeal for aid; EP..... 445
Hoover attitude; E..199; EP..... 347
Hoover committee; EP..... 215
Hoover plans; E..... 505
Hunger march, false reports; EP..... 626
New York state; Governor Roosevelt demands increase in income tax, for relief; EP..... 242
Oklahoma City solution. K. Pretshold; S.....359; see also C..... 487
Pennsylvania's need; EP..... 558
Public works afford little aid; EP..... 558
Relief, new low; E..... 713
Relief, 1931 style. A. Pinchot; S.... 660

- Starving men act at Henryetta, Oklahoma; EP..... 98
 Swope plan. See Industry
 Wagner program; EP..... 267
 Winter, bleak, ahead; E..... 29
 Unemployment insurance. See Insurance, unemployment
 Unholy garden, the. M. Marshall; D..... 582
 Unions
 "Red" unions and the American federation of labor. F. Morrow; S..... 722
 United States
 And Europe; E..... 100
 Bureaus, government, for private profit. F. J. Schlink; S..... 508; see also C..... 601
 Economy ordered by Hoover; EP..... 117
 Finances; Hoover views on taxation; EP..... 319
 Government competition. W. E. Bullock; C..... 601; see also..... 508
 Laval visit; agreement in dark; E..... 477
 Leaderless; EP..... 628
 League of nations. See League of nations
 Life here and in the jungle; Dt..... 89
 Manchuria, attitude toward; E..... 560
 Political system; if—; E..... 121
 Renaissance; E..... 422
 Russia, trade with; EP..... 586
 Universities. See Colleges and universities
 Untermyer, Louis
 Rich return; P..... 609
 Untermyer, Samuel
 Third degree; C..... 600
 Utilities, public. See Public Utilities
- V
- V., O. G.
 Godkin centenary; S..... 354
 V. D., M.
 Cynara; D..... 622
 Van Doren, Dorothy
 Melody of the world; D..... 466
 Monkey business; D..... 466
 Mr. Dodgson and Lewis Carroll; S..... 607
 Van Doren, Mark
 Bystander, the; P..... 490
 Meekness after wrath; P..... 68
 Pressure, the; P..... 646
 Van Loon, Hendrik Willem
 Speaking of revolution; S..... 177; 200; 221; 247; 273; 299; 325; 353; 381; 423; 451; 479; 507; 535; 563; 591; 659; 687; 715
 Van Nelle factory, Holland. D. Haskell; S..... 549
 Van Paassen, Pierre. See Paassen, P. van
 Vanzetti, Bartolomeo. See Sacco-Vanzetti
 Vatican. See Italy
 Vermont
 Vermonters, famous; criticism of *The Nation's* review of book. S. Lewis; S..... 280; see also..... 189, 308
 Veterans
 Bonus; Hoover appeals to American legion to abandon proposal for additional payments; EP..... 319
 Victor L. Berger national foundation, inc.
 Founded; EP..... 119
 Vienna. See Austria
 Vienna, University of
 Anti-semitism. N. Fabricant; IS..... 442
 Village and city; Dt..... 458
 Villard, Oswald Garrison
 Congress, debts, and bankers; S..... 717
 France against the world; S..... 149; see also C..... 365
 Free trade—its moral advantages; S..... 326
 MacDonald, R., tragic fall; S..... 248
 To speak in Syracuse December 7; G. M. Hyman; C..... 644
- W
- Wages. See Labor
 Wages of sin; E..... 478
 Wagner, Ervin
 Wishes to organize *Nation* readers in Westchester county; C..... 699
 Wagner, Robert Ferdinand
 Unemployment relief program; EP..... 267
 Waldorf-Astoria hotel
 Opening; EP..... 377
 Walker, C. J.
 Tells of inability of S. D. Butler to draw crowd in Portland, Oregon; C..... 699
 Walker, James John
 Trip to California in behalf of Mooney; EP..... 585
 Walton, Eda Lou
 Letter never sent; P..... 91
 Replies to S. Lewis on review of books on Vermont; C..... 308; see also 189, 280; C..... 335
 Wanger, Ruth
 Disarmament, petition for; C..... 67
 War
 Economic sanctions in face of war threat; EP..... 474
 Mayo, C. H., views. W. Halliday; C..... 283
 War debts and reparations
 Bankruptcy, international, in sight; E..... 80
 Cartoons 388, 716
 Congress, debts, and bankers. O. G. Villard; S..... 717
 Cut reparations now; E..... 270
 European reaction to Hoover moratorium; EP..... 709
 Get rid of that tin can! Ct..... 388
 Hoover action; E..... 4; see also C..... 109
 Hoover moratorium plan; E..... 54
 Lamont suggestion for German initiative; EP..... 502
 London conference; EP..... 97; E..... 100
 London conference called a success. J. N. Rosenberg; C, with editorial comment 184
 New aspect. S. P. Harman; S..... 726
 Wiggins committee arranges for moratorium on German short-term debts; EP..... 216
 War guilt. See European war
 War resisters' international conference
 Einstein, A., appeal for peace..... 239
 Ward, Harry F.
 Receives doctorate of laws from university of Wisconsin; EP..... 53
 Warren, Schuyler N., jr.
 Corrects statement on Mexico; C..... 434; see also EP..... 268
 Washington correspondents. See Newspapers
 Washington, District of Columbia
 Police "third degree" to be investigated; EP..... 268
 "Washington merry-go-round."
 R. S. Allen, suspected of coauthorship, dismissed by Christian science monitor; EP..... 349
 Water for whalers; Dt..... 208
 Water power. See Power and power industry
 Watermelon; Dt..... 108
 Watson, James E.
 Purchase of sugar company stock; EP..... 626
 Weimar, conditions in. W. H. Hale; IS..... 554
 Weinrich, Carl, organ recitals. A. Mendel; M..... 439
 West, Mac, in defense of. J. W. Krutch; D..... 344
 West Virginia. See Coal Miners, American
 What I believe
 Briffault, R.; S..... 225
 Cohen, M. R.; S..... 128
 Macaulay, R.; S..... 664
 Martin, E. D.; S..... 426
 Wheat
 And financial disorganization; EP..... 97
 Farm board policy; EP..... 26
 Price rise; EP..... 501
 Short sales; EP..... 77
 Surplus for China; EP..... 215
 Thunder in the wheat belt. W. G. Clugston; S..... 123
 See also Agricultural relief
 Whistler, James Abbott McNeill
 Etchings barred as obscene; EP..... 559
 White, William Allen
 If I were dictator; S..... 596
 White house (administration). See Hoover, H.
 Whitman, Walt
 Biographical material sought. C. I. Glicksberg; C..... 41
 Whitney museum. P. Rosenfeld; A..... 731
 Whitton, John B.
 Hoover's foreign policy; S..... 9
 Wickersham commission. See National commission on law observance and enforcement
 Wiener and Doucet
 Recital. A. Mendel; M..... 495
 Wiggins committee. See Germany—Finances
 Williams, Benjamin H.
 Navy league; S..... 569
 Williams, Mack
 Lynched in Maryland; EP..... 655
 Williamson, E.
 British election; C..... 600
 Wireless. See Radio
 Wisconsin
 Labor code enacted; E..... 81
 La Follette, Governor, message; E..... 629
 Wolf creek canyon
 Barbecue, impromptu. M. L. Maury; C..... 109
 Woll, Matthew
 Campaign against communism; EP..... 52
 Woman suffrage. See Spain
 Women
 Why they dominate Americans; Dt..... 230
 Wonder boy. J. W. Krutch; D..... 525
 Wood, Arthur Evans
 "Home" and the housing experts; S..... 693
 Words, obnoxious; Dt..... 256
 Workers' theater. S. Rothenberg; C..... 185
 Working people. See Labor
 World
 Unrest; EP..... 241
 World court. See Permanent court of international justice
 World war. See European war
 World Zionist conference. See Palestine
- World's fair, Chicago. See Chicago world's fair
 Wozzeck. A. Mendel; M..... 677
 Wright, Frank Lloyd
 Attacks on skyscrapers; E..... 324; C..... 725
 Wright, Harold Bell
 Views on literature; E..... 686
 Writers. See Authors
- Y
- Yachting
 Ocean race, Newport to Plymouth; EP..... 79
 Yale university
 Criticism by students; EP..... 447
 Yorktown, Virginia, sesquicentennial
 Controversy over representation of Cornwallis surrender; EP..... 99
 Young men, smart. N. C. Stevens; C..... 601
 Young men's christian association
 Moves forward; E..... 271
 Young women's christian association
 Business and the Y. W. C. A.; E..... 533; see also C..... 644
 Yugoslavia. See Jugoslavia
- Z
- Zeigler, Oscar Woodward
 Tariff and dote; C..... 726
 Ziegfeld follies. H. H.; D..... 96
 Zionism. See Palestine
 Zorn, Anders
 Etchings barred as obscene; EP..... 559

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title, and in some cases under subject.
 The following explanatory letters are used in the index:

B Book review
 AN Brief annotation
 R Reviewer

A

- Adamic, Louis
 Dynamite: The story of class violence in America; B..... 69
 Adams, Grace
 Psychology: Science or superstition? B..... 675
 Adams, James Truslow
 Epic of America, the; B..... 400
 Addams, Jane
 Second twenty years at Hull-house, the; B..... 288
 Adventures in the Santa Fé trade: 1844-1847. J. J. Webb; AN..... 72
 After Robespierre: The thermidorean reaction. A. Mathiez; B..... 20
 Age of the chartists, the, 1832-1854. J. L. and Barbara Hammond; B..... 287
 Aiken, Conrad
 Coming forth by day of Osiris Jones, the; B..... 393
 Albert Grope. F. O. Mann; AN..... 465
 Aldington, Richard
 Colonel's daughter, the; B..... 285
 Alexanderplatz Berlin: The story of Franz Biberkopf. A. Döblin. Translated by E. Jolas; B..... 313
 Alexandrian poetry under the first three Ptolemies: 324-222 B. C. A. Couat. With a supplementary chapter by E. Cahen. Translated by J. Loeb; AN..... 115
 Alington, Adrian
 Career of Julian Stanley-Williams, the; AN..... 581
 All passion spent. V. Sackville-West; AN..... 439
 Allen, Frank
 Universe, from crystal spheres to relativity, the; AN..... 548
 America hispana: A portrait and a prospect. W. Frank; B..... 337
 America weighs her gold. J. H. Rogers; B..... 575
 American beauty. E. Ferber; B..... 462
 American black chamber, the. H. O. Yardley; B..... 186
 American earth. E. Caldwell; B..... 436
 America's primer. M. L. Ernst; B..... 310
 And no birds sing. P. Leader; AN..... 114
 Anderson, Sherwood
 Perhaps women; B..... 401
 Andrews, C. F.
 India and the Simon report; AN..... 164
 Annals of the New York stage. Volumes V, VI and VII (1843-1865). G. C. D. Odell; B..... 163
 Anonymous
 Werther's younger brother; B..... 45
 Antigone of Sophocles, the. Translated by J. J. Chapman; AN..... 74
 Artz, Frederick B.
 France under the Bourbon restoration, 1814-1830; AN..... 213

- Atkins, Gaius Glenn
Life of Cardinal Newman; AN..... 650
- Austin, Mary
Starry adventure; B..... 71
- B
- Background of international relations. C.
Hodges; B..... 262
- Barnes, Leonard
Caliban in Africa; B..... 20
- Barrus, Clara
Whitman and Burroughs; B..... 69
- Bates, Ernest Sutherland; R..... 92
- Beals, Carleton
Mexican maze; B..... 287
- Beals, Carleton; R..... 209
- Beard, Miriam
Realism in romantic Japan; B..... 190
- Beardmore, Cedric
Dodd the potter; AN..... 315
- Beethoven, Goethe and Beethoven. R. Rol-
land. Translated by G. A. Pfister and
E. S. Kemp; B..... 44
- Behold America! Edited by S. D. Schmal-
hausen; B..... 92
- Belgium, Montgomery
Human parrot, the, and other essays;
AN..... 617
- Bell, Neil
Precious porcelain; AN..... 524
- Berenberg, D. P.
Kid, the; AN..... 704
- Bernard Shaw. F. Harris, with postscript
by Mr. Shaw; B..... 701
- Bernstein, Samuel; R..... 312
- Bhagavad-gita, the. A translation. The
song of God. D. G. Mukerji; AN... 548
- Biographical history of the French revolution,
a. J. M. Whitham; B..... 20
- Biology in human affairs. Edited by E. M.
East; AN..... 235
- Birth of western painting, the. A. Byron
and D. T. Rice; B..... 162
- Bitter orange tree, the. P. Istrati. Trans-
lated by R. Zoglin; AN..... 191
- Black cherries. G. S. Coates; AN..... 731
- Black Napoleon, the: The story of Toussaint
Louverture. P. Waxman; AN..... 115
- Blanshard, Paul; R..... 730
- Blind man, the. O. Duun. Translated by
A. G. Chater; AN..... 266
- Blood on the moon. J. Tully; B..... 188
- Bolshevism at a deadlock. K. Kautsky; B... 261
- Bonnard, Abel
St. Francis of Assisi. C. B. Chase,
translator; AN..... 731
- Bonsels, Waldemar
Notes of a vagabond. J. B. Mussey,
translator; AN..... 290
- Books of the emperor Wu Ti, the. W.
Meckauer; AN..... 341
- Borchard, Edwin M.; R..... 368
- Boynton, Percy H.
Rediscovery of the frontier, the; AN... 340
- Bradford, Roark
John Henry; B..... 367
- Bregendahl, Marie
Night of death, a. M. Blanchard, trans-
lator; AN..... 465
- Brothers in the west. R. Raynolds; AN... 264
- Brown, Ray C. B.; R..... 187
- Brown, W. Norman; R..... 491
- Brown decades, the. A study of the arts
in America, 1865-1895. L. Mumford;
B..... 520
- Browne, Lewis
Since Calvary; B..... 264
- Buell, Raymond Leslie; R..... 437
- Bunsen, Marie von
Lost courts of Europe. The world I
used to know. Edited and translated
by O. Williams; AN..... 140
- Buried treasure, a. E. M. Roberts; B.... 675
- Burnett, W. R.
Silver eagle, the; AN..... 649
- Burney, Frances (Madame D'Arblay)
Diary and letters, the. Edited by M.
Masefield; B..... 337
- Burnham, David
This our exile; AN..... 191
- Burns, C. Delisle
Modern civilization on trial; B..... 188
- Burns, Robert, biography. C. Carswell; B.. 112
- Bynner, Witter
Eden tree; AN..... 730
- Bynner, Witter; R..... 438
- Byron, Arthur, and D. T. Rice
Birth of western painting, the; B..... 162
- C
- Cabin in the cotton, the. H. H. Kroll; B.. 614
- Caldwell, Erskine
American earth; B..... 436
- Calendar of sin, a. E. Scott; B..... 521
- Caliban in Africa. L. Barnes; B..... 20
- Callcott, Wilfred Hardy
Liberalism in Mexico; AN..... 650
- Campbell, Lily B.
Shakespeare's tragic heroes: Slaves of
passion; AN..... 166
- Canby, Henry Seidel
Classic Americans; B..... 545
- Career of Julian Stanley-Williams, the. A.
Alington; AN..... 581
- Carr, Edward Hallett
Dostoevski: A new biography; B..... 490
- Carswell, Catherine
Life of Robert Burns, the; B..... 112
- Casement, Roger, biography. D. Gwynn; AN 73
- Cather, Willa
Shadows on the rock; B..... 160
- Catlin, George E. G.
Liquor control; B..... 578
- Catlin, George E. G.; R..... 188, 286
- Catullus, poems of. Translated by H. Greg-
ory; B..... 137
- Cendrars, Blaise
Panama, or the adventures of my seven
uncles. J. Dos Passos, translator and
illustrator; B..... 616
- Chamberlain, John; R..... 368, 522
- Champion from far away, the. B. Hecht;
AN..... 465
- Charteris, Evan
Life and letters of Sir Edmund Gosse,
the; B..... 160
- Chase, Stuart, with M. Tyler
Mexico: A study of two Americas; B 209
- Chatterton, Thomas, biography. E. H. W.
Meyerstein; B..... 93
- Chidsey, Donald Barr
Sir Walter Raleigh; that damned upstart;
AN..... 618
- Children, science for..... 546
- Children's Books, 1931..... 547
- Churchill, Winston
World crisis, the; AN..... 165
- Cicadas, the, and other poems. A. Huxley;
B..... 231
- Clark, Jane Perry
Deportation of aliens from the United
States to Europe; B..... 366
- Classic Americans. H. S. Canby; B..... 545
- Clemen, Carl, and eleven others
Religions of the world: Their nature and
their history. A. K. Dallas, trans-
lator; AN..... 371
- Clemens, Clara
My father, Mark Twain; B..... 463
- Clemens, Samuel Langhorne, biography. C.
Clemens; B..... 463
- Coates, Grace Stone
Black cherries; AN..... 731
- Cohen, Morris R.; R..... 259, 701
- Cold blue moon. H. Odum; AN..... 212
- Colette
Renée la vagabonde. C. Remfry-Kidd,
translator; AN..... 265
- Collier, John
His monkey wife, or married to a chimp;
AN..... 47
- Colonel's daughter, the. R. Aldington; B.. 285
- Coming forth by day of Osiris Jones, the.
C. Aiken; B..... 393
- Companions on the trail. H. Garland; B... 435
- Confucius and confucianism. R. Wilhelm.
Translated by G. H. Danton and A.
P. Danton; AN..... 140
- Coolidge, Mary Roberts, and Dane Coolidge
Navajo Indians, the; AN..... 191
- Cooper, Fenimore, biography. R. E. Spiller;
B..... 728
- Cooperative working women
Life as we have known it. Edited by
M. L. Davies; AN..... 74
- Cope: Master naturalist. H. F. Osborn, with
H. A. Warren; B..... 285
- Corley, Donald
Haunted jester, the; AN..... 649
- Corn king and the spring queen, the. N.
Mitchison; AN..... 618
- Cost of government in the United States,
1928-1929; AN..... 213
- Couat, Auguste
Alexandrian poetry under the first three
Ptolemies: 324-222 B.C. With a sup-
plementary chapter by E. Cahen.
Translated by J. Loeb; AN..... 115
- Cozzens, James Gould
S. S. San Pedro; AN..... 407
- Craig, Gordon
Henry Irving; AN..... 439
- Crockett, Albert Stevens
Peacocks on parade; AN..... 465
- Cronin, A. J.
Hatter's castle; B..... 113
- Crook, Wilfrid H.
General strike, the; B..... 163
- Cross bearers, the. A. M. Frey; AN..... 266
- Crowded years. W. G. McAdoo; B..... 610
- Culture and education in America. H.
Rugg; B..... 368
- Cummings, E. E.
Viva. Seventy new poems; B..... 729
- Cushing, Franklin Hamilton
Zufi folk tales; AN..... 22
- D
- Dabit, Eugène
Hotel du nord. H. P. Earle, translator;
AN..... 370
- Daniel-Rops, Henry
Misted mirror, the. R. H. Mottram,
translator; AN..... 235
- Two men in me. G. Meynier, translator; AN 235
- D'Annunzio, Gabriel, biography. F. Nardelli
and A. Livingston; AN..... 165
- D'Arblay, Madame (Frances Burney)
Diary and letters, the. Edited by M.
Masefield; B..... 337
- Davenport, Walter
Power and glory: The life of Boies Pen-
rose; B..... 522
- Davis, George
Opening of a door, the; B..... 405
- Death and taxes, D. Parker; AN..... 315
- Degradation of science, the. T. S. Harding;
B..... 675
- Delafosse, Maurice
Negroes of Africa, the. T. Fligelman,
translator; B..... 68
- Delamain, Jacques
Why birds sing. R. and A. Sarason,
translators; AN..... 289
- Delicate situation, the. N. Royde-Smith; AN 704
- Delteil, J. Don Juan. K. Boyle, translator;
AN..... 46
- De Mille, G. D.
Literary criticism in America; B..... 234
- Deportations of aliens from the United States
to Europe. J. P. Clark; B..... 366
- Deutsch, Babette
Epistle to Prometheus; B..... 161
- Diary and letters of Madame D'Arblay
(Frances Burney). Edited by M.
Masefield; B..... 337
- Discretions. Frances, countess of Warwick;
AN..... 677
- Djuka, the bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana.
M. C. Kahn; B..... 68
- Döblin, Alfred
Alexanderplatz, Berlin: The story of
Franz Biberkopf. E. Jolas, trans-
lator; B..... 313
- Dodd the potter. C. Beardmore; AN..... 315
- Don Juan. J. Delteil. Translated by K.
Boyle; AN..... 46
- Dorsey, George
Man's own show: Civilization; B..... 233
- Dostoevski: A new biography. E. H. Carr;
B..... 490
- Douglas, Norman, biography. H. M. Tom-
linson; AN..... 704
- Dream of fair women, the. H. Williamson;
AN..... 235
- Dresbach, Glenn Ward
Selected poems; AN..... 705
- Drinkwater, John
Pepys, his life and character; B..... 137
- Dudley, Taney, and F. Wirkus
White king of La Gonave, the; B..... 70
- Duguid, Julian
Green hell; AN..... 22
- Dulles, Foster Rhea
Eastward ho! AN..... 46
- Du Maurier, Daphne
Loving spirit, the; AN..... 524
- Dunkman, William E.; R..... 17
- Dunsany, Lord
Travel tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens, the;
AN..... 439
- Duun, Olav
Blind man, the. A. G. Chater, trans-
lator; AN..... 266
- Dwarf's blood. E. Olivier; B..... 211
- Dynamite: The story of class violence in
America. L. Adamic; B..... 69
- E
- Early west, the. W. J. Ghent; AN..... 618
- Eastman, Max
Kinds of love; AN..... 46
- Literary mind, the; B..... 646
- Eastward ho! F. R. Dulles; AN..... 46
- Easy pickings. A. Hill; AN..... 340
- Eckstein, Gustav
Noguchi; AN...22; correction C..... 110
- Economic aspects of the history of civilization
of Japan. Y. Takekoshi; B..... 190
- Eden tree. W. Bynner; AN..... 730
- Einstein, Albert, and twenty-one others
Living philosophies; B..... 136
- Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A corre-
spondence. Edited by C. St. John; B 398
- Ellis, Havelock
More essays of love and virtue; B..... 336
- Empson, William
Seven types of ambiguity; B..... 44
- End of reparations, the. H. Schacht; B... 111
- Endless adventure, the. F. S. Oliver; B... 404
- Endless river. F. Riesenberg; AN..... 705
- English captain, the, and other stories. L.
A. G. Strong; AN..... 74
- English literary periodicals. W. Graham; B 72
- Epic of America, the. J. T. Adams; B..... 400

- Epistle to Prometheus. B. Deutsch; B..... 161
Ernst, Morris L.
America's primer; B..... 310
Eros invincible. R. Huch. Translated by W. A. Drake; AN..... 73
Eskimo: An epic of the north. P. Freuchen. Translated by A. P. Maerker-Branden and E. Branden; B..... 43
Eugénie, empress, biography. R. Sencourt; AN..... 164
European alliances and alignments, 1871-1890. W. L. Langer; B..... 437
Evolution of culture, the. J. Lippert. Translated and edited by G. P. Murdock; B..... 211
Ewen, David
Unfinished symphony, the; AN..... 165
- F
- Fabricius, Johan Wigmore
Love of Mario Ferraro, the. W. Katzin, translator; AN..... 406
Fadiman, Clifton; R..... 285, 405, 521, 612
Fall book list..... 410
Farewell to India, a. E. Thompson; AN..... 236
Father Malachy's miracle. B. Marshall; B..... 211
Faulkner, William
These thirteen; B..... 491
Fenimore Cooper: Critic of his times. R. E. Spiller; B..... 728
Fenton, Carroll Lane; R..... 286, 546
Ferber, Edna
American beauty; B..... 462
Fiddlers' green. A. R. Wetjen; AN..... 139
Fifty-five "bad" boys. S. W. Hartwell; B..... 211
Filipino immigration. B. Lasker; B..... 42
Fink, Georg
Thirty-one families under heaven. L. C. Hummel, translator; AN..... 73
Firbank, Ronald. Memoir by I. K. Fletcher. With reminiscences by Lord Berners, O. Sitwell, A. John, and others; B..... 262
Firor, Ruth
Folkways in Thomas Hardy; AN..... 466
First personal singular. W. S. Maugham; B..... 576
Fischer, Louis; R..... 71, 438, 579
Fitzgerald, William, jr.
Old crowd, the; B..... 579
Five seasons, the. P. Putnam; B..... 463
Five-year plan of the soviet union, the. A political interpretation. G. T. Brinko; AN..... 164
Fletcher, Ifan Kyrle
Ronald Firbank. A memoir. With reminiscences by Lord Berners, O. Sitwell, A. John, and others; B..... 262
Folkways in Thomas Hardy. R. A. Firor; AN..... 466
Ford, Ford Madox
When the wicked man; B..... 112
Fort, John
God in the straw pen; AN..... 212
Foundations of mathematics and other logical essays. F. P. Ramsey. Edited by R. B. Braithwaite; AN..... 676
Four cents an acre. The story of Louisiana under the French. G. Oudard. Translated by M. Bianco; AN..... 141
Fraenkel, Osmond K.
Sacco-Vanzetti case, the; B..... 702
France under the Bourbon restoration, 1814-1830. F. B. Artz; AN..... 213
Francis Joseph I. The downfall of an empire. K. Tschuppik; AN..... 165
Frank, Jerome
Law and the modern mind; B..... 259
Frank, Waldo
America hispana: A portrait and a prospect; B..... 337
French boy, the. P. Vaillant-Couturier. Translated by I. Treat; AN..... 618
Freuchen, Peter
Eskimo: An epic of the north. A. P. Maerker-Branden and E. Branden; B..... 43
Frey, A. M.
Cross bearers, the; AN..... 266
From chartism to laborism. T. Rothstein; B..... 287
From day to day. F. Goedel. Translated by W. Cooper; B..... 42
Fuller, B. A. G.
History of Greek philosophy. Vol. II: The sophists, Socrates, Plato. Vol. III: Aristotle; B..... 464
Fuller, George W.
History of the Pacific northwest, a; AN..... 140
- G
- Gabriel the archangel. F. Nardelli and A. Livingston; AN..... 165
Galsworthy, John
Maid in waiting; B..... 612
Gandhi, Mahatma, at work. Edited by C. F. Andrews; B..... 491
Garden, the. L. A. G. Strong; AN..... 265
Garibaldi, memoirs of. Edited by A. Dumas. Translated by R. S. Garnett; AN..... 191
Garland, Hamlin
Companions on the trail; B..... 435
Garnett, David
Grasshoppers come, the; B..... 211
Gates, Susan Young, and L. D. Widtsoe
Life story of Brigham Young, the; AN..... 342
Gaynor. L. H. Pink; AN..... 704
Geddes, Patrick, and Sir J. A. Thomson
Life: Outlines of general biology; B..... 523
Geiser, Karl F.; R..... 313
General strike, the. W. H. Crook; B..... 163
Generations of Noah Edon, the. D. Pinski; AN..... 407
Gerhardt, William
Memoirs of a polyglot; B..... 522
Gershoy, Leo; R..... 20
Ghent, W. J.
Early west, the; AN..... 618
Gide, André
Two symphonies. D. Bussy, trans.; B..... 260
Gifts of life. E. Ludwig; B..... 728
Gilson, Mary Barnett
Unemployment insurance in Great Britain; AN..... 236
"Gimme": Or how politicians get rich. E. H. Lavine; B..... 17
Ginzburg, Benjamin; R..... 523, 615, 675
Gisnet, Morris
Lawyer tells the truth, a; AN..... 731
Glories of Venus, the. S. Smith; B..... 438
God in the straw pen. J. Fort; AN..... 212
Goedel, Ferdinand
From day to day. W. Cooper, translator; B..... 42
Goethe and Beethoven. R. Rolland. Translated by G. A. Pfister and E. S. Kemp; B..... 44
Golden remedy. R. Stout; AN..... 439
Golden vase, the. L. Lewisohn; AN..... 580
Goldman, Emma
Living my life; B..... 612
Goldsmith, Sophie L.; R..... 547
Goll, Claire
Jewel, the; AN..... 47
Gora, Dirk
Russian dance of death; AN..... 47
Gordon, Caroline
Penhally; B..... 367
Gorky, Maxim, and his Russia. A. Kaun; B..... 673
Gosse, Sir Edmund, life and letters. E. Charteris; B..... 160
Gowen, Herbert G.
History of Indian literature, from vedic times to the present day, a; AN..... 650
Graham, Walter
English literary periodicals; B..... 72
Grasshoppers come, the. D. Garnett; B..... 211
Grattan, C. Hartley; R..... 186, 234, 311, 492
Great mistake, the. J. Knox; B..... 648
Green hell. J. Duguid; AN..... 22
Gregory, Horace; R..... 69, 93, 160, 401, 577, 728
Gretton, R. H.
Modern history of the English people, 1880-1922, a; AN..... 191
Grinko, G. T.
Five-year plan of the soviet union, the. A political interpretation; AN..... 164
Gruening, Ernest; R..... 70, 287
Gunn, Neil M.
Morning tide; AN..... 265
Gwynn, Denis
Traitor or patriot: The life and death of Roger Casement; AN..... 73
- H
- Hacker, Louis M., R..... 461
Hagedorn, Hermann
Leonard Wood; B..... 461
Half-lines and repetitions in Virgil. J. S. Sparrow; AN..... 581
Hallgren, Mauritz A.; R..... 210
Hamill, John
Strange career of Mr. Hoover under two flags, the; B..... 648
Hammond, J. L. and Barbara Hammond
Age of the chartists, the, 1832-1854; B..... 287
Hampson, John
Saturday night at the Greyhound; B..... 338
Harding, T. Swann
Degradation of science, the; B..... 675
Hardy, Thomas, folkways in. R. A. Firor; AN..... 466
Harlow, Alvin F.
Old Bowery days; B..... 231
Harmonium. W. Stevens; B..... 263
Harnoncourt, René d'
Mexicana: A book of pictures; AN..... 464
Harris, Frank
Bernard Shaw, with postscript by Mr. Shaw; B..... 701
Hartwell, Samuel W.
Fifty-five "bad" boys; B..... 211
Hatter's castle. A. J. Cronin; B..... 113
Haunted jester, the. D. Corley; AN..... 649
Hazlitt, Henry; R..... 92, 136, 186, 231, 336, 398, 520, 575, 646, 728
Heard, Gerald
Social substance of religion; B..... 286
Hecht, Ben
Champion from far away, the; AN..... 465
Hedges, James Blaine
Henry Villard and the railways of the northwest; B..... 19
Heinrich Heine: A critical examination of the poet and his works. H. Walter; AN..... 342
Henry Irving. G. Craig; AN..... 439
Henry Villard and the railways of the northwest. J. B. Hedges; B..... 19
Hergesheimer, Joseph
Sheridan; AN..... 617
Hero, the. A. Neumann. Translated by H. Paterson; AN..... 524
Herskovits, Melville J.; R..... 68
Hex woman, the. R. Walters; AN..... 212
Heyward, DuBose
Jasbo Brown; AN..... 705
Hicks, Granville; R..... 435, 463, 545, 728
Hill, Al
Easy pickings; AN..... 340
His monkey wife, or married to a chimp. J. Collier; AN..... 47
History of Greek philosophy. Vol. II. The sophists, Socrates, Plato. Vol. III: Aristotle. B. A. G. Fuller; B..... 464
History of Indian literature, from vedic times to the present day, a. H. G. Gowen; AN..... 650
History of later Latin literature from the middle of the fourth to the end of the seventeenth century, a. F. A. Wright and T. A. Sinclair; AN..... 166
History of Sweden, a. A. A. Stomberg; AN..... 548
History of the Byzantine empire. A. A. Vasiliev; AN..... 407
History of the Pacific northwest, a. G. W. Fuller; AN..... 140
Hodges, Charles
Background of international relations; B..... 262
Holt, Anne
Joseph Priestley; AN..... 465
Hooton, Ernest A.
Up from the ape; AN..... 315
Hoover, Herbert; two books on; B..... 648
Hopkins, Ernest Jerome
Our lawless police; B..... 730
Horace Walpole's fugitive verses. Collected and edited by W. S. Lewis; AN..... 141
Hotel du nord. E. Dabit. Translated by H. P. Earle; AN..... 370
Hotson, Leslie
Shakespeare versus Shallow; E..... 380
Howard, John Tasker
Our American music: Three hundred years of it; B..... 187
Huch, Ricarda
Eros invincible. W. A. Drake, translator; AN..... 73
Human parrot, the, and other essays. M. Belgium; AN..... 617
Humanism and science. C. J. Keyser; AN..... 370
Huxley, Aldous
Cicadas, the, and other poems; B..... 231
Music at night, and other essays; B..... 186
World of light, the; B..... 231
Huxley, Julian
What dare I think? B..... 576
- I
- Ilin, M.
New Russia's primer. The story of the five-year plan; B..... 71
In Krusack's house. T. Williamson; AN..... 704
India and the Simon report. C. F. Andrews; AN..... 164
Inquisition, the. A. H. Verrill; AN..... 704
Interpretation of development and heredity, the. E. S. Russell; AN..... 466
Irving, Henry. G. Craig; AN..... 439
Istrati, Panait
Bitter orange tree, the. R. Zoglin, translator; AN..... 191
- J
- Jacobs, Leo
Social thinking shackled; AN..... 581
Jane Matthew and other poems. E. L. Walton; B..... 703
Japan, three books on; B..... 190
Japan's economic position. J. E. Orchard and D. J. Orchard; B..... 190
Jasbo Brown. D. Heyward; AN..... 705
Jewel, the. C. Goll; AN..... 47
John Henry. R. Bradford; B..... 367
Johnson, Guy B., R..... 367
Joseph Priestley. A. Holt; AN..... 465
Josephson, Matthew; R..... 616
Juan in America. E. Linklater; AN..... 94
Jungle ways. W. B. Seabrook; B..... 68
- K
- Kahn, Morton C.
Djuka, the bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana; B..... 68
Kang, Younghill; R..... 190
Katrin becomes a soldier. A. Thomas; AN..... 676
Kaun, Alexander
Maxim Gorky and his Russia; B..... 673

- Kautsky, Karl
Bolshevism at a deadlock; B..... 261
- Kaye-Smith, Sheila
Susan Spray; AN..... 341
- Keith, Sir Arthur
New discoveries relating to the antiquity of man; AN..... 46
- Kelley, Florence; R..... 288
- Keynes, John Maynard
Treatise on money, a; B..... 17
- Keyser, Cassius J.
Humanism and science; AN..... 370
- Kid, the. D. P. Berenberg; AN..... 704
- Kinds of love. M. Eastman; AN..... 46
- King, Marian
Recovery of myself, the; AN..... 235
- Kirchwey, Freda; R..... 614
- Knox, John
Great mistake, the; B..... 648
- Kretschmer, Ernst
Psychology of men of genius, the. R. B. Cattell, translator; B..... 435
- Kroll, Harry Harrison
Cabin in the cotton, the; B..... 614
- Krutch, Joseph Wood; R..... 435, 490, 577, 701
- Kunitz, Joshua; R..... 673
- Kunitz, Stanley J.; R..... 161, 393
- L
- Labor movement in post-war France, the. Volume IV of Social and economic studies of post-war France. D. Saposs. Edited by C. J. H. Hayes; B..... 312
- Langer, William L.
European alliances and alignments; B... 437
- Lasker, Bruno
Filipino immigration; ■..... 42
- Last and first men: A story of the near and far future. W. O. Stapledon; AN... 191
- Last stand, the. E. A. Walsh; AN..... 139
- Latzko, Andreas
Seven days. E. Sutton, translator; AN 265
- Lavine, Emanuel H.
"Gimme": or how politicians get rich; B 17
- Law and the modern mind. J. Frank; B.. 259
- Lawyer tells the truth, a. M. Gisnet; AN.. 731
- Leader, Pauline
And no birds sing; AN..... 114
- Leonard, Jonathan
Sympathetic to bare feet; AN..... 94
- Leonard Wood. H. Hagedorn; B..... 461
- Letters of John Marin. Edited by H. J. Seligmann; B..... 70
- Lewisohn, Ludwig
Golden vase, the; AN..... 580
- Liberalism in Mexico. W. H. Calcott; AN 650
- Life among the lowbrows. E. R. Wembridge; B..... 19
- Life and letters of Sir Edmund Gosse, the. E. Charteris; B..... 160
- Life and times of Marc Antony, the. A. Weigall; B..... 462
- Life as we have known it. Cooperative working women. Edited by M. L. Davies; AN..... 74
- Life of Cardinal Newman. G. G. Atkins; AN..... 650
- Life of Robert Burns, the. C. Carswell; B.. 112
- Life of the empress Eugénie, the. R. Sen-court; AN..... 164
- Life of Thomas Chatterton, a. E. H. W. Meyerstein; B..... 93
- Life: Outlines of general biology. Sir J. A. Thomson and P. Geddes; B..... 523
- Life story of Brigham Young, the. S. Y. Gates and L. D. Widtsoe; AN..... 342
- Lindsey, Arthur Ward
Problems of philosophy, the; AN..... 465
- Linklater, Eric
Juan in America; AN..... 94
- Lippert, Julius
Evolution of culture, the. Translator and editor, G. P. Murdock; B..... 211
- Liquor control. G. E. G. Catlin; B..... 578
- Literary criticism in America. G. E. de Mille; B..... 234
- Literary mind, the. M. Eastman; B..... 646
- Little essays from the works of Henry David Thoreau. Selected by C. R. Murphy; AN..... 341
- Living my life. E. Goldman; B..... 612
- Living philosophies. A. Einstein and twenty-one others; B..... 136
- Livingston, Arthur, and F. Nardelli
Gabriel the archangel; AN..... 165
- Loeb classical library. Eight volumes; AN. 677
- Logic of science, the. H. R. Smart; B..... 93
- Löhrke, Eugene; R..... 42, 92
- Lost courts of Europe. The world I used to know, 1860-1912. M. von Bunsen. Edited and translated by O. Williams; AN..... 140
- Louverture, Toussaint; biography. P. Waxman; AN..... 115
- Love of Mario Ferraro, the. J. W. Fabricius. Translated by W. Katzin; AN.. 406
- Loving spirit, the. D. du Maurier; AN.... 524
- Ludwig, Emil
Gifts of life; B..... 728
- Lyautey, A. Maurois. Translated by H. Miles; B..... 578
- M
- McAdoo, William Gibbs
Crowded years; B..... 610
- MacDonald, William; R.. 19, 233, 262, 314, 578
- Mackenzie, Henry, biography of. H. W. Thompson; AN..... 72
- Mackenzie, Orgill
Whitegates; AN..... 46
- MacLeod, LeRoy
Three steeples; AN..... 265
- Mahatma Gandhi at work. Edited by C. F. Andrews; B..... 491
- Maid in waiting. J. Galsworthy; B..... 612
- Mann, F. O.
Albert Grope; AN..... 465
- Man's own show: Civilization. G. Dorsey; B..... 233
- Marc Antony, life and times of, the. A. Weigall; B..... 461
- Marin, John, letters of. Edited by H. J. Seligmann; B..... 70
- Maritime trade in war. Lectures on the freedom of the seas. Lord E. Percy; B..... 368
- Marsh, Fred T.; R..... 114, 188, 211
- Marshall, Bruce
Father Malachy's miracle; B..... 211
- Mathiez, Albert
After Robespierre: The thermidorean re-action; B..... 20
- Matthias at the door. E. A. Robinson; B. 403
- Maugham, W. Somerset
First person singular; B..... 576
- Maurois, André
Lyautey. H. Miles, translator; B..... 578
- Weighter of souls, the. H. Miles, translator; AN..... 22
- Maxim Gorky and his Russia. A. Kaun; B. 673
- Mead, Margaret; R..... 138
- Memoirs of a polyglot. W. Gerhardt; B.. 522
- Memoirs of a terrorist. B. Savinkov; B.. 112
- Memoirs of Garibaldi. Edited by A. Dumas. Translated by R. S. Garnett; AN.... 191
- Mencken, H. L.; R..... 310
- Mendel, Arthur; R..... 44
- Mexican maze. C. Beals; B..... 287
- Mexicana: A book of pictures. R. d'Harnoncourt; AN..... 464
- Mexico: A study of two Americas. S. Chase, with M. Tyler; B..... 209
- Meyerstein, E. H. W.
Life of Thomas Chatterton, a; B..... 93
- Millin, Sarah Gertrude
Sons of Mrs. Aab, the; AN..... 465
- Milne, A. A.
Two people; AN..... 618
- Mirbeau, Octave
Torture garden. A. C. Bessie, translator; AN..... 212
- Mirrors of 1932, the. Anonymous; B..... 210
- Misted mirror, the. H. Daniel-Rops. Translated by R. H. Mottram; AN..... 235
- Mitchison, Naomi
Corn king and the spring queen, the; AN 618
- Modern civilization on trial. C. D. Burns; B..... 188
- Modern history of the English people, 1880-1922. a. R. H. Gretton; AN..... 191
- Moody, William Vaughn
Selected poems; AN..... 46
- Moore, Virginia; R..... 367
- More essays of love and virtue. H. Ellis; B. 336
- Morning tide. N. M. Gunn; AN..... 265
- Morrow, Felix; R..... 233, 264, 464
- Moses, Montrose J.; R..... 163
- Most women. A. Waugh; AN..... 289
- Muir, Edwin
Three brothers, the; AN..... 406
- Muir, Ramsay
Political consequences of the great war; AN..... 213
- Mukerji, Dhan Gopal
Song of God, the. A translation of the Bhagavad-gita; AN..... 548
- Mumford, Lewis
Brown decades, the. A study of the arts in America, 1865-1895; B..... 520
- Music at night, and other essays. A. Huxley; B..... 186
- My father, Mark Twain. C. Clemens; B.... 463
- N
- Nardelli, Federico, and A. Livingston
Gabriel the archangel; AN..... 165
- Nathan, George Jean; R..... 398
- Nathan, Robert
Orchid, the; AN..... 265
- Native stock. A. Pound; B..... 492
- Natural history of a delinquent career. C. R. Shaw; B..... 211
- Navajo Indians, the. By M. R. Coolidge and D. Coolidge; AN..... 191
- Nebuchadnezzar. G. R. Tabouis; AN..... 617
- Negroes of Africa, the. M. Delafosse. Translated by T. Fligelman; B..... 68
- Neumann, Alfred
Hero, the. H. Paterson, translator; AN 524
- New discoveries relating to the antiquity of man. Sir A. Keith; AN..... 46
- New model of the universe, a. P. D. Ouspensky; AN..... 115
- New Russia's primer. The story of the five-year plan. M. Ilin; B..... 71
- Newman, Cardinal, life of. G. G. Atkins; AN..... 650
- Night of death, a. M. Bregendahl. Translated by M. Blanchard; AN..... 465
- Niles, Blair
Strange brother; AN..... 705
- Noguchi. G. Eckstein; AN.. 22; correction, C 110
- Norman Douglas. H. M. Tomlinson; AN... 704
- Notes of a vagabond. W. Bonsels. Translated by J. B. Mussey; AN..... 290
- Novák, Sonia Ruthéle
Strange thoroughfare; AN..... 114
- Nuhn, Ferner; R..... 70, 337
- O
- Occupied territory. A. Ritchie; AN..... 94
- Ochrana, the Russian secret police. A. T. Vassilyev. Edited by R. Fülöp-Miller; B..... 314
- Odell, George C. D.
Annals of the New York stage. Volumes V, VI, and VII (1843-1865); B 163
- O'Donnell, Peadar
There will be fighting; AN..... 22
- Oh yeah? editorial..... 561
- Old Bowery days. A. F. Harlow; B..... 231
- Old crowd, the. W. Fitzgerald, jr.; B.... 579
- Oliver, F. S.
Endless adventure, the; B..... 404
- Olivier, Edith
Dwarf's blood; B..... 211
- One hundred red days. E. Sisson; B..... 579
- Opening of a door, the. G. Davis; B..... 403
- Opus 7. S. T. Warner; AN..... 290
- Orchard, John E., and Dorothy Johnson
Orchard
Japan's economic position; B..... 190
- Orchid, the. R. Nathan; AN..... 265
- Osborn, Henry Fairfield, with H. A. Warren
Cope: Master naturalist; B..... 285
- Oudard, Georges
Four cents an acre. The story of Louisiana under the French. M. Bianco, translator; AN..... 141
- Our American music: Three hundred years of it. J. T. Howard; R..... 187
- Our lawless police. E. J. Hopkins; B..... 730
- Ouspensky, P. D.
New model of the universe, a; AN..... 115
- Owen, Wilfred
Poems; B..... 577
- P
- Panama, or the Adventures of my seven uncles. B. Cendrars. Translated and illustrated by J. Dos Passos; B..... 616
- Paradoxy, the destiny of modern thought; R. Rothschild; B..... 45
- Parker, Dorothy
Death and taxes; AN..... 315
- Parkes, Henry Bamford; R..... 287, 522, 578
- Parsons, Alice Beal; R..... 232
- Peacocks on parade; A. S. Crockett; AN... 465
- Penhally. C. Gordon; B..... 367
- Penrose, Boies, biography. W. Davenport; B. 522
- Pepys, his life and character. J. Drinkwater; B..... 137
- Percy, Lord Eustace
Maritime trade in war. Lectures on the freedom of the sea; B..... 368
- Perhaps women. S. Anderson; B..... 401
- Pilnyak, Boris
Volga falls to the Caspian sea, the. C. Malamuth, translator; B..... 232
- Pink, Louis Heaton
Gaynor; AN..... 704
- Pinski, David
Generations of Noah Edon, the; AN... 407
- Place, Francis
Principle of population, the; B..... 212
- Planck, Max
Universe in the light of modern physics, the; B..... 615
- Playne, Caroline E.
Society at war; B..... 311
- Poems of Catullus, the. Translated by H. Gregory; B..... 137
- Poems of Wilfred Owen, the. Edited by E. Blunden; B..... 577
- Poetic way of release, the. B. Wilkinson; AN 731
- Poetry in France and England. J. Stewart; AN..... 439
- Political consequences of the great war. R. Muir; AN..... 213
- Population problems. W. S. Thompson; B. 212

- Porter, Alan
Signature of pain, the, and other poems; B..... 339
Portrait of Caroline. S. Thompson; AN..... 47
Portraits in miniature. L. Strachey; B..... 91
Pound, Arthur
Native stock; B..... 492
Power and glory: The life of Boies Penrose. W. Davenport; B..... 522
Precious porcelain. N. Bell; AN..... 524
Priestley, Joseph, biography. A. Holt; AN..... 465
Principle of population, the. F. Place; B..... 212
Problems of evolution, the. A. W. Lindsey; AN..... 465
Prohibition experiment in Finland, the. J. H. Wuorinen; B..... 578
Pruette, Lorine; R..... 45
Psychology of men of genius, the. E. Kretschmer. Translated by R. B. Cattell; B..... 435
Psychology: Science or superstition? G. Adams; B..... 676
Pure in heart, the. F. Werfel; B..... 92
Puritan's progress. A. Train; AN..... 139
Putnam, Phelps
Five seasons, the; B..... 463
- Q
- Quicksands of the city, the. H. Withers; AN 115
- R
- Raleigh, Sir Walter: That damned upstart. D. B. Chidsey; AN..... 618
Ramsey, Frank Plumpton
Foundations of mathematics and other logical essays. Edited by R. B. Braithwaite; AN..... 676
Raynolds, Robert
Brothers in the west; AN..... 264
Realism in romantic Japan. M. Beard; B..... 190
Recovery of myself, the. M. King; AN..... 235
Rediscovery of the frontier, the. P. H. Boynton; AN..... 340
Religions of the world: Their nature and their history. C. Clemen, and eleven others. A. K. Dallas, translator; AN..... 371
Renée la vagabonde. Colette. Translated by C. Remfry-Kidd; AN..... 265
Rice, David Talbot, and A. Byron
Birth of western painting, the; B..... 162
Riesenberg, Felix
Endless river; AN..... 705
Riggs, Lynn; R..... 674
Ritchie, Alice
Occupied territory; AN..... 94
Roberts, Donald A.; R..... 137
Roberts, Elizabeth Madox
Buried treasure, a; B..... 675
Robinson, Edwin Arlington
Matthias at the door; B..... 403
Rogers, James Harvey
America weighs her gold; B..... 575
Rolland, Romain
Goethe and Beethoven. G. A. Pfister and E. S. Kemp, translators; B..... 44
Romanof, Panteleimon
Three pairs of silk stockings. L. Zarine, translator; S. Graham, editor; AN..... 94
Rome and the Romans. G. Showerman; AN..... 341
Ronald Firbank. Memoir by I. K. Fletcher. With reminiscences by Lord Berners, O. Sitwell, A. John, and others; B..... 262
Rothschild, Richard
Paradoxy, the destiny of modern thought; B..... 45
Rothstein, Th.
From chartism to laborism; B..... 287
Rowe, N. A.
Samoa under the sailing gods; B..... 138
Reyde-Smith, Naomi
Delicate situation, the; AN..... 704
Rugg, Harold
Culture and education in America; B..... 368
Russell, Bertrand
Scientific outlook, the; B..... 398
Russell, E. S.
Interpretation of development and heredity, the; AN..... 466
Russian dance of death. D. Gora; AN..... 47
- S
- S. S. San Pedro. J. G. Cozzens; AN..... 407
Sacco-Vanzetti case, the. O. K. Fraenkel; B..... 702
Sackville-West, Edward
Simpson: A life; AN..... 265
Sackville-West, V.
All passion spent; AN..... 439
Saint Francis of Assisi. A. Bonnard, Translated by C. B. Chase; AN..... 731
Samoa under the sailing gods. N. A. Rowe; B..... 138
Saposs, David J.
Labor movement in post-war France. Volume IV of Social and economic studies of post-war France. Edited by C. J. H. Hayes; B..... 312
Saposs, David J.; R..... 69, 163
Sarett, Lew
Wings against the moon; AN..... 581
Saturday night at the Greyhound. J. Hampson; B..... 338
Savinkov, Boris
Memoirs of a terrorist; B..... 112
Schacht, Hjalmar
End of reparations, the; B..... 111
Schappes, Morris U.; R..... 72
Schneider, Isidor; R..... 112, 462
Schubert, Franz, biography. D. Ewen; AN..... 165
Schuyler, Robert Livingston; R..... 404
Science for children. B. Russell; B..... 546
Scientific outlook, the. B. Russell; B..... 398
Scott, Evelyn
Calendar of sin, a; B..... 521
Scottish man of feeling, a: Some account of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. of Edinburgh and of the golden age of Burns and Scott. H. W. Thompson; AN..... 72
Seabrook, William B.
Jungle ways; B..... 68
Seagle, William; R..... 366
Second twenty years at Hull house, the. J. Addams; B..... 288
Selected poems. G. W. Dresbach; AN..... 705
Selected poems of William Vaughn Moody; AN..... 46
Sencourt, Robert
Life of the empress Eugénie, the; AN..... 164
Seven days. A. Latzko. Translated by E. Sutton; AN..... 265
Seven types of ambiguity. W. Empson; B..... 44
Shadows on the rock. W. Cather; B..... 160
Shakespeare versus Shallow. L. Hotson; E..... 380
Shakespeare's Hamlet. The first quarto: 1603; AN..... 46
Shakespeare's tragic heroes: Slaves of passion. L. B. Campbell; AN..... 166
Shaw, Bernard. F. Harris, with postscript by Mr. Shaw; B..... 701
Shaw, Bernard, and Ellen Terry: A correspondence. Edited by C. St. John; B..... 398
Shaw, Clifford R.
Natural history of a delinquent career; B..... 211
Sheridan, J. Hergesheimer; AN..... 617
Sheridan, Clare
Substitute bride, the; AN..... 342
Shipley, Joseph T.; R..... 44
Showerman, Grant
Rome and the Romans; AN..... 341
Signature of pain, the, and other poems. A. Porter; B..... 339
Silver eagle, the. W. R. Burnett; AN..... 649
Simpson: A life. E. Sackville-West; AN..... 265
Since Calvary. L. Browne; B..... 264
Sinclair, T. A., and F. A. Wright
History of later Latin literature from the middle of the fourth to the end of the seventeenth century, a; AN..... 166
Sinclair, Upton
Wet parade, the; B..... 310
Sinclair, Upton; R..... 261
Singing cowboy: A book of western songs. Collected and edited by M. Larkin. Piano arrangements by H. Black; B..... 674
Sir Walter Raleigh: That damned upstart. D. B. Chidsey; AN..... 618
Sisson, Edgar
One hundred red days; B..... 579
Smart, Harold R.
Logic of science, the; B..... 93
Smith, Susan
Glories of Venus, the; B..... 438
Social substance of religion. G. Heard; B..... 286
Social thinking shackled. L. Jacobs; AN..... 581
Society at war. C. E. Playne; B..... 311
Song of God, the. A translation of the Bhagavad-gita. D. G. Mukerji; AN..... 548
Sonnets of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, the. Edited by W. Bynner; B..... 234
Sons of Mrs. Aab, the. S. G. Millin; AN..... 465
Sophocles
Antigone. J. J. Chapman, translator; AN..... 74
Spengler, Joseph J.; R..... 212
Spiller, Robert E.
Feminore Cooper: Critic of his times; B..... 728
Stanley, Louis; R..... 189
Stapledon, W. Olaf
Last and first men: A story of the near and far future; AN..... 191
Starry adventure. M. Austin; B..... 71
Stephens, James
Strict joy, and other poems; AN..... 649
Stevens, Wallace
Harmonium; B..... 263
Stewart, Jean
Poetry in France and England; AN..... 439
Stewart, Maxwell S.; R..... 648
Stolberg, Benjamin; R..... 20, 112
Stomberg, A. A.
History of Sweden, a; AN..... 548
Stories of the south, old and new. Edited by A. Hibbard; AN..... 191
Stout, Rex
Golden remedy; AN..... 439
Strachey, Lytton
Portraits in miniature; B..... 91
Strange brother. B. Niles; AN..... 705
Strange career of Mr. Hoover under two flags, the. J. Hamill; B..... 648
Strange thoroughfare. S. R. Novák; AN..... 114
Stresemann. A. Vallentin-Luchaire. Translated by E. Sutton; B..... 233
Strict joy, and other poems. J. Stephens; AN..... 649
Substitute bride, the. C. Sheridan; AN..... 342
Susan Spray. S. Kaye-Smith; AN..... 341
Suskind, W. E.
Web of youth, the. M. Campbell, translator; AN..... 72
Sykes, Gerald; R..... 45, 260, 436, 576, 674
Sympathetic to bare feet. J. Leonard; AN..... 94
- T
- Tabouis, G. R.
Nebuchadnezzar; AN..... 617
Taggard, Genevieve; R..... 703
Tahcheechee, Leon
Valencia; AN..... 22
Takekoshi, Yosoburo
Economic aspects of the history of civilization of Japan; B..... 190
Tate, Allen; R..... 614
Ten years of world cooperation. Foreword by Sir E. Drummond; AN..... 141
Terry, Ellen, and Bernard Shaw: A correspondence. Edited by C. St. John; B..... 398
There will be fighting. P. O'Donnell; AN..... 22
These Russians. W. C. White; B..... 438
These thirteen. W. Faulkner; B..... 491
Thirty-one families under heaven. G. Fink. Translated by L. C. Hummel; AN..... 73
This our exile. D. Burnham; AN..... 191
Thomas, Adrienne
Katrin becomes a soldier; AN..... 676
Thomas, Norman; R..... 310
Thompson, Edward
Farewell to India, a; AN..... 236
Thompson, Harold William
Scottish man of feeling, a: Some account of Henry Mackenzie, Esq., of Edinburgh and of the golden age of Burns and Scott; AN..... 72
Thompson, Sylvia
Portrait by Caroline; AN..... 47
Thomson, Sir J. Arthur, and P. Geddes
Life: Outlines of general biology; B..... 523
Thoreau, Henry David
Little essays from his works. Selected by C. R. Murphy; AN..... 341
Three brothers, the. E. Muir; AN..... 406
Three pairs of silk stockings. P. Romanof, Translated by L. Zarine. Edited by S. Graham; AN..... 94
Three steeples. L. MacLeod; AN..... 265
Time exposure. P. Whitney; B..... 647
Tippett, Tom
When southern labor stirs; B..... 189
Tomlinson, H. M.
Norman Douglas; AN..... 704
Torture garden. O. Mirbeau. Translated by A. C. Bessie; AN..... 212
Toussaint Louverture, biography. P. Waxman; AN..... 115
Train, Arthur
Puritan's progress; AN..... 139
Traitor or patriot: The life and death of Roger Casement. D. Gwynn; AN..... 73
Travel tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens, the. Lord Dunsany; AN..... 439
Treatise on money, a. J. M. Keynes; B..... 17
Trilling, Lionel; R..... 491
Tschupplik, Karl
Francis Joseph I. The downfall of an empire; AN..... 165
Tuckerman, Frederick Goddard, sonnets; B..... 234
Tully, Jim
Blood on the moon; B..... 188
Turi, Johann. See Books—Turi's book of Lapland
Turi's book of Lapland. J. Turi. Edited and translated into Danish by E. D. Hatt. Translated from Danish by E. G. Nash; B..... 43
Twain, Mark, biography. C. Clemens; B..... 463
Two men in me. H. Daniel-Rops. Translated by G. Meynier; AN..... 235
Two symphonies. A. Gide. Translated by D. Bussy; B..... 260
Tyler, Marian, with S. Chase
Mexico: A study of two Americas; B..... 209
- U
- Unemployment insurance in Great Britain. M. B. Gilson; AN..... 236
Unfinished symphony, the. D. Ewen; AN..... 165
Universe, from crystal spheres to relativity, the. F. Allen; AN..... 548
Universe in the light of modern physics, the. M. Planck; B..... 615
Unrest 1931. Edited by J. Conroy and R. Cheyney; AN..... 676
Up from the ape. E. A. Hooton; AN..... 315

V

- Vaillant-Couturier, Paul
French boy, the. I. Treat, translator; AN..... 618
- Valencia, L. Tahcheechee; AN..... 22
- Vallentin-Luchaire, Antonina
Stresemann, E. Sutton, translator; B. 233
- Van Doren, Carl; R..... 400
- Van Doren, Dorothy; R..19, 113, 160, 338, 462
- Vasiliev, A. A.
History of the Byzantine empire; AN.. 407
- Vassilyev, A. T.
Ochraha, the Russian secret police. Edited by R. Fülöp-Miller; B..... 314
- Vermont folk songs and ballads. Edited by H. H. Flanders and G. Brown; B.... 189
- Vermont prose. Edited by A. W. Peach and H. G. Rugg; B..... 189
- Vermont verse. Edited by W. J. Coates and F. Tupper; B..... 189
- Vermonters: A book of biographies. Edited by W. H. Crockett; B.....189; see also280, 308
- Verrill, A. Hyatt
Inquisition, the; AN..... 704
- Villard, Henry and the railways of the north-west; B..... 19
- Villard, Oswald Garrison; R.....111, 610
- Viva. Seventy new poems. E. E. Cummings; B..... 729
- Volga falls to the Caspian sea, the. B. Pilyak. Translated by C. Malamuth; B 232

W

- Walpole, Horace
Fugitive verses. Collected and edited by W. S. Lewis; AN..... 141
- Walsh, Edmund A.
Last stand, the; AN..... 139
- Walter, H.
Heinrich Heine: A critical examination of the poet and his works; AN..... 342
- Walters, Raube
Hex woman, the; AN..... 212
- Walton, Eda Lou
Jane Matthew and other poems; B..... 703

- Walton, Eda Lou; R..71, 137, 189, 234; (see also 280), 263, 339, 403, 463, 729
- Ward, Harold; R.....93, 211, 676
- Warner, Arthur; R.....42, 231
- Warner, Sylvia Townsend
Opus 7; AN..... 290
- Warren, Helen Ann, with H. F. Osborn
Cope: Master naturalist; B..... 285
- Warwick, Frances, countess of
Discretions; AN..... 677
- Washington merry-go-round. Anonymous; B 210
- Waugh, Alec
Most women; AN..... 289
- Waves, the. V. Woolf; B..... 674
- Waxman, Percy
Black Napoleon, the: The story of Toussaint Louverture; AN..... 115
- Web of youth, the. W. E. Suskind. Translated by M. Campbell; AN..... 72
- Webb, James Josiah
Adventures in the Santa Fé trade: 1844-1847; AN..... 72
- Weigall, Arthur
Life and times of Marc Antony, the; B 462
- Weigher of souls, the. A. Maurois. Translated by H. Miles; AN..... 22
- Wells, H. G.
Work, wealth and happiness of mankind, the; B..... 727
- Wembridge, Eleanor Rowland
Life among the lowbrows; B..... 19
- Werfel, Franz
Pure in heart, the; B..... 92
- Werther's younger brother. Anonymous; B. 45
- Wet parade, the. U. Sinclair; B..... 310
- Wetjen, Albert R.
Fiddlers' green; AN..... 139
- What dare I think? J. Huxley; B..... 576
- When southern labor stirs. T. Tippet; B.. 189
- When the wicked man. F. M. Ford; B.... 114
- White, Kenneth; R..... 579
- White, William C.
These Russians; B..... 438
- White king of La Gonave, the. F. Wirkus and T. Dudley; B..... 70
- Whitegates. O. Mackenzie; AN..... 46
- Whitham, J. Mills
Biographical history of the French revolution, a; B..... 20
- Whitman and Burroughs. C. Barrus; B..... 69
- Whitney, Parkhurst
Time exposure; B..... 647
- Why birds sing. J. Delamain. Translated by R. and A. Sarason; AN..... 289
- Widtsoc, Leah D., and S. Y. Gates
Life story of Brigham Young, the; AN 342
- Wilhelm, Richard
Confucius and confucianism. G. H. and A. P. Danton, translators; AN..... 140
- Wilkinson, Bonaro
Poetic way of release, the; AN..... 731
- Williamson, Henry
Dream of fair women, the; AN..... 235
- Williamson, Thames
In Krusack's house; AN..... 704
- Wings against the moon. L. Sarett; AN... 581
- Wirkus, Faustin, and T. Dudley
White king of La Gonave; B..... 70
- Withers, Hartley
Quicksands of the city, the; AN..... 115
- Wood, Leonard. H. Hagedorn; B..... 461
- Woolf, Virginia
Waves, the; B..... 674
- Work, wealth and happiness of man, the. H. G. Wells; B..... 727
- World crisis, the. W. Churchill; AN..... 165
- World of light, the. A. Huxley; B..... 231
- Wright, Cuthbert; R.....211, 262
- Wright, F. A., and T. A. Sinclair
History of later Latin literature from the middle of the fourth to the end of the seventeenth century, a; AN... 166
- Wuorinen, John H.
Prohibition experiment in Finland, the; B 578

Y

- Yardley, Herbert O.
American black chamber, the; B..... 186
- Young, Brigham, life story of. S. Y. Gates and L. D. Widtsoc; AN..... 342

Z

- Zabel, Morton Dauwen; R..... 162
- Zufi folk tales. F. H. Cushing; AN..... 22

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1931

No. 3443

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	1
EDITORIALS:	
President Hoover's Great Action.....	4
The Railroads at Bay.....	5
Latin American Policy.....	5
Sentences for Writers.....	6
GERMANY ON THE BRINK. By Alanson B. Houghton.....	7
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. II. PRESIDENT HOOVER'S FOREIGN POLICY. By John B. Whitton.....	9
FREE SPEECH IN CHILDHOOD. By Bertrand Russell.....	12
YELLOW-DOG CONTRACTS FOR TEACHERS. By Henry R. Linville.....	13
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	15
CORRESPONDENCE	15
BOOKS:	
No Herb of Healing. By Leslie Nelson Jennings.....	17
The Itching Palm. By Paul Blanshard.....	17
Keynes on Money. By William E. Dunkman.....	17
Why Write Fiction? By Dorothy Van Doren.....	19
A Great Railway Builder. By William MacDonald.....	19
French Revolutionists. By Leo Gershey.....	19
The Black Man's Burden. By Benjamin Stolberg.....	20
Books in Brief.....	22
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
New Nationalism in the Philippines. By Andres V. Castillo.....	23
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	24

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

MINNEAPOLIS HAS ELECTED a Labor Mayor, William A. Anderson, who has been chairman of the Farmer-Labor State Central Committee and in former years was closely associated with A. C. Townley of Farmer-Labor fame. Denounced as a dangerous radical and personally much abused, Mr. Anderson defeated George E. Leach, who has served four times as Mayor of Minneapolis and became a brigadier general in the World War, carrying the election by the largest majority in the city's history, by about 28,000 votes. Mr. Anderson made no apologies for his affiliation with what the Minneapolis *Tribune* called "the most radical movement this section of the country has ever known," and he did not pretend that he had in the remotest degree changed his opinions. Indubitably the popular antagonism to the Hoover Administration counted, for it was a clear-cut struggle between the Republican and the Farmer-Labor candidates, but there was also a strong desire for a new political deal. Coming on top of the election of Floyd Olson as Farmer-Labor Governor, it affords ground for hope that here may be a beginning of the new third-party movement. At any rate Mr. Anderson's administration will bear watching by all liberals and progressives.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES has set an example to parliaments everywhere by refusing to vote the 23,000-ton battleship which the Minister of Marine demanded as an offset to the new 10,000-ton German vessel.

For once legislators have refused to be led by the nose by their government and the so-called naval experts. Would that our Congress might profit by the example! It was admirably pointed out in the debate that if France built a 23,000-ton battleship, Italy would build one of 35,000 tons, and that there would be no end to the thing; also it was insisted that it was preposterous to vote this ship when Europe is on the verge of a disarmament conference which will take place before the keel of the ship could be laid. This, and the tremendous popular acclaim given to Briand's pacifist speech at Gourdon, give us further reason to believe that the French people are not so frightened about their security as the politicians would have us believe. On the contrary, we still feel that if there is any real anxiety among the French people about their safety, it is because they have been whipped into it by their conscienceless politicians for the sake of politics and personal preferment.

DOMINION STATUS FOR INDIA with all the rights and privileges of other British dominions, including the right to secede from the empire, is the ultimate aim of the scheme of government which is reported to have been worked out tentatively by Lord Irwin and Mahatma Gandhi during their conference at Delhi. According to the London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who claims to have received the information from reliable Indian sources, the viceroy will enjoy, during the transitional period before dominion status is attained, a measure of authority not greatly different from that which he has at present; but the limit of the transitional period is to be definitely fixed, and thereafter the viceroy, instead of being appointed independently by the Crown, will be designated on the recommendation of the premier of the Indian federal government and may be an Indian. The executive authority of the new government will be vested in a cabinet representing the princes and the majority party or party coalition in the two houses of the legislature. The legislature will be representative in each of its two branches of the Indian states and British India, the members from the states being partly elected and partly appointed, and minorities are to be insured representation if joint electoral action proves impracticable. The provincial governments are to be both responsible and autonomous. The financial arrangements, which include a reserve bank, appear to contemplate complete self-support for India, and the army will pass eventually under Indian control. These seem in the main most admirable and far-reaching proposals.

WHERE IS THE PROSPERITY Senator Jim Watson promised us a year ago, or the upswing in the stock market that Reed Smoot said was surely coming, or the return of confidence and certainty to the business world that Herbert Hoover looked upon as inevitable? These are some of the fruits which twelve months ago we were assured would come to us with the enactment of the Hawley-Smoot tariff law. Said Jim Watson to the Senate: "If this bill is passed, this nation will be on the upgrade financially, eco-

nominically, and commercially within thirty days, and within a year from this date we shall have regained the peak of prosperity." After the bill had passed, Senator Smoot declared that now "the stock market of course will recover." In announcing that he would sign the bill, Herbert Hoover said: "It is urgent that the uncertainties in the business world, which have been added to by the long-extended debate, should be ended. They can be ended only by completion of this bill." Mr. Hoover signed the bill on June 17 a year ago. Plenty of time has since elapsed to determine the truth of these prophecies. What about it, gentlemen; have the gods played you false, or were you merely talking nonsense to cover up what, as many intelligent persons knew then and as almost everybody knows now, was the most outrageous tariff robbery in American history?

THE INEVITABLE OVERTHROW of the bourbon protectionism embodied in the Smoot-Hawley measure, of which there are multiplying signs today, is likely to be brought about by the active agency of the great export industries, which find their ability to sell abroad lessened by the inability of foreigners to sell in our markets. James D. Mooney, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, and Allan C. Reiley, former advertising manager of the Remington Typewriter Company, in their new book "Onward Industry" declare truly that "the old traditional policy has ceased to protect and has begun to destroy." As the authors state, self-reliant American industries are asking nothing except to be relieved of legislative policies that cripple their expansion. Could there be a better time than the present to strike out for lower tariffs, with the consequent stimulus to world trade and industry?

THE GRAVITY OF THE DEPRESSION in ocean trade can now well be measured by its effects upon the Atlantic steamship lines. The French Line, for example, with thirty-eight of its steamers laid up for lack of cargo and passengers, has had to turn to the French government for aid to the extent of no less than \$12,000,000, in order to carry on longer and to complete the superliner which it is building for the New York route. The French Premier promptly responded by urging upon the Chamber of Deputies the granting of this entire amount in one form or another. Equally serious is the announcement that the United States Lines, which operate the Leviathan and ten other ships, are ready to abandon their project and may propose to the government to take back the ships, upon which they have already made substantial payments, with a view to reverting to their previous status of lessees of these vessels. Not in the memory of shipping men has it ever come to pass before at this time of year that some of the largest and most popular vessels have been withdrawn for a couple of voyages because of lack of traffic. Those that are continuing their sailings are, with the exception of the Europa and Bremen of the North German Lloyd, leaving with astonishingly small passenger lists.

SIR ARTHUR JAMES SALTER, former director of the economic section of the League of Nations, in his recent address before the Bond Club of New York gave an admirable example of the spirit in which important economic questions ought to be considered. He pointed out to

the assembled financiers that the later development of our competitive, individualistic capitalist system has brought out with increasing clearness both its merits and its defects—the former consisting essentially in its stimulus to productive activity, the latter in its inability to utilize its capacity regularly and to distribute the results justly. If we are not to have chaos, then, we are faced with a choice, he declared, between collective leadership by industry and finance on the one hand and collective control by the state on the other. Hence he urged upon his audience the necessity for consultation in order that they might help furnish the leadership the world will need in their field, particularly in the way of checking mad speculation and undesirable government loans. Capitalism plainly cannot vindicate and maintain itself except by the exercise of collective responsibility on the part of its leaders, as Sir Arthur Salter suggests. Why can we in this country not have a larger measure of such thoughtful and reasoned consideration of the actual problems of our present position, with an attempt to find practicable solutions, instead of the passionate and unreasoning defense of things as they are that marks the utterances of our President and other public men of the same type?

SOMETHING APPEARS to have gone radically wrong in the Department of Commerce, the branch of the government toward which American business has long looked for reliable information on the economic situation. Dr. Ray Hall, one of the most dependable economists in the department, has resigned his post, according to a Washington dispatch, "rather than obey orders to juggle figures so as to show the nation-wide depression less appalling than it is." On the other hand, Dr. Hall's superiors contend that this was not the case at all. They deny that there was any attempt at juggling figures, and say, first, that Dr. Hall refused to submit to discipline in the handling of his work, and, second, that the resignation was due solely to a difference of opinion. The public has not yet been given the actual facts, so at the moment there is no way of judging the truth of the situation. But even granting that the explanation offered by Dr. Hall's superiors is substantially correct, one must wonder why it was found necessary to discipline him. This sounds suspiciously as though he had been given orders of a kind which he as a trained economist could not accept. In any event, the incident has thrown considerable doubt on the reliability of the department's business and economic information.

DEPRESSION IN REAL ESTATE has, of course, gone along with depression in business generally, and a recent report of the Real Estate Securities Committee of the Investment Bankers' Association may lead a good many investors to conclude that a collapse in realty bonds will have to occur before the country's business turns the corner. Of an estimated volume of \$10,000,000,000 of real-estate bonds outstanding, the committee adjudges that \$4,000,000,000 have "good standing" or are likely to "work out without foreclosure or loss," \$2,500,000,000 may be expected to undergo foreclosure or work out with losses of from 10 to 25 per cent, \$3,000,000,000 may suffer losses ranging from 25 to 26 per cent, and \$500,000,000 represent unwise investments which may have to meet losses of from 60 to 100 per cent. Actually, the report is not so gloomy as it seems. To

have 40 per cent of a ten-billion-dollar investment reckoned as sound or reasonably safe from loss, and another 15 per cent threatened with possible loss of only 10 to 25 per cent, seems a tolerably good showing for these troubled times. If stock-market prices are a fair indication of the present worth and future prospects of the industries which listed securities represent, the depression in real estate is no greater than the depression in industry and business in most other lines.

ONLY ONE of Mr. Hoover's Western speeches pleased his supporters and the party organs—his address to the Indiana editors. It had an unusual crispness, a drive, and a vigor which may be attributed to the fact that he has recently changed his literary secretary. It was, moreover, a partisan outburst marked by effrontery and stubborn adherence to the tariff and other party idols, so that it went well with the party hacks. The rest of his utterances pleased but little. His remarks about Lincoln were dull and banal. The speech at Harding's tomb contained a most damaging admission—that "Harding had a dim realization that he had been betrayed by a few men whom he trusted, by men whom he believed to be his friends." That is certainly damning. If President Harding had a "dim realization" only of his betrayal by Fall and others, why did he not obtain a clear realization? A few questions asked of newspapermen and others in Washington would have enlightened him fully. As Senator Walsh of Montana was quick to ask, why did not President Harding peremptorily dismiss these false friends at the very first intimation? And as for Mr. Hoover himself, why was this superman silent in the Cabinet? Why did not Mr. Hoover insist on Mr. Harding's doing something at once, or else do what every high-minded gentleman usually does under such circumstances—resign his own position and refuse to associate with crooks? We decline to accept the other alternative that so clever a man as Mr. Hoover was ignorant of the facts, especially after the speech of the senior Senator La Follette in which he thoroughly outlined the Teapot Dome scandals. And what is true of President Hoover in this connection is equally so of Charles E. Hughes, then Secretary of State.

WHEN MR. HOOVER or one of his appointees plays politics he is performing a "great service" for the country. When someone else sincerely tries to do the people a real service, his action forthwith becomes politics of an especially vicious sort. Thus reasoned Mr. Hoover in his Indianapolis speech. He said of the Wagner employment-exchange bill, which he vetoed: "I have refused to accept such schemes, as they would in many places endow political organizations with the gigantic patronage of workmen's jobs. That would bring about the most vicious tyranny ever set up in the United States. We have instead expanded our federal-government agencies, which are on a non-political basis. They are of far greater service to labor." It so happens, however, that a sober and responsible organization, the American Association for Labor Legislation, had troubled to look into the manner in which the federal agencies were being expanded under the careful guidance of Secretary of Labor Doak. It was found that at least fifteen of the newly appointed directors of the federal service were "members of the railroad unions with which Mr. Doak was closely connected for many years," and it was also

learned that "several others who were given jobs in the 'reorganized service' are 'lame-duck' State office-holders whose fortunes were adversely affected by the political upheavals of recent State elections." The report quoted "one experienced State official" as saying: "It appears that Secretary Doak is persistent to set up his own political organization under the guise of an employment service." Rather amusing, then, is it not, to hear from Mr. Hoover that the federal service is on "a non-political basis"?

INDUSTRIAL WARFARE of the bitterest sort, with all that that means in the way of oppression and unrest, starvation and disease, today grips almost the whole of the soft-coal mining country. Using the only weapon at their command to fight the slashing of wages, which already were pitifully low, the miners have gone out on strike in many places. Bloody battles with company police and State militia have often followed. The strikers have not the financial means with which to carry on. They have not even enough money to keep their families from starvation and pestilence. Funds must be had at once to save thousands of families. A. J. Muste, head of Brookwood Labor College, has telegraphed from Charleston, West Virginia, the following appeal to *The Nation* for assistance:

Am touring mine regions. Few thousand dollars in next ten days may make all difference here in West Virginia between union settlement and positive betterment or continuance of condition of harrowing starvation, disease, and heartless oppression in tense situation swiftly coming to head. Please rush aid here to Tom Tippet, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building.

NEWS OF THE MISERABLE PLIGHT of our jobless millions reacts differently upon different people. It moves the President every other week or so to tell these hungry workers and their dependents that they must not look to their government for help. It turns our wealthy business men and bankers to brooding over the possibility of revolution and to making bewildering and misleading promises of prosperity about to revive. In Africa the news has inspired a small group of natives, themselves immersed in poverty, to offer out of their meager resources the sum of \$3.77 to help the "starving in America," about whom they had been reading in their newspapers. "As actual money this sum is small," wrote Dr. Albert I. Good, missionary in Cameroon, Africa, to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church, "but as you well know the conditions out here and what such a sum of money means here, the gift is really large." This ought to melt a heart even of Hooverian hardness, but it probably won't. The day after it published this African contribution, the *New York Times*, through its Washington correspondent, described Mr. Hoover as being "in a very pleasant state of mind over the economic outlook." He was said to be particularly pleased with "a report covering the whole country which indicated that not a single bread line was now being maintained." So the situation is not nearly so bad as the facts available had led us, and the natives of Cameroon, to believe. Perhaps we had better suggest to the Board of Foreign Missions that it return the \$3.77 to the donors, who were guileless enough to believe—like most Americans—that upwards of six million people in this country are unemployed.

President Hoover's Great Action

WE believe that it is impossible to overestimate the world-wide importance of President Hoover's announcement on June 19 that he was conferring with the leaders of both political parties with a view to helping the world situation and especially Germany. Followed up the next day by his proposal for a year's postponement "of all payments on intergovernmental debts, reparations, and relief debts, both principal and interest, of course not including obligations of governments held by private parties," it probably constitutes the most far-reaching and the most praiseworthy step taken by any American President since the treaty of peace. In our issue of June 10 we declared that "no greater opportunity has ever come to an American President, save only Mr. Wilson, to lead the world and render it an incalculable service" than that which was facing Mr. Hoover, but which he seemed then to be entirely unwilling to grasp. Now he has grasped it, and the very first results have been what we prophesied they would be. "The mere announcement," we said in the same editorial, "that he had begun to busy himself with international affairs, with a view to cooperation and aid, would send a thrill of hope and encouragement all around the world." Two days after Mr. Hoover's move the *New York Times* was able to report that hearty approval of the President's proposal "was expressed in many parts of the world yesterday, ranging from Europe to South America and as far as China."

So the United States has gone back into European affairs. This time, not as in 1917 to make the European situation worse and to postpone for a year and a half the arrival of peace, but for the pacific and constructive purpose of taking the direct road toward the restoration of normal conditions abroad. Let it be admitted that it is but a beginning, a breathing spell, a palliative, a further putting off of the day when the whole reparations problem must be studied anew. None the less, it is of enormous importance because it is at last an expression of American willingness to lead; it is a concrete proposal for help, the vast psychological effects of which alone comparatively few Americans will be able either to gauge or to understand. More than that, it is the first time that Mr. Hoover has been willing to speak of reparations and debts in the same breath. Until now he has steadfastly maintained that they were entirely separate and not to be considered together. True, he has again restated his belief that "reparations is necessarily wholly a European problem with which we have no relation." But he has proposed in the same sentence the suspension of payments for reparations and debts and thereby admitted their correlation, their interdependence, his own inability to deal with one without the other. What will happen at the end of the year of suspension is anybody's guess. For the moment that is immaterial. We would not conceal our belief that the moratorium thus granted will be further continued; we have never from the beginning believed that the reparations would ever be paid, or the moneys owed to us either. This brave and admirable beginning of President Hoover should lead inevitably to a new conference to revise thoroughly the Young Plan and to fit it to existing conditions, or the con-

ditions that may be existing a year hence. It never was a definitive settlement and it never could be.

That this proposal for a postponement of payments for twelve months does not go to the root of the difficulties which are undermining Europe and bringing more than one government to the verge of the abyss is perfectly obvious. The wicked treaty of peace with its impossible map of Europe, the tariff barriers, the fear and hatred of one country for another, the armaments which are leading directly to war as well as to bankruptcy—all these and other handicaps must be removed before Europe can be regarded as safe. But the point is that a great forward step has been taken in the uttermost good-will and in complete frankness. Through Mr. Hoover's action the United States again takes the moral leadership of the world. For once it is approaching the nations abroad in the true spirit of friendship and brotherliness, in that spirit of helpfulness and readiness to aid even at a personal sacrifice which we believe to be characteristic of the attitude of the American people in foreign affairs when their wishes and desires are not misconstrued and misrepresented by men in office in Washington. On the other side of the ocean it is a changed Europe with which we have to deal today just as a result of the few words penned by Mr. Hoover. There is not today a business man, a liberal reformer, a patriot, or a statesman anywhere who has not been heartened by what has happened over the week-end. Even if France should refuse to allow postponement of the payment of \$100,000,000 for reconstruction, which is earmarked as non-postponable even in the Young Plan proviso as to a moratorium, the net result will still be a tremendous gain. Germany had expected to pay that right along. It should not have to do so for the next twelve months, but if it needs must it can undoubtedly do so. As for France, however, though the outcome is uncertain at this writing, we do not for a moment believe that it will dare to take a position contrary to that favored by every other country in Europe and by ourselves. But if her leaders should wish to play the dog in the manger, the sooner the better.

Perhaps the best thing about the Hoover action is that it came unexpectedly and of his own initiative, that he did not wait until absolutely compelled to move by the complete collapse of Germany or by a despairing round-robin from a group of European states. He was wise, too, in again coupling his action with the question of disarmament to the extent of asking that our move be considered a definite contribution to that spirit of international good-will which will alone make possible the success of the disarmament conference. Neither the government, Mr. Hoover, nor the American people will demand gratitude for their acts. But it would be the stupidest and most churlish ingratitude on the part of Europe, and especially on the part of the French, if the disarmament conference should not now be carried to a triumphant success. Time will show as to that. We would only repeat our belief that we may yet date the rescuing of the world from its present economic chaos from the day of Mr. Hoover's message. Both as Americans and as citizens of the world we express to him our unqualified gratitude.

The Railroads at Bay

THE petition of the railroads for a 15 per cent blanket increase of freight rates is an impressive document. From the standpoint of the present law the request for an increase of revenues, and presumably of rates, is unanswerable, for the ability of the roads to provide the adequate and efficient service required by law is unquestionably threatened by the inadequacy of present and prospective earnings and the consequent probable financial difficulties. When the depression began, the executives, responding to the President's request, pursued a policy of maintaining normal expenditures "as long as it could be justified from the standpoint of the trust reposed by the railroad security-holders in the managements of the carriers, who were administering property which, though devoted to public use, is nevertheless private property"—a statement which suggests the root of the present difficulty. As the depression continued they undertook drastic economies, cutting maintenance expenditures far below the point of full maintenance. Even so, the return on railroad property reached only 3.54 per cent in 1930, and during the first four months of 1931 it was at the rate of but 2.24 per cent a year. The value of railroad securities has already been disastrously affected, and unless railroad finances can be improved, results of the gravest character threaten not only the roads themselves, but the savings banks, the life-insurance companies, and all the host of fiduciary and other institutions that have bought railroad securities because they were absolutely gilt-edged investments.

Further economies, the roads contend, are impossible except by slashing wages, a course of doubtful economic and political wisdom, and impossible, under the law, of prompt accomplishment. Hence relief, under that law, must come through added revenues. But passenger fares, at 3.6 cents per mile, are already at the upper limit, with the automobile cutting disastrously and permanently into passenger traffic. Therefore the roads ask the quick and direct relief of a 15 per cent increase of freight rates in order to save themselves and railroad investors from financial disaster. Even this increase, they contend, would bring a return of less than 4 per cent on their investment. As they are not allowed to earn high returns during times of prosperity, they cannot be expected to bear the full weight of adversity; otherwise investors will not put their money into railroads. The argument appears to us unanswerable from the standpoint of the existing law, yet we are entirely opposed to the proposed increase.

Under the law the commission must fix rates so as to yield, if possible, a "fair return" (fixed at the moderate figure of $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent) on the value of property used in transportation. Accordingly, the roads are clearly entitled to the increase of rates requested, provided we assume that such rates will substantially increase revenues. Unfortunately, some of the executives themselves are doubtful whether a chief result may not be the further diversion of traffic to those deadly competitors, the motor trucks, and consequently little increase of railroad revenues. But assuming that no such result occurred, and that the railroads gained, might it not be economically disastrous, in a time of profound business depression, to lay on prostrate farmers, on manufacturers unable to sell goods for enough to cover the cost of

production, or on the customers of both, the burden of a 15 per cent increase of freight rates? Such action would appear to us extremely unwise. The political results, not to speak of the economic consequences, might well prove fatal to our whole existing scheme of railroad control. For a decade railroad executives, necessarily pursuing the interests of their stockholders, have held up the processes of consolidation contemplated by law and required in the interest of economy and efficiency. As a result of the competition enjoined on them by law, they are today running numerous expensive and unnecessary passenger trains that are distinctly uneconomical. In the public view and in their own view, as illustrated by the above examples, their roads are private profit-making enterprises; yet they ask the public (and properly under the law) to tax itself at a time of severe business depression for the benefit of their investors and stockholders. The Transportation Act of 1920 worked fairly well under conditions of prosperity (though the roads received \$2,579,000,000 less than a "fair return" between 1921 and 1930), and the railroads acquitted themselves handsomely. Depression brings out the fundamental logical contradiction of the act, with its attempt to assure "fair return" on private property.

What then? We hope to see an irresistible movement for government ownership of the roads brought about by railroad security-owners themselves in order to avert financial disaster. We should heartily welcome such a movement, for it would give to the American people and their government the first opportunity they have ever had for developing a transportation system without having at the same time to overcome the obstacles inherent in profit-making private ownership of railroads.

Latin American Policy

NORMAN H. DAVIS, Undersecretary of State during the last year of Woodrow Wilson's Presidency, does not like the recent policy of the United States toward Latin America, and in an article in the July issue of *Foreign Affairs* turns his critical searchlight upon some of its features. Recalling the expectation that Mr. Hoover's visit, between his election and inauguration, would not only "appeal to the sentiment of the people of South America" but also give the new President "an invaluable background for dealing with Latin American problems," Mr. Davis declares that "there is no outward evidence of any amelioration of the hostility toward the United States which had been rising during the last years of the Coolidge Administration," and that resentment against the restrictions put upon imports from certain Latin American countries has been "greatly intensified" by the Smoot-Hawley tariff.

The tariff aside, Mr. Davis finds fault particularly with the reversal of American policy, formally announced by Secretary Stimson in an address in this city on February 6, regarding the recognition of new Latin American governments. Briefly stated, the new policy is to recognize a new government "on purely technical grounds without regard to its legal status," whereas President Wilson and Secretary Hughes aimed at "fostering the growth of democratic institutions and orderly government" by insisting that a revolu-

tionary government should receive constitutional indorsement by the people. Mr. Davis thinks it doubtful whether this disregard of "constitutional legitimacy" in the recognition of military dictatorships has furthered political stability in the countries concerned, and he even goes so far as to suggest that "though such a policy may not cause revolutions it tends to encourage rather than to discourage them."

The contention would carry more weight if Mr. Davis had not tried to support it by a defense of Wilson's course with the Huerta Government in Mexico in 1913. Mr. Davis credits Wilson with believing not only "that what the bulk of the Mexican people desired was democratic government," but also "that what the interests of this [the American] government demanded was stability in Mexico." It was an ill-assorted pair of dogmas, utilized in fact by Wilson to withhold recognition from Huerta on alleged moral grounds in the hope of getting eventually the kind of Mexican government he wanted. The Hoover-Stimson policy, of course, goes to the other extreme in extending recognition to a revolutionary government that is actually in power, but about the worst that can be said of it is that under it a revolutionary government may possibly be recognized too soon. There is always a chance of mistake in even the best-regulated diplomatic families.

Mr. Davis's apology for Wilson sticks out the more prominently because elsewhere in his article he comes out strongly against intervention. "None of the military interventions undertaken by the United States in the republics to the south," he declares flatly, "has resulted in any permanent benefit either to the people of the state in question or to the people of the United States themselves." If there be in Latin America at any time conditions which might in any case be held to justify intervention, they can be removed only by the people of those countries if the countries themselves are to remain independent. The United States cannot make people good by means of marines and warships.

Mr. Davis finds three main reasons for the "suspicion, fear, and latent hostility" which in general characterize Latin American feeling toward the United States. The first and most important is the tariff, with its gross discriminations in the treatment of Latin American trade. This difficulty, he thinks, might be met by giving to the Secretary of State a virtual veto on schedules which in his judgment "will prove fundamentally prejudicial to our Latin American relations"—an impossible proposal. The second is the misunderstanding and resentment which have resulted from our "insistence that the other American republics are not concerned in either the interpretation or the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine." He would overcome this by having the United States abandon its claim to being the "sole arbiter" and invite the Latin American states to proclaim the principles of the doctrine "as an integral part of their own national policy." The third is intervention. Mr. Davis concedes the possibility of situations in which intervention might be necessary, but he is clear that it should be exercised, whatever its form, "only in conjunction with, or after consultation with, the other American republics." Congress may be relied upon to prevent the application of Mr. Davis's tariff remedy, but his other two proposals contemplate an enlightened policy of international cooperation which the United States, as the most conspicuous offender, should lose no time in trying to bring about.

Sentences for Writers

WE do not mean sentences in the rhetorical sense, but sentences for guilt, real guilt, for offenses against readers and public, sentences bestowed in court without benefit of clergy. What punishments would fit the crimes of some of our writers is what has been engrossing us ever since the news came that the third and last trial held in the London School of Economics, for the benefit of King Edward's Hospital, was of the very considerable corpus of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. The charge against him was quite to the point—"perversely preferring the past to the present"—and there were citations without end by the prosecuting barristers from the works of the offender to prove his guilt. But the criminal in the box was agile in his own defense. He swore, on his soul, honor, and conscience, that he had never praised the Victorians or the Victorian Age. He had only praised Gladstone because he was the most radical of the Victorians. Nor had he ever glorified Cromwell or the Puritans, or written mushily of "Good Queen Bess." He had even described the England of the fifteenth century as "corrupt, diseased, and completely decadent"—a useful alibi, weakened, however, by his admission that he "had praised a short time during the very best period of the Middle Ages." Nor had he been "one of the thousand modern idiots who clamor for the resurrection of the Greek spirit."

All his wily cleverness availed Mr. Chesterton not at all. The jury, which was the audience, pronounced him clearly and irrevocably guilty—they knew him of old. A severe sentence was pronounced at once, without any recommendation for mercy. Chesterton was doomed to read every word that Edgar Wallace writes, also every speech made by Lord Brentford, the champion of Victorianism. More than that, he was ordered to produce another volume on "Father Brown" within the next six months—all with no alternative of a fine.

We confess we have been thrilled by this event and its possibilities. What could not be accomplished toward the reform of our liter'y fellers if we had such a tribunal here! We should, of course, prefer to pick the jurors ourselves. But even so, we'd take our chances with an average American audience if we could fix the entrance fee for the trial at, let us say, five dollars. Offenders? Plenty. There is the leader of our humanists, Irving Babbitt himself. He, too, would persistently and perversely face the past. That he would be judged guilty we have no doubt whatever—without the jury's leaving the box. The sentence is at our finger-tips: that he read a chapter of his abhorred Rousseau every day and that he be put under \$150,000 bond to read every line ever penned by his disciples—and may the Lord have mercy on his soul! As for our gentle, kindly William Lyon Phelps of Yale—against him the charge of humanism, or better humaneness, will also lie. His quality of mercy is not strained; on the contrary, unrestrained. What false hopes has he not raised in budding authors' breasts! His sentence? To read three novels a day in addition to the two he already devours and to read every eulogistic review that appears in the *Times* literary section. Two Draconian judgments? Aye, but well deserved!

Germany on the Brink*

By ALANSON B. HOUGHTON

WE speak of the war as having ended a dozen years ago. So, in a sense, it did. But in a larger sense, as an underlying cause of much that has occurred since, the war did not end then nor is it ended now, for even today we are paying its bills in terms of a world-wide depression in business and a world-wide unemployment.

I happened to be in England when the war began. I shall never forget the consternation, the actual horror, with which the war was greeted. The peoples did not want war. They did not hate one another. They asked only to be permitted to go on living undisturbed. But those in political authority over them had chosen war in preference to peace. And under their leadership those great civilized peoples turned from the helpful and upbuilding processes of peace to devote themselves wholly to the processes of destruction.

Then came the armistice. The cannon ceased to roar. The Central Powers acknowledged defeat. And the warring peoples turned to the problems of the peace. At the moment the Allied Powers apparently had but one thought—that Germany must repay them. According to the theory on which they had waged the war, Germany had wantonly brought it on. The German people must pay for the evil they had done. And they thereupon proceeded to assess against that unhappy people sums which were fantastic. But hate, as it happens, is not a measure of capacity to pay. It is a fever of the mind. And gradually, as the war fever lessened and the ability to recognize facts returned, it became plain that if Germany was, in fact, so far as possible, to repay the sums the war had cost the Allied peoples, the amount must be determined in more normal ways. And first by means of the Dawes Plan and later by means of the Young Plan, a series of annual payments, which will end in the year 1988 and will cover both interest and principal of the sum finally assessed against Germany, was imposed upon her.

That, however, was only half the problem. The financial relations between the Allied Powers and between them and the United States had still to be determined. The principal creditor nations were France, which had owing it about two and one-half billion dollars, mainly uncollectible, Great Britain, which had owing it about eleven billion dollars, a large part of which was uncollectible, and the United States, which had owing it about twelve billion dollars, which for the most part was collectible. A bitter controversy instantly arose between the Allied Powers and the United States. Our government took the position that as we had paid our own bills and taxed ourselves to the quick to help those associated with us, the nations owing us should in all fairness repay, as far as they could, the amounts they had borrowed. Those nations, in turn, asserted passionately that we had no moral right to ask repayment. Finally, Britain issued the so-called Balfour note and declared that it would demand of its creditors only such amounts as would pay its debts to the United States. That put the issue definitely up

to us. And our government then proceeded to make settlements with all the nations indebted to us. They were made professedly on the basis of capacity to pay. Speaking broadly, however, we neither sought to collect, nor did collect, the direct war debts at all. They were remitted. All we asked our friends to pay was what they had borrowed for other purposes indirectly related. It seems to me, I confess, that the settlement made was not ungenerous. In the arrangements subsequently worked out, Britain, France, and the others, by making the sums owing us a part of the German reparation payments, simply transferred to Germany the whole burden of their indebtedness to us, and inferentially at least, as I said, made their payments to us conditional upon Germany's payment to them. Naturally, to these arrangements our government has not agreed. It still maintains that those who borrowed from us, and not a third party, are responsible to us for payment. So far, no difficulty has arisen. Germany has made the necessary payments to her creditors. The United States has been paid by them in turn. And there, at the moment, the matter rests. Whether, in case of German default, the Allied Powers either would pay us, or could pay us, we do not know. The final responsibility has not been fixed.

Thus matters stood for some years. Then came the collapse. First in one country, then in another, business began to slacken. Unemployment began to assume formidable proportions. Even here in America we found ourselves caught in the same current. Naturally we asked ourselves the reasons for so tremendous a change. Many good people fear that we have demanded more of our debtors, already weakened by the war, than they could safely pay, and that they have broken down under the strain of our demands, and that, as a consequence, we are now all floundering in an economic slough of despond. These people point out that the depression is costing us untold sums annually and that what we are recovering by way of payments on the war debts is negligible by comparison. In grasping for the shadow, we have lost the substance. Our true course, they think, is plain.

Now, whatever else may be said regarding this argument, it must be obvious to you that it rests upon a misunderstanding of the facts. The Allied peoples are not groaning under the burden of what they owe us. They pay us nothing. They act merely as transfer agents, and pay us out of the reparation payments they have forced Germany to pay them. The burden of our war debts rests directly upon the German people. But if this were not so, are the annual payments made us of such size and importance as to justify us in believing their remission would contribute materially to world recovery? I would confess I doubt it. With the broad assumption that we shall prosper most by making trade with us easy rather than difficult, I find myself in cordial sympathy. I am sure that the time has passed when we can think of America in terms of comparative isolation. But the argument on this point relates, it seems to me, primarily, not to reparation payments, but to tariffs,

* An address delivered on June 9, 1931, at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Mr. Houghton is not responsible for the condensation.

and with tariffs and their effect on trade and industry I have this morning, fortunately, nothing to do.

What we are interested in at the moment is to discover whether the remission of our war debts will materially aid in the restoration of normal conditions of economic life throughout the world. If we think of the situation in terms of international trade, the two hundred million odd dollars now paid us annually, which is perhaps 1 per cent of that trade, seems a wholly disproportionate amount to affect it seriously either way. The annual budgets of the nations with which we were associated during the war amounts, roughly, if we take for comparison the year 1930, to something like twelve thousand millions of dollars per year. In other words, the payments made us represent about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of their annual budget expenditures. Under such conditions surely it is mere exaggeration to assert that these payments constitute an unbearable burden.

All this touches only indirectly and very slightly what I conceive to be the real problem involved in the war debts. And that is whether Germany, because of reasons beyond her control, is now so situated that she is unable to emerge from her present economic and financial difficulties without help. And that is a very serious problem indeed.

All the great industrial nations are suffering from the prevailing depression. Germany is suffering from its effect like the rest. But there are two respects in which it seems to me Germany's position differs from the position of the others. In the first place, Germany came out of the war bleached white and exhausted, her territory curtailed, deprived of some of her most valuable raw materials, her colonies gone, her governmental system destroyed, her entire economic structure disrupted and dislocated, her accumulated wealth largely dissipated, and, following this, she passed through a period of inflation which rendered her money valueless. No one who did not live through that period of inflation in Germany can imagine what it meant. It wiped out whole classes and left them penniless. Prices changed every few minutes. Wages paid Saturday night lost half their purchasing power by Sunday morning. I can myself remember when a postage stamp cost eight trillion marks. As I said, unless you yourself witnessed what went on during the period, you can have no adequate conception of its destructive force. Of course, to a greater or less extent that was the condition in which all the European countries found themselves, but none of the others to quite the same degree. Those factors in themselves made recovery difficult enough. But Germany, in addition, was made to pay for the damage she had wrought. A few hundred million dollars a year, you may say, was not too great a penalty to pay in view of the loads of debt the other nations were carrying. Possibly that is true, but only if Germany was able to get her industries running again and to recover her normal industrial strength. And that has not happened. Despite her honest efforts to reestablish herself, she has not succeeded.

Bear in mind, too, that what Germany was required to pay by way of reparations had to be paid outside of Germany. That meant Germany must pay either in goods or in gold. She found it impossible to sell enough goods. Her supply of gold is sharply limited. She has kept her payments up only by borrowing, with a consequent loss of her capital. And such a process, of course, cannot be kept up indefinitely. Sooner or later it must reach an end. During this calendar

year, for instance, Germany is obligated to pay the Allied Powers by way of reparation a little less than four hundred million dollars, on top of all her previous payments, and in addition she is obligated for the next sixty years to make similar payments, varying in amounts, it is true, but aggregating, in principal and interest, something more than twenty-six thousand million dollars. Possibly Germany can make these payments. I do not know. But I am sure that she cannot make them unless she can bring her productive power back somewhere near to normal. Otherwise she will simply be drained dry. The plain truth is that Germany has paid her creditors more than she could induce them to take from her in the form of goods. Her capital has been drawn upon to furnish the difference. And in the doing she has lost, in no small degree, all those imponderables which surround credit and give it life. How long, I ask you, can we, as reasonable human beings, expect that process to continue?

The second respect in which the position of the German people differs from that of the others concerns the war guilt charged against her. There is no power strong enough to force a people to pay a debt unless they are willing to pay it. And it may be in the end that we shall find the most formidable obstacle of all, as affecting the willingness of the German people to continue reparation payments, is the fact that the huge sums fastened on them by way of reparations are fastened on them, not because Germany lost the war, but because, as stated in the treaty of peace, Germany alone bears the guilt of the war. Now I need not tell you that the German people not only do not believe this but passionately resent it. Nor, I suspect, do any competent students of the facts now believe such a statement to be true. To base the claim for reparation payments simply on that guilt, on what they believe to be a political lie, the Germans regard as unfair and dishonest. They will do all in their power to perform a reasonable task. But when after trial that task appears to them impossible of performance, I am afraid that, very much as we would do ourselves, they will turn from it in anger and despair. I cannot think of anything more unfortunate for the world than the collapse of Germany at the present moment. And that collapse, unless some help is extended her, must not be regarded either as impossible or perhaps far removed in time.

Twelve years after the war the situation is not improving and may be changing for the worse. Germany, I am inclined to believe, has been pushed about as far as she can go. That this is partly her own fault, I have no doubt whatever. That, however, does not affect the net result. I can think of no good to the world which would come from Germany's complete break-down. I do not like to think of the possible effect on Western civilization of Central Europe in social chaos. But of this I do feel sure—such events would not aid us or the other nations toward economic recovery.

If Germany is to be afforded relief by the remission or suspension of her reparation payments for two years or five years, or until her economic and financial situation is sufficiently improved to enable her again to take up the burden of those payments without probable collapse, that relief must be afforded by all the nations concerned and not by America alone. We should be prepared, it seems to me, if the other nations are ready, to make our contribution. I am not sure that we are so prepared. I am sure only that we ought to be.

President Hoover's Record

II. President Hoover's Foreign Policy*

By JOHN B. WHITTON

A FOREIGN policy in the main disappointing has been pricked out by the Hoover Administration. It is true that certain notable achievements deserve warm praise. A new spirit, particularly a sincere effort to understand the viewpoints of foreign countries, distinguished Mr. Hoover from his predecessor. His policy toward Latin America, with some exceptions, has been broad-minded and progressive. On the other hand, in most of the expressions of his foreign policy Mr. Hoover has been a great disappointment, even to many of his warmest friends. His treatment of the World Court, the proposed consultative pact, and the tariff, for example, has been a severe blow to the cause of peace. Nor could Mr. Hoover parry the blame by seeking shelter behind outworn traditions of isolation, or that really formidable obstacle, the United States Senate. For in notable instances the fault has rested upon the shoulders of a timorous President, obsessed by personal timidity or political fear.

I. LATIN AMERICAN RELATIONS

Progress and retrogression, boldness and timidity, wisdom and indiscretion—this curious melange so typical of Mr. Hoover's own paradoxical character—mark his foreign policy generally. This is admirably exemplified in his Latin American policy. The President approached these perilously delicate problems with a serious purpose and open mind almost unique in our history. By embarking upon his goodwill tour, he did more than avoid the army of office-seekers waiting at home. He desired to study our Latin American relations on the spot, and gain thereby a personal understanding of the existing difficulties. Even of greater importance to our southern neighbors, to whom questions of form are so vital, Mr. Hoover was making a gracious gesture which they appreciated deeply, and will not soon forget. It is true, however, that his avowed purpose—the spreading of good-will—would have come nearer achievement had he been better advised. He needed some Western Pierre de Fouquières, the famous master of ceremonies attached to the President of France, to guide him through the shoals of diplomatic precedence and international courtesy. For example, by stopping at San José, the capital of Costa Rica, Mr. Hoover unwittingly caused an affront to less-favored Central American republics. Nevertheless, his pre-inauguration tour was, in the main, a success. He learned personally of certain defects, notably our inadequate diplomatic service, which he has worked diligently to remedy. Finally, although handicapped by the platitudinous words and blundering acts of his predecessor, he seems to have convinced Latin America of his good faith.

Mr. Hoover has materially strengthened our diplomatic

service in Latin America. In the past great harm has been done our legitimate interests by intrusting important diplomatic posts to incompetent political appointees. When a new revolution creates delicate questions of law and policy, it is unfortunate to have on the spot a minister whose sole bid for fame is his prowess as a poker player. The President has sought a remedy for this situation. In his message of December 3, 1929, he promised to "secure men long experienced in our diplomatic service, who speak the languages of the peoples to whom they are accredited, as chiefs of our diplomatic missions in these [Latin American] states." In other words, the President believes a diplomat should be competent—an excellent principle which, alas, he disregarded when he filled most of the major European ambassadorships! But in Latin America he has changed most of the heads of mission, and has replaced them with career men who know the local language. This is an immense improvement. Some of his appointees, however, seem to have few qualities other than the fact that they are career men and excellent linguists. Their ability properly to handle a delicate situation has never been demonstrated. On the other hand, if they are the best men available, neither the President nor the State Department is to blame. At all events, it is highly significant that while Latin American posts used to be shunned and abhorred, today they are actually sought out by ambitious career men.

But the greatest accomplishment of the Administration is a new policy toward the troubled republics of Central America and the Caribbean. President Hoover is responsible for a series of acts which almost amount to non-intervention. This forward policy is well illustrated in Haiti. The President met unrest and disorder there, not by an increase of force or an intensification of oppression, but by sending the Forbes Commission. Treating this body with more consideration than some of his domestic "fact-finding commissions," Mr. Hoover followed its excellent advice by providing for new elections, the restoration of a democratic regime, and the replacement of the military commissioner by a regular minister. Mr. Dana G. Munro was given this post. The fact that the elections returned to power officials firmly opposed to our policy did not deter the President from his purpose. Nor did he refuse to accept as Minister from Haiti M. Dantes Bellegarde, although the latter had been remarkably loud and bitterly frank in his attacks on our Haitian policy. Mr. Hoover also appointed the Moton Commission to investigate the educational system, nor did he flinch when this body brought in a long series of recommendations which exposed serious errors in our administration. On the other hand, he did blunder last November by attempting to appoint an undesirable American as the head of agricultural education, and thus unnecessarily caused the resignation of the Haitian Cabinet. But we have gone ahead with our plans to withdraw, and have promised to be out of Haiti by 1936.

* The second of a series of ten articles on President Hoover's Record. The third, on Mr. Hoover's Economics, by Henry Raymond Mussey, will appear in our next issue.

The present article was written, of course, before President Hoover proposed a one-year suspension of payments on war debts and reparations.—EDITOR THE NATION.

In Nicaragua, too, the Administration has promised to leave the country. After the elections of November, 1932, we shall have no more marines to fight their way through the swamps in search of Sandino. To that end we are busy organizing a local *guardia* to maintain order. On the other hand, we may find difficulty in keeping out. If, in accord with Mr. Hoover's apparent determination, we insist upon building the Nicaraguan canal, we shall be forced into such intimate relationship with the local state as to make it little more than a protectorate. The fear of the "Colossus of the North" which Mr. Hoover is resolutely striving to assuage would then break out afresh. Furthermore, Nicaragua is far from pacified. Despite the loss of over 100 marines and 3,000 Nicaraguans, Sandino is still at large. Finally, it would seem difficult for us to refrain from meddling in the affairs of Nicaragua so long as we remain faithful to the policy of recognition which, illogically enough, we apply in Central America alone and nowhere else in the world. If we may judge from past experience, this policy may oblige us to interfere in local politics, often to the detriment of the interests of both the little republic and our own country. It may force us, perhaps against our own desires, toward renewed intervention. Then will come the real test of the new policy.

In other respects the tendency of our policy seems to be away from intervention. In Panama a revolution ended quickly in a change of regime. But we did not intervene. That we should remain neutral in a country wherein we have such vital interests is a good omen for the future. The same may be said of Santo Domingo, the seat of former interventions on our part. There another successful revolution occurred, and we did not intervene. Finally, our State Department published the famous Clark Memorandum, thus apparently binding the present Administration to a significant interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. In this document it was denied that an intervention in a disordered country could be justified, as a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine, as being necessary in order to forestall a possible European intervention. Here the Administration might have removed a thorn long festering in the side of our southern neighbors. But the thorn will remain as long as these states know that we have on tap other excuses for intervention. We can allege, as we have done before, the necessity either of protecting American lives or of safeguarding the Panama Canal. Latin Americans may remember, too, that Mr. Kellogg invoked, as one pretext for going into Nicaragua, the danger of bolshevism!

II. THE LONDON NAVAL TREATY

The London naval treaty is claimed by the Administration as an outstanding achievement. Whether or not these pretensions are wholly justified, Mr. Hoover does deserve great credit for the London conference and its results. The President carried on the Rapidan negotiations with skill and tact, and thereby quickened immeasurably our friendship with Britain. Furthermore, he appointed as delegates to London men of high distinction and broad experience; if they did not always live up to their reputations it was not the President's fault. Unlike Mr. Wilson at Versailles, Mr. Hoover saw to it that all parties were represented on the delegation.

The President was less prudent, however, when he

sought to defend the treaty. He was indiscreet in comparing the tonnage authorized at London with that proposed by the British at the Geneva conference of 1927. Although he was thus able to show a reduction of over 500,000 tons, his position looked rather lame when it appeared that the British proposals at Geneva were highly exaggerated and had never been seriously considered. It was noted also that our fleet, at the opening of the London conference, was only 7,000 tons above the tonnage to which we were entitled under the London treaty. The claim that economies would be realized under the new accord was not very convincing before the revelation that it would cost us over a billion dollars to build up to the treaty limits. On the other hand, it is legitimate to hope that the treaty will initiate such an era of good feeling that the Powers will refrain from constructing up to the legal limit. Certainly we have achieved naval parity with the greatest sea Power, and have established a stable equilibrium in relation to Japan. Furthermore, the way is paved for naval agreement between France and Italy. Above all, that step was taken which, if the general disarmament conference of 1932 has any chance to succeed, was absolutely essential. Finally, no battleships are likely to be built before 1936, the stabilization of the great naval fleets of the world has been effected, and, in fact if not in law, substantial economies are almost bound to result. The naval-armaments race, at least for the moment, has been halted.

These are substantial gains. Due credit therefor should be accorded the Administration. But criticism, as well as praise, should be bestowed where it is deserved. It is hard to forget that President Hoover, in his Armistice Day address in 1929, declared as follows: "We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. *It cannot be too low for us.*" (*Italics mine.*) Utterly inconsistent with this pronouncement was our stand at London on battleships and aircraft carriers. We prevented the general abolition of the battleship. We alone opposed the plan to reduce the limit for aircraft carriers from 135,000 tons to 100,000 tons.

But our most extraordinary failing at London was with relation to the great vital problem of disarmament—security, sanctions, and the freedom of the seas. This, together with the question of Franco-Italian parity, was the very crux of the situation. Our delegation did not seem to realize this truth. With respect to these major questions they arrived at London apparently unprepared. Above all, they were not ready to meet the proposal which was inevitable and unavoidable: that in case of a collective war waged against an aggressor nation the United States should promise that after determining for itself who was the aggressor, it would not trade with the latter. The circumstances are inexorable: France will not disarm without security; security is impossible without the active assistance of Great Britain against the aggressor; Great Britain refuses to promise such support so long as it fears a clash with the United States over the freedom of the seas. The force of these truths our Administration has not realized. In fact, again and again Mr. Hoover has stated that there are two roads toward peace: the European, founded upon the use of force against the aggressor, and our own, based on mobilizing public opinion against a wrongdoer. While he has refused to

travel the European road, Mr. Hoover, unlike Mr. Coolidge, has shown an admirable spirit of deference toward the European viewpoint. Nevertheless, he cannot fully understand Europe's problems, or he would not have made the proposal, in two successive Armistice Day addresses, for food-ship immunity, when it was clear that this plan was opposed not only to the sanctions system and modern conceptions of warfare, but to public opinion generally in Europe.

Our policy at London in this matter was vacillating, to say the least. At first we declined absolutely to consider any proposal for cooperation with Europe's efforts to enforce peace through collective action. In fact, we even opposed the project for a consultative pact. Our position in this respect was pitifully weak. First we claimed that a consultative pact would be as dangerous as the Entente Cordiale, although the two agreements were so utterly different that the analogy seemed almost silly. Then we found ourselves in a most illogical position: we could not explain why, having already accepted a four-Power consultative pact for the Pacific, we could not do likewise for the Atlantic. Everyone realized, too, that without a consultative pact the Washington arms treaty could never have been achieved. It is true that at the last moment Mr. Stimson did execute a right-about-face and imply that we might consider some kind of consultative agreement. But this move, made by our London delegation, did not have the support of Washington. Moreover, it came too late to save the five-Power treaty. The matter is still of first importance. It is bound to come up again in 1932 at the general disarmament conference. Our Administration might as well realize at once that real disarmament cannot come without security, and that security is impossible without the active cooperation of the United States. Here is a magnificent opportunity for executive leadership, if courageous and enlightened.

III. INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION

In the general field of international cooperation the ledger of the Administration again shows both credit and debit items. With the rest of the world we cooperate heartily by sending official delegations to numerous international conferences. We collaborate with practically all League of Nations activities of a non-political nature. In the realm of disarmament, although this question is largely political, we are working in cordial and useful partnership with League organs. Again and again Mr. Hoover has lauded the Briand-Kellogg Pact, and has warmly favored implementing it through disarmament, arbitration, and conciliation.

On the other hand, friends of the League of Nations cannot forget that the President, in speaking of that institution, said in 1920: "I believe it is the hope of practically the whole of the American people that we may enter upon this great experiment in its broad sense." He also declared: "The essential thing is that the Republican Party has pledged itself . . . that they undertake the fundamental mission to put into living being the principle of an organized association of nations for the preservation of peace. The carrying out of that promise is *the test of the entire sincerity, integrity, and statesmanship of the Republican Party.*" (Italics mine.) And yet Mr. Hoover has not advanced us one step toward the League!

The Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, despite protests from

twenty foreign countries, finally became law, and was immediately followed by reprisals in a dozen countries. Nothing in years, except our attitude toward the inter-Allied debts, has done so much to make us feared and disliked abroad, and generally considered the international dog-in-the-manger par excellence. But the President, who certainly must have foreseen the dangers to our international relations, not only failed to veto the bill, but throughout the entire tariff fight showed an amazing lack of constructive leadership.

Timorous again, he has given only the most guarded—we almost said half-hearted—encouragement to plans for mobilizing public opinion against a violator of the Briand-Kellogg Pact. This hesitation is regrettable. It is incomprehensible, too, when we consider that twice the Administration took the initiative in reminding China and Russia, at blows over the Chinese-Eastern Railway dispute, of their obligations under the pact. Weak in words, somewhat stronger in acts, the policy of the Administration lacks the certainty and consistency which are essential if the anti-war treaty is to become a vital force for peace.

In this matter of collective measures for peace the most disappointing expression of the President's foreign policy has been his attitude toward the World Court. As early as December 9, 1929, with admirable promptness, our representatives signed the protocols which, based on the Root plan, provided for our entrance into the Permanent Court of International Justice. In his message of December 3, 1929, the President had enthusiastically praised the court, and had promised to submit the protocols to the Senate "when it is convenient to deal with it." But he actually waited over a year before fulfilling this promise. It was only on December 10, 1930, that he submitted the protocols to the Senate. While his message praised the court, it did so without enthusiasm, almost without conviction. This was to be expected, for it had already been announced from Washington that the submission was to be a mere gesture of good faith toward those who supported the court!

The President refrained from submitting the protocols during the 1929-30 session for *fear* of compromising the approval of the London naval treaty. He did not want the protocols considered in the 1930-31 session for *fear* of interfering with appropriation and emergency measures. He also *feared* that a special session might have been necessitated. Friends of the court were convinced, however, that a President less obsessed by political fears would have made a more valiant and more effective fight for ratification. It is not easy to understand why his speeches of December, 1930, were less enthusiastic for the court than his words of December, 1929. Above all, it is not clear why, if the President could call the Senate *alone* in order to consider the naval treaty, thereby avoiding the dangers of a special session, he could not have done likewise for the court. Here the fault does not rest with the Senate. Nor can our inaction be explained as a corollary of the overworked doctrine of American isolation. The fact that five years after the Senate, by a vote of 76 to 17, voted for adherence to the court, consideration of the protocols has again been postponed for at least a year, and that we have thus fallen still farther behind in the general world movement for the peaceful settlement of international disputes, would seem to be the fault of the President himself.

Free Speech in Childhood

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

I WAS brought up on the great Liberal watchwords, of which freedom of speech was one of the chief. But like all the other liberties of the Victorian Age, there was a catch in it. Adults were to have freedom of speech, but only after they had listened for twenty-one years to all their elders saying "Hush! hush!" whenever they opened their lips. The result was what is called liberty without license, that is, liberty without knowing how to use it. Our age has not the capacity for compromise that belonged to the age of our grandfathers. Most people have ceased to believe in free speech, while those who continue to believe in it, of whom I am one, believe that it is good even for children.

At Beacon Hill School, on the South Downs, my wife and I are putting into practice our theories of education. We are now at the end of the fourth year, and are beginning to be in a position to say something of results. The children in our school are not completely free, as some newspaper reports have represented them as being, but they do have complete freedom of speech. No child is ever told "You ought not to say that." I have met people who imagined that they practiced this policy, but in general they deceived themselves. Almost everybody has a theory as to what children are like, and is displeased when children say things tending to disprove this theory. And although we can all remember despising our own parents and teachers, we like to think that the young whose parents and teachers we are have an attitude totally unlike that which we had in youth. It is thought also that while freedom of speech, in general, is all very well, it must, of course, be subject to the limitations imposed by good taste. At Beacon Hill School such limitations are not imposed. There is no check upon irreverence toward elders and betters, no check upon scientific curiosity, and no check upon the choice of words.

The advantages of this system are numerous. In the first place, it is more or less possible, within limits, to know what the children are thinking. The technique of psychoanalysis has been invented to undo the effects of the "Hush! hush!" policy by teaching people to say what hitherto they have only thought. We think it is rather a mistake to give people an expensive education in concealment resulting in nervous disorders, and then give them an expensive reeducation to break down the concealment and possibly cure the nervous disorders. When children are left free as regards their language, they say from time to time such things as Freudian textbooks assert that they must be thinking; but being able to express their thoughts freely, they are not obliged to give them some fantastic form and become to that extent out of touch with reality.

I regard a robust sense of reality as a very valuable possession. Children are, to begin with, ignorant but full of scientific curiosity. The purpose of conventional education is to leave them still ignorant, but to destroy their scientific curiosity. For this there are various motives, political, religious, and moral, but all of them have their source in a deep-seated fear of reality. The orthodox view seems to be

that God made the world, but that it is so horrid we had better know as little about it as possible. For my part, I accept neither premise nor conclusion in this argument. By the mere tolerance of free speech we avoid destroying the natural scientific impulses of children.

I am often asked: "What will happen to your children when they are brought into contact with the real world?" People have an idea that we are creating an artificial paradise, from which they will emerge to find to their surprise that the world contains evils. I consider, on the contrary, that this is the usual practice in education, and that our peculiarity consists in not presenting a fairy-tale world to the child's imagination. In ordinary education the child is brought up to believe, or at least to pretend to believe, that his parents and teachers are impeccable, that his country is always right, that statesmen of his own country and political party are invariably high-minded, that the wicked are easily discerned and invariably defeated in the end, and that only persons of rare depravity such as one is very unlikely to meet would be guilty of any sexual irregularity. Captains of industry, proprietors of great newspapers, admirals, generals, privy councilors, and such are represented as invariably guided by the loftiest public spirit. When the young man goes out into the world and begins to see through all these amiable falsehoods, he almost inevitably becomes a cynic.

From a narrowly educational point of view the effects of free speech are amazingly good, not only as regards the scientific outlook, but also in literary ways. To begin with the scientific aspect. The absence of the sex taboo is much more important than is generally thought, especially, I think, for girls. Most boys who have a scientific bent are interested primarily in machines, where the sex taboo is of no hindrance. We find accordingly that civilizations which are dominated by the machine are an outcome of Puritanism. Girls, however, if they have a scientific bent, tend as a rule to be biological in their interests. The teaching of biology is rendered very difficult by the sex taboo. Anatomy and physiology as presented in books designed for children always stop short at a certain point. The children perceive this, and conclude that the matters omitted are not suitable for scientific treatment; they think about them all the more, but fantastically, not rationally. The fantastic ideas that they acquire in childhood sink gradually into the unconscious, whence they dominate adult behavior, making it the ridiculous and irrational absurdity that it generally is. And in this process the scientific interests of intelligent girls are blocked. If later on they study, say, medicine, they have to overcome inhibitions, which they can do only with the intellect, not with the feelings. A doctor's understanding of a patient's body ought to be effected not only by the brain but also by the viscera. As a rule, however, the viscera and the brain have become disconnected as a result of early taboos.

As regards literature, the children's diction is exact and expressive, their emotions clothe themselves spontaneously in appropriate language, and they do not acquire that bookishness which is the bane of artificial culture. They produce

poems which are suggested by the ordinary sights and events of their everyday life, and not by imitation of some poet who imitated some poet who imitated some poet who imitated Homer. The only respect in which they imitate Homer is that most of their poems are produced not by a single author, but by a syndicate. The same thing applies to plays. Each term they compose a play in which, broadly speaking, each actor invents his or her own part, though other children may on occasion contribute suggestions. They make their own costumes, and in general put in a few songs for which they compose the music. They used to insist upon everybody dying at the end, but now they are generally content with one murder. In poetry, however, they are much more serious. Some poems are individual, but more frequently they sit round in a group and all contribute, though the subject may be suggested by one among them. The oldest among them is just eleven, but he is not a great contributor to the poems. In fact the two best poets are only seven years old. This aspect of their work is best illustrated by an example.

IN THE GRAVEYARD

Sitting on a gravestone
I saw an old crone,
Counting yew berries
And shriveled-up cherries,
Weaving nettles
And tearing petals.

"Have you seen my husband
Wandering around,
Ghost from the graveyard
Out of the ground?"
I answered: "No, crone,
Nothing I've seen
Except one shin-bone
With flesh between."

Up rose the moon high;
Three shadows danced by:
One was her husband,
One was her child,
One was her love-bird
Weird and wild.

She threw
Cherries at her husband,
Berries at her child,
And a little shirt of nettles
For her love-bird wild.

I could give many other examples, but this ought to suffice to dispel the idea that a scientific attitude is inimical to the imagination. I firmly believe that our methods enable a child to acquire knowledge without losing the joy of life. I hoped that this might be the case when we founded the school, but my hopes are now confirmed by nearly four years' experience.

Yellow-Dog Contracts for Teachers

By HENRY R. LINVILLE

DURING the school year of 1929-30 another mile post of reaction was set up on the Pacific Coast, this time in Washington. The State Supreme Court on December 2, 1930, upheld the decision of a lower court which had dismissed an injunction sought by the Teachers Union of Seattle to restrain the school board of that city from denying employment to members of the American Federation of Teachers. Mr. Justice Beals dissented.

In May, 1928, the Seattle school board adopted the following resolution:

That no person be employed hereafter, or continued in the employ of the district, as a teacher while a member of the American Federation of Teachers or any local thereof; and that before any election shall be considered binding, such teacher shall sign a declaration to the following effect: "I hereby declare that I am not a member of the American Federation of Teachers or any local thereof, and will not become a member during the term of this contract."

The opinion of the majority of the court admits the existence of the statute guaranteeing the right of membership in unions:

It shall be lawful for working men and women to organize themselves into or carry on labor unions, for the purpose of lessening the hours of labor or increasing the wages or bettering the conditions of the members of such organizations; or carry out their legitimate purposes by any lawful means.

The court maintains, however, that this statute has no ap-

plication to the case under consideration, since the school board is "not undertaking to discharge anyone, but is only defining its course in exercising its power to employ in the future." Neither does the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States protect union teachers in the right of union membership. The right of freedom of contract is held to be inviolable, and the court cites with approval the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court in 1917 validating the "Loeb rule" of the Chicago board:

The board has the absolute right to decline to employ or reemploy any applicant for any reason whatever, or for no reason at all. . . . It is no infringement upon the constitutional rights of anyone for the board to decline to employ him as a teacher in the schools, and it is immaterial whether the reason for the refusal to employ him is because the applicant is married or unmarried, is of fair complexion or dark, is or is not a member of a trade union, or whether no reason is given for such refusal. The board is not bound to give any reason for its action. It is free to contract with whomsoever it chooses. Neither the Constitution nor the statute places any restriction upon this right of the board to contract, and no one has any grievance which the courts will recognize simply because the board of education refuses to contract with him or her. Questions of policy are solely for the determination of the board, and when they have once been determined by it the courts will not inquire into their propriety.

These words indicate accurately the actual legal situation of teachers in these States.

Mr. Justice Beals, dissenting, agrees that "both the school board and the teachers are free agents and are at liberty to enter into such contracts or not, as they may desire." He believes, however, that the question presented goes farther than this, saying:

There is a great difference between the exercise of the judgment and discretion which school boards must exercise in contracting with teachers and the laying down in advance of a definite rule whereby certain persons are excluded from such employment for reasons having nothing to do with their moral or physical characteristics, their educational qualifications, or their general ability as teachers. . . . It must certainly be admitted that a school board could not resolve that it would employ as a teacher no one who was over six feet or under five feet four inches in height, or who possessed or failed to possess some other physical characteristic wholly irrelevant to the teaching ability of its possessor. The action of a board in insisting upon the maintenance of any such whimsical standard would certainly be restrained by the courts. . . . I am not disposed to hold that qualified and capable teachers, as a condition precedent to employment, may be required to sign such a stipulation [not to belong to a union], which it is beyond the power of the school board to enforce by discharge, if violated by the teacher.

He concludes that the school board exceeded its lawful authority, and that the judgment appealed from should be reversed.

Decisions by the Ohio Supreme Court, also cited by the Washington Supreme Court, support the Illinois court's conception of the right of school boards to impose on teachers any restriction whatever as a condition of employment. Since Justice Beals agrees with the majority in the right of freedom to contract, it is difficult to see how he can withhold acceptance of the position taken by the Supreme Courts in the three States mentioned. Furthermore, the hypothetical case of refusing employment to teachers over six feet or under five feet four in height happens to be of no help, especially as just such restrictions (against low stature) are now being set up by school boards. In fact, many new qualifications of teachers are being formulated in matters relating to physical appearance, dress, health, speech, and "personality."

Perhaps the lawyers can see (as Justice Beals does) how a teacher working under a yellow-dog contract could escape dismissal while actually belonging to a teachers' union, because of the statute guaranteeing the right to belong to trade unions. But to those familiar with the arbitrary customs of school boards there would appear to be no chance for an honest union teacher in places where the school board bans teachers' unions.

There have been many antagonistic reactions to the organization of teachers' unions in this country. Prominent educators have pointed out the "unprofessional" conduct of teachers who would organize a union, and many boards of education and other educational officers have seen such organizations as "menaces" and have accomplished their destruction in various parts of the country—in New England, the Middle West, the Far West, and the South. In the three States of Illinois, Ohio, and Washington the most powerful agency of reaction in organized society, the courts, has come to the support of these other authorities. The slow progress in the organization of teachers' unions in this country is easily understood when it is realized that the mem-

bers of the profession are generally timid, unfamiliar with social problems, and easily persuaded to conform.

The locals of the American Federation of Teachers, in the fifteen years of the existence of the national organization, have put up several splendid fights for existence. In Chicago the "Loeb rule" was rendered ineffective, and even the decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois in upholding the yellow-dog contract is no longer invoked in that State. In New England the backwash of the Boston policemen's strike swept all teachers' unions out of existence, but they are coming back. In Pennsylvania a reactionary State superintendent of public instruction declared all teachers' unions unlawful, but there, too, such unions are slowly recovering. In New York the Teachers Union of New York City has fought valiantly and successfully against Lusk school laws, history-censorship bills, and numerous "strike" bills introduced by self-seeking school officials. In California teachers' unions constitute the fighting front to keep a teachers' tenure law that was won after a hard struggle.

But the struggle of a small band of not more than one hundred Seattle teachers is perhaps the most challenging of all. When the first action to enjoin the school board from enforcing the yellow-dog contract failed, the members of the union realized that they were in for a long, hard fight. It was agreed that all but one of the members should give up their membership in the union, and that the remaining one should become president of the local and with the help of other teachers, not in the employ of the school board, should hold the charter and prepare to carry the fight to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary.

The school elections of March, 1929 and 1930, were hotly contested, the fight centering about the union issue. The liberal forces in March, 1929, succeeded in electing for a short term Judge Austin E. Griffiths, a retired judge of the Superior Court living in Seattle, who became the chief proponent of justice for the teachers. In 1930 he was defeated by a very small majority, but the showing made by the union forces was an impressive one. Moved apparently by this political situation, on January 2, 1931, the school board of Seattle lifted the ban against the union and promised that the teachers' contracts for the next school year, beginning September 1, 1931, would not contain the yellow-dog provision. Moreover, the board elected as its new president a member who was chosen two years ago by the liberal element in Seattle, the supporters of the teachers' cause. The school board earlier had granted many of the demands of the union, except increases in salaries, and had made many promotions of teachers who had been active in the union. But it now seems certain that the teacher who led this fight will not be reemployed, because an example is needed by the school board as a warning to the "rebels."

The hostile decision of the Washington Supreme Court stands, however, and there seems to be little doubt that similar decisions could be secured in other States. One possible line of action is the advocacy of laws against yellow-dog contracts in the several States, such as those recently passed in Colorado and Ohio. The popular conception of the teacher's function may have to be reversed. For a teacher in the changing social order must become a creative force, demanding and securing, as a necessary condition of meeting his social obligation, freedom to think and to teach how to think as well as how to do.

In the Driftway

PSYCHOLOGISTS have tried to explain what it is about flying that so appeals to the human mind; but they have never explained it to the Drifter. For although he has often flown by airplane, only for a few moments has he felt any relation to the earth on these aerial journeys; and one flies, in an emotional sense, only when one's movements are physically contrasted with the stability of *terra firma*. For a little while, of course, when the landing field swirls around below as you bank against the breeze, you gauge your moments by the earthly standard, and then you feel a thrill—or at any rate, the Drifter does. But, all in all, the true way to appease the eternal longing for flight is through certain devices unappreciated by the aeronautical engineers. One of these consists of a tin can tied to the foot by a piece of string, the string extending to the hand, which holds it taut. A couple of these, and you are off for a breathless escape from mundane locomotion—if you are young enough, that is.

* * * * *

EVEN if you are older than the tin-can stage, there is no need for discouragement. It came back to the Drifter once upon a time as he stood in the Prado, at Madrid, and looked hungrily at Goya's painting of the Stilt-walkers. Two men in knee breeches are strutting about on high stilts, their feet almost level with the heads of two companions who with small trumpets furnish music for the stilt dancing of the lofty entertainers. An admiring crowd of men and boys is hanging around ready, in a moment, to toss them their *centimos*. Looking at the picture, painted more than a hundred years ago, the Drifter realized the truth of Goya's understanding; for by using stilts you obtain a leverage on earth, and fly with what seems dizzying velocity to the earthbound.

* * * * *

A WEEK later the Drifter found a youth practicing this delicate art in a side street of a village in old Aragon. He found it, too, in Catalonia. Every Catalan knows his native dances, and if you will sneak into a certain square near the waterfront of Barcelona at eleven o'clock of a Sunday morning, you will see all of them at it, one after another joining in the intricate steps as unaffectedly as an American boy "horns in" on a baseball game of choose-up-sides. In these dances you might, even now, catch sight of some elderly man with a red liberty cap hanging over one ear, with a blue peasant's blouse and nondescript trousers, leaping high into the air in a vain effort to satisfy an urge as old as humankind. But the Drifter saw, not without grinning at the ultimate triumph of the machine even here, two small boys doing far better than their old granddad by means of rude stilts on which they soared o'er hill and dale, or, to be realistic, o'er drain and gutter.

* * * * *

STILL later, in old Provence, in a twenty-foot alley selected because it was the broadest avenue in this dusty town of the Midi, the Drifter found a crowd gathered where

weird music rose into the mellow air, and where, over the heads of miscellaneous Provençals, a whirling gleam of yellow and fire-red lured the curious eye. Elbowing his way amiably into the enthralled ring of onlookers, he discovered that Goya might as well be living now; for here were his stilt-walkers once more, busy in a dance of incredible abandon. One of these whirligigs was a girl of twelve, the other a madly graceful young woman who might have been a *gitana* of the Romany strain. And just to cheer the soul of Goya, should he be looking down from some Elysian eminence, two indefatigable musicians tooted on trumpet and sawed on fiddle, varying their themes, liar though you think the Drifter is, from a quaint old folk-tune of the Bouche-du-Rhône to the strains and stresses of the "Maine Stein Song." Or, shall we say, from the happy valleys of Provence to the Rudy—but no, even the Drifter will not say it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Not Our Business

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial Roosevelt, Ritchie, and Pinchot cannot but fill even your friends with confusion and impatience. There are those who want to follow you, and whither do you lead them but to the morass of the most futile negativism? In succession you demolish Hoover, Pinchot, Roosevelt, Ritchie, and Young. Very well, then, name your candidate. Bring him out into the open where he too can be sniped at. And having named him fight for him.

Wilton, Conn., June 13

THOMAS H. DICKINSON

[It is not our business to nominate. We are not a political party. We had thought all our readers were aware that *The Nation* will not support any nominee of the Republicans or Democrats.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Scottsboro Case

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Because I have been so busy working on the Scottsboro case, the article on that case published in your issue of June 3 has just come to my attention. With a good deal that was said I agree, but the effort to whitewash the attorney Stephen Roddy, whether that was conscious or unconscious, seems to me most unfortunate for the cause of the boys themselves, in which, as you rightly say, all of us are primarily interested.

In order to put plainly and without prejudice Mr. Roddy's connection with these cases I quote his own words:

If I was paid down here and employed it would be a different thing, but I have not prepared this case for trial and have only been called into it by people who are interested in these boys from Chattanooga. Now, they have not given me an opportunity to prepare the case and I am not familiar with the procedure in Alabama, but I merely came down here as a friend of people who are interested and not as paid counsel. . . . I am merely here at the solicitation of people who have become interested in this case, without any payment of fee and without any preparation for trial, and I think the boys would be better off if I step entirely out of the case according to my way of looking at it and

according to my lack of preparation of it and not being familiar with the procedure in Alabama. [Weems-Norris record, pp. 4-5.]

Mr. Roddy did not interview any of the nine defendants before their arraignment. The only time that he talked to them at all was in the courtroom, just before they were tried. At not one of the four trials at Scottsboro did Stephen Roddy, who according to his own account was entirely unprepared, ask for an adjournment in order that he might prepare. At not one of these trials did he even sum up for his clients (*cf.* Patterson record, p. 96). At not one of these trials did he make a single objection to the charge given by the judge, and it is to be remembered that these nine Negroes were being tried for an offense the punishment of which was death.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has the four records of these trials. What does that organization think of Mr. Roddy? If *The Nation* obtained its information from the association, it is extraordinary that the article published mentioned Mr. Roddy only to praise him. Incidentally, Mr. Roddy at no time suggested that he was retained by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and said distinctly upon the motion for a new trial on June 5 that he "was glad that he did not represent any New York organization."

I have written this not because I am assisting the International Labor Defense in connection with this case, but because I honestly believe that the difficulties in which the nine Negroes involved in the Scottsboro cases find themselves are due to the fact that at their trials—the only time when their defense could be put in in its entirety and with its full weight—no one attempted to put in that defense. This I believe has seriously prejudiced their case.

New York, June 8

CAROL WEISS KING

A Twenty-five-Year World Plan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To students of the world situation in agriculture, industry, and employment I should like to propose for consideration the following outline of a program:

1. That all tax bodies, local, state, and national, which have or can gain authority to do so, shall levy a tax on property for the creation of stabilization reserves.

2. That the rate of tax for this purpose shall be fixed by the taxing body in ordinary times as a very small percentage of all other taxes levied by that body, with probably a sliding scale for increasing the rate as the indices of prosperity rise. In periods of depression this tax rate should disappear altogether and give way to a flow of reserves in the opposite direction.

3. That sums collected for the stabilization reserves be invested with a view not merely to security of principal and income, but also to the prevention of wide fluctuations in flow of goods, money, credits, and services.

4. That federal, State, and local tax bodies should cooperate in supporting and creating coordinated local, State, and federal advisory bodies of quasi-experts on the prevention of periods of depression and on the expenditure of reserves for alleviating and checking such periods.

5. That this general insurance of society as a whole against extremes of depression and unemployment be supplemented by and coordinated with plans for stimulating various industries, labor unions, trade associations, and insurance companies to develop scientifically controlled small, medium, and large-scale experiments in insuring individuals against the losses of such periods of disturbance.

6. That scientific students of this problem definitely announce to the public which looks to their leadership the abandonment of any search for a specific remedy for hard times, and declare that they (the experts) are committed to a policy of developing an experimental technique and quantitative control of the flow of goods, credits, and services.

In short, it is proposed that the problem of control of business cycles be treated as a great scientific project calling for a twenty-five-year plan for the whole modern economic and industrial world.

Ellensburg, Wash., June 1

SELDEN SMYSER

Reform and Land Prices

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 3 you say:

A program of this sort, as Senator La Follette has pointed out, could and should provide for financial assistance to cities and States in extending direct relief, for an extensive public-works program, for workable farm-relief legislation, reduction of the tariff, increases in the income- and inheritance-tax rates to finance public construction and direct relief, and legislation to create a national economic council to assist in stabilizing industry and agriculture.

The Nation has so much that seems good even to a radical that it should not, I think, stop short of the conclusions from its own doctrines. The foregoing is at least practicable. But would not all these remedies result mainly and eventually in raising the prices of land? Are we not entitled to know how *The Nation* stands on this question?

New York, June 10

BOLTON HALL

[*The Nation* can see no reason whatever, either in theory or in history, for believing that all these remedies would "result mainly and eventually in raising the prices of land." To contend, for example, that the increase of income-tax rates to finance direct unemployment relief would result either "mainly" or "eventually" in raising the price of land appears to us absurd. It is true, of course, that many social reforms, in addition to their other results, do raise the rent and consequently the selling price of land, but we are wholly unable to accept the contention that the landlord is the sole ultimate economic beneficiary of social progress and improvement.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Presidential English

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial, Hoover and Our Army, in the issue of May 20, the excerpt you gave from Mr. Hoover's address before the International Chamber of Commerce should be sufficient to prove to even the most obstinate that the man we have at the head of affairs has neither the capacity to think, even on elementary subjects, nor the ability to express himself with the clarity of a ten-year-old schoolboy. The amazing thing to me is that, with a heavy cordon of secretaries around him, the following was allowed to pass:

Endeavor as we must in support of every proposal of international economic cooperation that is just to our respective peoples, yet we must recognize that reduction of this gigantic waste of competition in military establishments is in the ultimate of an importance transcendent over all other forms of such economic effort.

Michoacán, Mexico, May 19

ROYAL P. JARVIS

Books

No Herb of Healing

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Dig me no root that, by the moon's arcane
Indulgence, is of sovereign power to lull
Asleep the prowling Basilisk of Pain.
There is no herb of healing can annul
This that does violence to a flesh apart
From the poor effigy in whom I dwell—
An inward bleeding closer to the heart,
Sullen and slow and irremediable.

This body and breath is not my charge, nor yours.
I pit a stabler strength against the shrewd
Antagonist who spurns our paltry cures:
We have an older issue to conclude.
Living or dying, I shall ask no grace . . .
Go, take your pity to another place.

The Itching Palm

"Gimme": Or How Politicians Get Rich. By Emanuel H. Lavine. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

UNTIL recent months it could be said truthfully that Chicago is better than its reputation and New York is worse. Chicago had a long head start in the race for stellar corruption honors because of those incomparable exhibits, Al Capone and Big Bill Thompson. Legs Diamond may be entertaining but he is a frail shadow compared to the Scarface, and Jimmy Walker never tried to bust King George on the snoot.

New York's reputation is changing now. The city's government has become a front-page national scandal on its own account. The newspapers of the hinterland gobble up the press-association dispatches about corruption in the metropolis and print them under great, gloating headlines. Tammany, as the next Presidential election may show, has returned to its former role of America's favorite political villain.

Mr. Lavine proves that the Tammany reputation is deserved. He piles the evidence high in a veritable cyclopedia of New York corruption. If the narrative has the telephonic manner of a police reporter—and Mr. Lavine has been a police reporter for twenty-five years—the style has the virtues of its defects. The spurts and jerks give life to the prose. Mr. Lavine makes no pretense to careful reflection or documentation. He hurls his facts like hand grenades and nearly all of them explode. He has packed as much rottenness into 298 pages of muckraking as I have ever seen anywhere, and as far as I have been able to check up, he tells the truth.

New York—the book is almost wholly about New York—emerges from this study as a city ruled by a shrewd and ruthless gang of political racketeers. The system of "fixing" extends from the patrolman on the beat to the Supreme Court judge, with the district leader as the pivotal figure in the hierarchy. If a lawyer wishes an appointment as judge he speaks to the district leader; if a gangster wishes acquittal he fixes it through a court clerk who is a henchman of a district leader; if a plain citizen seeks surcease from a parking ticket he joins the district leader's political club. Sometimes the district leader is paid in cash; sometimes he receives a "loan," as he did in

the notorious Ewald case; sometimes he is paid on the installment plan. A judge who failed to pay his district leader for receiving a fourteen-year term at \$25,000 a year would be, in the classic language of co-leader Annie Mathews, "a rotter." The quality of judges produced by this system is indicated by the number who have been officially accused or have resigned under fire in recent months—Bertini, Crater, Vitale, Ewald, Goodman, Mancuso, McQuade, Simpson, Vause, Norris, and Silberman. The penalty for judges who neglect to pay the last instalment of their appointment price is suggested by the mysterious death of Magistrate Andrew Macreary.

More than 90 per cent of New York's 138,000 employees come under civil-service regulations, but there are enough vacant niches in the higher realms of city life to provide for the important Tammany-McCooley-Flynn henchmen by appointment and election. A district leader is commonly made a commissioner at from \$10,000 to \$20,000—six machine commissioners and deputy commissioners now sit in high places of the Walker administration after refusing to waive immunity before a grand jury, although the only legal reason for this refusal is that testifying might incriminate them. Minor assistants to the district leaders are commonly made aldermen at \$5,000 a year for two hours a week, counting the lunch hour.

Mr. Lavine shows how this machine has brought corruption into the school system and condoned the outrages of the vice squad. Its upper ramifications include the big bankers who plundered the depositors of the Bank of United States, and the realtors who cheat the taxpayers of \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 a year through the land-condemnation racket. Whenever a wave of civic reform begins in New York, the big bounders of the law and commerce rush to obstruct a thorough investigation, and the press plays up the irrelevant pleasantries of the charming Jimmy. Samuel Untermyer, Frank P. Walsh, and George Gordon Battle laud John F. Curry as a hero for refusing to waive immunity before a grand jury!

Most of the evils described by Mr. Lavine can be traced back to the acquisitive morality of American capitalism, and the politicians' cry of "Gimme" is simply a variation of the practice of private profit in the world of business enterprise. But not all these evils can be traced to capitalism. England manages to have clean local government within capitalism, and so do most of the cities of the Continent. In the United States we have Cincinnati and Milwaukee. New York is rotten today largely because of the indifference of intelligent citizens to civic affairs. Until civic indifference becomes less fashionable, the Currys and the Walkers will continue to rule the world's greatest city—and books like Mr. Lavine's will be written every ten years.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Keynes on Money

A Treatise on Money. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. \$8.

IN these two volumes Mr. Keynes presents conclusive proof of Alfred Marshall's statement that "... money is the center around which economic science clusters ..." Although he has called his work "A Treatise on Money," the topics covered in it range from the functions of a "supernational bank" to the conditions under which workers will obtain the benefits of labor-saving machinery in the form of a higher standard of living.

Mr. Keynes's analysis opens with a classification of the various types of money. He shows that as types of money other than commodity money are introduced, such as notes

and bank deposits, some criteria for their management must be accepted. The conventional guide has been convertibility into gold at a fixed rate, but this method of management, Mr. Keynes holds, places too great an emphasis on gold and leads to instability of price levels; management, he maintains, should be directed chiefly toward the maintenance of the stability of the purchasing power of money. In seeking a definition of purchasing power, Mr. Keynes is led to a discussion of price indexes. He reminds us that all groups of prices do not move sympathetically, and that if they do, a time lag usually occurs. His own preference (at least in the theoretical chapters) is for an index of the cost of living.

Mr. Keynes does good service in pointing out the error of considering the "value of money" to be equivalent to the "objective mean variation of prices." This particular view assumes that by averaging price changes we arrive at something new, namely, variations in the value of money. The unsatisfactoriness of this approach is that it leads to a simple quantity theory. For on the assumption that value and quantity vary inversely, it would only be necessary to control the quantity to control the value. This theory does not distinguish clearly between the movements of various groups of prices, and, in fact, most writers who expound it usually come to the conclusion that it doesn't much matter which prices are included in the index so long as a sufficiently large number are taken.

Mr. Keynes does not rely on the quantity of money to explain the variations in its purchasing power. The main theme of his theory is that disequilibria in the rates of saving and investment cause changes in the prices of consumers' goods. At first this might appear confusing; for, one may ask, how in a modern society can one save without investing, short of hoarding? But the distinction is perfectly legitimate and clear as the author draws it. Saving is the negative act of refraining from consuming. It results from the individual's decision as to how much of his monetary income he will devote to consumption. Investment, on the other hand, is the result of enterprise, and is the positive act of directing economic goods and services into the form of capital goods.

It follows from this theory that "... the conditions for the equilibrium of the purchasing power of money require that the banking system should so regulate its rate of lending that the value of investment is equal to savings." Since the rate of investment depends on the rate of interest, the central bank should lower its rate of discount and make open-market purchases when the level of prices is falling, in order to encourage investment. This will tend to restore equilibrium between savings and investment and thus correct the disequilibrium which is causing the price decline. Such is the essence of the theory.

Examination shows that it rests on many doubtful beliefs regarding the causation and sequences of events. It is assumed that the central bank is able to control the market rates of interest through changes in its own rediscount rate and holdings of bills and securities. Certainly our Federal Reserve banks have not been able to do this at all times. Further, the guide to the policy of the central bank must be the condition of equilibrium between savings and investment, but Mr. Keynes himself points out that the rediscount rate has also the functions of protecting the gold reserve and regulating the quantity of credit.

These objectives are not always harmonious. The further transitions in the sequence of events require that the market rates of interest induce changes in the rates for long-term loans, and that these in turn alter the rate of investment. Finally, the change in the rate of investment must alter the prices of consumers' goods through changes in money incomes relative to the quantity of consumers' goods. The chain of events is too long and the links too weak. If the rate of investment is to be controlled, it would be more effective to regu-

late it directly. Recognition of this leads Mr. Keynes to suggest that this might be made a government function.

But this is not the end of the complications with which the theory is confronted. The international character of price movements must be considered. It follows that the complete national autonomy of any central bank is unlikely. Confronted with this difficulty, Mr. Keynes seeks a way out by proposing a "super-national bank." In seeking a criterion for its policy, he abandons the consumption index in favor of a wholesale-price index. This completely destroys the force of his theory and places him in the same position as those whom he has previously criticized.

In broadening his discussion to include credit-cycle theory, Mr. Keynes strays from the straight path of stable purchasing power to suggest that inflation might at times be beneficial. His approach goes through several modifications. At first he concludes that if inflation could be carefully engineered, lack of sufficient voluntary savings might be offset. However, deflation is not to be permitted to follow. Later in the discussion inflation is recommended as a corrective of a previous deflation. In the face of these proposals Mr. Keynes recommends in the second volume that a stable price level should be sought.

The "Treatise" is valuable in the emphasis which it places on factors other than the quantity of money and credit as influences on prices. The stress placed on the necessity for equilibrium between savings and investment is particularly important. Furthermore, the interrelations and complexity of the price structure are fully brought out. In attempting to establish the sequence of events essential to his theory, Mr. Keynes presents many thoughtful chapters on banking theory and policy. Several chapters are devoted to statistics, some primary and some secondary.

A chapter is devoted to historical cases, which concludes with a discussion of the present depression. Mr. Keynes attributes the slump of 1930 to the deterrent effects on investment of the high rates of interest which preceded it. Many would object to this on the ground that investment during the period preceding 1930 was going forward faster than savings. He does not discuss this possibility but on the other hand recommends that the disequilibrium be corrected by the Federal Reserve banks. They should make open-market purchases in such volume that the member banks would have more funds than they can lend at short term, thus forcing them into the securities market. This would lower the rates for long-term loans and thus encourage investment. In this manner equilibrium would be reestablished between savings and investment. As a matter of fact, all that has happened during the past year or so as a result of just such a policy is the establishment of ridiculously low rates of interest for some types of short-term loans. One is reminded by some of Mr. Keynes's theories of the remark made by W. Stanley Jevons many years ago: "There are men who spend their lives and fortunes in endeavoring to convince a dull world that poverty can be abolished by the issue of printed bits of paper. I know one gentleman who holds that exchequer bills are the panacea for the evils of humanity."

The early chapters of Volume I give promise of a well-knit theory of savings and investment. Unfortunately, Mr. Keynes does not fulfil these expectations. Perhaps he is too preoccupied with an attempt to find a simple solution for the immediate difficulties with which England is confronted as a result of the readjustment in world economic relations since the war. From the point of view of his theory, the chief of these is the Bank of England's loss of control over the international monetary situation. The result is that protection of its gold reserve demands a relatively high bank rate, while domestic conditions require a low one.

WILLIAM E. DUNKMAN

Why Write Fiction?

Life Among the Lowbrows. By Eleanor Rowland Wembridge. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

AFTER one has finished Mrs. Wembridge's book, so sane, so just, so coolly kind, and at the same time so interesting, one is brought to the conclusion that the novelists who strive for realism with particular emphasis on what has been called the seamy side of life might just as well shut up shop and go home. These tales of girls who got into trouble with the law prove anew that truth effectively told is not only stranger but on the whole more absorbing than fiction.

"The characters in the following sketches," Mrs. Wembridge says, "were all dull people, and most of them were exasperating besides. All honor to the sober and kindly citizens whom Nature slighted when she made their minds, and yet who somehow muddle through. That these pages are largely devoted to those who muddled rather badly is only because, whatever their limitations, the sober and kindly rarely get arrested, and therefore I do not know them quite so well." With this disarming preface, we make our bow to the moronic, the neurotic, the irresponsible, the unsuccessful. We see them in their pitiful and unhappy struggles with living, at which they mostly fail, and with the law, which they mostly do not understand.

Mrs. Wembridge makes clear how absurd it is to expect them to cope with the exigencies of the world as they, in their incapacity and poverty, must inevitably meet it. When two of these waifs, united in holy matrimony and expected to live within their scant means of twenty dollars a week, come in contact with authority, an effort is made to make them see their own problems. Flora, the young wife, was asked: "If you have twenty dollars a week and spend fourteen a week, how long will it take you to save three hundred dollars?" The answer should be given in Mrs. Wembridge's own words:

Flora, who had a sense of humor, could not at first get past the joke that she should ever save anything. "A lifetime," she answered, "—and a long lifetime." Then, "three hundred times fourteen." "Three hundred times fourteen what?" we persisted, and Flora answered "dollars." The example was written out for her, but she had completely lost the connection, and when she was again reminded . . . she answered, as if through the telephone, "2025." What she meant by that we shall never know.

Not all of them are so inept about money. A young bride who won a three-hundred-dollar prize in an exhibition dance contest rushed into Mrs. Wembridge's office, waving her check. "I got the prize," she shouted, "Now Jim and I can have a baby." Nor are they all unaware of the problems that beset them, although their language to explain or describe them is so limited. They recognize that mothers are a problem—they work for you and you must help them all you can; and when you find your man you must leave them; and they are worrisome when they keep too desperate a curb on their daughters, and when they allow them too free a rein, when they too obviously prefer their sons, when they do not protest the brutality of a harassed and dimly understanding father. They know that sisters should not give up too much for their brothers; that "old maids" have their own particular difficulties. Fathers present a problem all their own. They "holler." What about?

"Oh, about everything. Someone has his paper, or the kids make a lotta noise, or he don't want us to go out nights, or he just hollers to hear himself." . . . Still another [girl] gave as her three dearest wishes to have a wrist watch, to play second base on the ball team, and to have her father "always mad."

"Always mad," we echoed in astonishment. "Don't you mean never mad?"

"No, mad all the time," she asserted with decision. "Because when he ain't mad, he just hollers. But when he's real mad, his neck swells up so he can't get a holler out, and I wish he'd stay swelled up!"

Out of all this welter of humor and pathos, ignorance and a certain native shrewdness, Mrs. Wembridge is able to draw few conclusions. She can only predict that the unpredictable will happen. Pauline is insistent that she disposes of her person for pay only when she needs the money, for herself or for her numerous relatives. Nina insists on the exact contrary. "Do you think I take money for it?" she demands in indignation. . . . "When I go wild I go for fun, and because I want to. I would never be so low as to take a cent if I starved for it. . . . What jazzing round I do, I do for nothing." But if their morals and their manners, not to mention their behavior, are unpredictable, there is one ground on which they can be met. In a chapter called *Victoria Knew Her Morons*, Mrs. Wembridge declares that when all appeals have failed or are obviously meaningless, when justice and decency and honor are empty words, there remains respectability, the snob appeal. "Do you think Mrs. Governor Soandso would do that sort of thing?" the culprit is asked. And a hung head and tears are often enough the answer. Authority, unjustified and unexplained, is the only thing that these young persons understand. "You mustn't do it because it isn't done." Conventionality, hypocrisy, cant, anti-feminism, and sex-repression—one of them has often been found to work in the social redemption of one of these unfit when more modern and individual appeals failed. For in the last analysis what they lack is mind; not will, or experience, or energy, but ordinary, fourteen-year-old intelligence. They are not mentally equipped to meet the world.

Mrs. Wembridge does not know what to do with them in general. She can only describe them. And that she does supremely well.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

A Great Railway Builder

Henry Villard and the Railways of the Northwest. By James Blaine Hedges. Yale University Press. \$3.

THE name of Henry Villard is inseparably connected with the history of transcontinental railway development in the Northwest, and Professor Hedges gives in this book a fully documented account, notably clear in view of the complexities of the subject, of Villard's connection with the transportation undertakings in which he was for years a commanding figure. The story begins with 1873 when Villard, who was visiting in Germany after nineteen years' of romantic experience in the United States, was sent back as agent of a committee of German holders of bonds of the Oregon and California Railroad on which interest was in default. Investigation convinced him that some of the European investments were safe, and his own career of railway promotion and construction was before long under way.

The key to the twenty-year struggle in which Villard engaged is found in the fact that the Columbia River gateway and Puget Sound "offered alluring opportunities to competing railroad builders who sought to center the trade of the region at one port or the other." Villard made Portland the center of the network of rail and water lines which he eventually controlled, and added the Northern Pacific to his other interests, completing it to Portland only when it decided to build to the Sound. A later Northern Pacific management actually built the competing line, whereupon Villard arranged an alliance between the Union Pacific and the Oregon and Transcontinental

which gave an independent connection with Portland. In 1884 he resigned the presidency of the Northern Pacific, and when he again entered the field as a railway power a deadly competition had replaced the monopoly which had seemed to him the best solution of the railway problem. Although he was not at that time directly connected with either of the competing systems, he was the agent of German investors, and it is Professor Hedges's opinion that "probably no railway promoter in the Pacific Northwest ever strove so earnestly for the good of all" as did Villard when, from 1887 to 1889, he sought for harmony and fair competition through the device of a joint lease.

The good fortune of success, however, was not to be his. Both the Union and Northern Pacific went down under the weight of millions expended in the premature construction of branches, and Portland, which had accounted Villard as its greatest benefactor, was alienated. Professor Hedges is chary of personal judgments, but his book nevertheless makes clear the high-mindedness of Villard's large plans and the skill and courage with which he prosecuted them until a too powerful opposition, political, railway, and financial, overwhelmed both him and them.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

French Revolutionists

After Robespierre: The Thermidorean Reaction. By Albert Mathiez. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

A Biographical History of the French Revolution. By J. Mills Whitham. The Viking Press. \$5.

WITH the appearance of M. Mathiez's new volume in a very adequate English translation, his readers on this side of the Atlantic have an opportunity to see what he makes of the period that followed the death of his hero. His method, as always, is that of the "scientific historian"; his temper, as of old, that of the prophet who summons the heavens to fall upon the corrupt set of schemers who turned upon Robespierre and prevented the establishment of his Republic of Virtue. Anyone with a minimum of historical training can use Mathiez as a model to prove that the objective historian, controlled by rigorously scientific laws, does not exist. Bias and partisanship fairly ooze out of his impartial presentation of facts. But it is a persuasive bias, a vigorous and erudite partisanship, a prejudice nourished by a lifetime of the most productive and the most illuminating scholarship of our generation. Partisanship, that is, disbelieving in the prejudices of someone else, and bias, that is, strong convictions of your own, are the very essence of the matter when you deal with fundamentals; and what could be more fundamental than the concepts underlying the organization of a new social order?

Mathiez's account is unquestionably the most penetrating study yet written of internal politics in France during the fifteen-month period that followed the fall of Robespierre on the 9th of Thermidor. He shows us a France ruled by trimmers, by repentant Terrorists, by unscrupulous politicians whose highest conviction was self-preservation; who undid the institutions of the Terror Government which they helped establish, who reopened the churches without believing in the church, who recalled the Girondins whom they had persecuted, who gave an amnesty to the royalists in the Vendée, and who fell, like avenging furies, upon their former colleagues who were not adroit enough to show that Robespierre was responsible for their own acts of violence. It is a terrific indictment that he has drawn, a sordid picture of the decomposition of representative government. But his study is not complete enough. We should like an appreciation of the sincere and uncalculating popular desire to return to middle-class normality after the

sadistic rule of revolutionary idealists. We should like also more recognition of the fact that even though the morally bankrupt conquerors of Robespierre dammed the waters of pure—and homicidal—revolutionary idealism, they still performed an indispensable service in preserving the republic and the major achievements of the revolution.

Mr. Whitham is a novelist turned explorer, a fisher of souls, who traces the course of the revolution by conducting "psychological inquiries" in an effort to discover how each of the outstanding figures of the period "fulfilled his destiny and helped to determine his own fate." To give continuity to his inquiries he has interpolated several brief chapters which give the historical background. There is a reassuring solidity about his vignettes, abundant evidence that he has read widely and made his way patiently through conflicting interpretations to his own conclusions. Old wine in new bottles, perhaps; but old wine that was safely locked in the musty cellars of still mustier specialists. Mr. Whitham's volume repeals the prohibition law and allows the profane reader to drink of the choicer and older vintages. It is a thoughtful book and an informative one, enriched by the author's sympathy and humanity. It deserves many readers, for Mr. Whitham writes vividly and entertainingly. At times he overreaches himself in a curious, apocalyptic style that makes one reader yearn for Strachey's tempered urbanity. But the flamboyant patches, luckily, are rare. American readers, nurtured on Carlyle and Mrs. Nesta Webster, would do well to turn to this volume for a truer appreciation of men and events in the French Revolution.

LEO GERSHOY

The Black Man's Burden

Caliban in Africa. By Leonard Barnes. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

IT'S only about 50,000 words. The subtitle is "An Impression of Color Madness." It deals with the sadism and social degeneration of race hatred. The victim is the African. The patient is the Afrikaner, the white South African of remote and culturally almost severed Dutch ancestry, together with the Britisher who is assimilated to his color craze. If we are to believe the author, such Britishers are few and queer.

Just a word about the author's credibility. His diagnosis and indictment are moved by the same admirable social passion which illumined the works of E. D. Morel and Roger Casement. The only flaw is that Mr. Barnes is so excruciatingly British. He is a congenital proconsul of empire. He is British first and decent afterwards. He would have you know that if Caliban were not predominantly Boer but Anglo-Saxon, he wouldn't be Caliban but Caesar. Hence, for all his choice intelligence Mr. Barnes puts down black on white: "The *Pax Britannica* is the most powerful influence for social good since the *Pax Romana*," especially for the colored races, "who look to the British crown, and the British crown alone, for sympathy, support, and leading in their struggle toward self-development." Yet Mr. Barnes's Anglophilia makes not the slightest difference here, for his charge is incontrovertible. He crosses himself whenever the ikon of the British "crown" flashes into his imperially religious mind—but he tells the truth about South Africa.

And he knows how to tell it. For one thing, he writes with a concentrated perspicacity which might have been easily bloated into several volumes. But he has chosen to compress it all into an essay of distilled criticism, into a pamphlet. "Caliban in Africa" is a pamphlet in the great tradition. It is explicitly a charge, but implicitly a monograph as well. Mr.

Barnes has not failed to draft the necessary scholarship for his propaganda with which to paralyze any possible vindication by those whom he attacks. He has the pamphleteer's ultimate skill of isolating his victim from any appeal to human conscience. And yet he does not leave him to the tender mercies of our unctuous hates. He lifts white South Africa to that abiding sense of pity in each of us which makes us wonder with a touch of morbid tragedy at beasts in human shape. The Boer, we feel, belongs to those eternal children of the race who "know not what they do."

Then, Mr. Barnes, who is a trained journalist, has a style peculiarly fit for publicism. It is farthest away from excited prattle or empty indignation. It is ironic but not cynical. It is effectively but impersonally malicious. It is simple for the ordinary, yet sophisticated for the more expert reader. It combines swift and sure, as against hasty, timeliness, closely fitting the social politics it handles, with an aura of dealing with the verities of human folly. Under Barnes the Afrikaner really changes into Caliban. The poor race-crazed lout is dignified into the perennial brutality of man to man. He emerges as a sort of degraded and looney version of an Old Testament figure. Indeed, writes Mr. Barnes, the Old Testament, those inspired prolegomena of racial megalomania, is the Afrikaner's primer.

But style alone is not enough. Mr. Barnes's main strength as a critical journalist is his method. It is a blend of three procedures. First, and throughout the book, there is running psychological analysis of South African interracial mentality. He describes this psychic degradation from various angles, as it affects both whites and blacks and their social crazy-quilt. The madness consists mainly in the Afrikaner's almost total social preoccupation with racial hate and fear to the gradual evanescence of his other significant social problems, so that the national spirit, the culture itself, becomes a sort of glorified psychosis. Secondly, Mr. Barnes carries his psychological description of this South African sociality to its logical, or rather sociological, conclusions. He argues and points its inevitable consequences. He shifts the monograph into a pamphlet by showing just how these racial obsessions work socially, in terms of legislation, in policy, in persecution, in injustice, in the social illogicalness and immorality which kill the higher and fertilize the lowest social faculties. And, thirdly, he proves both his psychological description and his sociological indictment of Caliban by an extraordinarily judicious and strategic mastery of facts. His facts are comparatively few and far between. But they are so shrewdly tactical, they guide his view so perfectly, partly because they are taken from the mouths and statutes of Afrikaner statesmen, because they are made and admitted by the dominant forces of Boer society, but mainly because each fact calls for no further context. It is like reading the main facts about Jack the Ripper. We may wish to know a great deal more about him to understand him better, but not in order to see his side. And so we may wish to know a great deal more about the South African race problem, but we can never think differently of the Boer unless his social outlook miraculously changes. And the miracle, Mr. Barnes assures us, cannot happen.

Mr. Barnes quotes some well-known Afrikaner statesmen on the race problem. "No ethical consideration, such as the rights of man, will be allowed to stand in the way" of dealing with the black man, says one. "The dominant thing," says another, "has not been justice at all. . . . If we want to hold our own, we must exterminate the native." The great "liberal," General Smuts, is, if anything, more offensive for his unpleasant unctuousness. The social legislation against the Negro is really a legalized ramification of the third degree. And the social atmosphere is one of chronic *Schrecklichkeit*, a terror of conventions. Besides, the whole social structure be-

IDEAL
MARRIAGE

ITS PHYSIOLOGY
AND
TECHNIQUE

by

Th. H. Van de Velde,
M. D.

Formerly Director of the Gynecological
Clinic of Haarlem. Translated by Stella
Browne. Introduction by J. Johnston
Abraham. With Eight Plates in Colors.

352 pages • \$7.50

A sober, scientific, and complete book on the sexual relationship, in which will be found all the data bearing upon its physiology and technique. Written by one of the foremost gynecologists in the world, it should be in the library of every well-informed educator and social worker.

LIST OF CONTENTS

PART I

Introduction and General Physiology of Sex

CHAPTER I—Marriage, Actual and Ideal

CHAPTERS II and III—The General Human Physiology of Sex. The Evolution of the Sexual Impulse. Sexual Sensations and Internal Stimuli—Sexual Sensations and External Stimuli.

PART II

Specific Anatomy and Physiology of Sex

CHAPTERS IV, V, and VI—The Sexual Physiology of the Adult Woman. Introduction and Definition. The External Genital Organs. The Internal Genital Organs.

Ovarian Activity, Rhythm of Vital Manifestations in the Female Organism, and Menstruation.

CHAPTER VII—Anatomy and Physiology of the Male Sexual Organs

PART III

Sexual Intercourse
Its Physiology and Technique
CHAPTER VIII—Definitions, Pre-
lude, and Love-Play.

CHAPTERS IX, X, and XI—Sexual Union (Communion). Physiology and Technique. Position and Action During Coitus.

CHAPTER XII—Further Manifestations During Coitus: Epilogue or After-Glow.

PART IV

Hygiene of Ideal Marriage
CHAPTERS XIII, XIV, XV, and XVI—Bodily Hygiene. First Intercourse or Defloration—Honeymoon
Influence of the Sexual Function on Physique and Psyche—Sexual Vigour or Potency.

Personal and External Factors Affecting Sexual Intercourse.

Sexual Intercourse in Special Bodily (or physical) Circumstances. Sexual Intercourse during Menstruation.

Care and Cleanliness of the Organs of Copulation.

CHAPTER XVII—Psychic, Emotional and Mental Hygiene.

The sale of this book, because of its scientific character, is positively restricted to physicians, social workers, lawyers, ministers, and educators. Please state qualifications in ordering.

COVICI-FRIEDE, Publishers
386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

PLEASE enter my order for _____ cop_____ of
IDEAL MARRIAGE by Th. H. Van de Velde, at
\$7.50 the copy. ☐ I enclose check. ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name _____

Address _____

Qualification _____ (N2)

comes increasingly irrational, and makes no sense in its growing hopelessness. The native, whose person and society are peculiarly bound up with the land, is being constantly legislated and wedged into smaller, less productive, wilder reservations, into a variety of wilderness stockades. He has no right to purchase land. "He is the victim of a common swindle," of statutory dispossession for white privilege. Even on the reservations the social patterns of the Negro are constantly torn up. Hundreds of thousands of black men are squeezed out from the land entirely. And so the Afrikander is beginning to legislate against their presence in industrial centers. Thus an ever-larger number of blacks are literally illegal entities, for they have no place to go in their own country. In fact, the legal color bar in South Africa, as the color bar everywhere else, is the juridical absurdity of making life itself a contraband. The Afrikander is much perturbed by the industrial ignorance of the Negro, yet he legally enforces this ignorance by limiting black educational opportunities to practically nothing. The whole system is based on securing the total insecurity of the native in order to exploit him. And the result is that the South African Negro is not merely a proletarian, but what the Germans call a *Lumpenproletarier*, not merely abysmally poor but degradedly so, a pauper without rights, disinherited and terrorized. Social politics in South Africa is the politics of fear. It is crazy. "The Afrikander," says Mr. Barnes, "is, in simple truth, a . . . monomaniac."

The Boer can do no wrong. The native has no rights. And there is no hope. There must be an explosion. "Even if a changed intention suddenly flashed into the Afrikander mind, it could not . . . avert collision. South Africa must now proceed straight to disaster by mere force of inertia." Her sinister and tragic lesson to Jim Crow America should be rather obvious.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Books in Brief

Noguchi. By Gustav Eckstein. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

The poverty of his home, the example of his mother, a heroic peasant woman who lived with dignity and without help the common, inexorable epic of a hard life, and an accident with fire that left him with a deformed hand and the cripple's necessity to win a compensating distinction—these were the factors that developed the native endurance, intelligence, and energies of Yone Noguchi to greatness. His career is a stirring one, a remarkable record of achievement from the days when he paid for medical care with nurse-boy services, through his work in syphilis, paresis, spotted fever, and other germ diseases, to his death in Africa, a martyr in the fight against yellow fever. Like many great scientists he was the artist type; he made up for long spells of inattention and neglect with titanic orgies of activity, and when in the midst of his work was often able to go without sleep for weeks. He was daring, imaginative, and devoted. To this account of his life his biographer has brought a scientist's comprehension of his work, a good writer's innate psychological understanding, and a spirited style.

Green Hell. By Julian Duguid. The Century Company. \$4.

The book is as melodramatic as its title. It is the record of adventures in the South American jungle that is no respecter of frontiers and covers large parts of Bolivia, Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil. Though the adventures are exciting enough, the author does his best to intensify them with literary devices, spreading over "Green Hell" an added coat of livid green rhetoric. The paint, however, to the reader sensitive to uses of rhetoric, is not of a high grade, and is applied with a house-painter's technique.

Valencia. By Leon Tahcheechee. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

Leon Tahcheechee's first novel is a tale of odd characters and the odd happenings that shaped the devious patterns of their lives. The setting is that of the Spanish city of Valencia. The characters, except for the protagonist, who is an American, are Spaniards and gypsies. The episodes are picaresque: fortune-telling with the Tarot pack, business ventures that never emerge from the dream stage, diverse love affairs, a fantastic duel, an even more fantastic trial for parricide, and adventures that culminate in the "learnedly obscene pantomime" of the gipsy marriage dance, which is wasted upon a reluctant and over-fastidious American. Mr. Tahcheechee handles his material well. He knows how to set his palette for southern Spain, and he does not load his brush too heavily. His gypsies and his amiably grotesque aristocrats have the color and air of authenticity. The fact that he is a painter as well as a writer makes him a keen observer of the visible world and gives his descriptions an unusual sensitiveness and exactness. Mr. Tahcheechee has distinct narrative gifts, a prose manner which is unmistakably his own, and a deft way of modeling characters. His creation of the character of El Conde de Jenor is an achievement; indeed, it is the real achievement of the book, and one which puts "Valencia" high among the first novels of the season.

The Weigher of Souls. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

The efforts of a doctor to capture the immortal energies given off at death form the thin body of this story by the well-known French biographer and novelist. Curiously enough, the events have a strange warmth, and the defeats and successes of the doctor's efforts, with their final pathetic denouement, are, if not exactly exciting, at least never dull. Though the conception is fantastic, the author has managed to make it glow with the light of possibility and the warmth of human emotions.

Zuñi Folk Tales. By Franklin Hamilton Cushing. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

"Zuñi Folk Tales" has long been an appreciated book, much sought and hard to secure, with libraries and individuals everywhere on the lookout for a copy. The eagerness of the quest is fair indication of the merit of the work, for Cushing is one of three or four writers sufficiently endowed to give us translations of American Indian tales that are true to their native quality and in our own tongue are literature. Actually the tales are something more than folk-tales in any ordinary sense; they are reflections of the complexion of mind of one of the most interesting people in the world, giving such pictures of the *mores* of a folk as the reasoned investigations of the sociologist might never discover, and—because Cushing was a genius—going beyond the sociological into the philosophical and aesthetic understanding of that nature which expresses itself in *mores* and creates the folk. In this respect Cushing's work is a contribution to far more than any mere interest of curiosity or pastime; it is a lasting part of our American heritage, definitively among our "classics." These facts make obvious the value of a new and beautifully printed edition of the "Zuñi Folk Tales," including Major Powell's Foreword, and with an added introduction by Mary Austin.

There Will Be Fighting. By Peadar O'Donnell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Here is a swiftly moving story of insurrections and intrigues among Irish patriots and renegades in 1921, involving characters whose humanness and aliveness, even whose quaintness, are admirable and enjoyable. It is unfortunate that the jacket gives away the outcome of this exciting, though formalized, adventure story.

New Nationalism in the Philippines

By ANDRES V. CASTILLO

IMMEDIATELY after his return from his trip to the United States in the interest of Philippine independence, Manuel Roxas, Speaker of the Philippine legislature, announced plans for a new nationalistic movement. The central idea of this movement, popularly known as Ang Bagong Katipunan, is, as the Speaker puts it, "to take the course that we should take were we independent." The aims of the Bagong Katipunan as embodied in its decalogue are the inculcation of a belief in national destiny; the attainment of national unity, economic nationalism, racial equality; the husbanding of human resources; veneration for the past; the fostering of national culture, national discipline, honest government, and idealism. In short, it is an attempt to work out thoroughly and peacefully the whole Philippine problem.

The Bagong Katipunan does not advocate violence to carry out its aims. It is not revolutionary or "boxer" in character. It is entirely free from the taint of communism. It has no party affiliations, nor has it any political purposes to serve. It is non-sectarian and is national in scope.

The organization has caught the popular imagination, and people from all walks of life and of all political and religious beliefs are rallying to its support. Membership is open to all Filipino citizens. It requires from every member a yearly fee of one peso (fifty cents), and, what is far more important, it expects all its members to practice the tenets of the organization in their daily life. There are junior chapters to reach the young people, especially students in the public schools, and chapters for women, who try to give effect to the humane side of the movement in the home. In the first week after the movement was formally launched on November 30 last, it received more than 20,000 pesos as fees besides donations of all sorts, and it even has the sympathy and cooperation of the foreign community. A number of American residents signified their intention of becoming members, but their applications were respectfully rejected because only Filipinos could be admitted. The organization has found support not only in the city of Manila and other centers; the provinces too have registered their unqualified cooperation, and the provincial governors have been organizing chapters in their respective districts.

Perhaps the greatest inspiration to the launching of the Bagong Katipunan was the conception, widely prevalent among Americans, that the Filipinos do not really want independence, and that they have not demonstrated by deeds their willingness to shoulder the responsibilities of a truly independent existence. This accusation the Bagong Katipunan attempts to challenge vigorously. The Filipino nationalist leaders have finally come to the conclusion that the struggle for independence must be fought and won or lost in the Philippines. They propose to fight and win it by means of economic nationalism. Article III of the decalogue of the Bagong Katipunan states:

We believe that our country is the inalienable patrimony of our people. We shall conserve and develop our lands, mines, water power, and other resources, and shall

insist that their control be forever kept in the hands of our people. We shall practice economic nationalism. We shall produce and organize for economic self-sufficiency. We shall produce what we need and buy what we produce. We shall encourage the restoration of our former household industries. We shall patronize our countrymen who are engaged in business but condemn those who exploit their customers. We shall buy from abroad only those commodities which we cannot produce.

The doctrine of absolute non-intercourse with other nations is not advocated, ■ the careless observer might conclude. In international trade, of course, one has to buy in order to sell. None of the economic doctrines advocated by the Bagong Katipunan come into conflict with this economic truism; most of them aim to realize it more fully. By the encouragement of home industries more people will find employment and their purchasing power will be increased. Consequently production will be accelerated to meet the increased demand for commodities, and the cost of production of goods for native consumption as well as for export will be lowered by the economy of large-scale production. The nations which demand Philippine products will thus benefit by the lower price, while the Filipinos will demand more goods of the luxury type mainly supplied from abroad, thus enabling foreign nations to trade more extensively with them.

A cursory review of the economic history of the Philippines during both the Spanish and American administrations recalls the efforts of the Filipinos to bring into fruition the rich natural resources of the islands. The more benevolent and farsighted of the Spanish governors encouraged the development of native industries, which decayed or were neglected under less competent and more grasping men. The Bagong Katipunan attempts to resuscitate these forgotten and neglected industries, which were once the mainstay of the islands and one of the most important reasons for the reluctance of Spain to surrender them. It has been pointed out that the domestic system of home industries conducted without elaborate machinery cannot survive the competition of the outside world, but the supporters of the movement assert, with strong backing of facts, that there are native industries that can be developed without the aid of machinery so as to sell their products at reasonably low prices.

Under American administration the Philippines fare no better than they did under Spanish, in spite of the supposed advantages conferred by the free-trade relations between the two countries, first established in a limited way in 1909 and finally in 1913. The benefits of free trade cannot be denied but they have been exaggerated. Free trade has brought the Philippines into a state of economic dependence upon the United States. It has given birth to industries, the most notable example being the sugar industry, which depend for their existence upon the continuance of this paternalistic arrangement. These artificially nourished industries, enjoying a special market, can last only as long as their special privi-

PANACEAS

ALMOST every one you meet has a different explanation for the depression, a different remedy. The panacea market is glutted. Yet you feel there is still room for the truth, for the plan that will really get results. That, at least, was how we felt before talking with George H. Hull. Afterwards, the more we thought about it the more strongly we felt that his explanation and his plan were the truth, or as near it as a mere human can be expected to come.

Others have spoken vaguely of psychology, boom and depression, of the neglect of economic laws, of the need for organization and planning for the future. Mr. Hull speaks plainly of one specific origin of depressions, of the need for a specific organization in one specific key industry, of a specific new form of profit distribution—simple and possible of achievement—which would solve the problem of consumption, which is no more than the problem of buying power at this time, and which would pool the interests of Capital and Labor. His plan is something to get your teeth into, something that every one should have the chance to think about—and act upon. He calls it *Collective Capitalism*, and it appears in the July

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

You may read this, the first part of Henry Carter's estimate of Governor Ritchie's qualifications for the Presidency, Julius M. Nolte's diagnosis of the ills of real estate, Louise Maunsell Field's *Cynics Leave the Theatre*, Frank E. Gaebelein's *An Evangelical's Defense*, and many other significant and interesting articles, as well as an unusual short story by John Lineaweaver—by taking advantage of this special offer open to new members until July 20th: a six months' subscription for One Dollar.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
9 EAST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

For the enclosed One Dollar send me THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for 6 months (Canadian Price, \$1.25; Foreign, \$1.50).

Name

Address

City State

NATION—JULY

leges continue. The present tariff arrangement is only a temporary makeshift. As a matter of fact, the past few years have witnessed numerous attempts in Congress to undo it, the success of which would also mean the undoing of the industries favored by the present free-trade relations. Many bills in one form or another have been introduced into Congress seeking to limit duty-free Philippine sugar to 500,000 tons a year. The dairy industry of America has conducted on numerous occasions a vigorous campaign against the entrance of copra and cocoanut oil into the American market free of duty. As a practical answer to these threats, the Bagong Katipunan tries to discourage industries dependent on free trade with the United States, and takes the initiative in establishing and strengthening industries that can compete in the world market. With the present tariff arrangement the Philippines are entirely powerless to develop their economic life to meet world competition. Even against the competition of foreign goods other than American, it is extremely difficult for the islands to gain protection. The Bagong Katipunan seeks to protect the native producer and merchant not by means of a tariff, but by a nation-wide campaign to induce the people to patronize them instead of the foreigner. America is ready to teach the Filipinos all the doctrines of economics except that of protection, of which she is the most ardent exponent in the world.

The consequences of this social-economic-political movement should be far-reaching. It enjoys and will continue to enjoy public favor and following because it appeals not only to the inherent love of liberty in mankind, but also to the natural desire for a more prosperous and wholesome life. The new nationalistic movement serves notice that a peaceful and orderly economic revolution which seeks to avoid the mistakes of older and more advanced countries has already begun in the Philippines.

Contributors to This Issue

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON, former ambassador to Germany and to Great Britain, has a knowledge of the present European situation equaled by few Americans.

JOHN B. WHITTON is associate professor of international law at Princeton University.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the distinguished British mathematician and philosopher, has in recent years been carrying on an interesting experiment in the field of progressive education.

HENRY R. LINVILLE is the president of the Teachers Union of the City of New York.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

PAUL BLANSHARD is the executive director of the City Affairs Committee of New York.

WILLIAM E. DUNKMAN is on the staff of the Business School at Columbia University.

LEO GERSHOY is assistant professor of history at Long Island University.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals.

ANDRES V. CASTILLO, having spent four years at Columbia University, has now returned to his home in the Philippines.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1931

No. 3444

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	25
EDITORIALS:	
Now, Mr. Hoover, Disarm!	28
Another Bleak Winter	29
The Tardy Law	30
MICHIGAN PASSES THE "SPOLANSKY ACT." By Maurice Sugar	31
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. III. THE PRESIDENT'S ECONOMICS. By Henry Raymond Mussey	34
THE ENEMY OF MANKIND. By Albert Guérard	36
PENNSYLVANIA'S BLOODY MINE WAR. By Frank Butler	38
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	39
CORRESPONDENCE	40
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
There Might Be Glory in the Night. By Anne Hamilton	42
A Puzzle for Politicians. By Arthur Warner	42
A Minor Epic. By Eugene Löhrke	42
Primitive People of the North. By Margaret Mead	43
The Test of the Teaching. By Joseph T. Shipley	44
Two Immortals. By Arthur Mendel	44
Closet Fiction. By Gerald Sykes	45
Optimism Through Paradox. By Lorine Pruette	45
Books in Brief	46
Films: Love and Sex. By Alexander Bakshy	48
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	48
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Censorship in the Irish Free State. By R. M. Fox	49

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN	FREDA KIRCHWEY	MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT	H. L. MENCKEN	CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON	NORMAN THOMAS	ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

WHAT CAUSED MR. HOOVER to change front suddenly on debts and reparations? As we have stated elsewhere we do not know, but a letter from Berlin from a most distinguished economist throws some light upon the matter. It is addressed to the editor of *The Nation* under date of June 18, and runs as follows:

Conditions in Germany have become catastrophic to a degree that not you, my English friends, nor I could in the slightest degree have forecast when you were still here. Germany's convalescence or her collapse into economic chaos depends now upon whether it will be possible to achieve free trade, or at the very least the removal of the most important tariffs on raw materials, in the face of the desperate and diabolically clever resistance of the heavy industrialists on the Rhine and in the Ruhr, and the great agriculturists in our eastern provinces. Only in this way will it be possible to bring about a reduction of prices and, through the reduction of prices of raw materials, a decrease in the tremendous unemployment. In all the Berlin central banks, and in the center of the government itself, the barometer points to storm. One must expect the worst every day, for Brüning's latest emergency decrees, with their dreadful effects upon the widest groups in our population, are bringing about the radicalization of the remaining sober elements in our communities at an incredible speed. The economists of the world have a great responsibility. They must in this last hour fight with all the means that they can possibly lay hands upon.

ON JUNE 28 the people of Spain confirmed the action of the April revolutionists in overthrowing the monarchy by electing a parliament that will be overwhelmingly republican. Thus, in a sense, former King Alfonso has had an answer to his appeal to the people to vote him back into power. In his decree of abdication he announced: "I am waiting to learn the real expression of the collective opinion of my people . . . and am only suspending the exercise of the royal power." However, very few candidates openly in favor of a restoration entered the election lists, and in consequence the voters actually were called upon to choose between moderate and extreme republicanism. The moderates making up the present Socialist-Republican Coalition Government won a majority of the seats, and there is every reason to believe that this group will now carry forward its very sensible program of reform. It must nevertheless be noted that as the moderate group inclines to the left rather than to the right, there is little probability of any compromise with Rome on the church question, or with the former ruling class on the question of its retaining or regaining any of its ancient privileges. Only one major problem was aggravated instead of simplified by the elections, and that has to do with the separatist movement in Catalonia. The separatist candidates won heavily against those who wished to see a strongly centralized government established in Madrid. The Socialist-Republican coalition is opposed to autonomy for Catalonia, but it will now probably have to modify its position lest suppression of the separatist movement lead to an upheaval that would have drastic consequences.

UNDER THE PRESSURE of economic necessity Europe is moving toward lower tariffs. Germany and Rumania are the latest countries to enter into an arrangement for the reciprocal reduction of import duties. By the terms of the trade agreement recently concluded Germany will lower from 50 to 60 per cent the duty on grains brought in from Rumania, while the latter country has agreed to reduce the rates on certain industrial products, especially heavy machinery, imported from all countries with which Rumania enjoys most-favored-nation relations. The Rumanian tariff decrease is expected primarily to benefit German manufacturers inasmuch as Germany is the chief source of machinery imported into the Balkan countries. The German-Rumanian agreement is the more remarkable because it was arrived at in the face of a difficult political situation. Rumania's membership in the Little Entente and its close alliance with France have tended to discourage any dealings of an economic nature with Germany. Indeed, only a few weeks ago Foreign Minister Ghika almost disrupted the negotiations between Bucharest and Berlin by refusing to permit the German delegation, which was already en route, to come to Bucharest, merely because the foreign ministers of the Little Entente happened to be conferring there at the time. But Rumania's need for disposing of its surplus grain and the increasing pressure upon Germany to find markets for its manufactured wares ultimately overcame all political obstacles.

LO, THE POOR FARM BOARD! Importuned by that great statesman Senator Jim Watson and other champions of the farmer to withhold its 200,000,000 bushels of 1930 wheat so that it will not compete with the 1931 crop, on June 26 it said a sorrowful nay to the farmer and reaffirmed its oft-expressed intention of selling whenever it could do so with a minimum of price disturbance. Next day the President issued a statement disclaiming any authority, of course, to determine the policies of the board, but suggesting "that he thought it wise to consider a more definite policy in respect to sales" of the board's wheat holdings, though some people thought the old policy quite definite, even if amazing. The board officials were reported as being "surprised," and next day came intimations that the board in limiting its offerings to foreigners and millers would compete as little as possible with righteous 1931 wheat. On the day following, Chairman Stone announced with spirit that "this is an independent board under the law, and not subject to interference from the President or anyone else." It is a great job being one of these independent organizations that Mr. Hoover sets up, only it requires flexible minds on the part of appointees. The board ought to hire an economic picture-puzzle publicity expert to explain, for the benefit of the President's candidacy in 1932, how it is going to sell 200,000,000 bushels of wheat without affecting prices, or, alternatively, how it is going to store them without incurring storage charges of \$36,000,000 a year.

PAUPER LABOR AND CHILD LABOR are keeping the sugar bowls of America filled. In the beet fields of Colorado, for example, whole families get out and work under the blazing summer sun for wages that are not sufficient to meet the more essential needs of a single person. The wretched working conditions in these fields, and the pitifully small pay, have been made the subject of a special study by the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Colorado Knights of Columbus. As a result of this study Thomas F. Mahony, chairman of the committee, reported to the Third Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, which met recently in Denver, that the sugar companies have been "resorting to the family system of contract labor" to provide enough workers to raise and harvest the beets. Under this system, the report continues, "the sugar industry is able to escape responsibility and blame for the wholesale evasion" of the school-attendance and child-labor laws. More than that, the committee found that "the average wage per person was \$108 per year," and that even the present rate of pay was being cut without the notice the law requires. This should be comforting news to the Washington Administration, which has outwardly been so anxious to maintain wage rates. Obviously, as the report pointed out, "no family can exist" on such pay, and so "public and private charity agencies must be prepared to carry an increased burden this winter for the relief of this underpaid labor, thus subsidizing the sugar industry." And yet we are told that under the American system these poor unfortunates ought to see themselves through their difficulties.

DOES SECTION 13—the anti-monopoly section—of the 1927 radio law apply to the Radio Corporation of America? Apparently not, for otherwise the federal Radio Commission would most certainly have refused to

renew the broadcasting licenses held by that company. Instead, the commission decided, in face of the Supreme Court's recent decision holding the Radio Corporation and its affiliated interests to have violated the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, that RCA was entitled to retain its licenses. However, Section 13 clearly states that licenses must be denied anyone "finally adjudged guilty by a federal court of unlawfully monopolizing or attempting unlawfully to monopolize, after this act takes effect, radio communication, *directly or indirectly*, through the control of the manufacture or sale of radio apparatus, through exclusive traffic arrangements, or by any other means." In its decision of April 27 the Supreme Court did finally adjudge the Radio Corporation and its affiliated interests guilty of having exercised monopoly control over the manufacture and sale of radio apparatus. But three of the five commissioners decided that this had nothing to do with radio communication, even indirectly! Such fine logic-chopping may save the RCA for the time being, but the wind seems to be blowing in the other direction. First there was the April 27 decision; then on May 25 the Supreme Court held invalid the important Langmuir high-vacuum-tube patent, which has been described as "in large measure the foundation upon which the radio trust was built," and finally the Radio Commission was closely divided, three to two, on the question of renewing the RCA licenses.

WHILE THE DISMISSAL of Professor Herbert A. Miller from Ohio State University has received wide publicity throughout the country, the release of Dean Carl C. Taylor of the graduate school of North Carolina State College at Raleigh has been given almost **no attention outside the State**. Dr. Taylor, a man of strong character and high reputation, has been a member of the faculty of the North Carolina institution for eleven years and dean of the graduate school since 1923. He has long had differences with President E. C. Brooks, head of the college. According to the Greensboro *Daily News*, at about the beginning of June Dr. Taylor learned that he was under attack, and on June 8 the graduate school was abolished by the board of trustees as a measure of "economy"; so Dr. Taylor will be out of a job on October 1. According to Dr. Clarence Poe, who fought Dr. Taylor's battle in the board of trustees, the real issue was not economy or friction with the president, but

... the fight which some elements over the State have been making against Dr. Taylor in the matter of free speech. He is not a Communist, anarchist, or Socialist, as some are charging. . . . But suppose he were as radical as some are charging. I believe our colleges are in ten times more danger from professors who are afraid to tell the truth, from men who are too much afraid for their jobs to speak out about matters of public welfare, than they are from having professors go to the other extreme. Our colleges had better risk some radicalism than develop faculties noted for timidity and intellectual dry rot.

This is eminent good sense, and no institution can afford the injury to its reputation involved in ousting a man of Dr. Taylor's fine character and high standing.

ON JULY 11 George W. Norris, United States Senator from Nebraska, celebrates his seventieth birthday. To him go our warmest congratulations, our unceasing gratitude for his superb public service in both houses of Congress, and

the earnest hope that many more years of public activity lie before him, as many as those of our great Supreme Court Justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It seems to us that we can do nothing better than to reprint at this time part of the message to Senator Norris which we printed on December 26, 1923, affirming once more the sentiments therein:

Greeting! For twenty years you have sat in the seats of the powerful in Washington and served your country faithfully and well. During all that time, unlike many of your legislative associates, your soul has been your own, your vote the vote of conscience. Wherever you have gone men have respected you, political opponents have envied and feared you. They saw you enter the Senate a reformer, a progressive; some among them, laughing cynically and, pointing to many an example in the Senate chamber, declared: "The system will overcome him." The system found itself baffled by a brave and honest man. The years passed; you were progressive still. The Great War came, beclouding men's minds, instilling passion into their hearts, making them give out only words of hate and unreason. You remained clear in vision, temperate in speech, loyal to the core. You voted against the war which was a crime against America and its every ideal, and in so doing you kept the American faith. You have kept it ever since. Always you have been the captain of your soul.

IN PERIODS of economic and social distress such as the present we are sometimes prone to overlook the remarkable scientific research that is going on all about us, and to forget the infinite capabilities of the human mind. One page of the *New York Times* recently brought us four striking examples of the progress being made in the realm of pure and applied science. From Calcutta came the announcement that Sir Chandrasekhara Venkata, this year's Nobel prize winner in physics, had discovered "proof that light consists of particles possessing additional attributes of angular motion which hitherto have been regarded as theoretical." In a popular lecture in Berlin Professor Albert Einstein described "a dynamic conception of the universe which regards its size as changing with time, as against the older static conception which dealt with fixed magnitudes." Here in New York the International Telephone and Telegraph Company announced that "a device for recording telephone conversations, local, long distance, and transoceanic," had been perfected by Dr. Curt Stille, a Berlin scientist. Lastly, from Bochum, Germany, came the statement that "albumen can now be derived synthetically from coal." This statement was made before the Society for Coal Research by Professor Wilhelm Gluud, discoverer of the process. Three of these discoveries come from Germans. They illustrate the fact to which we have previously called attention—that under pressure of dire necessity German scientists are achieving as never before.

NOT SINCE A CERTAIN fabled color-blind captain entered the Black Sea in mistake for the Red have we had so remarkable a story of wild wanderings as those of Hillig and Hoiriis on their aerial "joy ride" to Denmark. Supposed to be heading for Copenhagen via Ireland and England, they became completely lost, wandered over Spain and over France, and finally landed by sheerest luck at Krefeld, Germany. Taking off from there they first hit Bremen and then Hamburg, finally turning up in Bremen

unable to move farther because of lack of sleep and exhaustion. In their case, "Wings over Europe" but states a fact. They, too, like Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, have shown again that the Atlantic can readily be spanned if conditions are favorable—a big if, for the Danes had a bad storm to contend with. The time of Post and Gatty, only sixteen hours from land to land, is phenomenal. If luck continues with them on their trip around the world, they will almost be back in New York by the time this paper reaches our subscribers—the eighty days of Jules Verne's imagination will have become ten days for American skill and enterprise in 1931! Mere records count, of course, for nothing. But the development of the art of long-distance flying warrants long hops. Only—we must once more express our antiquated regret that the world shrinks so rapidly, and that with it disappear so many chances for adventure and exploration.

THIS DEBUNKING of our national heroes ought to stop somewhere. It was perhaps useful to learn of some of the unpleasant facts in the lives of prominent American citizens long dead, but when the debunkers start in on our modern heroes more recently deceased, such as our highly prized gangsters and gunmen, it would seem high time to call a halt. We have for years been reading about the elaborate and expensive funerals given the more successful of the gang leaders, never doubting that these spectacular burials were as costly as they were said to be. But now a manufacturer of coffins has come forward to reveal the truth that the \$15,000 solid-silver caskets are actually made of cheaper stuff, the outside being sprayed with silver paint. They really cost only "\$200 to \$400," said this literal-minded person, adding that the cost of a whole funeral, "exclusive of the floral tributes, is much more apt to be less than \$1,000." And so we are deprived of another delightful legend. When or where will this ruthless revealing of truths which had better be forgotten come to an end?

BORN ALOYSIUS SMITH in Lancashire, known for many years in Africa as Zambezi Jack the peddler, Trader Horn has gone on his last adventure. He died in Kent, England, where, on the last strange turn of his fortunes, he had been living comfortably with a married daughter after a lifetime of financial uncertainty. He spent his youth in traveling about the world and his old age in telling of it to anyone who would listen. The happy circumstance that drove him in Cape Town to Mrs. Ethelfreda Lewis, who was able to make him tell his tales coherently and in a form she could write down, brought forth a book that thousands have enjoyed. From an itinerant peddler of kitchen wares, he became the pet of literary London and New York, dining at elegant tables, entertaining those who were not easily entertained with magnificent tales whose proportions of truth and fiction he had long since forgotten. Nor did it in the least matter. He was first a vigorous and enthusiastic traveler; then an aged and amusing raconteur. And not the least of his adventures was the one that brought him fame at eighty. When a young man becomes famous and then dies he is fortunate; when he lives to see his early eminence dwindle into obscurity he is the unhappiest of mortals; but when he lives through a long life unknown and rises to what for him are the heights of fame at a great age, he is chosen of the gods.

Now, Mr. Hoover, Disarm!

JUST what caused President Hoover to change his mind so suddenly as to Germany, reparations, and debts, we, being without the confidence of the White House, know not. But when the realization came to him at last that Europe was, as *The Nation*, and higher and better authorities than ourselves, had for weeks been maintaining, on the verge of a terrific catastrophe, President Hoover lost not a minute in acting and acting spontaneously and well. Late, of course, he was. It is yet to be shown how far a year's postponement of European payments will set the millions of unemployed in Europe and America to work, how far it will block the headlong plunge of the European Powers toward bankruptcy, anarchy, and chaos. But nothing has happened since our last issue appeared to make us question that a marvelous step toward the rehabilitation of Europe is now assured. More than that, we believe—tell it not in Gath, which is Paris—that the Young Plan payments will never be renewed in full, that the plan itself is definitely breached and must be made over, and that another advance has been made toward the rewriting of the Treaty, that is the Madness, of Versailles.

These things lie in the future. As soon as the decks are cleared—and we have no fears as to any serious obduracy on the part of France—the next immediate objective is the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, in 1932. There lies the next rampart to be taken by storm, for within it is one of the six or seven major causes of Europe's falling to its present low estate. The swollen armaments of Europe have contributed not one whit to its safety or peace. On the contrary, they are one of the potent reasons why Fear stalks abroad in all the lands overseas touched by the World War. And hand in hand with Fear run Suspicion and Hate, its handmaidens. Each government watches what the next is doing. Each government demands more ships and gases, men and guns, tanks and planes; yes, so do even the happily disarmed nations. If this state of dread and unrest and incredible waste is not concluded, there can be but one end to it all—another holocaust with dire results.

If any man would deny this contention, let us point out to him what the actual figures are: Belgium's debt payments to the United States were but 2.01 per cent of its budget for 1930-31, while for armaments it is expending 10.3 per cent. France paid only \$44,350,000 to the United States in 1930-31, while its military and naval expenditures reached the enormous sum of \$432,000,000—2.24 per cent against 21.9 per cent. Even in Great Britain, sorely harassed as it is, only 4.2 per cent of its budget came to us, while military and naval expenditures took 14 per cent. In Italy the comparison is even more striking. Its payments to the United States are only six-tenths of 1 per cent of its entire budget, while more than one-quarter, 25.4 per cent, goes to preparations for mass murder. So in Rumania, so in Poland. Only in Germany is the proportion reversed; its military and naval expenditures—still much too high—constitute 11.6 per cent of the total, whereas for reparations and external war charges Germany is assessed no less than 22.04 per cent of its outgo. If the mere forgiving of these smaller

sums for one year can thrill the whole world, set every market to throbbing, and specially cause to rejoice the nations of Europe, what would not be accomplished if the insane waste of money for armaments were even cut in half?

Fortunately, Mr. Hoover has come more than ever to see the tremendous opportunity to end this waste of treasure, this criminal diversion of valuable capital. He has not always seen clearly in this matter, nor striven toward the goal as effectively as possible. We are not forgetting his repeated appeals to the nations to disarm, but we must recall, too, the wretched tactics and strategy on our part in the all but abortive Naval Disarmament Conference in London. Headed in the right direction, Mr. Hoover has not picked the right men to represent us, nor known how to give them a program. He has not correctly portrayed in his public addresses the military situation and policies of the United States. He has repeatedly stated that we could not reduce our land armaments because we had already gone so far in that direction. Even in his address to the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington on May 4 last, he said: "The United States has a less direct interest in land-armament reduction than any of the large nations because our forces have already been demobilized and reduced more than all others." Obviously he forgot Germany and Austria and Hungary and Bulgaria—the beaten Powers now disarmed. He did real injustice to England, which alone has decreased its expenditures for army and navy, reduced its officers, and cut and slashed year by year until its Navy League is frantic, as Mr. MacDonald declared in his remarkable speech on June 29. He forgot his own Presidential message of December 3, 1929, in which he said: "After 1914 the [our] various army contingents necessarily expanded until the end of the Great War and then proceeded to the low point in 1924 when expansion again began. In 1914 the officers and men in our regular forces, both army and navy, were about 164,000; in 1924 there were about 256,000, and in 1929 there were about 250,000." In his next sentence he admitted that "our citizens' army, however, including the National Guard and other forms of reserves, increases these totals up to about 299,000 in 1914, about 672,000 in 1924, and about 728,000 in 1929." There has been no change since 1929 except in the direction of further increase—the War Department continues to commission reserve officers, and it is understood that there are now close to 110,000, although we did not have five such officers when we won the war to end war. How could Mr. Hoover forget facts like these—that our forces had been increased from 299,000 to 728,000 and more—and dare to say to the visiting members of the International Chamber of Commerce that our land armament has been "reduced more than all others"?

But if this is a sorry example of loose Presidential thinking, three recent happenings have given us hope that here, too, Mr. Hoover has seen a great light. In the first place, the President has announced that on his present trip to Europe Mr. Stimson will discuss the question of disarmament with the heads of other governments. Next, Mr. Stimson's publishing on June 15, voluntarily, a complete

statement of our effective military and naval forces (without reserves) is additional proof that the government is ready to lay its cards on the table even now. Finally, and most important, there is the Administration's recession on the matter of budgetary limitation of arms. No less than thirty-eight national organizations had appealed in June to Mr. Hoover to accept the principle. But at every conference hitherto the United States has opposed the plan of reducing armaments by limiting military and naval expenditure. Thus Ambassador Gibson has made the point that monetary fluctuations and differences in the various countries prevent this method of limitation from being "a true measure of armaments or a fair basis for limitation of armaments." The United States Government has also been opposed because acceptance would involve some form of international supervision by the League of Nations, and the United States did not wish to put itself in that position. Hence, the sudden change of position of Washington gives ground for hope that this time the United States will enter the Disarmament Conference with a fixed policy and, what is more important, a spirit of determination to achieve concrete results, instead of taking the attitude at the outset that it could not consider this or compromise on that, and that so far as its land forces were concerned it had nothing to yield, although its total military and naval expenditure, as Mr. Hoover himself has pointed out, is "in excess of those of the most highly militarized nations of the world," and the "programs now authorized will carry it to still larger figures in future years."

The way to disarm is to disarm. There is no prouder chapter in the history of the United States than the fact that during the first 111 years of our national history our regular army never rose above the figure of 25,000 men, and our fleet was negligible save during the Civil War; during this long period we never had a foreign war that was not of our own seeking. If Mr. Hoover were the ardent peace lover, the sincere and earnest Quaker, that he claims to be, he would have insisted from the moment of his taking office that there should not only be no further increases on land and at sea, but that our military and naval forces should be steadily reduced as conclusive proof to the other nations of the world of our sincerity in urging disarmament. If the other nations of the world have not believed in our sincerity in urging them to disarm, we have only ourselves to blame. Mr. Hoover should now enter the Disarmament Conference determined to disarm, and let it be known that the United States is ready to lead the way.

We have still another constructive suggestion to make. There are two men on the other side of the ocean, Prime Minister MacDonald and his Foreign Secretary, Mr. Henderson, who have their hearts set upon a great success at Geneva in February of next year. We urge upon Mr. Hoover that through Mr. Stimson or directly he come into touch with these two gentlemen, and agree with them upon a radical program of reduction as to material, ships, troops, and expenditures, to be presented jointly in the name of the two great Anglo-Saxon countries at the very opening of the conference. There could be no better or more effective strategy than thus to take the offensive, and none that would as certainly bring about a long step toward the freeing of the world from the criminal waste of armaments that protect nobody and are merely guaranties of the continuance of war.

Another Bleak Winter

THE people of this country generally know little of what the relief workers are thinking and saying these fine summer days. Winter is still five months away, but the almoners of charity are already turning their minds anxiously to the task that is going to confront them then. It might be interesting to know what arrangements police and military authorities are contemplating if the civil disorders that some of them fear actually break out. But even if the dumb patience of the unemployed survives the strain of added months of undeserved wretchedness, and even if business picks up somewhat, the winter of 1931-32 is going to be a desperately hard one.

Washington has persistently refused to admit anything, and the President was reported on his return from the Middle West as rejoicing in the disappearance of bread lines from our cities. Yet Leo M. Doody, commissioner of public welfare for Albany County, New York, declares that "the number of families who still need some aid is almost as great as it has been for the past eighteen months," while Fred C. Croxton, acting chairman of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment, in his recent appeal to the Association of Community Chests and Councils to prepare for next winter, said, in words whose significance is not concealed by their studied moderation:

It is evident that there has been no emergency since the war which has demanded the help of public-spirited organizations more than the present unemployment situation and the problems which are growing out of it. The committee realizes that whatever the trend of business during the balance of the year the demand for relief will be unusually heavy next fall and winter. In fact, information has reached us that unmet needs for relief during the spring and summer are urgent in certain localities. Experience has shown that primary dependence for meeting this need must be placed on local sources, both of private charity and of local government.

The Association of Community Chests, under the presidency of J. Herbert Case, is accordingly girding itself for the task of raising \$82,000,000 for the coming season. There will be 380 independent campaigns in the 380 chest cities, in order that the sacred principle of local responsibility may be preserved. But among the 133 cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants having no arrangements for syndicated charity drives are numbered New York, Chicago, and Boston, so that the total amount demanded for private charity will be vastly in excess of the figure above. Moreover, even this is but a small part of the entire sum that will be required. Mr. Croxton finds that of the total relief expenditures of sixty-eight cities in 1930, no less than 72 per cent came from taxes, and Homer Folks told the public-welfare officials of New York State flatly that "the bulk of the cost of unemployment relief will inevitably fall next year, as it did last, on the public treasury"—but not, be it said, on the federal Treasury or big income-taxpayers, thanks to Mr. Hoover. During the first four months of 1931 Mr. Croxton's cities spent for relief 75 per cent as much as during the whole of 1930. In view of such facts, what is our situation likely to be next winter, with savings increasingly exhausted by the

long months and years of unemployment, with charitable resources strained to the breaking-point by the enormous demands of the past two winters, and with steadily increasing difficulty in the collection of local taxes?

We wish the community chests all success in their difficult undertaking; but we regard the existing situation, with the federal government refusing to do anything, as outrageous and intolerable in a civilized country. Several of the more progressive cities have done helpful and even notable work in the effort to relieve their unemployed and to do what is possible, in connection with local industries, to steady employment. Some States are beginning to consider insurance. But Mr. Hoover flatly refuses to let the federal government act. His Emergency Committee has from the beginning been hamstrung by orders from above; it is a huge publicity bluff. Porter R. Lee, director of the New York School of Social Work, one of the members who resigned when Colonel Woods withdrew, declared publicly that the committee, though concerned with the possibility of increasing employment, could not be stirred up to any effective interest in the question of relief. Thus far, with the Department of Labor at his disposal, the President has won his battle against adequate records, adequate employment exchanges, unemployment insurance, and comprehensive planning, even though public opinion has moved forward since the prosperity-besotted days of 1929; and what with summer weather and the European debt move, he now has successfully diverted public attention from the whole unemployment question. Will the distresses of another bleak winter lead him to yield on any of the essentials of an intelligent program?

The Tardy Law

ON June 23 Bernard K. Marcus and Saul Singer, president and executive vice-president respectively of the Bank of United States, were sentenced to prison terms of from three to six years for wilful misapplication of funds in connection with one of the many tortuous operations of the bank. Herbert Singer, son of the vice-president, received an indeterminate sentence which may run from six months to three years. The Bank of United States was closed by the State Superintendent of Banks on December 11, 1930. The bank had sixty-two offices in New York City; its depositors, many of them with very small accounts, numbered nearly 400,000, and its deposits, two weeks before the collapse, aggregated over \$200,000,000. The trial of the accused officials lasted twelve weeks, and was preceded by as many weeks of tedious and rambling investigation. By the time the jury rendered its verdict, the particular rascalities of which Marcus and the Singers were found guilty had been lost sight of in the mass of evidence and argument with which the case had been obscured, and not one newspaper reader in a thousand, it is safe to say, had any clear idea of what the whole proceeding was about. Of the 400,000 depositors who had been embarrassed or ruined, not one benefited by so much as a penny by the conviction, and the case itself was promptly appealed.

The case of the Bank of United States was tried in the New York State courts. On June 5, three weeks earlier,

the United States District Court at New York dismissed the suit brought by the Bank of France against the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company for damages amounting to over \$5,200,000 regarding a shipment of gold from Soviet Russia to which the Bank of France laid claim. The claim was filed on March 6, 1928. The trial of the suit began on April 6 last, more than three years after the claim was filed, and lasted nine weeks, but the decision of the court dismissing the suit was handed down the next day.

These two cases afford a striking illustration of the difference in method between the State courts in criminal trials and federal courts in civil suits. The case of the Bank of United States was, to be sure, a complicated one, the financial operations of the bank having been juggled in amazing fashion, but it would be hard to make a layman believe that after the necessary examination of the bank's affairs had been completed—a task which certainly should not have consumed nearly three months—the issues upon which the guilt or innocence of Marcus and the Singers depended should not have been sufficiently clear to enable a jury to reach a verdict with reasonable promptness. Instead, the court allowed the trial to drag along for weeks and weeks while lawyers piled up 8,000 pages of evidence and technical argument.

The Soviet-gold case, on the other hand, was comparatively simple, involving in the main only the question whether the Bank of France had any legal title to the gold, and whether, for the purpose of enforcing its claim, it had any right to bring a suit in the courts of a country which has denied to the Soviet Government diplomatic recognition. A nine weeks' trial of a case of this kind is certainly not speedy, and there is little to be said in praise of a procedure which allowed counsel for the Bank of France to declare that the defendants "took this gold from a party they knew stole it," and to assert that the gold was taken to the Treasury Department in order to persuade the American Government "to change its ruling not to recognize the Soviet Russian Government." This is mixing evidence with political harangue. Even so, however, the court took only a few hours to make up its mind.

For such improvement as has taken place in the federal courts great credit belongs to Chief Justice Hughes, who has continued the work of speeding up procedure begun by Chief Justice Taft, with the result that the Supreme Court adjourned with its calendar cleared. The State courts, on the other hand, may well study the remarkable career of Judge George A. Shaughnessy of the Milwaukee municipal court, who has not only kept his docket cleared but also aided effectively in ridding the city of gangsters. The example of the Lord Mayor's court of London in completing in a few days the preliminary examination of Lord Kylsant, one of the foremost business leaders in England, on charges arising out of the management of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, is a recent testimony to the traditional speed of English law. We cannot afford to allow popular respect for the courts, already seriously impaired wherever important criminal trials or cases with a political slant are concerned, to decline any further. The public has a right to expect that extraneous matter shall be wholly excluded from court procedure, and that decisions shall be rendered with as much speed as in other countries.

Michigan Passes the "Spolansky Act"

By MAURICE SUGAR

Detroit, June 26

I

FEAR and rage are twins, born of the same necessity." The twins are stalking through Michigan. Michigan industrialists are scared—and wrathful. On May 18, 1931, the legislature of Michigan passed a registering, photographing, fingerprinting, excluding, deporting, and jailing act. Governor Wilber M. Brucker approved it.

The act provides that any person of foreign birth who has illegally entered the United States cannot maintain a legal residence in Michigan or travel within the State. He is "declared to have entered the State illegally," and is "subject to deportation"; and "shall when detected be denied admission at its borders." Such person "is prohibited from having employment or engaging in business within the State except as hereinafter in the penal section of this act provided." (The exception generously permits employment as a convict in the prisons of the State upon conviction of violating the act.) No employer shall have such person in his employ. And no one "shall associate with such person in business as a partner or otherwise."

"Certificates of legal residence" shall be issued to all aliens legally resident in Michigan "after they have established proof of legality of their entrance to the United States from the records of the office of the United States Bureau of Immigration." Application for the certificate is to be made to the commissioner of public safety, it being necessary to file with him the required evidence; and "photographs, fingerprints, or such other evidence of identification as the discretion of the commissioner shall demand may be required of all applicants."

Employers must require such persons to produce a certificate of legal residence and whenever an applicant cannot produce a proper certificate, the employer must "promptly report the circumstances to the commissioner of public safety, giving the name used and the address furnished by said applicant." It is made the duty of all police officers to arrest any alien who does not possess the certificate, and to hold him under arrest "until his right of residence shall be established" or until he is sent to prison, after which the officers "shall at once deliver the person of such alien to the officers of the United States Bureau of Immigration, together with an abstract of the evidence of the proceedings."

II

The act was introduced in the House of Representatives by Representative Charles W. Cheeney, of Chesaning, a very small upstate town. The measure is beginning to be spoken of, however, as the "Spolansky Act." There is no one by that name in the Michigan legislature, but there is someone in the employ of the National Metal Trades Association and in the officialdom of the Union League of Michigan. And to know the story of the "Spolansky Act," it is necessary to know the story of Jacob Spolansky and the National Metal Trades Association and the Union League of Michigan.

Michigan is an industrial State, and it has been hard hit by the depression. On March 6, 1930, over 100,000 persons participated in an unemployed demonstration in the city of Detroit alone. A frightened and brutal municipal officialdom savagely attacked these workers and gave Detroit a striking view of unrestrained terrorism and violence. Since then there have been innumerable demonstrations of unemployed workers throughout Michigan, with attendant brutality and disregard of law on the part of public officials. Welfare work has failed to allay this rising discontent.

Another influence has contributed to the fear and rage of the capitalistic interests of the State. During the past year every one of the fifteen "private" banks in the city of Detroit closed its doors. In addition to these private banks a number of other banks in the Detroit metropolitan area have also closed. A tabulation of the depositors in the private banks alone shows their number to be 34,330, and the amount of their deposits to be over six and a quarter million dollars. Add the number of depositors in other banks closed in the Detroit metropolitan area and the total would probably run to over 50,000. The depositors of the private banks were in large part workers of foreign birth. In most cases the amount on deposit represented the total savings of the worker.

III

Such was the situation when Jacob Spolansky appeared upon the scene. Spolansky, a native of Russia, first became known in Michigan through the raid which he headed for the Department of Justice upon the Communist convention held at Bridgman, Michigan, in 1922. He is remembered as secretary of Branch 1 of the Russian Federation of the Socialist Party at Chicago in 1918-19. It is believed that he acted as secretary of the Socialist branch in pursuance of his duties as an employee of the United States Department of Justice. In reporting a speech which he made in Detroit before the Union League of Michigan in December, 1930, the *Detroit News* said:

During the World War he served in the Military Intelligence Section, Negative Division, of the United States Army. From 1918 to 1924 he was in charge of the Chicago District Intelligence Division of the Department of Justice. In 1926 he was retained by private interests in connection with the Communist strike in the textile industry at Passaic, New Jersey. In 1927 he was brought to Detroit to make a detailed survey of communistic and radical activities in the automotive industries.

The report of the Fish committee gave express recognition to Spolansky.

Spolansky has been in Detroit for some time as "special representative" of the National Metal Trades Association, and he has been cooperating with the immigration authorities. Under cross-examination in a deportation hearing held in Detroit last April, he disclosed that his employer, the National Metal Trades Association, has branches "in Detroit and thirty-eight other cities"; that the members of this asso-

ciation in Detroit are "General Motors plants, Chrysler Corporation, all the leading automobile manufacturers in this town with the exception of Henry Ford"; that the principal part of his work is "industrial-relations work"; that "quite a few people" are working under him; that he is "doing work in connection with subversive activities"; that a part of his work is "knowing the activities of the Communist Party in Detroit"; and that he receives "quite a lot of reports from different sources as to communistic activities in plants connected with the National Metal Trades Association."

Spolansky is vice-chairman of the Committee on Subversive Activities of the Union League of Michigan, which organization has an interesting official personnel. The chairman of its Council on Public Affairs is Colonel Walter C. Cole, former executive vice-president of the Metropolitan Trust Company of Detroit, director of the Detroit Board of Commerce, member of the Committee on National Defense of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and national president of the Reserve Officers Association of the United States.

Other officers and directors of the Union League are Frank W. Blair, chairman of the board of the Guardian Detroit Union Group, Inc., one of the largest banking institutions in the country, and director of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company and other corporations; Charles S. Mott, banker, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, officer of eight other large banks and corporations, colonel of the Ordnance Corps Reserves, member of the Spanish War Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Rotary, Kiwanis, and three Army and Navy clubs; James R. Davidson, director of a number of banks, officer of ten steamship companies, director of a railroad company, and member of the Republican National Committee; Charles B. Warren, corporation lawyer, banker, ex-ambassador to Japan and Mexico, colonel in the United States army, nominated by Coolidge for the office of attorney general and rejected by the Senate by one vote because of too obvious connections with the sugar interests; J. Walter Drake, automobile manufacturer, Assistant Secretary of Commerce under Coolidge, director United States Chamber of Commerce; H. B. Earhart, president White Star Refining Company, Vacuum Oil Company, National Bank of Commerce of Detroit; George R. Fink, president Michigan Steel Corporation; Charles T. Bush, vice-president Industrial Morris Plan Bank of Detroit, director Guaranty Trust Company; Lawrence P. Fisher, William A. Fisher, and Fred J. Fisher, all vice-presidents of General Motors Corporation; Hal P. Smith, general counsel Michigan Manufacturers Association; Clarence L. Ayres, president American Life Insurance Company, appointee of Governor Brucker as chairman of the State Advisory Finance and Accounting Council, other members of the council being Frank W. Blair and Charles B. Warren, already mentioned as officers of the Union League, and Arthur T. Waterfall, director Michigan Manufacturers Association.

On the Committee on Subversive Activities, along with Spolansky, there appear Chester M. Culver, general manager Employers Association of Detroit, and William H. Godson, instructor United States Army Organized Reserves and colonel in the regular army. A distinguished member of the advisory board of the Union League is none other than Wilber M. Brucker, Governor of Michigan.

The report of the Committee on Subversive Activities of the Union League of Michigan states that it "sponsored a series of meetings which were addressed by prominent speakers representing both sides of this question." "Both sides" must have been on the same side, because no one spoke in favor of the "other side." Spolansky was the star speaker. He spoke on two occasions, in his first talk narrating with relish his participation in the Palmer red raids in 1920, and playing upon his hearers' fears of Soviet Russia. In his second talk he emphasized the value of the report of the Fish committee, which had not yet been made. Seated at Spolansky's immediate left during this talk were Governor Brucker and the Honorable Charles B. Warren. All the talks led up to the address of Chester M. Culver, general manager of the Employers Association of Detroit, who made it clear that every strike in Detroit during the past fifteen years had been caused by Communist propaganda. Not wages nor hours nor working conditions had anything to do with these strikes.

The report of the committee is virtually a summary of the report of the Fish committee, a large part of it consisting of extracts from that document. The recommendations include the enactment of laws providing for the registration of all aliens, the immediate deportation of all alien Communists, the disfranchisement of native American citizens members of the Communist Party, the denaturalization of naturalized citizens affiliated with the Communist Party, and a prohibition of the placing of the name of the Communist Party on any election ballot.

IV

On the morning of May 19, 1931, Michigan awoke to discover that two days previous to adjournment the State legislature had passed the "Spolansky Act." Though it had been introduced more than a month before, not a single line had been given to it by the press. The legislature had not concerned itself with a single piece of legislation pertaining to the vital problems of the State, but had passed a bill sponsored by the D. A. R. to require school teachers to take an oath of allegiance to the country and its flag, had enacted measures regulating the occupations of cosmeticians and chiropodists, and had made the robin the State bird. There has been no confirmation of the rumor that the Union League will seek the repeal of this last measure because of the color of the robin's breast. Although unemployment had assumed tremendous proportions, no measure concerning this problem had as much as appeared in either house.

The Detroit *Free Press*, which quickly came out in favor of the "Spolansky Act," stated in its first news dispatch:

The measure was drafted by the Subversive Activities Committee of the Union League of Michigan after a series of weekly conferences with federal authorities in Detroit last winter. The lawmakers were told that one of the principal aims of the legislation is to reach Communists and Socialists who are attempting to stir unrest. W. D. Edenburn, lobbyist for the automobile industry and member of the Union League committee, guided the bill through the legislature.

The dispatch also stated that when one of the three dissenting senators attempted to have consideration of the bill postponed, "Senator Chester M. Howell told his colleagues the issue should not be delayed 'because the less that is said about the bill, the better it will be for all concerned.'"

V

According to the census of 1930 the number of foreign-born in Michigan is 840,268, of whom the number naturalized is 382,980, while 21,930 are listed "unknown." A dispatch in the *Detroit Times* presented as follows the contention of members of the staff of the attorney general who had studied the bill:

The practical effect of the law is to require all persons who are not obviously American-born to carry and be ready to produce at all times proof of their citizenship, birth, or right of entry into the United States. Any policeman may require this proof. The law says he may hold any alien who has not a certificate issued by the commissioner of public safety. The result will be that he will hold any one, citizen or alien, who cannot prove his right to be in the United States.

It is obvious that the bill will apply not only to aliens but to all foreign-born men, women, and children, since the required certificate would furnish their only protection, and even then not protection from arrest. The burden is thrown upon the alien to prove his legal entry into the country, and in thousands of cases this will be an impossibility. Efficient enforcement will require the State to set up a bureau of immigration and to patrol the State borders so that persons who seek to enter from Indiana or Ohio or Wisconsin can be scrutinized. Under the provisions of this law many persons not subject to federal deportation will nevertheless not be permitted to live in the State of Michigan, being unable to qualify as "legal residents"; and it requires only a recollection of the reign of terror which existed during the regime of Attorney General Palmer, so proudly recalled by Spolansky, to visualize the application of the law in the demoralization of workers' groups, of citizens equally with foreign-born, seeking to improve their conditions, and in the breaking of strikes for higher wages or shorter hours or improved working conditions. It is difficult to conceive of a more effective blacklist than that which will be furnished by the registration required under this law.

The passage of the measure created a great stir in the State. The Governor removed all doubts about his prior acquaintance with the bill by stating at once and emphatically that he proposed to sign it and that no one need make effort to dissuade him. But he reckoned without the tremendous foreign-born population of Michigan's industrial centers, and of Detroit in particular. He was swamped with protests. As if by signal members of all of the racial groups in the State became articulate, and these groups by no means represented aliens alone. The foreign-language press was vociferous in its protests. The latent liberal element was heard from. Working-class organizations of every conceivable type and character were stirred into action. The Governor became a little less cocksure; so when the Detroit Civil Liberties Union presented to him arguments to prove that the bill was unconstitutional, he suddenly professed an interest. He referred the bill to the office of the attorney general for an opinion upon its constitutionality, stating that if it were found to be unconstitutional, he would veto it.

The study of the constitutionality of the act was referred to Assistant Attorney General Charles Rubiner, who prepared a long opinion in which he found the act to be unconstitutional. Then a strange thing happened. The Governor and the entire staff of the attorney general went

into a huddle which lasted for four hours. It seemed that the problem of the Governor had become additionally complicated because some of the manufacturers of the State were apprehensive about the provisions of the bill which applied to them and made them subject to criminal prosecution. That was going a little too far. This apprehension, which resulted in representations being made to the Governor by some of the interests who had favored the legislation, was speedily allayed. According to the *Detroit Times*:

Assistant Attorney General Clardy urged the Governor to sign the bill, although his superior, Paul W. Voorheis, Attorney General, had advised the executive that the measure is unconstitutional. This opinion is shared by all of the assistant attorneys general except Clardy. Governor Brucker acted on Clardy's theory that there will be enough of the act left to make a workable law after the courts have nullified the unconstitutional provisions. *Clardy admits the section prohibiting the employer from hiring unregistered aliens is invalid.*

The result of the huddle was this: the opinion of the assistant attorney general did not become the opinion of the attorney general, because the attorney general refrained from signing the opinion prepared by the assistant attorney general. Newspaper dispatches referred to the incident by stating that the opinion was "suppressed." And the Governor, having no opinion from the attorney general to the effect that the act was unconstitutional, signed it, stating: "While the attorney general has indicated that some questions of constitutionality may be raised on certain provisions, yet it appears that at least that part of the act may stand which compels registration." Apparently the Governor feels that the purpose of the bill to destroy the militant labor movement of the State would be virtually accomplished by the enforcement of this provision alone.

VI

Immediately upon the signing of the bill action to restrain its enforcement was instituted in the federal court by the Detroit Civil Liberties Union, acting in cooperation with other groups, the attorneys being Patrick H. O'Brien, former circuit judge and well-known liberal, Theodore Levin and Nathan L. Milstein, recognized as outstanding authorities on matters of immigration and constitutional law, and Fred M. Butzel, prominent Detroit philanthropist and social worker, and brother of Henry M. Butzel, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan. A temporary order was issued by the newly appointed United States District Judge Ernest A. O'Brien, restraining the State officials from enforcing the act. The hearing is expected to be held in the latter part of June, and the attorney general of the State of Michigan, who, it would appear, is of the view that the law is unconstitutional, will argue that it is constitutional.

In the meantime, more significant opposition is becoming manifest. Movements are under way by workers to stage gigantic demonstrations and protests against the law. Many political observers are of the view that when the Governor signed the bill he signed also his own political death warrant. However that may be, there is little room for conjecture about the stimulating effect of the law upon the growing class consciousness of the workers. Perhaps nothing has ever occurred in the State of Michigan which has aroused the workers as has the passage of the "Spolansky Act."

President Hoovers' Record

III. The President's Economics*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

WHEN Herbert Hoover entered the White House, there were widespread expressions of satisfaction over the accession to the Presidency of an engineer and business man of wide experience who would lead the country, not as a politician, but as an economist, taking careful account of all relevant facts, and shaping policy in accordance with them. Today that illusion has faded. Facts and expert opinion alike are brushed aside when they do not agree with preconceived policies, and it has been generally discovered that the President's economics is the economics, not of the trained student of social affairs, but simply of a successful though not highly intelligent mining engineer and business executive. It is, in fact, the economics of 1831, not 1931. Mr. Hoover's lack of skill in dealing with Congress is often ascribed to his long habit of command in large affairs. When it comes to explaining his thinking, however, it is too often forgotten that the training and experience of his formative years were those of the mining engineer and promoter, engaged in the most speculative, ruthless, and exploitative of all industries, and that when the war brought him into public service, his work was the administration of material relief on a huge scale, and later, as Secretary of Commerce, the purely business task of trade promotion. Of the theoretical training that accustoms one to see an economic problem as a whole in all its relations he has none, and he discloses a surprising inability to translate experience into broader thinking.

The outgrowth of his training and experience is a kind of belated and bastard individualism, whose essence consists in letting the strong business man have his own way as far as possible, in the faith that the production of goods will thereby be most effectively increased. Thus there will be more for everybody, and the general interest will be served by the self-helping activities of the captain of industry. To this theory the President is passionately, not to say fanatically, devoted. No amount of evidence that things are not working out as his theory requires suffices to shake his confidence in it. Society to him seems to be a congeries of disparate individuals, not an intimately related series of members in which an injury to one is necessarily the concern of all. In his little book on "American Individualism" Mr. Hoover stated, with all the emphasis of italics:

Our individualism differs from all others because it embraces these great ideals: *that while we build our society upon the attainment of the individual, we shall safeguard to every individual an equality of opportunity to take that position in the community to which his intelligence, character, ability, and ambition entitle him; that we keep the social solution free from frozen strata of classes; that we shall stimulate effort of each individual achievement; that through an enlarging sense of responsibility and understanding we shall assist him to this attainment, while he in turn must stand up to the emery wheel of competition.*

The President's naive conception is clearly revealed again in his well-known King's Mountain speech of October 7, 1930: "In the American system, through free and universal education, we train the runners, and strive to give them an equal start; the government is the umpire of its fairness. The winner is he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, the strongest character." To the President the economic process, then, is a race between individuals (and a fair race at that) for prizes, not a collective undertaking whereby individual competition is directed to supply the food and clothing and other things needed by society. Further, in his thinking the prizes go to those who morally ought to get them. Actually they go to those who enjoy the greatest privilege through property ownership and other legal advantages, and to those who are self-regarding, ruthless, and wolfish in seizing opportunities.

In further illustration of Mr. Hoover's capacity for objective judgment in matters of this kind, the following passage, published in 1922, deserves quotation:

In Russia under the new tyranny a group, in pursuit of social theories, have destroyed the primary self-interest impulse of the individual to production. Although socialism in a nation-wide application has now proved itself with rivers of blood and inconceivable misery to be an economic and spiritual fallacy and has wrecked itself finally upon the rocks of destroyed production and moral degeneracy, I believe it to have been necessary for the world to have had this demonstration.

By contrast with the Russian disaster, there is in Mr. Hoover's mind no question of the success of our own scheme. As he said in his speech of acceptance, back in the almost forgotten days of 1928: "With impressive proof on all sides of magnificent progress, no one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system." As satisfactory proof of his point he declares that we have more youth in institutions of higher learning than all the rest of the world put together; we consume four times as much electricity and have seven times as many automobiles per capita as they; our telephones and radio sets are four times as common as theirs, and our paupers only one-twentieth as numerous. Forgetting all the other advantages we have enjoyed, the President sees our happy situation as due to the incontrovertible superiority of the industrial scheme which he so passionately defends against all the inroads of social control. "We must follow our own destiny. Our ideals are a binding spiritual heritage. We cannot abandon them without chaos." What chance have plain facts and sober economic analysis in face of such spiritual fervor as this?

As for the practical conclusions of this belief, we learn from the speech of acceptance: "Government should not engage in business in competition with its citizens. Such actions extinguish the enterprise and initiative which has been the glory of America and which has been the root of its preeminence among the nations of the world." On this text President Hoover

* The third of a series of ten articles on President Hoover's Record. The fourth, President Hoover and Unemployment, by Senator Robert M. La Follette, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

has rung the changes in speech after speech. On this basis he vetoed the Muscle Shoals bill, alleging against it various bad reasons which really bore no relation to his inextinguishable opposition to government enterprise, succinctly expressed in his annual message of December 3, 1929: "I do not favor the operation by the government of either power or manufacturing business except as an unavoidable by-product of some other major public purpose."

Even regulation is only grudgingly allowed. The government should keep hands off unless it is absolutely obliged to take action. Because we substantially confer a monopoly on public utilities, indeed, we must regulate their services and rates, but the industries which produce and distribute commodities, like oil, steel, lumber, coal, copper, and manufactured goods of all kinds, must be left entirely to the control of competition, with such cooperation as the government can afford to the competitors. Yet, in fact, every government in the world, our own included, has been absolutely obliged under the conditions of modern economic life to abandon the idea of unrestricted competition as an adequate regulator of the production and distribution of wealth, and has supplemented it with, or substituted for it, a measure of social control so great that it is rapidly changing the very character of the economic process. It is, I believe, not unfair to assert that the fundamentals of Mr. Hoover's economics had been abandoned by most intelligent economists before Mr. Hoover was born. They are little more than a rationalization of the prejudices and desires of business men of the predaceous type, among whom chiefly will be found today any serious support for such views.

How has the President's economics met the test of actual application? At his inauguration he faced an insistent demand for farm relief. Agriculture, overexpanded during the war, carrying an impossible burden of high land costs due to high war prices, and of high prices for manufactured goods, in some cases tariff-inflated, called loudly for help to a country wallowing in prosperity. The obvious remedy for the situation, on the basis of the President's theories, was to take off any government-imposed handicaps on agriculture, and then if necessary to let the farmers fail, let the poorer land go out of cultivation, let the amount of agricultural produce decline, and thus raise agricultural by comparison with other prices, restoring to agriculture that "equality" with manufactures about which much is said and little is done. But the farmers have millions of votes, so Mr. Hoover after long hesitation came out for "a Federal Farm Board . . . not only to still further aid farmers' cooperatives and pools . . . but especially to build up with federal finance farmer-owned and farmer-controlled stabilization corporations which will protect the farmer from the depressions and demoralizations of seasonal gluts and periodical surpluses." Yet in calling for action he declared: "No governmental agency should engage in the buying and selling and price-fixing of products, for such courses can lead only to bureaucracy and domination." Now the Grain Stabilization Corporation subsidiary to the Farm Board is in fact almost exactly the kind of price-fixing agency the President had denounced; yet he was able to praise highly the whole measure establishing the board.

We know the result. The Farm Board has probably helped the cooperatives somewhat, though not always wisely. It has lost \$90,000,000 or more of the taxpayers' money in speculation ("stabilization operations"), has demoralized the

produce markets, and has accumulated vast stocks of wheat and cotton that hang over those markets like the sword of Damocles. Meanwhile agricultural prices have plunged downward to the lowest levels known in forty years. President Hoover is not responsible for those prices. He is responsible for sponsoring a scheme of "farm relief" embodying features so inept, so unsound economically, so contrary to all the teachings of experience that its disastrous results were clearly foretold by competent critics before it was inaugurated.

The tariff tells the same story. Mr. Hoover's supporters saw in him a great internationalist, prepared by broad experience to cope with the complex problems of international trade in the post-war world. In fact his Department of Commerce had been primarily a glorified sales agency. His campaign speeches had been filled with unreasoned predictions of "floods of goods" and tumbling wages and wrecked homes if the tariff were lowered. In the incredibly confused Boston address of October 15, 1928, he had managed, by lugging in the intricacies of "polyangular" trade, to deny the truism that if you hinder imports you must by so much hinder exports, and that if you hinder American imports you make it just so much the harder for European governments to pay their war debts to us. As if that were not enough, he further demonstrated his entire lack of any understanding of the tariff problem by urging revision of rates in any industry in which there had been a slackening of activity in recent years, thus in effect urging the maintenance of every industry just where it stood after the war, and preventing any better use of world resources. To equalize the difference in costs of production at home and abroad, he declared, was only to take from foreign producers the advantages they derive from paying lower wages to labor. That is, the only differences in costs of production are differences in wages. Has the President never heard that it is just the lowness of other costs that makes high wages possible, and that American exports of agricultural products and steel and machinery and automobiles and all the other goods produced at such low costs as to be exportable are turned out by the highest-paid labor in the world?

In view of his whole record it was singularly appropriate that President Hoover should sign the Smoot-Hawley bill in face of the formal protest of 1,028 members of the American Economic Association. In all the crises through which that measure passed, not once did he exercise his leadership effectively to prevent the enactment of rates that were economically unsound and injurious, politically unwise to a degree, and internationally provocative at a time when all the world was in need of healing. The act embodies an ignorant, narrow, selfish, predatory economics that carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction.

President Hoover's contemptuous disregard for facts, to use no stronger term in characterizing his treatment of them, was no less apparent in his veto of the Muscle Shoals bill than in his management of the tariff issue, and it has run all through his handling of the great question of prosperity and depression, which has also disclosed his extraordinary lack of understanding of the real working of economic forces. During the months of mad speculation between March 4 and October 23, 1929, no word of warning came from the White House. There is good reason for believing that the crash took by surprise the President and his advisers, living in the fool's paradise of the "new economics." Then came the hasty and spectacular conferences with business leaders to restore pros-

perity by proclamation, and on December 3, 1929, the economist in the White House declared:

I am convinced that through these measures we have re-established confidence. Wages should remain stable. A very large degree of industrial unemployment and suffering which would otherwise have occurred has been prevented. Agricultural prices have reflected the returning confidence. The measures taken must be vigorously pursued until normal conditions are restored.

The agricultural situation is improving.

Then followed the long months of evasion and misrepresentation of facts, in the doubtless well-intended, but blundering and bewildered attempt to conjure prosperity out of the vasty deep, while conditions inexorably went from bad to worse. And then, all the conjure magic having failed, there came the official discovery of "world-wide depression" as the demon responsible for our industrial woes. Can anyone point to a White House utterance disclosing any real comprehension of the underlying causes of that depression, so far as they have been worked out by the most competent economists, or any proposal for action based on a recognition of those causes? Until the President's recent call for a year's postponement of payments on war debts and reparations, not one. Even that action, highly commendable as it is, cannot fairly be interpreted as arising out of a clear comprehension of the economic realities of our situation. On the contrary, in his Cleveland speech the President, in his extraordinary English, insisted on the point that he has just recently reiterated at Indianapolis: "Because the present depression is world-wide and because its causes are world-wide, does not require that we should wait upon the recovery of the rest of the world. We can make a

very large degree of recovery independently of what may happen elsewhere." The same old illusion that a selfish, independent national prosperity is possible reappears, the same old eagerness to snatch prosperity for ourselves.

The months of failure of the tactics of ballyhoo, however, reminded the President of his distrust of government action, and in his annual message of December 2 last he announced: "Economic depression cannot be cured by legislative action or executive pronouncement. Economic wounds must be healed by the action of the cells of the economic body, the producers and consumers themselves. Recovery can be expedited and its effects mitigated by cooperative action." It is government action through wars and indemnities and tariffs and nationalistic restrictions and burdens of all kinds that has certainly contributed powerfully to the present situation, if not actually created it, as the President's action to save Germany now testifies. Yet in his capacity of economist Mr. Hoover disclaims government responsibility and blithely passes on the task of recovery to "the cells of the economic body." If those cells are undernourished because of unemployment, he sturdily resists all attempts to feed them by the use of federal power, lest we extinguish "the enterprise and initiative which has been the glory of America." Perhaps as we move on toward the third winter of unemployment, those hungry cells will draw comfort and sustenance from the utterance of the economist candidate at Boston in 1928: "The present issue is the well-being and comfort and security of the American family and the American home. On that issue my party presents, as proof of its capacity, the record of the growing comfort and security of the past seven years." How long ago 1928 seems!

The Enemy of Mankind

By ALBERT GUERARD

[In view of the world-wide interest in the position of the French Government with reference to President Hoover's proposal of a year's postponement of all payments on war debts and reparations, the following article on the state of public opinion in France, by a distinguished Franco-American scholar, is of special timeliness.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

CERTAIN people (in benighted France) are fond of pointing an accusing finger at the "enemy of mankind." The "enemy" may change: perfidious Albion, the incorrigible Boche, Mussolinian Italy, barbarous Russia, Uncle Sham—the name does not matter. It is the "myth of a guilty nation" that provides unspeakable comfort to the virtuous. Patriotic righteousness thrives on scapegoats.

Naturally, two or more can play at that game. If Georges Duhamel denounces "America, the Menace," America may retort by declaring that France is a public nuisance. Odd that while as individuals Americans and Frenchmen may get on famously, the two sister republics can do nothing but squabble like fishwives. Acrimony breeds acrimony, and so *ad infinitum*.

How can we break the vicious circle? Offering the other cheek would do it; but neither France nor America is a Christian nation—can a nation be Christian and live?

The root of the evil lies in the *national fallacy*—in the romantic notion that France is a person, with a definite character, a clear-cut thought, a will of her own. I have lived a quarter of a century in France; I have studied and taught her history and literature for an even longer period; I have come across many people who claimed to be "France" as loudly as William Randolph Hearst claims to be "America"; and I have not been able to convince myself that Jaurès and Déroulède, Anatole France and Paul Bourget, Romain Rolland and Charles Maurras, Louis Marin and Aristide Briand were identical and interchangeable.

The patriotic gospel in its purity is fascism; every thought that is not strictly "national" is an act of treason. There we have unanimity—artificial no doubt, but impressive and potent. Roughly speaking, Mussolini is Italy; or, if you prefer, Italy is Mussolini speaking roughly. Some Americans affect to believe that similar conditions prevail in France. Professor Carlton Hayes has a book on "France: A Nation of Patriots"; and R. E. Sherwood calls France "a Monadnock among nations." "Let the beautiful conception of the brotherhood of man and universal peace sweep across the earth and level the horizon, and France will remain, a solitary peak." This is eloquent, but singularly contrary to patent facts. "The brotherhood of man" was preached by quite a

few representative Frenchmen, such as Victor Hugo, long before Mr. Sherwood started reviewing books. And if the official doctrine of the French Republic (the rights of man, liberty, equality, fraternity) is not universally accepted in France, it is because there is no nation so frankly, so irremediably divided as France—unless it be modern Germany.

Briand, openly supported by the Socialists, pacifists, and internationalists, missed the Presidency by only a narrow margin. It is difficult to think of a major country in which such a champion of peace, reconciliation, and world organization would have had as good a chance. I doubt whether the editor of *The Nation* would be considered good Presidential timber in this republic of ours. France has her fascists and her Hitlerites, such as the *Action Française* group; they are vocal, even strident, but negligible. The French conservatives, including M. Poincaré, are no worse than the Tory diehards. The French radicals, of the Herriot-Painlevé type, are pink pills for pale people, but compare favorably with the liberals anywhere. In addition to those two moderate coalitions, committed to some form of nationalism, France has an enormous internationalist vote, for which there is no equivalent in this country. Apart from minor groups of socialistic trimmers and shilly-shalliers, the S. F. I. O. (French Section of the Workers' International) had 1,698,000 votes in 1928, out of a total of 9,351,000. Further left, the Communists polled 1,064,000. Their joint forces numbered 2,762,000, practically 30 per cent of the electorate. Naturally, Messrs. Maurras and Coty, those *abstrakteurs de quintessence* who represent a handful of sophisticates, will tell us that these men in their millions are not French. A disinterested student has a right to smile. It was Bagehot, I think, who said: "‘Un-English’ is a perfect fallacy in one word." So is "un-French."

"France," in international affairs, means the French Government. Even when a country is ruled by a man of iron will, a Richelieu, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Mussolini, his actions are far less systematic than old-fashioned historians would have us believe. The most formidable of tyrants grope, fumble, and stumble. There is no Richelieu in Paris today; and there is no policy that "France" is "relentlessly" pursuing. Between the rabid traditionalists, still dreaming of hegemony, and the out-and-out Communists, who want the French Soviet Republic to federate with Moscow, we find a bewildered aggregate of politicians, "with both ears on the ground," trying to thread their precarious way between ever-shifting groups. The same confusion prevails in all free countries. In those under a dictatorship confusion is worse confounded still beneath its imperious mask. One land alone has achieved consistency, and that is ours. For the last ten years we have so resolutely refused to think and to act that, at any rate, the world knows what to expect of us—and what *not* to expect: namely, leadership.

The French policy, therefore, is not a definite plan which we can no less definitely oppose; it is a wobbly resultant of many conflicting tendencies. Varying with the delicate balance of power at home, it changes also with the shifting of partners and opponents abroad. If the French elections affect the Quai d'Orsay, so do the German elections. The France that deals with Curtius is not quite the same as the France that cooperated with Stresemann, and still another France—unpleasantly bristling, I am afraid—would face Hitler tomorrow.

Retrospectively, however, it is not impossible to plot the general lines of French diplomacy; and we may surmise that its trend will remain unchanged in the immediate future. On the whole, the tendency thus defined may be identified with Briand. It is not a powerful organized party that has kept Briand at the Foreign Office for so many years; neither is it the prestige of a commanding personality. Briand has no genius except for conciliation; he is not a driving force, only a marvelously sensitive indicator. In the recent crisis *Le Temps* and *Notre Temps*, usually poles asunder, agreed that any foreign secretary would have to follow Briand's policy; only he might do so with less experience, skill, and prestige. And Briand, in his turn, may be identified with the spirit of Locarno.

The French Nationalists had their way after 1920, not in the extreme form of a military dictatorship, but in the much milder form of legalistic Poincaréism. They went into the Ruhr: the result was that Poincaré, in 1924, lost the general elections, and that the President who had backed him, Millerand, was compelled to resign. Poincaré the financial expert came back and saved the franc; Poincaré of the Ruhr stays dead, with Millerand's corpse in the next vault. Foch was a national idol; but his political views were quietly ignored.

A Frenchman, Léon Bourgeois, had advocated and baptized the *Société des Nations* even before the war. France indorsed the Wilson League, has remained constantly loyal to it, would like to see it provided with teeth. France, "the enemy of mankind," has joined everything that promised to make for peace and conciliation: League and World Court, Protocol, Locarno, Dawes Plan, Young Plan, Kellogg Pact. France has welcomed Germany into the League, with a permanent seat in the Council. France has recognized Soviet Russia. France has proposed the United States of Europe. It is an impressive record compared with ours; in ten years we have not been able to show ourselves as bold and as liberal even as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

If we attempt to rationalize into a program the trend of French policy, we may come to such a result as this:

1. France wants peace more than we do, for she has suffered from war immensely more than we have. She desires disarmament more than we do, for her burden, in proportion, is heavier than ours. But she believes that peace must be based on world organization. If we do not trust one another enough to agree upon law and tribunal, how can we trust one another enough to disarm? France wants to be able *either* to carry a gun or to rely upon the police. She is not unduly nervous; she has to be more cautious than we. If Mexico, with a grievance, had a population one and a half times as great as ours, if in addition Canada were a hostile country with a population equal to ours, and growing faster, if Japan's coasts were twenty miles away from ours instead of 5,000, we might see the disarmament problem in a different light. Yet we, unthreatened, maintain a navy second to none; our military expenditures are exactly double those of France (\$772,984,000 to \$357,556,000); France has reduced the term of service from three years to one, and the total army establishment from 790,000 in 1913 to 467,987 in 1930.

2. France stands for international law. She does not maintain that treaties should never be revised, but that they should be revised only by a peaceful and orderly process.

The Versailles iniquity, vitiated by the use of force, is being gradually superseded by free agreements among equals. Not Versailles, but Locarno, is now France's title to her eastern frontier; and for the economic stipulations of Versailles the Dawes and Young plans were substituted.

3. As a consequence, the nations which also desire that the status quo should not be disturbed by force naturally look to France as their leader. It is not France that is grouping them in order to secure her hegemony; they are liabilities, not assets. France is safe on the Rhine; she has no desire to incur responsibilities on the Vistula. Her alleged hegemony is a myth. The hegemony of Germany in Central Europe might be very real; the territories are contiguous, and there are already many Germans on the spot, with unforgotten traditions of predominance. But France is absolutely powerless to enforce her will upon Czecho-Slovakia or Poland. They stand by her only in so far as she is defending international law.

4. If such countries as Poland, Yugoslavia, and Rumania are militarized, it is not at the instigation of France, but because they are directly threatened—by Russia, Bulgaria, Italy. With their regimes and methods France has no more sympathy than we have. But this is no reason why they should be the victims of injustice; two wrongs do not make a right. Why should Poland, for instance, lose her access to the sea, with an overwhelmingly Polish population? Why should the Magyars, a small minority in Transylvania, lord it again over the Rumanian masses? Why should Yugoslavia, which has already lost at least half a million souls and

her only modern port to Italy, be entirely and forever at Italy's mercy? France is not creating a league within the League, and does not say: "My friends, right or wrong." Every question has to be examined on its own merits.

5. In the debt question France has never stopped payment to us, even at the most bitter moment of the controversy. About her commercial debt (pre-war and post-war) there has never been any question. Her contention is that the war debts properly so called form part of the general settlement, and are to be discussed in connection with the reparation problem. This is not sentiment, but common sense. We may close our eyes to the obvious facts, but the Young Plan is manifestly based upon that assumption. France refuses to admit that we shall insist upon her repaying the uttermost farthing while letting the Germans go scot-free.

The "enemy of mankind" is neither France nor Germany, neither Russia nor America. Right and wrong never exactly coincide with political boundaries. The "enemy of mankind" is neither conservatism nor radicalism; both are healthy tendencies. The "enemy of mankind" is pig-headedness masquerading as determination. The French who declare: "Never shall we permit the Anschluss" are the enemies of mankind. So are the Americans who say: "Never shall we consider the League of Nations, the war-debt problem, race equality, the recognition of Russia." So are the British who maintain: "Never shall we admit the freedom of the seas." Such a stern, unbending, old-Roman attitude may win cheap plaudits; but the refusal to think, the refusal to discuss, is a confession of weakness.

Pennsylvania's Bloody Mine War

By FRANK BUTLER

[In his Indianapolis speech Mr. Hoover said that during this present depression "we have had freedom from strikes, lockouts, and disorders unequaled even in prosperous times." What, then, of the grave disorders that have been spreading through the soft-coal mining region? Do these indicate that we actually have the industrial peace of which the President boasted? Below we reprint an account of one of the many battles that have been taking place between miners and police. It was written by Frank Butler and published June 23 in the ultra-conservative Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, a Paul Block newspaper, by whose permission we are reprinting the story. Hence it cannot be said to have come from a source biased in favor of the striking miners. According to the *Post-Gazette*, "Frank Butler, *Post-Gazette* reporter, and Chester Brown, staff photographer, witnessed yesterday morning the clash between striking miners and deputy sheriffs at the Wildwood mine, where one man was killed and twelve wounded. They were at the scene of the trouble before it began, saw every detail, and remained to pick up the dead and wounded after the shooting was over." —EDITOR THE NATION.]

THE sun had not yet risen from behind a bank of clouds over the Wildwood hills when the first contingent of pickets, defying the order of court, appeared on the hilltop overlooking the Wildwood mine of the Butler Consolidated Coal Company. They carried an American flag in the vanguard

and halted at the junction of the Wildwood and Gibsonia roads, some 500 yards distant up a steep hill from the mine.

About seven deputies were congregated at the entrance to the mine. Some had tear-gas bombs; others had revolvers, and there were a few blackjacks in evidence.

Shortly afterward the Allegheny County sheriff's wagon rolled down the hill with several additional deputies in charge of W. E. ("Silver") Braun. They alighted from the van and began to distribute shotguns among the deputies, who by this time numbered about fourteen.

The number of figures on the hillside began to increase until there were about seventy or eighty lining the roadside at the brow of the hill.

Just then an automobile drove past the throng, and a loud jeering chorus rose up and several bricks crashed against the car. It sped on down the hill and stopped at the mine. Two miners alighted from it. Both were carrying revolvers. Two of the sheriffs ran over to question them.

Another car drove past the crowd of strikers on the hilltop. Another roar of rage rose up from the strikers and again a shower of bricks was hurled. The car slid to a stop in front of the mine. Every window in it was shattered. Two of the occupants of this car also had revolvers. One of them said he had fired several shots at the crowd but did not know whether any had taken effect.

Braun ordered several of the deputies to man the sheriff's van. One of the occupants of the last car, gun in hand, asked permission to join and jumped on the back step of the van as it started up the hill. Chester Brown, *Post-Gazette* photographer,

and myself, fearing to drive a car into the trouble zone, started across a field to make a short cut to the scene of trouble. Just as we neared the top two shots rang out. We cleared the brow of the hill and saw Herbert Reel, a deputy sheriff, backing out of an alley-way between two houses firing into about thirty or forty men and women. About eighty more miners came from behind another building on the Gibsonia road and started in the direction of Reel. The other deputies began emptying their guns into the throng and several in the front ranks were mowed down like wheat. I did not see a shot fired by the strikers. The deputies let go fusillade after fusillade of shots from pump guns and revolvers as the mob scattered and fled from the hail of bullets. In the midst of the melee one striker emerged from the throng and hurled a brick right into the muzzle of a deputy's gun. He was hit by a slug from a shotgun, spun three times, and fell to the road.

Reel rushed back to the sheriff's van, reloaded his gun, and with blood streaming down over his face rushed back to the house into which most of the rioters had fled, screaming "I'll kill every son of a — in that house," and emptied his gun at the house. Several of the wounded tried to crawl to cover, but another rain of bullets halted them. Two men lay in pools of blood in front of a Ford sedan on the side of the road opposite the deputies. I counted thirteen bullets in it after the fighting subsided.

The shooting began to quiet down and grew sporadic. Now and then a striker would emerge from cover and attempt to reach a hiding-place. He was quickly covered by the deputies' guns and herded into the van. Charles Hasford, president of the Butler Consolidated Coal Company, was present and pointed out ring leaders of the strike as they were thrown into the van.

Five wounded were lying on the highway unnoticed by the deputies, who began to search houses and march the strikers, hands in the air, in long lines into the van. I went up to Pete Zilgarac, who later died, and felt his pulse which was racing rapidly. His face was turning a pale green and he was bleeding freely from a wound in the stomach. I turned to one of the deputies.

"You'll have to get this man to a hospital," I said. "He's pretty badly wounded." The deputy rushed past me without stopping, gun in hand, yelling at a striker to stop. Three times later I went back to the man and still no deputy gave a minute's consideration to him. Two others were lying unconscious on the road, similarly unnoticed. Not a brick had been hurled or a shot fired for fifteen minutes, and still no attention was paid to the wounded. I appealed again to get the men to a hospital and my pleas were not noticed. One man lying in the road was dragged over to a pair of steps and thrown down.

Still the manhunt for strikers went on. Several with wounds in their legs and arms were herded into the van at first, but later were sent to the hospital with others. Finally Braun commandeered a coal truck, and another newspaperman and myself began placing the wounded in it, using two automobile seats to cushion their heads. They were all moaning for water and one was writhing in agony. . . . Only one deputy helped the other reporter and myself to lift the heavy miners into the truck. The others were busy hunting down strikers with their rifles. Finally we finished the load and clanged the heavy end gate against the men, and the mine president gave orders to take them to the West Penn Hospital. A few minutes later a car drove up with another miner wounded in the abdomen, and he was given first aid by Dr. J. J. Carman and taken by a friend to the Allegheny General Hospital. Later on another miner was found hiding in a cabin about a mile away with a wound in his heel. . . .

Reel hurled a tear-gas bomb into the window of a house which a number of strikers had fled to, and then was sur-

rounded by several other strikers who swooped down upon him. During the melee he was hit by a brick. He then backed away firing into the throng. Mingled with the curses and screams of the conflict were cries of frightened children in three houses which were sprayed with bullets during the riot. After the shooting had subsided the deputies and state police, who arrived on the scene just as the battle ended, searched one house and brought about twenty-four strikers out. Fourteen others were found hiding in the cellar of another. In all forty-one were taken into Pittsburgh to face charges and lodged in the Allegheny County jail. . . .

State police under Sergeant M. J. Crowley went after the man hiding in a house about a mile from the scene of the riot. He turned out to be Charles Adamic, one of the active organizers in the National Miners' Union. . . . One foreign woman, tears in her eyes, sobbed "If State troopers would be here now would have had all this trouble."

When quiet was restored, deputies sought out reporters and asked them "to give the deputies a break because there's going to be a big 'stink' about this." Several times they approached me and wanted to know what I was going to say about the fight in my story.

"I'm going to check your story very closely," Reel said; "You know well that we weren't on the offensive." "Clubs wouldn't have done any good in this fight," said another, as a reporter observed he was glad the State police with their stout clubs and with their rifles left in their cars were on patrol. The State troopers walked into a house to get Adamic with their guns not drawn.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, as his readers are aware, has drifted all over the earth. Lately, however, he has ventured, even at his advanced age, to leave the earth with increasing frequency in order to soar into the clouds, and incidentally to deceive his friends as to his age and vigor. He has flown in various countries, beginning his air experience in a Zeppelin over Berlin a year before the war. He has speeded in a day from Warsaw to Strasburg, stopping hours on the way, has looked down the funnels of numerous great liners in the Channel, and has even covered the distance from London to Frankfort-on-the-Main in four and one-half hours—perhaps a little over double the time that Hawks would take for that run. But last week he had an experience he prizes as highly as any in his flying career—he twice left the earth in an Autogiro, that American development of the epoch-making invention of Juan de la Cierva, the brilliant young Spaniard. Thomas A. Edison said when he saw this extraordinary heavier-than-air machine: "That man has the egg of Columbus," and Lord Thomson, the British air minister and most charming of men, who perished in the R-101, declared to the Drifter the day he first saw the Autogiro: "That Spaniard has solved all the difficulties of the airplane."

* * * * *

WHAT was it that pleased the Drifter most in the Autogiro? Why, the fact that he actually *drifted* in the air. Every regulation airplane has to keep going at high speed or it will begin to fall. James Ray, the veteran chief pilot of the Pitcairn Company, which owns the American Autogiro rights, stopped the ship in full flight as if he had applied four-wheel brakes and an emergency brake too,

and the ship hovered. Of course it moved forward a little, and so it must when it makes its all but vertical descent for a landing in the manner of a feather on a windless day. Still, there it hung, and hovered, and poised like a bird, with the Drifter amazed and marveling, at so low an altitude as to have made the pilot of an ordinary plane shiver in his shoes lest his engine fail him. But the Autogiro's rotor, those long, flexible, horizontal blades spinning at 125 r.p.m. overhead and themselves able to move up and down and horizontally, too, continued to rotate, and the plane to hover until Mr. Ray speeded up the machine and went on. The Drifter felt not the slightest sensation of fear or anxiety as the plane stood still, and he confesses that on other occasions the sudden slowing down of the engine of the old-type plane has caused his heart to miss a beat. But the Autogiro falls not, neither does it spin—tail or otherwise. Its rotor is largely one piece, machine-made, and its blades move steadily as long as the ship goes ahead, though the rotor has no motive power of its own and no connection with the engine save through its starter. It is the air pressure which makes the rotor turn, with its doubly-hinged blades.

■ * * * ■

SO Señor de la Cierva dreamed a dream and made it come true. At fourteen he began to play with gliders. At seventeen he and two pals assembled the first airplane put together in Spain, out of the wreck of a crashed plane. By the time he was twenty-four he had built the first bomber constructed in Spain—it was the second tri-motor plane ever constructed in the world—only to see it crash to pieces at the hands of a highly experienced pilot through a bit of over-confidence in the take-off. Thereupon this young, romantic Columbus decided that it was time for him to take the dangers out of flying by making possible an immediate and safe ascent for airplanes, an easy, safe, and vertical landing, plus the ability to all but stop and to fly so low that one can drop a bundle of newspapers and hurry on to the next newsstand. There at Pitcairn field they rise so easily that the pilots sometimes fly to their restaurant—the restaurant to which they took the Drifter—some 500 yards away, and land in its meadow rather than transfer to their autos! Fine fellows these pilots. The Drifter liked their clean-cut faces, their lean shanks and lithe bodies, and noticed they had the faces of the pioneers he used to meet in the Far West years and years ago when he was a boy and rode for weeks where roamed only antelopes and deer and elk and moose and unpleasantly inquisitive bears. And they are pioneers, these pioneers and henchmen of de la Cierva. It was Ray, for example, who landed an Autogiro on the rear lawn of the White House just after President Hoover had handed the Collier trophy for the year's greatest achievement in aviation to Harold Pitcairn. It was Ray, too, who was scheduled to land a plane on a tall building in the heart of Philadelphia the afternoon the Drifter flew with him.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is more than ever sorry he is so old. Else, he would beg, borrow, or steal the wherewithal to buy himself the airplane with the horizontal-bladed windmill, this coffee-mill of the air, with which to fly and hover and drift aloft, and thus more than ever merit his name—

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Neglected Socialist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you or your readers furnish me with information regarding the later life of the early English Socialist John Francis Bray? Bray wrote, during the Chartist movement in the late thirties of the last century, a book called "Labour's Wrongs and Labour's Remedy," which was published in Leeds in 1839, and which became one of the chief classics in early Socialist propaganda. Bray himself was born in the United States (probably in Boston) about 1809. In 1822 his father brought him to England, and the boy was apprenticed to a printer. During the thirties Bray became a prominent speaker amongst the Chartists, and this was when his book was written.

From some correspondence which has survived, it seems probable that Bray went back to America in 1842, and in 1846 he owned a farm at Lapeer, Michigan. In 1851 he removed to Pontiac, where he worked on a newspaper, and then, in 1856, we hear of him at Detroit, Michigan, where he had two years before given up the job of foreman of a daily newspaper.

For over thirty years we have no news of what happened to him; but about 1890 a Leeds printer, Mr. Patty, found—to use Patty's description—"his old friend Bray living within sound of the Falls of Niagara. He was now an old man, his face covered with a mass of grizzled hair which gave him the look of an old lion. He was earning his living by raising strawberries for market, and working occasionally for the papers."

A Leeds friend of mine, Mr. Mattison, who is, besides being a Socialist, an authority on the history of Leeds, has been carrying out a number of inquiries about Bray's life in England, and has asked me to do the same for his life in the United States. Mr. Mattison states that some years ago he had a cutting descriptive of Bray from an American paper in the early nineties. The article styled him "the oldest Socialist in the world," and among other things mentioned that he had been nominated for Governor of his State.

I am writing to ask, therefore, if you or any of your readers can give me information about Bray's life in the United States from 1842 onwards. Both Mr. Mattison and myself would be very grateful for any such information, which may be sent to me at 5 Wensley Grove, Scott Hall Road, Chapel Allerton, Leeds.

Leeds, England, June 1

A. LYLES

The Amalgamation Complex

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the review of General Pershing's book in your issue of May 20 there appear these remarkable words: "No American wanted to be amalgamated with the British; and amalgamation with the French offered special difficulties . . ."

I take this sentence to mean that there was no sentimental objection to amalgamation with the French but that such objection did exist to amalgamation with us. Now, can you tell me why? Am I not to be puzzled when day after day in English papers I read how friendly at bottom are the peoples of the United States and the British Empire? And yet they cannot amalgamate to subdue a common foe! That they are more different from one another than Australian and Japanese

is what this review implies, for a Japanese cruiser formed a unit in the convoy from Adelaide to Plymouth in 1914 when the first 25,000 Australasian troops came to our help and thought it no dishonor to be "amalgamated" with us.

I asked a Canadian acquaintance about this difficulty and suggested that it was caused by the feeling of the Americans that they might be considered inferior if they were not rather aloof. He replied that the inferiority complex, if it existed, was perhaps on the other side of the Atlantic. With that I closed the conversation.

London, June 15

F. M. KENYON

English as Taught

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial, Small Latin, Less Greek, which appeared in *The Nation* of May 27, contains some just criticism. In commenting upon Yale's decision the editorial makes this observation: "For it cannot be denied that a good part of the popular revolt against the classics is due to the ineptitude with which they are taught. . . . Surely there is something wrong here."

These words apply with equal force to the teaching of English. If English is a subject painful alike to study and to teach, this is because the language now is, and always has been, misrepresented in the school textbooks. The subject as taught imparts not the least inkling that English is a highly specialized, individualized, and simplified language—the most adaptable and the most logically constructed of all. Compared to it Latin and Greek are barbarous tongues. Its beauty, however, lies buried under a dead weight of meaningless terms, rules, and definitions taken from Latin and Greek grammar. It must be freed from these foreign entanglements if our students are ever to gain any understanding of their own language. Otherwise, I fear, Yale University (and others) will have to drop English too from the curriculum.

Milwaukie, Ore., May 29

HERMAN LEDDING

Walt Whitman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am engaged in writing a book on Whitman and the Civil War. I should very much like to hear from collectors who possess Whitman manuscripts, letters, notebooks, or diaries which throw any light on his activity during the war. I am particularly interested in unpublished material. Any material sent will be copied and carefully returned. If the original is too valuable to be forwarded by mail, I should appreciate an exact copy. My address is 4130 Parkside Avenue, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, June 9

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

MacLeod Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 6 you published a letter from Norman Macleod saying that he did not write "German Lyric Poetry," as stated in your issue of April 1, but that "the Norman Macleod who did is, I think, an Englishman."

Shades of Skye and Lewis and Harris, not to mention Dunvegan, for a person named Norman Macleod to call another of like name an "Englishman"!

Honolulu, June 6

A. S. MACLEOD

THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE

By DR. HELENA WRIGHT

Introductions by Rev. A. Herbert Gray
and Abel Gregg

"Many married couples . . . lack the right understanding and enjoyment of the sex-act itself. It is to help such people that this book is written. The writer wants to give such definite and practical information that no one after reading it can any longer be ignorant of the nature of the sex-act, or fail to know exactly how it should be performed."

Havelock Ellis:—"There is probably no better small manual in simple language for married people."

\$2 at all Bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Soviet Russia.. this Summer

WHETHER you travel independently or join a tour, experienced American representatives of the Open Road in Leningrad and Moscow assist you to get the most out of your trip. Knowledge and connections developed through years of work in Russia are at your disposal. All expenses from New York \$385 and up.



The
OPEN ROAD

11 West 42nd Street

New York

BOLSHEVISM AT A DEADLOCK

Karl Kautsky
Translated by B. Pritchard

\$1.75

Unique among recent books dealing with Bolshevism and the Soviet Government

Kautsky considers Bolshevik theory and practice as an organic whole, and subjects it to critical analysis in the light of Marxian economics and historical science.

RAND SCHOOL PRESS

7 EAST 15th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

See pages iii, iv and v for
SUMMER advertising.

Books and Films

There Might Be Glory in the Night

By ANNE HAMILTON

Across the mesh of feathered pine
The moon has drifted unconcerned;
Three times the hungry owl has gone,
And three times furtively returned.
The shadow of the wicket gate
By inches eats the whitened road;
I sit and watch the flaccid hours
Bend beneath their overload.

There might be glory in the night
And rich exultancy to wait
In arrogance of certainty
For some swift hand upon that gate;
But never splendor in the sky,
Nor ever joy to comfort one
Who sits in terror through the dark
To see the rising of the sun!

A Puzzle for Politicians

Filipino Immigration. By Bruno Lasker. University of Chicago Press. \$4.

ARE we going to exclude Filipinos from residence in this country? And if we do, are we going thereby to commit ourselves to independence for the Philippine Islands? Perhaps the first action does not inevitably compel the second, but it is admitted by all shades of opinion that it greatly strengthens the argument for it. And as, in a general way, exclusionists are against independence and anti-exclusionists for it; we are cheek by jowl with a delicate issue, not to say dilemma.

In other ways, too, it is apparent that although the Filipinos are a lesser breed without the law, the proposal to exclude them raises questions possibly more far-reaching than any that have developed in the history of American immigration. We cannot legislate against Filipinos without repercussions upon our foreign relations with the entire Far East, without upsetting the situation in Hawaii, and without reference to our peculiar obligations toward the people of the Philippine Islands as our political wards for the past third of a century.

For three years there has been a bill before Congress for the exclusion of Filipino immigrants, the pressure for enacting which has grown with the increasing severity of our industrial depression. Filipinos, it must be recalled, are not American citizens but "nationals" of the United States. The Department of State uses the word to mean a kind of halfway limbo between American citizenship and allegiance to a foreign Power—with the disadvantages of each and the privileges of neither—but the legal status of a "national" never has been precisely defined. The proposed exclusion legislation would get around the difficulty by declaring Filipinos to be aliens.

In view of the importance of the issue and the many misconceptions surrounding it, the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations commissioned Mr. Lasker to make the study which has resulted in the present book. The council does not

take a position either for or against Philippine independence or Filipino exclusion, nor does Mr. Lasker. He set out to assemble available material as one would the pros and cons of a debate, and has done the delicate task with impartiality and intelligence. His book might have been more exciting if it had been more passionate, but it would have been less useful. It will be presented next autumn as a report to the conference in China of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and it should serve a wider audience as a source of reliable facts upon which to base opinion and action.

Most Americans, Mr. Lasker remarks in beginning his book, do not recognize a Filipino. Filipinos have been coming to the United States in appreciable numbers for several years, but generally—except perhaps on the Pacific Coast—have been taken to be Japanese or Spanish Americans. Only recently—with the considerable infiltration of Filipinos into hotel and restaurant service in the East—has awareness of the fact been dawning. Filipino immigration to the United States began in noticeable volume only a few years after the end of the World War. The census of 1920 counted 5,603 Filipinos in the United States. Mr. Lasker estimates that there are 60,000 of them here today and 75,000 in Hawaii. The great majority (ninetenths on the mainland) are males and most of them (four-fifths on the mainland) are under thirty years of age. An insignificant number of Filipinos come to the United States with the intention of remaining permanently, but actually only one immigrant in fifteen has returned home. Probably four-fifths of the arrivals have remained on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Lasker points out, as others have noted, that whereas objection to Chinese and Japanese was almost wholly economic, the feeling against Filipinos has been, in predominating degree, social. The Filipino young man has spoken our language, dressed well, and had agreeable manners. He has seen no reason why he should not associate on terms of equality with American girls, nor have they—until in recent years somebody has told them the contrary. Mr. Lasker reports that the best-informed opinion does not find that Filipino young men differ much in their attitude toward women from that of other young men in the communities where they find themselves (unfortunately Mr. Lasker does not tell us what that is), although sometimes Filipinos fail to sense the delicate distinctions which conventional American opinion draws between liberty and license in sex relations. Can you blame them?

It has been a stock charge against succeeding waves of immigration to this country that they have been unassimilable. The Filipino has broken the tradition. And a lot of good it has done him. His reward is a hue and cry to keep him on his side of the Pacific because he is too assimilable.

ARTHUR WARNER

A Minor Epic

From Day to Day. By Ferdynand Goetel. Translated by Winifred Cooper. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

TECHNICALLY "From Day to Day" relies a great deal on clever management, and its theatricality is surprisingly reminiscent of Pirandello's best effects, where every hiatus in thought and motivation is overlaid by a new emotional surprise. Again as in the plays of the Italian dramatist, the tense absorption in the events of this novel does not seem quite justified by a later analysis in which one asks oneself the very pertinent question: "What has the author been trying to say?" Perhaps Ferdynand Goetel knows what he wants to say, and perhaps he has merely devised a new trap

for unwary emotions—his own as well as the reader's. But if the latter is the case, the trap is a clever one, and deftly sprung it catches and holds the reader at once in the tense atmosphere of this tale within a tale. And this, after all, is exactly as it should be, since in a world where every story has been told not once but a thousand times, it is chiefly the manner of telling it that counts.

What marks Mr. Goetel's work for considerable excellence is, again, his mastery of two styles in one book, which instead of clashing and confusing the issues, as ordinarily happens, serve to offset each other rhythmically just as they distinguish the two parts of his tale. One part—the prose part one might call it—is the diary of the author's life from day to day in Cracow, of his struggle with his literary as well as his more living problems. The other—the poetic—conveniently italicized, is the novel itself—the deep, rich, and tragic background against which the author's emotional life is set even as his diary is set against a more sensitive rhythm.

And both parts of the tale are apt enough, and pointed. There may not be a great deal to choose between a day-to-day recital of light living and loose thinking in a modern Polish city and a Hemingway allegory derived from the thoughtful perception that everything that is round is probably a doughnut, but the technique in either case is exquisite. The hero of the diary is laid fairly flat on the canvas so that his surroundings may appear in comparative relief, and the result is an interesting story. The novel itself is, of course, romance, an entirely creditable if much discountenanced approach to the problems of art, and one which gains in richness and color by contrast with the drab hues of the diary. To this combination the book owes its flavor, both of reality and of art. What all but destroys the illusion at the end is again a technical question—the forced abruptness of having two climaxes, one in the author's story and the other in the diary of his contemporary life, occur simultaneously, and the difficulty of thereafter rescuing a legitimate ending from the debris.

This may be merely the thorn on the rose bush, or it may linger on in the reader's mind as a question of the validity of Mr. Goetel's technique, since it seems to have got out of hand badly toward the end. But what one is most aware of, after all, on finishing "From Day to Day," is the actual participation in experience. Far from discipleship in the school that insists on serving up its slices of life in the raw, Mr. Goetel's book illustrates the point that good prose is not the arch enemy of good fiction. His story within a story is a formidable conquest of style over the unyielding forms of memory, and it is chiefly when it is checked against the loose and exclamatory prose of the diary that it achieves the heights of a minor epic.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Primitive People of the North

Eskimo: An Epic of the North. By Peter Freuchen. Translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden and Elsa Branden. Horace Liveright. \$3.

Turi's Book of Lappland. By Johan Turi. Edited and Translated into Danish by Emilie Demant Hatt. Translated from the Danish by E. Gee Nash. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

ONLY the simultaneous appearance of these two books prevents me from hailing either one as the best book which has yet appeared dealing with the life and attitudes of the primitive peoples of the North. Yet the two are so different as to merit comparison only in terms of provenience and great excellence. "Eskimo" is a story told by a white man who lived for many years among the Eskimos. It is not

ethnography, yet it is filled with interesting details of social customs and native craftsmanship, all subordinated, however, to the central theme—the story of a man who stood, physically and mentally, head and shoulders above his fellows. It is the only perfectly satisfactory attempt to treat a primitive people novelistically that I have ever read; the motivations, the conversations, the scenes all ring true. It is an accomplishment beside which books like "Batouala" of a few years ago seem grotesque.

"Eskimo" is no tale of a simple, superstitious-minded folk; it is a story of pride and violence, of the attempt of a strong man to dominate his fellows, of the ineradicable hurt given his pride and self-confidence by an encounter with white men from outside, and of the persistent dogged courage with which he works his way back into an almost incredibly isolated self-sufficiency. All through the story the reader is given invaluable insight into the psychology of a people who seem singularly little subject to any sort of complex culture. A man needs a wife; there are no unmarried women; so he takes the wife of a weaker man. A woman's husband goes away and leaves her in the charge of another; the husband is gone a year and the woman becomes the wife of the guardian; her husband returns, she greets him without enthusiasm and without comment, but after he has taken her, she is again unhesitatingly his. An orphan boy grows to manhood in the house of his foster-father; grown strong as his foster-father ages, he establishes his independence by a lucky blow which saves his foster-father's life; he demonstrates his independence by running away with his foster-father's favorite and youngest wife. Dark and slightly understood aspects of Eskimo life are lit up, as in the scene of the old grandmother who feels that she is no longer able to travel and commands her son to build her a snow hut in which she lies, walled in and dying, while her grandchildren's voices faintly pierce the snow walls. The isolated Eskimo household, held to no special locality, a traveling world of its own, is a splendid setting for the drama of struggle between a father and son—the struggle which psychoanalysts are so fond of to explain life in more complex societies. The subtler tragedy of the exceptional personality dependent on physical gifts to assert its natural right to power is as well told here as in more sophisticated novels.

"Turi's Book of Lappland" is of a different genre. It is the story of a primitive Lapp set down in his own language, which he had learned to write only after attaining manhood. Mrs. Hatt, the editor, has performed a tireless labor of love in drawing out Turi, selecting from his gifted story-telling those incidents most worth recording, and encouraging him in the long task of writing them down. The result is unique; we have the quiet detailed comments of a philosophic and completely unspoiled mind upon the difficulties and delights of daily life. However, the personal drama so conspicuous in "Eskimo" is completely lacking here. This is the story of a people who have been pushed ever back into more and more inhospitable country, where the daily struggle for existence is almost beyond human endurance. Turi's comment, although matter of fact, is strangely moving:

And when it is cold the tent cloth stiffens so that you can't fold it, and you have to dry it on the poles . . . and dry, too, all the clothes the folk have on, for those who have been out have their clothing wet through to the skin and they are so frozen that their legs swell and will hardly bend, and if they . . . can't get a fire they freeze to death. . . . During the Lapp migrations, and while they are watching reindeer, it often happens that a woman bears a child, and then there is nothing to do but to tuck it into her tunic and go on till she reaches the tents. . . . But if a woman is in camp she can go to bed when she has borne her child. . . . And if the woman does not get frozen, then she is well again in a week's time.

There is page after page of uncomplaining and fatalistic comment on all the illnesses and mishaps that the Fell-Lapp and his reindeer are exposed to—the cold of the winter, the lack of fuel and clothing, the diseases of the summer. All the slight signs by which the weather is told and all the magical significances of natural happenings are combined with matter-of-fact descriptions of incredible things. The unfamiliar detail, the precision with which sensation and portent are set down make this portrayal of primitive stoicism well worth reading.

MARGARET MEAD

The Test of the Teaching

Seven Types of Ambiguity. By William Empson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

WE the more eagerly scan Mr. Empson's study of figurative language—"ambiguity"—in English verse, as the first published product of the teaching of I. A. Richards, who, as the author's "supervisor for the first part of the English tripos," told him to write this essay. In the pupil we discern an eager timidity on the trail of the master: a determined thoroughness in analysis, which moves toward distinctions without differences, and a profuseness of apology for the details and the overlapping that makes one impatient with what might otherwise draw one on.

The ambiguities Mr. Empson considers range from the use of one word in several ways at once, through the use of several devices that mean one thing, to the use of a word in opposite senses, "so that the total effect is to show a fundamental division in the author's mind." The body of the book is devoted to analyses of possible meanings, so detailed as to defy adequate quotation. For the first type, Jonson's poem on "Pan's Anniversary" tells us:

But when he frowns the sheep, alas,
The shepherds wither, and the grass.

The tail of the discussion points out that the "grass" here may mean:

"Men die like flies in the presence of His Majesty; one single tantrum from James leaves them nowhere" (I have the Bible behind me in saying this), and there is a hint of the Divine Right of Kings; or "a frown from James is to be expected at regular intervals, like winter; it should be accepted with resignation, and thought of as a type of the paths of mortality"; or regarding *grass* as an indifferent pastoral object, "after James has lost his temper the whole landscape is wiped out, including anything you like to mention"; or regarding it as something quite tough in the field, "a single frown from James quite permanently injures the subsoil of the neighborhood." The grace, the pathos, the "sheer song" of the couplet is given by a break in the voice, an enforced subtlety of intonation, from the difficulty of saying all these at once.

For the seventh type, Claudio in "Measure for Measure" speaks of his stainless sister:

In her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect
Such as move men.

Prone means either "inactive and lying flat" (in retirement or with a lover) or "active," whether as *moving men*, by her subtlety or by her purity, or as *moving* in herself, for pleasure or to do good. *Speechlesse* will not give away whether she is shy or sly, and *dialect* has abandoned the effort to distinguish between them. The last half-line makes its point calmly, with an air of knowing about such cases; and, indeed, I feel very indelicate in explaining Claudio's meaning.

Mr. Empson must pause many times to admit that the reader need not, should not, hold all these possibilities separate in his mind while reading the poem; but from the sense that they are there rises the "ambiguity," the suggestiveness, the concentration of the verse. Some effective illustrations emphasize the part syntax may play in such concision; or puns—more subtle than Shakespeare's—

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust . . .

And there is good reminder of the Elizabethan repetition with a difference: "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," "the whips and scorn of Time," "in the dead wast and middle of the night" (which last strengthens its effect by a misspelling: waste, waist, vast).

The connotations of words, out of their source and history, make interesting study, and add to the poet's resources. This is as obvious as the recording of every possible association is absurd. After listing fourteen senses of Chaucer's word "lese," Mr. Empson adds, "I have put down most of the meanings for fun"; yet he is constantly as ready with far-drawn linkings, and the value of any suggestion lies in our feeling the force of it.

When James Joyce writes of mankind as developing "from atoms to it's," "Adam and Eve" lies buried in the movement from matter to metaphysics; but surely poetry is not to be reduced to such a guessing game. These eager analysts are in danger of destroying their work by proving too much. One who has read the poem they probe is likely to protest: "I understood it until you explained it to me!"

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Two Immortals

Goethe and Beethoven. By Romain Rolland. Translated by G. A. Pfister and E. S. Kemp. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

DESCRIBED as a "magnificent dual portrait of two geniuses and the woman who loved them both," this book is in fact a hastily thrown together and careless assortment of the material for half a dozen magazine articles, badly prepared, badly translated, and pretentiously issued. There are some interesting anecdotes and quotations from letters, hidden away in the appendix, and several handsome illustrations, but the body of the book is dull, sentimental, and unimportant. The appendix is full of things that should have been worked into the book itself, and although margins are wide, type is large, and price is correspondingly high, so essential a thing as an index has been entirely omitted.

Rolland's attitude toward Beethoven is one of all-comprehending sympathy; toward Goethe, one of reserved disapproval. Beethoven emerges from the book a hero; Goethe a bit of a snob. Perhaps it is the pontifical and sentimental tone of Rolland's pronouncements that makes them especially annoying: "My blame is reserved for Zelter, the faithful but timid friend. For mediocrity cannot claim the excuses which we make for genius. If mediocrity be not good and loyal, what else can be said for it?" "The conclusion to which I have come is this: of the two men, the exalted and often-wavering Beethoven-Dionysus and Goethe the Olympian, it is Goethe who concealed the greater moral weakness." "I too have heard Clara Schumann speak of the old Goethe who raised her higher on her chair, so that her baby hands could reach the keys. 'N'ai-je point vu Goethe?'"

The translators offend in several directions. Distrusting, rightly enough, their own accuracy, they give nearly every other word of a quotation from the German in its original language,

whether the English word is an exact equivalent—as it often is—or not. Thus one gets passages like this: "What devilish work (*Was für Teufelszeug*)! And here, again, what charm (*Anmuth*) and splendor (*Herrlichkeit*) this fellow (*Kerl*) has produced!" Their translations are often unbelievably clumsy and sometimes quite inaccurate: "‘Lieder an die ferne Geliebte’ (To the beloved distant)."

Occasionally the translators take a thought from the original and sentimentalize it so that it is hardly recognizable: when Mendelssohn plays for Goethe a piano arrangement of the first movement of Beethoven's C-minor symphony, Goethe remarks: "Und wenn das nun alle die Menschen zusammen spielen." This is translated as "Supposing the whole of mankind played it at once," whereas "alle die Menschen" almost certainly refers to "all the men" in the orchestra, and Goethe doubtless meant: "If that's what it sounds like on the piano, imagine what a noise it must make in the orchestra!"

The sloppiness of M. Rolland and the inadequacy of the translators have not been helped by the editorial carelessness of the publishers, with the result that while "Goethe and Beethoven" is a very pretty book, it is far from a good one.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Closet Fiction

Werther's Younger Brother. Anonymous. New York: Carrefour Editions. \$2.50.

THIS is one of the first publications of that group of writers who prefer to remain anonymous—not only because they wish to establish "the art as the ideal, not the ego," but because, knowing that what they have to say is not what the general public wants, they hope, by forming a minority alliance, to create a special public of their own. Their scheme, in other words, is idealistic, and they hope it is practical too.

"Werther's Younger Brother" is the notebook soliloquy of an unusually introspective Jewish (unless I am greatly mistaken) student. The author aptly calls him "half a Hamlet, a Hamlet with only Hamlet, dreaming his soliloquy in a Denmark of the mind." Thus he is in love with his brother's wife and on several occasions seems to be in close relations with her. Once he tells her to "lie close" to him, another time he has "murdered" her. But invariably it turns out that he is only thinking or dreaming about her. As the inner life, therefore, of a particularly timid adolescent—one, moreover, who gives his timidity a dramatic turn and suggests finally that despite his hue and cry about his "suffering," nothing, not even that, means very much to him—this book surely has its ridiculous side.

But it has its merits also. It is the work of a tidy, dextrous stylist. There are some excellent lines. And it shows an understanding, as though by some age-old inheritance, of the inner meaning of things. If only because it deals so expertly, so traditionally with the inner life, it may be considered something of a novelty in American literature.

It will be taken to task for just that which makes it particularly appropriate as the publication of a minority group—its lack of universality. It is true that only a few earnest readers could be expected to take an interest in it. It has neither sensuous appeal nor story-telling charm. Yet I may say that I enjoyed it more than another story, of about the same length, which I read at about the same time and which recently won for its author a large sum of money and a good deal of attention. The other story invited me into it with much more skill; it had action, color, suspense; but in the middle it began to grow thin; I saw that it was second-hand and that its author understood but few of its essential implica-

tions. As I closed the prize-winner I realized that the modest anonymous volume had been a more interesting experience. (It is not, by the way, an introspective novel of the old-fashioned voluminous kind, but a dainty piece of classicism. If it had been written in France it might have had a vogue.)

It is dangerous to take a hard-boiled attitude toward work of this kind—let us call it closet fiction. Doubtless we are right in assuming that literature that is universal in significance will eventually make itself known to us all (though we must remember that most of the masterpieces of the twentieth century have not even yet been read by more than a few thousand). But if only because the organization of a minority is so important to all intellectuals, work of this kind should be encouraged. It is a breeze in the right direction, and God knows a hurricane is blowing the other way.

GERALD SYKES

Optimism Through Paradox

Paradoxy, the Destiny of Modern Thought. By Richard Rothchild. Richard Smith. \$3.

PARADOXY may prove more important as a portent than in itself. It is one man's honest and thoughtful attempt to find a meaning in existence. It poses again the old questions with which we shall doubtless never cease to be concerned: Is reality, as we call it, fact or fancy? Do we dream or wake when we trust the evidence of the senses? What is there to which we can hold fast in a shifting world? And newer questions: What shall we do about the problems which science shows no disposition to answer? Are science and the scientific approach to life, with its rules of observation and experimentation, any more than another faith, the latest convention by which men agree to play out the game they will never really comprehend?

It is Mr. Rothchild's contention that we need philosophy today as a major factor in our lives. The portentous quality of his book lies in his optimistic approach to the problems of life. His is not the philosophy of despair. He does not belong among the negativists who, seeing no hope anywhere and agreeing that man is a tormented, fantastic creature without hope of harmony in his life and with no other end than that of the worm's, nevertheless incomprehensibly exhort us to live according to a patterned decency and to die like gentlemen. It would seem that we have for some several years past been reading all the despairing futility possible into our circumstances and that we must now automatically swing back to a more positive and even hopeful attitude. It is possible that the next years will offer interesting opportunities to observe the building up of new, or adapted, illusions which will serve to make living seem again a tolerable, perhaps even a satisfactory and reasonable performance.

Mr. Rothchild's affirmation is religious, based upon the logical steps of his philosophy. From the study of the self, the structure of reality, and the similarities of fact and fancy, he follows the Kantian progression from the knowledge of self to knowledge of the world and finally of God. The will is the fundamental fatality illustrating the now famous second law of thermodynamics. The will is directive in time, always going forward and the one thing over which we have no control. The destiny of the will is to push continually toward the synthesizing of higher and higher unity. A Supreme Being gathers together our several unities into a supreme unity just as we gather together lesser unities.

Only by assuming such a being can we conceive of our own individualities. Just as the parts of a chair are discrete elements until synthesized in our consciousness, so would the individual

be merely a formal construction of discrete characters unless there were a synthesizing being to give *him* unity and life, and as a part of which alone he can live ■ practical, meaningful life. Science can never be the ultimate unity, for it recognizes only the mystery of the unknown and ignores the unknowable in which man finds his own soul. All life is a balance between opposites; all life is paradoxical; we strive toward deeper insight while cut off by nature from the possibility of any deep insight. But beyond the basic antinomy of existence is the mystic unity, non-paradoxical, the only certainty. Our urge toward the infinite, in relation to which alone the whole objective world gains its very meaning, toward an ultimate purpose, represents on the plane of practical living what we know in the intellectual world as the interest in philosophy itself.

Mr. Rothschild's is a wholly admirable attempt at furthering the desired synthesis of life. That his logic does not hold for me, nor his philosophy warm, nor his immortality as continuance in the Supreme Consciousness comfort me in any wise against this uncertain, brief, ignoble span of years, is but my misfortune.

LORINE PRUETTE

Books in Brief

Selected Poems of William Vaughn Moody. Edited by Robert Morss Lovett. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

William Vaughn Moody, born in 1869 and dying in 1910, was a poet whose attainments were all but obscured in the rush toward rebellion of the so-called American renaissance. Now that the dust of that agitation has settled and we are again praising the more intellectual aspects of poetry, now that eccentricity of manner is no longer at a premium, we may read Mr. Moody with less obscured appreciation. Despite his rhetorical manner, his more personal poems are authentic. The *Daguerreotype* and *The Death of Eve* are finely sustained in their intensities. Certain of the lyrics from the *Masque of Judgment*—those in particular which deal with the theme of death (a theme which, because of his long illness, was very personal at the time)—are very good poems. The occasional poems still tire us, but the shorter, more directly conceived and felt poems show good workmanship and sincerity of emotion. Certainly some of Moody's poems will endure. In an admirable introduction, Mr. Lovett, Moody's intimate friend, gives a very interesting biography of this sensitive boy and man. We learn in detail of his Harvard days, days when Harvard meant the companionship of such men as George Santayana, George Pierce Baker, and others. We hear of his struggles as an instructor in Chicago University, his efforts to do his best both as teacher and writer. His friendships, his enthusiasms, his comments on his travels all reveal the spirit of the man. Finally came his long and fatal illness. Fortunately, these last years were free from teaching and Moody could give what energy he had to writing; he had achieved financial independence by writing "*The Great Divide*."

Whitegates. By Orgill Mackenzie. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

This volume contains the first stories and poems of a remarkable new talent out of Scotland. The verses have charm and simplicity, coupled often with a touch of mysticism and madness. The element of fear and of Northland mystery is strong in the work. It is the stories, however, which make the publication of this volume an event of more than passing interest. One may be reminded of Katherine Mansfield, of Copland, and others because of their quality, but the tone in its finer shades is new to us and the voice a very lovely one. *A Chicken*, *Something Different*, and *Aunt Jessica* are tales that would not be out of place in any anthology of the best modern

short stories. Miss Mackenzie is an artist in her prose. Better still, she is touched with the increasingly rare gift for storytelling.

New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man. By Sir Arthur Keith. W. W. Norton and Company. \$5.

In this very excellent book Sir Arthur continues the story of ancient man begun in "*The Antiquity of Man*." Numerous important discoveries of human fossils and cultural remains have been made in many parts of the world since the last edition of the earlier work appeared, and these are described clearly and in detail. The story of man's evolution has been made a little less fragmentary. The widespread distribution of Neanderthal man throughout Europe and Palestine receives further confirmation, and again the enigmatic appearance of modern man presents itself to puzzle anthropologists. Sir Arthur finds increased reason to designate the southwestern corner of Asia as the birthplace of modern man. He carefully develops the significance of each new discovery, carrying the reader along in the reasoning that has determined his conclusions. When authorities disagree, both sides are presented, and the reader can follow the reasoning that has prompted the divergent opinions. This book summarizes many interesting facts, and—what is of equal importance—it presents a superb illustration of scientific method.

Eastward Ho! By Foster Rhea Dulles. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

Taking his material from Hakluyt, Mr. Dulles gives here a spirited account of the British merchant navigators whose work, less spectacular than that of Drake and Hawkins, contributed perhaps more importantly to world intercourse and to the development of the British Empire. Lured on by the hopes of reaching the rich East by a Northwest passage, the first English navigators found themselves in the White Sea with the great Russian trade in their hands. The lure of the East led them on, and when overland trade with China through Russia proved impossible they followed the Spanish and Portuguese around the Cape of Good Hope and soon beat them out of the Indian Ocean. This traffic created the British East India Company and founded the British Empire. Mr. Dulles's style is compact and vigorous. In this book and its companion volume on Yankee enterprise in the first half of the nineteenth century, "*The Old China Trade*," he has given us two very interesting books on the history of navigation and trade.

Kinds of Love. By Max Eastman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

This is a collection of all the poems Mr. Eastman chooses to preserve—there are many new poems and many from earlier volumes. Taken all in all they prove conclusively that Mr. Eastman's poetry is derivative and conventional, decidedly of the older schools. His philosophy is that there is no absolute value except in having experience; his poetry is a reflection of this philosophy, and each poem in turn is a specific record of ■ personal experience. Hence the title, ■ title which is somewhat misleading, for the book contains many poems that have to do rather with the love of life than with any more personal emotion. Mr. Eastman's book "*The Enjoyment of Poetry*" has had so wide a fame that there will be many readers interested in the author's self-expression in verse. In general, however, his critical power as shown in that book is superior to his creative ability as shown in this volume of poetry.

Don Juan. By Joseph Delteil. Translated by Kay Boyle. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

This hotly perfumed, stylized reworking of the *Don Juan* legend has possible allegorical implications, but aside from certain

deftly fashioned episodes, like the attack on the youthful Don Juan by the washerwomen and the acts and thoughts of the elderly roué after his conversion, the retelling is thinly drawn out and of no great distinction. The translation is an excellent example of the ability of one stylist to reproduce the qualities and exactitudes of a stylist in another language.

Shakespeare's Hamlet. The First Quarto: 1603. Reproduced in Facsimile from the Copy in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Harvard University Press. \$4.

This is of course not the first reproduction in facsimile of "Hamlet," 1603, but it is the only one now readily available, since its predecessors have become both rare and expensive. It is to be hoped that the Harvard Press and the Huntington Library will combine to keep the present volume long in print. The work of reproduction has been carefully done, and the book is in itself as comely as it is valuable.

Russian Dance of Death. By Dirk Gora. Claremont, California: Key Book Publishers.

A teacher's diary records the horrors of death and destruction which overtook Dutch settlers in the Ukraine in the chaotic period after the World War. The simplicity of the narrative is moving, sometimes overpowering, in spite of the schoolmaster air certain passages have; and its authenticity never seems doubtful. As a document it is certainly valuable. As literature its directness alone makes it worth reading.

The Jewel. By Claire Goll. Translated by Pierre Loving. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A serving girl from the French provinces who suffers and suffers, with pitying comments thrown in by the author, conceives a child by her Parisian employer, suffers again, and finally loses her position, her child, and her life. The obvious intention of this translated novel to be "brutal" and "realistic" with a vengeance reduces its effect to that of any "yellow-backed" novel occasionally distinguished by forceful writing.

His Monkey Wife, or Married to a Chimp. By John Collier. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

A sometimes witty, sometimes confusing style adorns this fantasy of a monkey whose devotion to her English master gives her the inspiration to learn the language, to read in the British Museum, and finally to win the master for herself away from his bluestocking fiancée. Unfortunately, most of the delightful qualities of the book lie in the statement of the fantasy, and not in its elaboration into a novel. The obvious comparison it invites is with "Lady into Fox" or even "Memoirs of a Midget," and such comparison leaves the story of the refined monkey far in the rear.

Portrait by Caroline. By Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown, and Company. \$2.50.

The eternal triangle is here handled intelligently and with a certain distinction, but it seems doubtful if Miss Thompson has succeeded in conveying to us much of beauty or newness or subtlety of approach in the realm of the emotions, particularly in that sphere which involves the relations between the sexes. There are some good conversations and a few moving scenes. The characters live and move, all excellently normal. But many of the episodes—the poker game is a glaring example—do not carry conviction. And the whole resolves itself into a problem drama which matters enormously, we are given to understand, to the people concerned, but which concerns us very little. Why should Caroline leave or want to leave her husband and her delightful (thanks to Miss Thompson) little girl-child, Anne? Why should she want Peter? The author has not made us comprehend this passion—or even believe in it. She

has taken an "affair" which never had in it the making of a drama, dignified it, and tried to convince us of its inner significance. The novel, in spite of a number of entertaining passages, remains singularly unimportant.

Films

Love and Sex

THE change of seasons is not supposed to have any effect on the quality of the movies, so it is impossible to blame the summer weather for the fare that has been offered to the public during the past month. To discuss these films individually as embodiments of definite creative ideas would be futile, for the only idea they try to embody is that of box-office appeal, and their success or failure in embodying it is accordingly the only important thing that distinguishes one from another. It might be profitable, however, to consider them in groups rather than singly, for this procedure at least promises a few interesting side-lights on the psychology of the American audience.

Here, for instance, is a group of films dealing with that most popular of all subjects, "love." As a general rule, of course, nearly every film has some sort of love story, but three of those I saw during the past fortnight—"Transgression" (Mayfair), "Men Call It Love" (Strand), and "Chances" (Hollywood)—had very little else. It is hardly necessary to add that they contributed little that was new to the lore on this subject. A conflict between a wife's loyalty to her husband and the temptations of a passionate Spanish admirer; a conflict between a wife's love for her unfaithful husband and the temptations of a polished and cynical admirer; a conflict between loyalty to one's pal and brother and love for the girl he also loves—such is the amount of originality in the stories of the three films mentioned. Having seen hundreds of similar films I am not surprised at that. What has always puzzled me is the mentality of the audience that accepts this sentimental "love" as readily as it does the most outspoken and lurid "sex." Is there any underlying unity between the two? Does not the extreme primitiveness of the emotional and intellectual content of this love reveal itself also in the ready acquiescence of the audience to sex *au naturel*, without the benefit of even a fig leaf? Ours is the age of naturalness, and boys and girls of today know more about birth control than their parents ever practiced. It is even possible to come across such scenes as I once encountered in an Automat of all places, where an angelic-looking young thing was listening reverently to a boy of twenty reading out passages from a book on sex and accompanying them with detailed comments on the mechanics of contraception. After all, if love is only that, one may just as well be frank about it.

It is facts like this that seem to link the sentimental with the brazenly sensual as springing from the identical mental state of intellectual and emotional primitivism. Not only is it true that the same public that wallows in cheap sentiment delights in watching the graceful May-poling around the thinly disguised phallic symbols of such a film as "The Smiling Lieutenant"; but one can go even a little farther and suggest that this public is only a step removed from the supposedly more intellectual readers of books that attempt to give information on "the right understanding and enjoyment of the sex act . . . exactly how it should be performed." The disarming naivete that characterizes the earnestness of their appeal signifies, it seems to me, the same simplicity and crudeness of feeling that underlie the sentimental love tosh of the films.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

GILBERT MILLER presents
 "The outstanding dramatic success of the season."—*Burns Mantle, News*
TOMORROW and TOMORROW
 A NEW PLAY BY PHILIP BARRY
 with ZITA GLENN
 JOHANN & ANDERS
 HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St. Even., 8:40.
 Matinees, Thurs. and Sat., 2:30.

An Hour's Panorama of World Events
 —EMBASSY—
NEWS REEL THEATRE
 —TIMES SQUARE—
 25c Continuous—10 A.M.—Midnight
 Change of Program Weekly
 Refrigerated—Midnight Show Saturday 25c

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

- ‡Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Series—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
- ‡Girl Crazy—Alvin—W. 52 St.
- *Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
- *Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
- †Once in a Life Time—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
- *Precedent—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
- *Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
- *The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
- ‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
- ‡The Third Little Show—Music Box—45 St. W. of B'way.
- *Tomorrow and Tomorrow—Miller—43 St. E. of B'way.
- †Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.
- ‡Zeigfeld Follies—Zeigfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

- Hell Below Zero—Cameo—42 St. and B'way.
- Maciste in Hell—Warner Thea.—B'way and 52 St.
- News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
- Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave., 49 and B'way.
- The Smiling Lieutenant—Criterion—B'way at 44 St.
- The Viking—Little Carnegie, 57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
- Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—Europa—55 St. E. of 7 Ave.

To help solve

YOUR VACATION PROBLEMS

See pages iii, iv and v

If you cannot find what you want, send in your requirements.
 Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York
 New Telephone Number—CORTlandt 7-3330

The utter triteness of the Hollywood love formula is brought home by the unexpected impression of freshness and significance produced by such an ordinary and not over-profound film as "The Skin Game" (Little Carnegie), based on Galsworthy's play of the same name. If only for that freshness it is worth seeing.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Contributors to This Issue

- MAURICE SUGAR is a practicing attorney in Detroit.
- ALBERT GUERARD is professor of general and comparative literature at Leland Stanford University.
- FRANK BUTLER, of the staff of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, was coauthor of an article, Coal and Iron Justice, which appeared in *The Nation* of October 16, 1929.
- ANNE HAMILTON is a California poet.
- ARTHUR WARNER, author of "A Landlubber's Log," includes the Philippines among the many parts of the earth with which he is familiar.
- EUGENE LÖHRKE is the author of "Deep Evening."
- MARGARET MEAD is the author of "Coming of Age in Samoa" and "Growing Up in New Guinea."
- JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY is the author of "The Quest for Literature."
- ARTHUR MENDEL studied music at Harvard University and has written on music for various periodicals.
- GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.
- LORINE PRUETTE is the author of "Women and Leisure: A Study in Social Waste."
- R. M. Fox, a resident of Dublin, wrote the article on Censorship in Ireland which appeared in *The Nation* of May 8, 1929.

THERE is never a dull page in *The New Statesman and Nation*, England's leading weekly review.

If you take a real interest in international affairs—political, social, literary, scientific, artistic or financial—you will find in *The New Statesman and Nation* a weekly inspiration. Its comments and criticism are written with a measure of detached common-sense that makes it refreshingly readable, whilst its contributors are drawn from the most virile and authoritative writers of to-day.

The Publisher invites those not familiar with *The New Statesman and Nation* to send a post-card for a specimen copy of a recent issue.

THE NEW Statesman and Nation

10 Great Queen Street,
 Kingsway,
 London
 W.C.
 2

Sixpence every Saturday or by Postal Subscription to any address in the world—30s. (or \$7.50 payable London) including postage.

Censorship in the Irish Free State

By R. M. FOX

WHEN the Free State censorship bill was under discussion, I advanced the opinion in *The Nation* of May 8, 1929, that it was likely to result in an obscurantist attack on literature and thought. Now with the experience of the last two years it is possible to see how far this opinion was justified.

In front of me is a list of sixty-five books banned since May, 1930. Of these from eighteen to twenty are concerned definitely with problems of sex and birth control. The books of Dr. Marie Stopes and Margaret Sanger are on this list as well as several others written with expert medical knowledge. The Minister for Justice stated definitely that he did not intend to allow this subject to be discussed in the Free State, and the spirit of that utterance still prevails. In practice, however, it means that since denunciation of birth control became the fashion in Ireland, the subject must have been very widely discussed by people who do not read books at all. That this development has not improved the moral tone of the country is evident from the exhortations by magistrates on the subject of infanticide, which crime has increased.

Space will not allow an examination of the list in detail, but it includes such writers as Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, Norman Lindsay, Joseph Hergesheimer, Isadora Duncan, T. F. Powys, Llewelyn Powys, Somerset Maugham, John Dos Passos, Michael Gold, Sinclair Lewis ("Elmer Gantry"), Sherwood Anderson, Rosita Forbes, Liam O'Flaherty, Sylvester Viereck, and Paul Eldridge. The two last are represented by "Salomé: The Wandering Jewess" and "My First Two Thousand Years." President Cosgrave, in reply to a strong American protest regarding these books, stated in a letter to Mr. Viereck:

The board is composed of distinguished citizens of different faiths . . . You will agree that among peoples as among individuals standards differ and that it is the right of any people, without imputing other than their own, to decide through their established institutions what does and what does not conform to their standards. That is all the Censorship Board or the Minister for Justice presumes to do.

It should be noted that this reply is apologetic in tone. Mr. Cosgrave shifts the responsibility from the government to the people in general. He abandons the ground, often arrogantly maintained in Ireland, that the standard is one of immutable high morality and makes it that of fitting in with popular prejudices and "susceptibilities"—a dangerous standard for those who believe in intellectual progress. Taken in conjunction with the names on the list it certainly supports the view that ignorant prejudice is being upheld against men who are recognized as stimulating intellectual forces in the world.

Unfortunately, his contention that the censorship is supported by "distinguished citizens of different faiths" is true. How it came to be so reveals the peculiar dangers of basing a censorship on the prejudices of a people whose

self-centered absorption in the national task has influenced different sections of the population in a curious fashion. In America we think of puritanism as taking the lead in any rigid censorship activities. Prohibition of books and liquor finds its natural stronghold in puritanical quarters. And in southern Ireland the Protestants have long regarded themselves as a virtuous minority which sets a rigidly correct example to their easier-going Catholic brethren. With the setting up of the Free State the Protestant minority had no longer such a favored position. Consequently this minority clings more doggedly to its idea of moral prestige. Whenever a cleric states that Catholics are determined not to allow the introduction of bad books or birth-control ideas and that Protestants who want these depravities must accept the ruling of the majority, there arises a horrified protest. Only those who have seen the "ascendancy" minority on their church parade and have noted their wintry superiority to the "natives" can appreciate the humor of the suggestion that they are clamoring for education in birth-control methods and access to bad books. These mentors and models for the Irish people rise in starchy and almost speechless wrath at the idea. So the special danger of the Irish situation is that the Protestant element, in their pride of status, may prove to be even more narrow than the clerical element. They can certainly be used to pull the clerical chestnuts out of the fire.

How far ignorant prejudice holds sway may be judged from typical happenings. Not long ago when Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" was shown in a Galway cinema, a crowd of hooligans destroyed the film. No one has suggested that there is anything wrong with the moral tone of O'Casey's drama, and the action was strongly condemned in court. Although the film had been shown in Dublin previously without interference, there was immediately an imitative demonstration there. Another instance, by no means isolated, is that of three masked men who held up a bus containing English newspapers on St. Patrick's Day and burned the papers on the roadside, handing a note to the conductor telling him not to carry any more such papers as they were undoing the work of St. Patrick. Here we have the censorship of the gutter accompanying that of the board with lamentable results.

Turning from books to papers—which are also affected—we see how the decisions of the board work out in relation to them. It was announced, soon after the censorship came into force, that certain English Sunday journals which gave an undue prominence to forbidden subjects would be banned. But as a result of consultation with the board the ban was lifted from several of them and incidentally they secured a splendid free advertisement. Not long before, I had discussed news values with the editor of one of these journals. "Crime and passion are the only things that go," he remarked. "We've tried other things but it's no good." I was interested to notice that the ban was lifted from this journal. But the *New Leader*, a Labor journal which deals in a serious,

thoughtful way with modern social problems, is still banned. The reason is that a proportion of its space has been used to discuss questions of sex. Recently I heard a member of the board, Mr. Joyce—a name not unknown to Irish literature—state publicly that papers can always make representations to the board if they feel they have a grievance. And, he added complacently, all the papers which have approached us have admitted that they were wrong! The purely sensational press, moved solely by cash convictions, is able therefore by admitting error and making slight adjustments to get by the censorship, taking care to flatter the vanity of the censors. But a responsible journal which deals seriously with modern thought and cannot admit its error in doing so is permanently barred. The *New Leader* case illustrates, what Shaw has often pointed out, that censorship never hits the worst offenders; worthless stuff slides by while honest thought is checked.

A case involving the machinery of censorship has recently been tried in the Free State courts. Complaint was made that books not censored have been retained along with banned books. Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" was held up in this way. Counsel for the state argued that the act empowered customs authorities to do this and that even a Catholic prayer book might be kept if found in bad company. For the bookseller this is a serious matter; for a book may be banned after it is ordered (which has actually occurred) and a whole case of books confiscated or held up till they are no longer salable. The bookshop which brought the action lost its case and had to pay costs. Later the chairman of the Booksellers' Association sent for the bookseller. He said that it was a pity for these matters to come into court, and

explained that the association would take all necessary action regarding books. The association had undertaken to facilitate the censorship and to keep out all "borderland" books that seemed likely to offend. This means that books in Ireland are subject to two censorships—official and unofficial. Certain authors, certain publishers are unofficially "discouraged."

An open censorship can be fought, but an atmosphere of censorship cannot be grappled with. This censorship atmosphere, which is not new to Ireland, has produced by reaction a tradition of Irish writers whose works figure on the censored lists of other lands. George Moore and James Joyce come immediately to mind, and a list could be given of younger Irish writers whose work bears traces of obsession with repressed and forbidden subjects. Writers and readers can usually look after themselves, but an atmosphere of censorship, limiting mental and moral growth, inclines the illiterate to an unhealthy preoccupation with what they are taught to regard as forbidden fruit.

The real problem of moral elevation in the Free State is how to get rid of rags, barefoot children, crowded tenements, high infant death-rates, insanitary and defective school accommodation, cabins like wild beasts' dens, so dark that the inhabitants cannot read anything. Men, women, girls, and boys are jammed in together, eating, sleeping, living in the same rooms. Is it suggested that there are facts of life or of sex that they can be informed about in books which they cannot observe?

Meanwhile the habit of censorship grows. Earnest men peer suspiciously at books, pitifully ignorant of the real purpose of literature in creating fuller, freer, and finer minds.

□ OPEN SHELF □

Henry George's Books
Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men—sent free.
None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City
SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

—ATHEISM—

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.
Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism
307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

CURIOUS BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Esoterica.
Send for Catalogue
The Falstaff Press
Dept. N., 411 Fifth Ave., New York

□ SHOPPERS' CORNER □

MARITZA

Announces the removal of her shop to
182 West Fourth St., New York City

I am sure you will enjoy a visit to my new shop.
Special Opening Sale New Things for Remarkable Values the Summer

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c short courses 9 to 9 daily. 22nd year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH SPANISH - ITALIAN - GERMAN

Private lessons 75c. (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers. **UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES**
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

RUSSIAN taught by university man, instructor in Russian at the Berlitz School. Private lessons or classes. **VICTOR PHONOGRAPH RECORDS USED.** Michael Jerlitzyn, 3 W. 122nd St. Harlem 7-5368.

CHILDREN

ALANNA—A Year Around Home and Pre School for the young child; ages 4 to 7. Modern methods; outdoor activities; special attention to diet; resident nurse; boarding group \$17.50 per week. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mannion, 30 Lakeview Terrace, Grasmere, Staten Island.

PERSONAL

WASHINGTON readers—Young medical man, newcomer to Washington, D. C. Jewish, seeks acquaintance with people of unpretentious culture and liberal views, garnished with a sense of humor. Reply Box 442, c/o *The Nation*.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

MANUSCRIPT typing. Forty cents for 1000 words accurately typed on bond paper. Free carbon copy and minor corrections. Prompt. Experienced proof reader and manuscript typist. Box 444, c/o *The Nation*.

□ TOURS □

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to the SOVIET UNION

S.S. LEVIATHAN—August 1st

Round Trip \$198. Soviet Visa Included

7 days—Leningrad—3 days; Moscow—4 days—Hotels, meals, sightseeing, visits to museums, theatres, workers educational and social centers.

For particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

Official SS Ticket Agent

1133 Broadway New York City
Chelsea 3-5080

POSITIONS WANTED

YOUNG lady, 24, free summer, desires work of any kind, anywhere. 5 years' teaching experience, also many summers' varied stenographic experience. Box 439, c/o *The Nation*.

GERMAN woman, research scholar, broad scientific background, eight languages, library experience, temporarily available in America. Box 440 c/o *The Nation*.

FRENCH lady, middle age, as companion to elderly lady or couple. Will travel. Best references. Box 443, c/o *The Nation*.

YOUNG college man, 22, intelligent, useful, drives car, wishes country employment in exchange for board. Box 441, c/o *The Nation*.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1931

No. 3445

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	51
EDITORIALS:	
The Triumph of the Hoover Plan	54
Death of a Commission	55
Haiti Still a Problem	55
Literature and Affairs	56
A MAN CAN BE FREE. By Romain Rolland and A. V. Lunacharsky.	57
GRAUSTARK GETS DOWN TO FIGURES. By John Gunther.....	59
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. IV. THE PRESIDENT AND	
UNEMPLOYMENT. By Robert M. La Follette.....	61
COPYRIGHT AND COMMON SENSE II. By Thorvald Solberg.....	63
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	65
CORRESPONDENCE	66
BOOKS:	
Meekness After Wrath. By Mark Van Doren.....	68
Books About Negroes. By Melville J. Herskovits.....	68
Whitman and His Friends. By Horace Gregory.....	69
Violence on a Business Basis. By David J. Saposs.....	69
Letters of a Man and an Artist. By Ferner Nuhn.....	70
White Majesty. By Ernest Gruening.....	70
New Mexico Today. By Eda Lou Walton.....	71
Soviet Children and American Adults. By Louis Fischer.....	71
The Literary Magazine. By Morris U. Schappes.....	72
Books in Brief	72
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Has Gandhi Sold Out? By Richard B. Gregg.....	75
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	76

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN	FREDA KIRCHWEY	MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT	H. L. MENCKEN	CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON	NORMAN THOMAS	ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

TROTZKY'S APPEAL TO RUSSIA to remove Stalin so that more Russians may live according to Marxist doctrines, and so that Russia itself may adjust its economic development to the world's economy, almost coincides with Stalin's new economic policy discussed by him at a meeting on June 23, but not published in Moscow until July 4. Stalin announces the practical abandonment of the five-day for the six-day week in factories, wherever factory work is not progressing satisfactorily. He also virtually sanctions unequal wages, establishes individual responsibility of directors of industry and workers, and readmits to favor engineers of the old regime, to whom he holds out an olive branch they have not known since the Communist rule began. These are surprising changes, especially his sanction of piece work and unequal pay, which the dictator defends on the usual ground that the present stage of the socialization of Russia is not communism, but merely a road to that goal along which any emergency measures may be adopted, however much at variance with the strict Communist theory. On the whole, however, this new policy is little more startling than Lenin's Nepman retrogression, under which a certain amount of private industry was permitted until all the state enterprises could fill the needs of the people. The Communist leaders, in other words, never hesitate to adapt themselves to emergencies, and they will have to continue to do so to

carry on. But that does not mean that the next change of policy announced will not be another plunge in the direction of pure and applied communism.

WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR., Undersecretary of State, in his address on James Monroe and his famous doctrine before the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, did well to recall that it is thirty-six years since the doctrine was last invoked. He admitted that so far as the original purpose of the doctrine is concerned, there is no longer the slightest need for its existence; "one cannot see the remotest possibility that we shall have to invoke it again." None the less, he would not have us "strike it from the roll of American responsibilities," even though he is ready to concede that "there still remains in Latin America a certain irritation toward the Monroe Doctrine." "It accomplished its task," he added; "in the changed circumstances of the twentieth century it offers no threat, but remains an assurance of our unswerving friendship toward our sister nations of this Western Hemisphere." To this we reply that every source of irritation between us and our fellow American republics should be removed at once. Also that the Latin Americans do not consider the doctrine or anything else "assurance of our unswerving friendship" to them, for they have good reasons in many instances to doubt whether we have any friendship for them at all. They still believe that they remain at the mercy of the whim of each succeeding administration in Washington. We are nevertheless glad that Mr. Castle spoke out as he did and that he acknowledged the Monroe Doctrine to be useless lumber in the State Department's limbo of outworn stage properties.

THE FARM BOARD DECISION to sell only 60,000,000 bushels of wheat in the domestic market during the coming year is a pitiful compromise. There remain in the storehouses perhaps 240,000,000 bushels of wheat as a carry-over, which, unless they are deliberately destroyed, will continue to overhang the market just as long as they are on hand, even though the board has promised not to dispose of them at present. In so far as this represents the board's independence of Executive interference, it is of course, welcome. But the truth is that the board has admitted its defeat. It has wasted millions of dollars in its futile efforts to peg prices, and has blamed the disaster upon the farmers, because they would not restrict their production; and it now repeats that restricted production is the only way out for the coming year, during which it will, fortunately enough, waste no more funds in efforts to stabilize world prices. Naturally, the farmers are anything but pleased at this situation. Even the sale of the 60,000,000 bushels will help to depress the price of wheat, and we shall doubtless see a new demand for export debentures and other dubious remedies for aiding agriculture. If ever there were shameful waste of public funds and complete mismanagement of a most serious problem, they are to be found in this record of the Federal Farm Board.

TWO WEEKS AGO we wrote that the circumstances attending the resignation of Dr. Ray Hall from the Department of Commerce had "thrown considerable doubt on the reliability of the department's business and economic information." Since then George J. Eder, chief of the Latin American Division, has likewise resigned his post, and under similar circumstances. Also since then Dr. Hall has brought very serious charges against the administration of the department. According to Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, Dr. Hall "says that the department suppressed information about the serious financial condition in Germany until it became evident that the American Government would have to take a hand for the relief of Germany." The dispatch went on to say that Dr. Hall once "reported from Colombian official sources that Colombia was in a bad way financially. The Colombian Minister protested. The report, copied in the Colombian newspapers, caused the fall of the government. When his next report on Bolivia came along Secretary Lamont took it to a Cabinet meeting, where its suppression was ordered. Not long afterward, Dr. Hall points out, Bolivia defaulted on its bonds with a large loss to American investors. It is suggested here that the Department of Commerce has not been alone in misleading the American business community; the Cabinet itself appears to have had a hand in the matter. The Hoover Administration must clear itself of these charges lest it lose completely the confidence of our business men and investors.

FLAG-WAVING and coercion have been enlisted by Matthew Woll in his campaign against communism. As acting president of the National Civic Federation, he has organized a committee of 600 men and women to carry on the fight with these weapons. Similar committees are to be set up in England, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Canada, and the Balkans. As the first step, Mr. Woll was indirectly quoted by the *New York Times* as saying, "those commercial interests in the various countries dealing with the Soviet regime would be asked to use their influence to force it to stop all propaganda looking to the overthrow of their respective governments, on pain of cancelation of all contracts and suspension of all commercial relations with it." But, Mr. Woll continued, should these commercial interests "refuse to exert such pressure, the patriotic and moral forces of the several countries should declare a boycott upon all Soviet products reaching their shores." Despite the growing criticism in the ranks of labor of his anti-Russian activities, Mr. Woll's strength must not be underestimated. Sentiment in this country for a more aggressive policy against Soviet Russia, with all the dangers that such a policy implies, is increasing. Not only does fanaticism of this kind hurt our trade; it is a direct peril to peace.

SAVINGS-BANK DIVIDENDS have kept up pretty well during the depression, but the action of a few of the larger banks in New York City in announcing lower rates for the July quarter probably foreshadows similar action by a good many other institutions there and elsewhere. The savings banks are in a peculiar position. Not many of the gilt-edged securities which were held by the banks as investments before the depression began have suffered dividend reductions, and income from these sources is reasonably

secure. The great accumulation of idle money due to the slackening of business and speculation, however, together with the decline in the volume of new bond issues, the lowered rates on thrift accounts or time deposits in banks or trust companies, and the passing or lowering of dividends on hundreds of issues of securities, has flooded the savings banks with deposits because of the higher dividends which those banks pay. The investment of this huge volume of recent deposits at rates which will enable the banks to maintain their customary dividends, when account is taken of the strict limitations upon such investments that are imposed by law, has proved a serious problem for the banks, and some lowering of dividend rates seems inevitable. On the other hand, if the restricted opportunities for profit in legal stocks and bonds shall induce the savings banks to lower their rates on real-estate mortgages, the building industry and the hard-pressed holders of mortgages that are falling due will be much better off for the help.

PPRIVATE CHARITY and local governments, we have been told time and again by President Hoover, must carry the full burden of relief for the unemployed. In no other way can the initiative and independence of the American people be preserved. It is a matter of record that no other city in the country has made so sincere and generous an attempt to care for its jobless as has Detroit, which spent more than \$20,000,000 on public relief in the last twelve months. The Detroit program has been carried forward under the direction of Mayor Frank Murphy despite the limitations put upon it by dwindling tax receipts and a growing deficit. Now, however, Detroit confesses that it has failed; the load has been too heavy. The City Council has already voted, having overridden the mayor's veto, to close the municipal lodging-houses, in which from two to four thousand men have been sheltered every night; and it is seriously considering a proposal to limit the total of family-relief expenditures to \$300,000 monthly. Last winter food, clothing, medical attention, and in many cases rent money were provided for more than 40,000 families. The average monthly outlay per family was \$40, and this small sum only too often proved inadequate. If the council's plan carries and conditions in Detroit do not improve, the city will have next winter an average of only \$7.50 a month to spend on its destitute families. Does Mr. Hoover really believe that the spirit of self-help and self-government can be kept alive on \$7.50 a month, to say nothing of the difficulty of keeping a normal American family alive on that inadequate amount?

THAT WE ARE MOVING measurably closer to redemption of our long-neglected promise of independence to the Philippines is indicated by the unusual interest in the question displayed by Congressmen this summer. Indeed, recent developments have led Senator Bingham of Connecticut "to believe that a bill granting independence to the Philippine Islands will pass both houses of Congress during the coming session." And the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance has reported from Washington that President Hoover "may reverse the traditional Republican policy of opposition to Philippine independence." Others among our national legislators have been sufficiently interested to visit the islands. Senator Hawes of Missouri spent several weeks

there talking frankly, not merely with American residents and official representatives, but also with native business and political leaders. He said he would continue to work for independence, and his statement, according to reports, brought dismay only to the American colony. In addition to Senator Hawes, the islands were visited by Senators Patterson of Missouri, Robinson of Indiana, and Pittman and Oddie of Nevada, and Representatives Yon of Florida, Gibson of Vermont, and Dowell of Iowa, while Secretary of War Hurley, whose office has administrative jurisdiction over the islands, is planning a trip to the Philippines later in the summer. We sincerely hope that Senator Bingham is correct in his prediction of favorable Congressional action, but we cannot hold with him in his hope that the President "will veto any such measure." The United States has all too long and all too shamelessly withheld fulfilment of its pledge to the Filipinos.

THE STRUGGLE between Premier Mussolini and Pope Pius over who shall possess the minds and hearts of the youth of Italy is, for the contestants, a battle to the death. For the outsider, neither Fascist nor Catholic, it presents several interesting phases. The church, for the first time in many decades, is seen to be openly engaged in political controversy. It has come down from its sacrosanct throne and animadverts on capital and labor, on socialism, on birth control, on the several rights and privileges of the temporal and the spiritual powers. It restates, probably with some unwisdom, that the obligations of the true Catholic are unyielding and definable. The oath of allegiance taken to the state must be made with reservations, and "one is not Catholic except in baptism and name if one adopts and pursues a program which contains doctrines and maxims . . . contrary to the rights of the church of Jesus Christ." There will be many for whom such doctrine will weaken the position of the church. Mussolini, on the other hand, may very well fear outspoken criticism from any source. When the king in the proverb marched unclothed and his loyal subjects had faith that he wore royal robes, all was well; but the doubt of a child who watched broke the spell. Loyal Catholics may well rally to the Pope's standard now. And thousands who are not Catholics but who have endured the weight of the Fascist hand may breathe more freely and rejoice that others are ready to question the hitherto undisputed authority of Mussolini's rule.

IT IS GOOD NEWS that the peace caravan dispatched from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean by the Disarmament Campaign Committee of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is meeting with surprising success and enthusiasm in its effort to roll up signatures for the great disarmament petition which is to go first to President Hoover and then to the disarmament conference. At Santa Barbara the mayor greeted the crusaders and signed the petition and so did the mayors of several other cities. At San Francisco the mayor publicly received the crusaders in front of the City Hall, with the city's band enlivening the proceedings. "We are traveling on faith," writes Katherine Devereux Blake, one of the leaders, "but we get bigger collections than those I remember in suffrage days"—which is remarkable, indeed, if one recalls the stringency of the times. We heartily admire the pluck of those who are

striving thus to dramatize the coming disarmament conference. It is of the utmost importance to the United States and to the world that a great victory for disarmament be achieved in Geneva. The cutting of the cost of armaments will go far toward reestablishing the trade and prosperity of the world, to say nothing of the moral and spiritual benefits to be obtained. We wish that there might be a hundred such peace caravans under way this summer.

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO, chief judge of the New York Court of Appeals and therefore the highest judicial officer in the Empire State, is by this time so accustomed to receiving medals and distinctions of every kind that one more or less can hardly thrill him profoundly. None the less, we must be permitted to express our gratification that a Roosevelt medal has now been conferred upon this singularly able and modest jurist, justly described in the award as "a scholar of immeasurable attainments, a lawyer of unbounded legal erudition, the very embodiment of impartiality, fairness, and justice." In an hour when the courts are more and more coming into disrepute, when disbelief in the possibility of a poor man's obtaining justice steadily grows, it is encouraging to look to Justice Cardozo as typifying the best that there is in the legal profession and as giving the assurance that the States as well as the federal government can have the finest kind of bench if only they will eliminate politics and seek men who have the respect and admiration of their professional associates. And while we are on the subject of a June honor, we must also record our satisfaction that the University of Wisconsin has conferred an honorary doctorate of laws upon Harry F. Ward especially because he, as chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, has "valiantly defended those basic rights of free speech, free press, and free association without which neither scientific advance nor social progress is possible."

"COUNTRIES, oceans, and civilizations have been slipping past us so fast in this journey of a little more than a week that things aren't straight in our minds yet." Thus poignantly did the two world fliers, Post and Gatty, describe their eight-day trip. Countries, oceans, and civilizations were left behind them, not only under the rush of their plane but in the minds of men who waited to hear how they would fare and whether or not they would safely land. The days of travel on foot slipped past them, and of patient oxen; of three months to cross the Atlantic; of the laborious, months-long trek from Ohio to Oregon; the infant railroad, puffing its twelve miles an hour, the callow automobile, enduring the derisive shrieks of children as it increased its speed to ten minutes for a mile, the young airplane modestly proceeding half a mile in sixty seconds—all these were forever left behind. Fifteen thousand miles in a little over eight days and a half is the new record. It will be bettered, of course, but it is an arrow that points a new age. It makes the world smaller than our fathers ever dreamed it could be. It does another thing: it destroys certain distinctions. Mr. Post was asked how it felt to fly over Siberia. "Just the same as anywhere else," he answered, "like flying over Oklahoma." When Siberia becomes indistinguishable from Oklahoma, long-cherished boundaries, national differences, the bitter animosities that divide nation from nation seem somehow trivial and outworn.

The Triumph of the Hoover Plan

THAT the French would fight for face-saving terms was to have been expected; that is in part due to their mental habits, in part to the exigencies of their political situation. It was not in the nature of things as easy for them to swallow innumerable spoken words affirming that France never, never would consent to any alterations of the Young Plan as it was for Mr. Hoover completely to reverse himself within ten days. Yet, thanks to the skill, patience, and firmness with which negotiations were carried on in Washington and by our representatives in Paris, a great victory was achieved. The French have yielded, perhaps as gracefully as possible, and have practically accepted Mr. Hoover's terms as handed to them, with certain slight alterations that do not affect in any way the carrying out of the original Hoover plan. For this we again offer our warmest congratulations to the President. While we are well aware that self-interest played some part in his reaching a decision, it is none the less a praiseworthy achievement and may well mean, if followed up by other equally drastic measures, the rescuing of the world from the economic morass in which it was steadily sinking.

That in the end a satisfactory settlement would be arrived at we have never doubted. France might struggle as it pleased, but it could not afford to be in the position of being the sole Power to block a scheme which has not only been accepted by the entire world, but has already been put into effect by Italy, with respect to her own debtors, without waiting for the formal ratification, and has already called forth Chancellor Brüning's voluntary pledge that not one cent of the moneys gained by Germany will be applied to increased armaments. France's hesitancy and quibbling have, however, done that country no good, and it will be fortunate, indeed, if its conduct in this matter is not utilized by other Powers to plan a campaign at once to isolate it at the disarmament conference.

The truth is, we suppose, that France, having suffered less than any other nation from the economic crisis, is less able to understand the dire necessity of others. None the less, French diplomats and cabinet ministers must have known as well as Mr. Hoover that the crisis was at hand in Germany, that the Reichsbank was gravely endangered, that the whole of Central Europe was in imminent danger of financial collapse, with chaos, perhaps even anarchy, the inevitable outcome. When the whole house is falling down, it is no time to split hairs, not even if the dweller in one apartment thinks that his residence is safe and that he may even be able to pick up out of the wreckage some of his neighbor's possessions that he has long coveted. It is only a few months since a foremost British statesman declared unequivocally in private conversation that if Germany went down, England would collapse, too. What is true of England is true of France. Economic chaos, starvation, and misery in Germany would menace the peace and happiness of France to an irresistible degree. Moreover, the latest news from Germany, with its report that the run on the Reichsbank continues, that a gold credit of fifty million dollars in New York has been absorbed and half the credit

already placed at its disposal under the Hoover plan, shows that this grave emergency has not yet been passed and makes the French hesitancy and delay even more difficult to understand.

We see little objection to the concessions thus far made to France. As the American statement of July 1 pointed out, the important points are, first, that France has agreed to forego the retention of any payments from Germany for one year, and, second, that the principle of continuity of payment of unconditional annuities is recognized (for face-saving purposes), while complete relief to Germany is afforded. There is certainly no valid objection to the proposal that during the moratorium year the annual contribution of 660,000,000 marks by the German railway companies shall continue to be deposited with the Bank for International Settlements, and that the balance of 612,000,000 marks left of it after service of the 1930 German international loan shall be reloaned at once to the German railways. Naturally the United States could not accept a proposal that 100,000,000 marks of the unconditional payments paid in to the B. I. S. should be made available for loans to Central European countries other than Germany. Mr. Hoover has rightly insisted that the moratorium should be a real moratorium, and not one vitiated by a number of exceptions.

Now that the French have finally swung into line, we would earnestly urge upon President Hoover the immediate calling of Congress in extra session, not later than October 1. We are well aware of his disinclination to have Congress on his hands, lest it legislate on unemployment and other domestic issues. We are aware, too, of the widespread report that Mr. Hoover will call Congress two weeks in advance of its regular meeting in December. That is not, however, early enough. There are grave dangers in allowing more than four months to elapse between a moratorium agreement between the Executive and foreign Powers, and its submission to Congress for approval. While Mr. Hoover has been wise enough to sound out all available Republican and Democratic Congressmen and Senators, the response was not unanimous, and there is a possibility of serious opposition developing prior to the regular reconvening of Congress.

After the first flush of the psychological effect of this move has passed away, and it becomes evident that what has been obtained is only a breathing spell, that the grave situation of Europe cannot be altered merely by a year's delay, but that the numerous other causes of the worst economic crisis in modern times must also be removed, there may be an increasing feeling of doubt. No one can tell what may happen this summer. The time to strike is now while the iron is hot, when Mr. Hoover can surely count upon Congress. Delay until December will cause unrest and anxiety in Europe, which has not forgotten that Congress in its wisdom rejected the Treaty of Versailles after it had been enthusiastically recommended by the war-time President. Let us have the issue settled now, if only because other important settlements and changes will demand attention as soon as this act of the Executive is ratified.

Death of a Commission

ON midnight of June 30 the Wickersham Commission, sometimes known as the Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, passed almost stealthily out of existence, without ceremony and without even a final meeting. It would not be possible or entirely fair to render at this moment a final verdict upon its achievements. Its various studies on police methods, probation, crime costs, crime causes, crime among the foreign-born, and "the lawlessness of the law" have not yet been made public. Some of these reports may prove to be substantial contributions, and a few of the commission's recommendations in this field may conceivably be acted upon. But any consideration of the commission's record available up to now is bound to be a depressing one.

The Commission on Law Enforcement, it must be remembered, is the most famous of all the President's commissions. Even before he took office Mr. Hoover put forward the appointment of commissions as the master-method of solving and settling the problems of government. It took such problems "out of politics." It took them out of the realm of passion and partisanship and placed them in the hands of experts. It was preeminently the "scientific" method of dealing with them. The record of the Wickersham Commission may be taken as typical of what the method of solution-by-commission may fairly be expected to achieve.

What happened to it? Almost immediately after its appointment it became in the popular eye, and even apparently in its own eye, the commission on prohibition. Its proceedings were then surrounded by a curious sort of peep-show privacy. It was not many months before Chairman Wickersham was giving out public statements and writing letters regarding his personal attitude on prohibition. Finally, after a year and a half of this wouldn't-you-like-to-know-what-we're-going-to-say attitude, the commission's report was published. After a year and a half of "fact-finding," it published no facts on prohibition not already known in their broader aspects by nearly everyone. Far from clarifying anything, the recommendations made the situation more confused than ever. The 800-word summary of the report said one thing, the complete report something rather different, and the statements signed by individual members something quite different. The summary stated, for example, that "the commission is of opinion that there is yet no adequate observance or enforcement," which was hardly an adequate summary of the statement in the complete report that "a majority of the citizens in most of our larger cities" and "at least a very large number of respectable citizens in all communities" were drinking "in quite frank disregard of the declared policy of the national prohibition act," despite the fact that "no other federal law has had such elaborate State and federal enforcing machinery put behind it," and that "after a brief period in the first years of the amendment there has been a steady increase in drinking." The summary asserted that "the commission is opposed to the federal or State governments, as such, going into the liquor business," but carefully refrained from mentioning that several of the commissioners had approved the creation of officially author-

ized agencies for the distribution of liquor in States which approved such distribution. The summary declared, without qualification, that "the commission is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." It did not state that two of the eleven members of the commission were in favor of outright repeal, and that five others wanted immediate modification. The individual statements of the members showed various degrees of inconsistency with their signatures to the main report. The palm went to Mr. Baker, who signed the report opposing repeal, while stating categorically that he favored repeal.

What did Mr. Hoover do with this report? He vaguely "commended" certain of the minor suggestions "to the attention of the Congress at an appropriate time"—though he did not specify what time would be appropriate. He repudiated, however, the only really important change the commission had been able to agree upon—that altering the present mandatory prohibition amendment into a merely empowering amendment—by asserting that he saw "serious objections" to it. He did not specify what the objections were.

The history of the Wickersham Commission therefore comes down to this: In appointing it, the President called for "an accurate examination of fact and cause" to be followed by "constructive, courageous conclusions." In the report on which the commission spent the most of its time, no facts were found that altered what was generally known. There was virtually a different conclusion from each member of the commission. The summary of the report was not an honest reflection of the opinions of the individual members, and the most important recommendation even of that summary was rejected by the President who had appointed the commission. Congress, of course, did nothing. Let us keep these facts in mind when the next commission is appointed to solve—or evade—the next issue.

Haiti Still a Problem

GROWING impatience on the one side and literal-minded stubbornness on the other threaten, unless common sense is soon brought to bear on the situation, to make a tragedy of the Washington Administration's expressed desire to end the American occupation of Haiti. It was more than a year ago that the Forbes Commission, complying with the instructions of President Hoover to determine "when and how we are to withdraw" from Haiti, made several specific recommendations. It urged that the government be reorganized by substituting parliamentary rule for the dictatorship of President Luis Borno and his extra-legal Council of State, that the general of marines acting as High Commissioner be replaced by a civilian Minister, that the marines be "gradually withdrawn," and that a policy be adopted "providing for an increasingly rapid Haitianization of the services, with the object of having Haitians experienced in every department of the government ready to take over full responsibility at the expiration of the existing treaty." The first two steps of this program, which was approved by Mr. Hoover, have already been taken. Beyond that there has been little progress; marines are still in Haiti and Americans continue to hold most of

the high government offices. As a result trouble is again brewing.

Storm signals have been noted by several observers, among them Ernest Gruening, editor of the *Portland Evening News*, and Harold Denny, *New York Times* correspondent, who have recently visited the Caribbean republic. They report that the Haitian patriots, meaning the majority of the people who since 1915 have been chafing under the restrictions of the treaty imposed upon them in that year, are extremely impatient to have the occupation ended without further ado. They have always held the treaty to be invalid, and now, in view of the Forbes Commission's recommendations, they assume that even Washington admits the occupation to be illegal, and so they see no good reason for haggling over the terms of the withdrawal. Moreover, the patriots are being egged on by the press, which is constantly demanding immediate withdrawal, and by leading Haitian politicians, most of whom have seats in the national assembly, and all of whom are looking forward with eager anticipation to the fruits of office they will enjoy once the Americans have got out. A few of the more prominent cabinet officers, including President Stenio Vincent, appreciate the necessity for patience and peace during the period of withdrawal, but they too believe the task can be completed in a relatively short time.

On the other hand, the American occupation officials appear to the observers to be obsessed with the desire to abide strictly by the letter of the Forbes Commission program rather than by its very liberal spirit. The commission itself found that "the acts and attitude of the treaty officials gave . . . the impression that they had been based upon the assumption that the occupation would continue indefinitely." Now that these officials know they must give up their jobs and get out they are, in the opinion of the Haitians, quibbling over unessential details. The Americans, to all appearances, are just as eager to hang on to their jobs as the Haitian politicians are to appropriate them. The new American Minister, Dana Munro, who with Pauleus Sannon, Haitian Foreign Secretary, has been negotiating an agreement to govern the Haitianization of the government services, thus finds himself under pressure from two sides.

But in concerning ourselves too much with Haitian political ambitions and with the petty details of the withdrawal, we are apt to overlook the larger problem involved. Now that we have recognized the error of our intervention in the first place, we ought to get out without standing upon formality or ceremony. Perhaps this course would do violence to our notion that the Haitian leaders are not yet so well qualified to rule their country as are the American experts sent down there for that purpose, ignorant as the latter are of the language and psychology of the people, and perhaps an abrupt departure would not be strictly legal or regular as the State Department sees it. But only by such a straightforward and honest course can we begin to right the wrongs we have done the Haitians these last sixteen years. Our present insistence upon precise observance of every detail of the withdrawal program is only filling the Haitians with still more resentment against us. One of their editors, Ernest Chauvet, has already warned us that in the present situation there is an "acute possibility of serious disorder." It would be a pity if such were the result of the visit of our well-intentioned Forbes Commission.

Literature and Affairs

FROM the office of Senator Norris has just come a statement made by Theodore Dreiser to Paul S. Clapp, managing director of the National Electric Light Association. It was Mr. Clapp who, in answer to Senator Norris's strictures on the Power Trust, declared indignantly that no such animal existed. Mr. Dreiser does not believe it, and his reply is well informed and ably written. Nor is this by any means the first time he has taken part in public controversy. Lately, in the case of eight Negro boys sentenced to die for rape in Scottsboro, Alabama, he was an active member of a committee of protest; and he has made one of another committee of writers to hold hearings on cases of alleged brutalities perpetrated on miners by mine guards in western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Dreiser thus is carrying on a tradition much neglected in America of late years, that an artist need not disassociate himself from public affairs, but may, if his temperament permits, hold office, criticize public men, and in general take part in the life about him without injury to his art. John Milton spent his middle years as secretary of foreign tongues to Cromwell's Council of State, and was prolific and passionate in his writings on current affairs; the author of "Tom Jones" as Mr. Justice Fielding dispensed justice for many years from the King's bench; Dean Swift, not over-busy with his duties at St. Patrick's, had before assuming them tasked his spirit and his pen in ardent political advocacy. There are many writers to whom this sort of occupation would be unthinkable. For them the ivory tower in which they can contemplate life without letting it destroy them. If Mr. Dreiser, as one of America's first novelists, can be partisan in the lives of men and women around him, Mr. Robinson Jeffers, one of America's first poets, has built himself a stone tower by the Pacific and retreats to it at the first approach of insistent sociability. These two happen to be honest men, honestly behaving as their own natures compel them to behave. From the character of his writing, so deeply and persistently concerned with every small detail of living, Mr. Dreiser might well be expected to watch with interest what goes on in the world about him. Mr. Jeffers, to whom the world is one vast magnificent metaphor, and the men and women in it whirling shapes bent by fate to fill it, can properly enough let politics and economics take care of themselves while he occupies himself with writing poetry.

This, of course, is very unpopular doctrine with our young "proletarian" writers. For them the current scene is everything, the current injustices of the capitalist system are the only matters with which an honest writer can concern himself. They are not individualists, they will not grant any man the right to be different from his fellows, or to wish to be apart from them. They love Upton Sinclair, not because he has written patiently and interestingly of contemporary America, but because he is on the side of the workingman; they will love Mr. Dreiser for the same reason. In America today there is much to observe, much to champion, much to fight and abhor—for the writer whose taste urges him to take sides as well as to watch. This is an excellent way of writing. One should not, however, make the mistake of thinking it the only way.

A Man Can Be Free*

I

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

YOU have both written in a friendly spirit. I thank you. You know, as I hope all your brothers in the Soviet Union know, that I am your sincere friend and a defender of the Soviet Union in the West. I have welcomed your young revolution from the moment of its birth in 1917, and from the beginning I have untiringly defended it with my pen against those who have attacked and misrepresented it. Just a few days ago I mercilessly tore the hypocritical mask from the face of the "Pan-Europeans." I believe in the Soviet Union and will continue to support it to my last breath. Therefore there is every reason for peace between us, and we should rejoice in this.

But you have found it necessary to become alarmed and perturbed because I consider myself an individualist, and because I harbor a "love for humanity." My dear friends, accept me as I am. Whether I am mistaken or not, at least I am sincere and honest. And in my honesty lies my strength. Yes, I believe in humanity. And this individualist, this "believer in humanity" is fighting your battle. Instead of saying, "No, this cannot be!" would it not be wiser to rejoice because the Soviet Union has on its side the most ardent champions of individualism and humanity?

You say, my dear Selvinsky, that individual freedom does not exist and that an "intellectual" has never been free and never can be free. My whole life is an example of the contrary. I have lived as a free man. Amidst my enemies, as amidst everything I have loved, through all that I have fought for, through all that I have been and stood for, I have always remained free. And for this freedom I have paid a high price, the price of living in the absolute seclusion of my own thoughts, surrounded by an atmosphere of violent hatred. I shall not dwell on the hardships this condition has brought upon me, hardships made particularly unendurable by my sensitiveness. For I have never been tempted to make a profession of heartlessness. I have loved and wanted to be loved in return. But I have sacrificed everything—happiness, ambition, and material well-being—in order to remain free. And I have succeeded in remaining free—free and alone during all these years of my life. I have stood alone among the herd of Western intellectuals, whose proud dogmas and egotistical prejudices I have never been able to share, alone in my native country, with its nationalism, against which I have fought; I stood alone in 1914, when I unmasked all that was behind the fratricidal war. And I have stood still more completely alone since the signing of the peace treaty, this false peace of robbers, which I have unceasingly attacked and denounced. And alone, with a very small group of persons who think as I do, I stand in the West for the defense of the Soviet Union. So do not say that one cannot be free. One is free when one has enough courage to sacrifice everything for the freedom of one's soul.

And now we come to love for humanity, which, in your opinion, Feodor Gladkov, it is ridiculous even to mention, in these days of brutal and savage upheaval. In my opinion this is precisely the moment to speak of it. Love for humanity has become a standard around which we should rally, at this time of conflict when there is danger of its being trampled under foot. I am doing what I can to rescue it from destruction by people who are savagely fighting one another. You can trample upon me if you wish. . . . Surely when it comes to proclaiming the hypocrisy of "lovers of humanity" and of "peace," we are at one. And who has struggled more tirelessly and attacked this hypocrisy more severely than I, the author of "Liluli"? But hypocrites we shall find at all times and everywhere, and in every camp. Those are the jackals that follow the lions in order to eat their leavings, and put an end to them if they should happen to become ill or wounded. Do not confuse them with the lions. And do not confuse noble individualism, that believes it "better to die than to betray your convictions," with low egotism, that thinks of nothing but how to fill its stomach and satisfy its ambitions and interests. Do not confuse the false love for humanity of the Tartuffes who grow fat on the peace treaty and the international bureau of disarmament with the ardent flame of love and sacrifice that burns in the name of freedom, and that seeks to elevate and enlighten the oppressed and exploited masses of humanity—this same flame that lives within you.

For in your country, my friends of the Soviet Union, consciousness and appreciation of life are free. And you yourselves, not realizing this, are true individualists, true apostles and ardent servants of humanity. Can you not realize that? I am bringing to you, into the camp of workers who have become masters of their own destiny, the sacred banner of freedom of spirit and love for humanity. Do not be so blind as to reject it. Be proud of it! Rejoice that we are fighting in your ranks. Do you remember in Shakespeare's amazing work, "Antony and Cleopatra," the eve of the great battle that was to decide the destiny of the world, and that was to give the power into the hands of Octavius? Mysterious music is heard on the night air; the sound of flutes floats over Antony's camp, and singing from an invisible parade is heard, gradually fading away and dying out. That is the march of Dionysus, and it is Antony's gods who are abandoning him. They are abandoning the one who is doomed to die. . . . The gods of the old world, individualism and humanity, are fleeing from the camp of your enemies, and they are coming to your camp. Accept them. And accept the hand of one who leads them. This hand is experienced in the battles of a whole lifetime. And this hand is firm. And it presses your hand.

II

By A. V. LUNACHARSKY

I must ask your forgiveness, my friends Selvinsky and Gladkov. For in this controversy I am nearer to the point of view of Romain Rolland than to yours. And I consider myself none the less Marxian for that.

* A letter from Romain Rolland to Feodor Gladkov and Ilya Selvinsky, published in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* of Moscow and translated from the Russian by Lubov Meiller and Harold Ballou, together with a letter by A. V. Lunacharsky simultaneously published in the same review and also translated by Miss Meiller and Mr. Ballou.—EDITOR THE NATION.

One might easily understand from Romain Rolland's letter that you have accused him of being an individualist and a "servant of humanity," but that in reality there exists no such thing as individual freedom, nor any such thing as love for humanity. One is forced to conclude from Rolland's letter that you think there are only social restrictions, which are borne by the classes. This accusation sounds orthodox, but you will pardon my saying that it is somewhat superficial. In reality, if we consider a true proletarian, it is evident that the freedom of his activities and of his class should naturally coincide.

What is individual freedom? In this case our point of view is Hegelian, invariably resting on a dialectical-materialistic foundation. A free man is a person whose behavior coincides with the very essence of his being. If my freedom did not correspond with my character, it would be a strange situation indeed! Free actions must correspond with one's convictions and feelings. (A proletarian's freedom, by the way, may be hindered through his backwardness and his lack of education. Therefore when a proletarian becomes enlightened through education, he discovers and broadens his true self. His personality becomes freer, at the same time still belonging to his class. The party discipline, which he accepts, is as the very air which he breathes. The more disciplined a member of the party, the freer he is.)

Now let us consider the individuality of the intelligentsia. This is not only a merely bourgeois individuality, but also an individuality that spends itself in perfecting its own being. . . . Originality, for a writer, lawyer, doctor, painter, engineer, or other intellectual is the greatest gift that he can possess. . . . And in precisely this lies his talent. There also exists among the intellectuals a competition in originality. In the process of development of this competition the intellectual suffers purely personal complications. . . . An intellectual thinks that his "sensitiveness" is a sign of highly developed individuality. But this is just as false as to consider as a quality the noises made by an expensive automobile while in motion. . . .

There are many threads that bind an intellectual, especially a European intellectual, to his bourgeois environment. . . . How can such an intellectual (and in Europe 99 per cent are of this type) tear himself away from such a situation and approach the proletarian? I can assure you that he can do it only through the development of the greatest individual freedom. . . .

Let us suppose that the intellectual does not at once find the communistic road. This will still be his first honest refusal to serve the bourgeois idols—to oppose them through his desire to be truthful to himself. This alone will bring our "Doctor Stockman" into conflict with the society in which he lives. It may take him some time to discover that there exists a society that will support him in his convictions, a society in which he will have a chance to develop, namely, the revolutionary proletariat. But in the beginning he will suffer from a deep feeling of loneliness. He will come to the conclusion that outside of this society there are many other spheres, some good and some bad, in which he can spend himself, but the essential thing is that at last he is developing his true individuality. This culmination, which calls for sacrifice, brings him to the summit of his self-esteem. . . .

So how can Romain Rolland help being proud of such

individualism? How can he refrain from speaking of freedom as of something truly noble? Now tell me, friends Gladkov and Selvinsky: if Romain Rolland did not believe in individual freedom, would he not be forced to believe the alternative, that a man can only express the interests of his class and no more? In this case he would be forced to remain, according to Pereversev, within the frame of his class, forever a bourgeois. And Romain Rolland does not want that.

Lenin has said that everyone has his own way of arriving at communism. Thus the road of an intellectual leads through highly moral social individualism and scientific freedom of thought. And this requires a strong character.

It is a road to freedom through freedom, the highest type one can attain. This freedom is no longer individualistic, because it harmoniously coincides with the requirements of the class. Romain Rolland, with a somewhat ironical smile, tells Gladkov and Selvinsky that Communists, not themselves realizing it, are "true individualists." This is not true, my friend. We Communists are great individualists, fully aware of it. And you, our friend, you fully understand our individualism. . . . Individualism grows to a colossal stature when it works hand in hand with the great social movement of its time. . . .

We are well aware that our struggle produces tremendous individualities. Surely we would laugh to scorn any person who tried to maintain that Marx, Lenin, or Stalin were not very outstanding individualities. We also know that the socialistic order will create varied and strong personalities, although there will be no conflict or competition between them over a career, which some bourgeois consider a necessary condition for individualism.

The same misunderstanding arises when we come to consider love for humanity. From Romain Rolland's letter it is evident that he despises scoundrels and fools who want to hide the class struggle from the new humanity. No, there does not exist at the present time an undivided humanity. There is a gigantic class struggle between two consciously hostile camps, the camp of the leaders of the bourgeoisie and their lackeys, and the camp of the proletariat and their followers. Lenin pointed out more than once that with the natural development of sharper class conflicts there will gather around the banner of communism hundreds of millions of men, and around the flag of capitalism there will remain a small group of exploiters and their servants. In this respect we speak in the name of humanity. We only deny the exploiters the right to be considered as a part of humanity, for they are its enemies. And they must be liquidated as a class. Socialism will lead to the annihilation of classes, and thus to the complete realization of humanity.

We do not have to build up contradictions between such people as Romain Rolland and ourselves. . . . My dear friend, we love your personality which is so distinctly different from that of the intellectuals you have described in "Liluli." We welcome your freedom, which permitted you to protest proudly against the idols of European public opinion. We know that you want to serve humanity. We know that you are beginning to absorb completely the truth, that one can serve humanity only by giving oneself wholly to the proletariat through its revolutionary, communistic vanguard.

Graustark Gets Down to Figures

By JOHN GUNTHER

JUST a year ago this week King Carol flew back to Rumania an exiled prince, dishonored, outlawed, scandal-pelted by a brace of continents. He stepped by night from a hard-flying airplane to assume a throne held previously by both his father and his son. Once he was pretty close to being a fugitive. Now he is pretty close to personal responsibility for 17,000,000 Rumanians. This sounds romantic, but today Carol is facing critical realities. The details of his coup outdid Hollywood—the decoy whereby the Rumanian spies were foiled, the conspirator in false mustachios who impersonated Carol in a Paris hotel, the code telegrams signed “Sophie,” the night flight across the Carpathians. Very pretty it all was! Today Carol holds his head over problems of grain export, trade balances, budget deficits. Graustark is getting down to figures.

Carol is not a dictator—yet. The plain truth of the matter is that he has no need to be. His personal government serves the same purpose, with less ostentation and risk; his cabinet of three cronies and a half-dozen non-party specialists gives him a properly constitutional executive committee; and his parliament, more or less hand-picked by the elections of June 1-4, provides a convenient and outwardly irreproachable façade. These are bad days for unconstitutional kings, and Carol knows what happened to Alfonso. Moreover, his brother-in-law, Alexander, across the border in Jugoslavia, has not had an easy time.

Just the same, Carol intends holding as close to actual as well as titular power as possible. This was the purpose of the elections, which were a pretty neat job, even for Rumania. It is, of course, a historical fact that no government in Rumania has ever lost an election. Governments go out not by vote of parliament but by royal decree, and the new government is formed specifically with the intention of holding elections and thus confirming itself in power. But the new government of Professor Jorga chosen by King Carol had only one seat in parliament, that of Professor Jorga himself. So a party of exactly one had to be transformed into one big enough to swing a chamber of 387. It was done by an electoral pact with the Liberals—the party which hounded Carol from the country. Strange bed-fellows! But cooperation with the Liberals was the price that Carol was willing to pay to avoid an overt dictatorship.

The Carol-Jorga-Liberal bloc polled 1,389,894 votes out of 2,100,000, and got 289 seats in the chamber. The National Peasant opposition, which polled 2,200,000 votes in 1928, dropped to 438,761, and was reduced in parliament from 324 seats to 30. Obviously such a terrific swing of the pendulum shows that once again in Rumania the elections were “made.”

The turnover was effected in perfectly orthodox Balkan fashion. About 10,000 opposition votes were “lost,” and are still missing. In some districts voters were warded from the polls by sudden quarantines, to protect them from mysteriously arising “epidemics.” Fraud and intimidation kept thousands from the polls. In Bucharest only 26 per cent of the electorate voted, and in the country as a whole only

50 per cent. Moreover, by the terms of a convenient electoral law which may surprise Westerners, but which is common in the Balkans, the government on getting 40 per cent of the total poll takes a 30 per cent bonus of extra seats in the chamber. So “democracy” protects itself.

Even so, the victory of Carol’s personal government was not so sweeping as it might have been. The Jorga group has, it is true, 289 seats out of 387; but 80 of the 289 are promised to the Liberals, and 18 to minority parties. If these should secede from the government bloc the majority would be precariously reduced. The Liberal leader, a hard-boiled politician named Duca, may make trouble. But Carol is so certain to put the screws on recalcitrant politicians that it is unlikely. Everyone remembers what happened to poor M. Titulescu, Carol’s minister in London. Titulescu worked night and day for thirteen days before the present crisis to form a government, and twice he very nearly succeeded. Carol put him to the all but insuperably difficult task, first, of getting the nauseous welter of minor politicians to work together, and, second, of effecting a reconciliation between the Liberals and their bitter enemies, the National Peasants. Titulescu sweated, but he did it. But when he finally presented his cabinet the king brusquely refused to accept it, on the ground that it did not include his personal friend Dr. Argetoianu. Then through Professor Jorga a cabinet was formed almost within an hour. Titulescu is described as much hurt still at the truly horrible way he was let down.

Carol aside, the three men who run Rumania under the present regime form an amusingly variegated trinity. Professor Jorga was professor of universal history at the University of Bucharest at the age of twenty-two. He sits in a little house on a Bucharest boulevard, roars orders to secretaries through a glistening black beard, has the temper of a Tartar, has written 357 different books and pamphlets, and when I saw him was answering all complaints and petitions from all parts of the country personally. He is also completely honest. This is a handicap to a Rumanian politician.

Dr. Constantine Argetoianu is a doctor of medicine, a successful banker, a politician who has led several different parties, and an advocate of dictatorship. He is both Minister of Finance and Minister of the Interior, and it was he who managed the elections. The third man, Mihai Manoilescu, is a typical Balkan character—an economist who is also an *agent provocateur*, an authority on public finance who had enough knack for political conspiracy, to say nothing of aviation, to organize and engineer the plot that brought Carol home. Once he was arrested by the Bratianus for running messages to Carol in exile. He is Minister of Trade and Commerce, and the closest man to the king in Rumania.

The National Peasants, isolated in opposition under their Jesuit-trained leader Dr. Julius Maniu, are blistering sore at the way they have been out-manuevered—and, at the moment, are absolutely impotent. All they can make is

■ lot of noise. They will. Their prestige in the country has dwindled greatly, though not of course so greatly as the elections indicate. They made promises they found it impossible to fulfil; the two groups within the party, the Transylvanians and the Czaraniists, began to squabble; after thirty months of office the people were ready for ■ change. Moreover, Carol and Maniu quarreled. It was Maniu's government which made Carol king, and kings do not like to be too much indebted to their own subjects. Carol was bored by being grateful to Maniu. Again, Maniu fought with Carol over the position of Helen, the unhappy woman who is daughter, sister, mother, and ex-wife of kings, but not ■ queen.

One should note briefly some of the positive achievements of Maniu and his party in their term of office. First and most important of all, they ended the vicious Bratianu tyranny. They took office saddled with ■ deficit of 18,000,000,000 lei (\$1 equals 166 lei) and got ■ foreign loan just the same. They tried to reorganize the railroads; they sought to decentralize the administration; they promoted essential government economies. The Finance Minister, Dr. Madgearu, issued a series of decrees which swept through the rotten fabric of Rumanian finance like wind from the pines. The currency was stabilized; income-tax defaulters were corraled; and a law mercifully reduced the interest rate to 14 per cent. *Fourteen*, you say? Yes, because in Rumania rates of 35 per cent or even 50 per cent are common.

There have been rumors lately that Carol intends to marry Mme Lupescu, his famous red-haired friend. This is highly dubious. Carol once gave up his country for this woman, it was written recently, but now it appears he is giving up the woman for the country. The violent and fantastic confusions of his personal life seem quieting down. Just the same, there has been no reconciliation with Helen, his divorced wife, and none is likely. Helen will doubtless leave the country soon. With Carol will stay young Michael, the only personage in history who has been king of a country once, and who will presumably be king of the same country again. Carol and his mother, Marie, get along none too well, and her visits to Bucharest are becoming increasingly infrequent.

Rumania is 80 per cent agricultural. In Bucharest kings come and kings go; scandals flourish and administrations collapse; politicians scamper, cluster, and depart; and the problem of 13,600,000 peasants remains. A land reform which did almost as much evil as good gave 85 per cent of the land to small peasant owners. They had little machinery and little capital, and usurious money-lenders sucked out of them the highest interest rates in Europe. This incidentally accounts for much of the anti-Semitism in Rumania, the money-lenders being mostly Jews. Year after year the peasants mortgaged their holdings, until at present the agricultural debt is colossal. It has been calculated at ninety billion lei, ■ sum three times the total national budget.

On this land grain grows. It is grain which gives life to the land. And it is this same grain rotting in elevators which may give death to it. The world agrarian crisis has hit Rumania especially hard; as prices fell, taxes soared, and cheap Russian wheat hit the Black Sea markets. The country produces, but it cannot sell. The surplus this year is 250,000 metric tons of wheat, 400,000 of barley,

500,000 of corn. The total surplus, including left-over grain from the last three harvests, runs close to 2,000,000 metric tons. And Rumania all but smothers under it.

Here enters a notable example of how economic decency may be sacrificed to cutthroat politics. Rumania, like Yugoslavia, is highly tempted by the projected Austro-German customs union. Politically both countries are bound to France, but economically their magnet is Germany, because Germany alone can buy their glut of grain. One of the chief results of the customs union has been to throw into sharp light this cleavage in the Balkans between French political and German economic policy. Czecho-Slovakia is the ally of Rumania and Yugoslavia within the Little Entente, but Czecho-Slovakia cannot buy enough Rumanian or Yugoslav grain to make good business. Germany can. Bucharest and Belgrade get little from Prague but the promises of eventual bayonets.

So in the first week of May ■ German delegation set out for Bucharest to sign a commercial treaty. The Germans were prepared to offer 50 per cent preference on Rumanian wheat. The treaty would have absorbed a large part of the Rumanian surplus and saved the country from acute agrarian depression and financial stringency. What happened? During the same week the Little Entente conference was holding its annual meeting. Pressure from the French and Czechs persuaded the Rumanians that ■ German delegation in Bucharest at the same time would be improper—very! The French have nothing to offer directly for Rumanian grain. (Hence the elaborate efforts of France to promote an *international* system of agrarian credits for Eastern Europe.) Nor have the Czechs. The Germans have. But so strong was the political suction exerted by M. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister, that the German delegation, actually en route to Bucharest, was stopped and turned back at the frontier. As diplomacy, it was rude; as economics, grotesque.

Rumania is one of the richest countries on earth. It sprouts timber, oil, corn, wheat, in abundant profusion. Rumania is also one of the poorest countries on earth. Every year it has to borrow to finance its own harvest. The budget deficit is upwards of ten billion lei. Almost one-third of the budget goes, it is true, to the army, but this is the normal figure for Balkan countries. The recent French loan was a lifesaver, but Rumania paid for it through the nose. Only 78 per cent of the nominal \$52,000,000 issue was received, and the interest rate worked out to 11½ per cent. Usury in the end, it seems, gets the usurer.

But as to the revenue, where does the money go? The peasant gets 2.8 lei for a kilogram of corn (a lei is three-fifths of an American cent, remember), 3.4 lei for a kilogram of wheat. A day's work in the fields brings him 40 lei—25 cents. But a single kilogram of sugar costs him 40 lei. Where does the money go? Why is grain so cheap, and bread so dear? In waste and inefficiency, to be sure; and also in dishonesty. Rumania, latently one of the most productive countries in Europe, is smothered with a tradition of *backshesh*, befouled by grafters, and greasy with corruption. Even the National Peasant party has its smears.

However, the situation is no worse than it was last year. And it may get better. There are great hopes of Carol and his henchmen, if they stick to their word to clean house and remember that Rumania is not the inevitable

Graustark-Zenda of Europe, but a country needing common sense more than pretty uniforms. After all, it is great credit to Carol that he returned. Ciro's and Longchamps were probably ever so much more fun. He has announced that hereafter he will attend all cabinet meetings himself,

and he may take other steps bringing him to the edge of formal dictatorship. In any case, he is running the country, and the country is his personal responsibility. Its tradition of opera bouffe hampers him. And he is making it the great compliment of treating it quite seriously.

President Hoover's Record

IV. The President and Unemployment*

By ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

THE Administration of Herbert Hoover began on March 4, 1929, with his inspiring declaration that "the larger purpose of our economic thought should be to establish more firmly stability and security of business and employment, and thereby remove poverty still further from our borders." Although he acquiesced in the laissez faire philosophy of his immediate predecessors in office by voicing a hope that this purpose would be attained largely through the spontaneous cooperation of individuals, President Hoover added the significant pledge that his Administration would "assist and encourage these movements of collective self-help by itself cooperating with them."

For eighteen months unemployment has been spreading poverty and acute suffering through industrial and agricultural areas alike. No one yet knows when the present economic disaster will be brought to an end. The illusory prosperity and feverish optimism which marked preceding years have given way to fearful economic insecurity and to widespread despair. These eighteen months have revealed the hypocrisy of the President's pledge of cooperation toward the attainment of economic security. The Administration's efforts to attain economic security have consisted of attempts to minimize the seriousness of the depression, of bold assurances that steps which would restore prosperity were about to be taken, and of a woefully unsuccessful program to stimulate private or local agencies to undertake tasks which the Administration was determined to shirk.

The utter inadequacy of the President's plan to muddle through the depression was increasingly evident as time went on. Instead of adopting constructive measures to meet the issues confronting us, the President in his Valley Forge speech of May 30 last abandoned all pretense of economic leadership. He counseled his fellow-citizens to await with resignation and individual fortitude the day when good fortune might again bring better economic conditions. Abandoning all thought of controlling the complexities of modern economic society, he urged that we "pin our faith upon the inventiveness, the resourcefulness, the initiative of every one of us."

President Hoover entered office with a widely accepted reputation as an economic expert. For years he had indicated his interest in preventing and mitigating unemployment. After appointment by President Harding in 1921 to the chairmanship of the Conference on Unemployment, Mr. Hoover said: "There is no economic failure so terrible in its import as that of a country possessing a surplus of every

necessity of life, in which numbers, willing and anxious to work, are deprived of these necessities. It simply cannot be if our moral and economic system is to survive."

Pledges to bring about security of employment and to "abolish poverty" marked the campaign of 1928. The election of Herbert Hoover, the country was assured, would mean the adoption of constructive and aggressive measures to cope with the problem of unemployment. Three months after the inauguration these pledges were recalled to the President's mind by the head of the Iowa State Federation of Labor, who suggested that a national conference be called to consider the unemployment problem. The President replied that he "hoped that we will be able to take it up when some of the momentarily pressing problems of the Administration are out of the way." These "momentarily pressing problems" continued to dominate the President's attention down to the day on which a stock-market crash warned even the unwary that the nation's economic structure had been undermined.

President Hoover's first recognition of the situation was a reassuring statement, on October 25, 1929, that the country was still "on a sound and prosperous basis." Events soon exploded this theory, and on November 15 the President temporarily avowed a sounder view by saying that "words are not of any great importance in times of economic disturbance; it is action that counts."

Action was to proceed along five fronts. The first involved the maintenance of credit stability and of ample supplies of capital through the Federal Reserve system, a task which the long-established banking organization readily accomplished, especially since it soon became evident that the country had an over-supply rather than a shortage of capital. Other points in the program, including the revival of construction activities, the stimulation of exports, and assistance to agriculture, were defeated by more permanent Administration policies which ran in a contrary direction. The fifth point, a reduction of income taxes to reassure business, was jammed through Congress only to demonstrate the hollowness of the Administration's glib description of the depression as merely psychological.

By way of doing something more specific, the President on the same day announced that he called a series of conferences with industrial, financial, and labor leaders, not so much to meet as to "head off an emergency." The eminent gentlemen who visited the White House seemed to agree with the President that no attempt should be made to reduce wages, and pledged increased capital expenditures to maintain employment.

* The fourth of a series of articles on President Hoover's Record. The fifth, on President Hoover's Appointments, by Charles A. Beard, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

An increasing wave of unemployment soon followed, and the President again declared that it was slight in volume and that it would soon be over. On March 8, 1930, he issued his justly famous statement:

All the evidences indicate that the worst effects of the crash upon employment will have been passed within the next sixty days, with the amelioration of seasonal unemployment, the gaining strength of other forces, and the continued cooperation of the many agencies actively cooperating with the government to restore business and to relieve distress.

On June 4, 1930, the President was waited on by a delegation of bishops, bank presidents, and manufacturers, described by Mr. Amos Pinchot in *The Nation* of January 14, 1931. The President assured the delegation that they must be misinformed concerning the seriousness of the unemployment situation. In Mr. Pinchot's words:

With calm confidence he spoke of the results that were being gained through the conference he had called of great business leaders and of their fine response to his appeal not to curtail the volume of their activities. He showed us, in authoritative style, that every agency of both the federal and State governments was working at top capacity to relieve the situation. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have come six weeks too late."

Ironically enough, it was at this time that the President reached his decision to sign the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, which contributed greatly to the almost complete ruin of our export trade.

Demands that the Administration adopt a constructive program became more and more insistent as the fall of 1930 came on. Optimistic statements and announcements of small increases in the volume of federal public works failed to conceal the growth of unemployment, and the protracted drought further enlarged the area of disorganization.

Admission that the unemployment problem had not been met came on October 17, 1930, when President Hoover announced a new series of conferences to draw up more effective plans, on the ground that "as a nation we must prevent hunger and cold to those of our people who are in honest difficulties." The immediate result was the creation of the President's Emergency Committee on Employment, with Colonel Arthur Woods as its chairman. The Woods committee collected information for the President's guidance and made suggestions to private employers and to States and municipalities of ways in which they might alleviate unemployment. The major public-works expansion program recommended to the President by the Woods committee, which would have thrown the powerful resources of the federal government into the breach and substantially reduced unemployment, never saw the light of day because of the President's opposition to legislative action and his blind faith that "the spirit of voluntary service" would be strong enough to cope with the problem "in full measure of the need."

Throughout the following session of Congress, from December, 1930, until March, 1931, the President successfully prevented enactment of more adequate measures to relieve unemployment. Federal assistance to meet the relief of actual distress was blocked through the subserviency of the leaders of a bi-partisan majority in the Senate to the influence of large income-taxpayers, and through the responsiveness of a majority in the House of Representatives to the pressure of the Administration. Instead of an emergency

public-works program upon a scale sufficiently great to reduce substantially the volume of unemployment, the Administration's emergency public-works program was limited in the main to an appropriation of \$116,000,000, most of which will be available only until September 1.

In harmony with the Administration's general attitude toward unemployment, the session ended with the President's pocket veto, based upon untenable grounds, of the Wagner employment-exchange bill, which almost alone among the measures passed by the Seventy-first Congress might have made some permanent contribution toward the alleviation of the evils of unemployment. The virtual disintegration of the Woods committee, whose members had accepted appointment in the belief that their expert knowledge would receive at least courteous attention from the President, followed within a few weeks. Although the chairman of the committee refused to comment upon his departure from Washington, one of his admirers, Edward A. Filene, remarked that "Colonel Woods is a man of action who refuses to follow a road which leads windingly or not at all to the goal."

A review of the Hoover Administration's unemployment policy demonstrates that the President has lacked either the understanding or the courage to press toward the goal of alleviating the distress of the unemployed and of reducing the number out of work. Timidity and disingenuousness have marked the course of the Administration at a time when heroic courage and bold frankness were necessary. Vigor and firm leadership have been displayed by the President at times, but only to resist proposals which would have mitigated suffering but which necessarily involved an additional levy upon wealthy income-taxpayers.

No informed person has charged the President with full responsibility for the disaster which overtook the United States in 1929. It was produced by factors which had long been working, although President Hoover, like his predecessors, lacked the vision or the will to control those forces. No one has maintained that the federal government alone could solve all the economic problems which now confront the nation. The failure of President Hoover during his Administration is revealed, however, by his attitude toward the measures which would have at least partially ameliorated the unemployment crisis, and which had been under discussion since the unemployment conference over which he presided in 1921. Some of these proposals had again been recommended only a few days before President Hoover's inauguration by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, which under the chairmanship of Senator Couzens had carried on a thorough study of unemployment.

Instead of frankly informing the country concerning the actual state of affairs, the President repeatedly gave out misleading statements. He clung vehemently to his assertions that the depression would soon be over, and that the number of unemployed was smaller than informed observers had been led to believe.

His Cabinet members for months continued to place the number out of work at 2,000,000, even after official figures had shown the total to be far greater. Finally the Woods committee, in order to obtain a sounder basis for its own guidance, induced the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to make an independent survey in January, 1931, which resulted in an estimate placing the number out of work at more than 5,000,000. Characteristically the Administra-

tion withheld this information until it had been demanded by a resolution of the Senate. A second and more detailed survey, conducted by the Bureau of the Census early in 1931, showed 6,050,000 persons unemployed. It too was withheld by the Administration, this time until after the adjournment of Congress had made it impossible to pass relief appropriations. Strange light is cast upon the Administration's good faith in this connection by Secretary of Commerce Lamont's announcement in March, 1931, that in accordance with a change of Administration policy the public would henceforth be given "all the facts." For more than a year, in other words, the facts had been suppressed.

Despite this assurance, unwarranted optimism continues to emanate from the White House. Late in May, 1931, the President informed the country that he and his Cabinet had found "many factors they considered favorable." A week later Fred C. Croxton, vice-chairman of the Woods committee, felt it necessary to issue a warning that there must be no let-up in relief activities and that almost certainly millions of unemployed would need assistance next winter.

For a hundred years the federal government has granted financial aid to communities temporarily unable to cope with relief problems created by disaster. In spite of his inaugural declaration in favor of cooperation with "movements of self-help," the President devoted much of his energy during the past winter to the defeat of proposals to cooperate with local communities by supplementing out of federal revenues their relief funds, which were rapidly being exhausted. To defend his position, the President drew an arbitrary distinction between "natural" disasters and economic disasters, although the suffering created by the present economic disruption probably far exceeds the burdens imposed by all the "natural" disasters of the last century. He insisted that relief for the unemployed must be locally and privately financed, although official figures finally disclosed that during 1930, 72 per cent of the meager assistance given the unemployed was contributed by local governments and was therefore out of local taxes. The net result of this policy was to throw the burden upon direct, local taxpayers and to relieve the big income-taxpayers of their fair share of the relief levy.

Expansion of public works to afford temporary employment in times of depression had been favorably discussed for more than ten years. Appropriations large enough to initiate an effective emergency program were urged by President Hoover's own advisers. He insisted upon a meager appropriation of \$116,000,000. To satisfy the demand for a larger program of public works, he has sponsored misleading statements which lumped expenditures for the purchase of land with expenditures for actual construction, which failed to distinguish between the volume of work normally undertaken prior to the depression and the amount now under way, which obscured the amount of employment actually afforded, and which combined federal and State outlays.

Senator Wagner's bill setting up a permanent organization to regulate federal public works in accordance with business conditions was enacted only after long delay on the part of Administration leaders, and a director to guide its operations is yet to be appointed. Creation of an organization for effective cooperation between federal and State employment offices was proposed in a bill passed by Congress only to be pocket-vetoed, after the adjournment, on specious grounds. Instead, the President set up a system of federal

employment directors who have already begun to antagonize and disrupt existing State employment offices. Measures to encourage the establishment of employment reserves or to create a national system of employment insurance were ignored by the Administration, and when the Senate nevertheless authorized a special committee to consider this problem during the present adjournment, Senator Wagner, who had sponsored the creation of the committee, was deposed from the chairmanship by Administration influence.

Other long-range measures—to abolish child labor, to revise the Smoot-Hawley tariff in order to stimulate export trade, to increase federal income and inheritance taxes to provide funds for an expansion of the government's construction program and to enable it to relieve suffering, and to bring about intelligent planning of our economic life in order to prevent a repetition of the situation into which we drifted—have met with Presidential indifference or hostility.

The third winter of unemployment is approaching. Responsibility for the failure of the federal government to provide a program for the relief of distress among millions of our people rests squarely upon President Hoover. The bankruptcy of his leadership in the worst economic crisis in our history reveals the tragic failure of rugged individualism and places the major cost of deflation upon those least able to bear it—the unemployed.

Copyright and Common Sense II*

By THORVALD SOLBERG

THE hearings on copyright legislation before the Committees on Patents of the Senate and the House have produced convincing testimony that amendments to the copyright law are necessary. First consideration should be given to the entry of the United States into the International Copyright Union. This must be accomplished by acceptance of the Berne Convention. There are three texts—the original of 1886, and revisions, Berlin, 1908; Rome, 1928. The copyright bills proposed adherence to the Berlin revision. But the Rome Convention provides (Article 27) that it is to replace "the Convention of Berne of September 9, 1886, and the acts by which it has been successively revised." It is declared in Article 28 that ratifications of the Rome Convention shall be deposited not later than July 1, 1931, and that it will go into effect one month after that date. *If before that date* six countries shall have ratified it, it shall then go into effect as between those countries one month after the deposit of the sixth ratification. There has been unexpected delay in ratifying; hence this provision is now of no effect. New countries, according to Article 28, may enter the union by adhesion either to the Convention of 1908 or to the Convention of 1928 *up to August 1, 1931*. After that date they can adhere only to the latter convention. It is obvious, therefore, that the proposal to go before the next Congress must be acceptance of the convention signed at Rome on June 2, 1928.

Legislation is required to bring our copyright laws into

* The first article on this subject, dealing with the period of copyright protection, appeared in our issue of June 24.—EDITOR THE NATION.

full accord with the articles of that convention. Copyright must be extended to works of architecture, choreographic works, and pantomimes. Article 11 *bis* declares that "the authors of literary and artistic works enjoy the exclusive right to authorize the communication of their works to the public by radio diffusion [broadcasting]," and that the legislatures of the several countries of the union are to regulate the conditions for the exercise of that right. There must also be legislation to carry out the provisions of another new article (6 *bis*) which grants to the writer the right to claim the authorship of his work and "to object to every deformation, mutilation, or other modification of it which might be prejudicial to his honor or to his reputation." For our present common-law or equity protection of an author's unpublished manuscript must be substituted automatic, statutory copyright from the date of the creation of the author's work. The convention declares (Article 4) that the enjoyment and the exercise of the rights granted shall not be subject to any formality. Authors who are nationals of countries within the union must therefore be released from obligatory deposit and registration of copies and the insertion of a copyright notice. The copyright bills have retained obligatory deposit by American publishers of any work in book form "for the use of the Library of Congress"; but otherwise deposit, registration, and notice are made permissive.

A further necessity is the abrogation of the obligatory manufacture in the United States of the foreign author's work. This requirement has prevented the entry of the United States into the Copyright Union since the Act of March 3, 1891, went into force, compelling authors to have their books "printed from type set within the limits of the United States" in order to obtain copyright. The obvious purpose of the provision is to insure profit for the reprinter of the foreign book. It is not certain that it has been of much benefit even for that result. Of the books produced in Great Britain it is estimated that 85 per cent have not been reprinted and published in the United States. Their authors have had to forego obtaining copyright here because the cost of the compulsory second printing of the book at the time of its first publication could not be met. If, however, copyright protection is now assured to British authors from the time of the creation of their books, then, in the natural course of business, a considerable percentage of such books may be voluntarily reprinted in the United States. In the copyright bills, while the foreign author's work is exempt, obligatory manufacture in the United States has been extended to everything produced by an American author "in book, pamphlet, map, or sheet form"—practically every article subject to copyright except works of the fine arts.

For every article deposited there is required to be filed an affidavit "setting forth the manner in which compliance has been had" with these requirements. Not only is there imposed the burden of executing and filing many thousands of such useless affidavits, but the irritating necessity for our publishers of books and newspapers to swear in each case that they have used their own presses! The absurdity of this requirement is manifest. It would seem that for many cogent reasons the time has now arrived for the removal from our copyright legislation of these archaic requirements.

The incorporation of this obligatory manufacture brought into our legislation for the first time the restrictions upon the importation of copies of the foreign author's own

edition of his book. The copyright bills contained detailed provisions relating to this matter amounting to 120 lines of print (Sections 28-31). At the hearings by the Committee of the House of Representatives the Department of State criticized these proposals and recommended that Section 30 be struck from the bill on the ground that its provisions "are designed for the protection of American manufacturing industry" and "are without necessary connection with copyright or with a statute governing copyright." Thereupon the House Committee on Patents altered the text of the bill so as to restore to libraries their present importation privileges, but applied new restrictions upon importation by the individual book buyer. Senator Cutting, during the debate on the copyright bill, spoke in disparagement of this provision and intimated that were it not for nearness to the end of the session he would propose an amendment. It is imperatively required.

Other amendments, not required to permit entry into the Copyright Union but nevertheless highly desirable, are, first, provisions for the legal separation of the various rights comprised in copyright so that each may be dealt with separately and singly and the copyright owner may be permitted to sell any part of his general copyright—such as the right of dramatization or of translation or of use for a motion picture—instead of being subject to the present highly inconvenient necessity of parting with his whole copyright in order to transfer some special part thereof; second, the abrogation of the fixed royalty for the use of copyright music for mechanical reproduction, which, the chairman of the House Committee on Patents declared, would remove "abuses and evils and injustices which have prevailed for nineteen years."

Finally, as concerns the period of copyright, which I discussed at length in *The Nation* of June 24, much could be said in favor of the union term. The fact that some forty countries have adopted it speaks in its favor. It seems probable that it will become the term most widely accepted. Ultimately even the United States may adopt it. But in view of the existing opposition to that proposal, it may be feasible to adopt some reasonable compromise. It is possible to substitute for our present detrimental double term a single term of copyright, to vest in the author from the creation of his work and to continue until the termination of fifty-six years from the date of the first publication or first public performance of the work.

So far as existing copyrights are concerned, they would be taken care of by simply leaving Section 24 of the Act of 1909 in force, which permits an increase of protection for another twenty-eight years beyond the end of the first term of copyright if application for such extension is made to the Copyright Office and registered therein within one year prior to the expiration of such first term of protection.

The great mass of copyrighted works survive publication for only a comparatively short period. But there are some works of such character and value that an even longer term of protection than fifty-six years after publication should in justice be accorded to them in behalf of their authors or the families or heirs of such authors. One method for at least partly meeting this reasonable demand would be to authorize the reprinting by anyone of such books after the expiration of the proposed term of fifty-six years upon the payment of a fixed royalty upon the retail price at which the reprint is sold.

All these improvements should be secured by suitable amendments. But it is not at all necessary, in order to do so, to abandon all existing copyright legislation. Denunciation of the Copyright Act of 1909 has been encouraged as propaganda for the enactment of a wholly new codification. But this was doing scant justice to that act, which was prepared with great patience and much industry upon the part of men well known in relation to literary and artistic property and its protection. It is perhaps well to be reminded that among them were Edmund C. Stedman, Bronson Howard, Edward Eggleston, Mark Twain, Thomas Nelson Page, Robert Underwood Johnson, Edward Everett Hale, Henry van Dyke, R. R. Bowker, George Haven Putnam; John Philip Sousa, Victor Herbert; John W. Alexander, Karl Bitter, Frank D. Millet; and, of lawyers, Paul Fuller, Edmund Wetmore, Colonel Stephen Olin, Samuel J. Elder, and Edward S. Rogers. In Congress devoted service was rendered by Senators Kittredge and Smoot, and Representatives Currier and Washburn.

It should be borne in mind, also, that there is value in such court decisions as have been obtained under that act, which have elucidated its provisions and made clear their meaning and application, and that it is not desirable to depart so far from the original text of the existing law as to lose the value of such judicial interpretation. Much has happened affecting authors' rights since the Act of 1909 went into effect, and it is admitted that amendatory legislation is required to meet the changes which have taken place. But common sense dictates practical proposals for the minimum textual alteration necessary to cure the maximum copyright difficulties.

In the Driftway

ALL the excitement in Republican Spain is welcome to the Drifter, who glories in the revolution. But none of the reports have set him at peace regarding certain things that trouble him. He serves notice that he is ready to shout for the monarchy any day the new regime starts to abolish the Spanish donkey. Spain without donkeys would be like Manhattan without Brooklyn. In a true sense the donkey, whatever his shortcomings, has helped to make Spain. A car will take you around more quickly, and over some of the most delightful roads in the world; but who would want to go to Spain knowing that the donkey was no more, and that half the charm of the countryside was no longer to be enjoyed? If the donkey cannot be used profitably in the new order, why not at least do as the former government did and allow selected donkeys to live on the earnings of the peasants? The ones the Drifter thinks of would nowise be so greedy. Culture, tradition, art, architecture, literature—the Drifter means no offense, but for himself, the more he sees of human culture anywhere, the more he takes to donkeys.

* * * * *

IF there is another creature possessing the same kindliness, patience, and philosophical humor as the donkey, the Drifter would like to know its name. Even when a Spanish donkey feels it necessary to assert itself, the minute its heels

are lowered to the ground those flashing eyes are turned around to reveal a half-conscious smirk, as if to say, "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings." Along a road outside of Alcalá the Drifter once saw a buff-colored donkey being tormented by a young goat, the latter gifted with more energy than wisdom. After long ignoring the most obvious threats, until the offensive quarrel-picker's head was within lazy reach, the nonchalant donkey, almost with a world-weary sigh and scarcely interrupting its joyous grazing on the frayed side of a tether rope, poked one sharp little hoof into the goat's nuzzle and sent it bleating with outraged astonishment over the dusty red plateau.

* * * * *

AND what has happened to the midget golf that insinuated itself, like a simpering maiden, into this stern land of bullfights? Halfway between Madrid and the Escorial, that pile of ancient stone thirty miles away where the kings of old lived and died, the Drifter once saw a Tom Thumb golf course. Nobody was there; but is anybody ever there when it comes to Tom Thumb golf? Bullfights were unknown in Spain for many generations, after centuries of familiarity; they were reintroduced a hundred years or so ago by an alien king from France, Joseph, brother of Napoleon, who wished to make himself solid with the masses. This gruesome sport may go into obscurity again, and the Drifter hopes it will. But if it goes, something must take its place. Midget golf, at first thought, seems a trifle tame. But if illuminated so that the Spaniards, after eating their usual ten o'clock dinners, could wander out for a few hours' play before retiring at the sober hour of 3 a.m., even this diversion of dotards might tire them out and ultimately cheat the gory arena; for nothing that the Drifter can think of could be so fatiguing to a lively Spaniard—and don't believe they're lazy people—as Tom Thumb golf. But be it midget golf or what not, the Drifter's pious hope for Spain is twofold: that bull-butcher may go, and the donkey's sweet laugh be long heard in the land.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Applying the Brakes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* for June 24, in the article on The Tragedy of Herbert Hoover, is a statement which piqued my interest: "But if the major responsibility of the panic is not his, there are minor responsibilities for which he can be and is justly held responsible. His Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve could have put some brakes on the stock-exchange speculation long before the crash."

I am interested to know just what these two organizations could have done and what method they could have employed.

Washington, D. C., June 29

B. M. JOYCE

[The simplest thing would have been sharp and courageous action in raising the rediscount rates of the Federal Reserve banks. Authority for such increase was sought by various of the Federal Reserve banks and refused by the board in the face of clear warning from the most responsible bankers of the country. To quote a single example: on March 7, 1929, Mr. Paul M. Warburg, in an address commented on all over the

world, declared, "Procrastination in bringing such rates into a proper relation to actualities and hesitation in taking effectual means to reassert the Federal Reserve's leadership place a grave responsibility on those in charge of its administration." That responsibility they share with those members of the President's official family who used their position for the encouragement rather than the discouragement of the wild speculation that led up to the crash.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Stone of Ohio State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I was in Columbus, Ohio, I was informed that Mr. Julius Stone had been reappointed to the board of trustees of Ohio State University by Governor White, the Democrat now in office. His secretary writes me that I was misinformed and that Mr. Stone was reappointed in 1930 by former Governor Myers Y. Cooper.

I hasten to make this correction, adding, however, that the situation in Ohio State University requires of Governor White more than the negative credit of not being responsible for the reappointment of Mr. Stone.

A personal letter to me from a reader of *The Nation* showed a misunderstanding of my passing reference to Mr. Stone's German ancestry and the change in the family name from Stein to Stone. Nothing was farther from my thought than to reflect on German ancestry, or the good name Stein, or the right of a family to anglicize it if they want. I did mean to imply that under such circumstances Mr. Stone's ultrasolicitude for British imperialism in India as against Gandhi was peculiarly out of order.

New York, July 2

NORMAN THOMAS

Eighty Years After

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter published in *The Nation* for June 17, Upton Sinclair mentions the fact that Einstein's "2 per cent buttons" distributed by the pacifists in Los Angeles are being taken for agitation for 2 per cent beer. He also mentions "the story of 'the days of the 1905 revolution in St. Petersburg, when the revolutionists shouted for a constitution and the troops thought that 'Constitutza' was the mistress of one of the grand dukes.'" Perhaps Mr. Sinclair would be more sympathetic with the mistaken people of Los Angeles if his attention were called to the fact that the incident that he refers to occurred in 1825, during the interregnum of the grand dukes Constantine and Nicholas, and not in 1905.

Minneapolis, June 17

SHELDON KARLINS

Up in a Balloon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to the aeronautical achievements of Professor Piccard and Messrs. Lee and Brossy, *The Nation*, in the issue of June 10, indulges in one of its frequent bursts of unreasoned criticism. The sour skepticism of this particular editorial paragraph is such as to antagonize any fair-minded reader. Although *The Nation* renders a valuable service in many ways, its utter impotence in dealing with scientific matters is notorious. Let the writer of that paragraph read any of the elementary books on astrophysics and discover why cosmic

rays are so tremendously interesting. Let him keep in touch with aircraft developments and learn about the practical advantages of the Diesel motor which kept Lee and Brossy aloft over eighty-four and one-half hours.

Philadelphia, June 8

ERNEST R. RECHEL

The Nation's Candidate

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement on page 15 of your issue of July 1 that "*The Nation* will not support any nominee of the Republicans or Democrats" represents a change in policy that will be heartening to readers of the most influential progressive American weekly. It means that never will *The Nation* support a candidate like Al Smith in the hope of defeating a more reactionary Republican. It means that *The Nation* will always support a third party, for you are not anarchistic and will therefore never refuse to vote.

You certainly will not back the Communist or Prohibition parties, so you will doubtless give your valued support to the Socialists until such time as the League for Independent Political Action is able to place its candidates on the ballot.

New York, June 29

WILLIAM FLOYD

No Second Term

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has for some time been clear that Mr. Hoover's friends were starting a campaign for his reelection in 1932; and you now give notice of an intention to unlimber your heavy artillery to meet them. But there is one thing that ought to be said in every reelection campaign, and tiresomely reiterated till every voter in the country is familiar with it. This is that a man who has gone through the strain of a first term as President is not physically fit for a second term, is not capable of doing as well in his second term as in his first. Bringing it down to brass tacks, no President since Andrew Jackson has gone through a second term with as much public favor as he had in his first term, or has gone through a second term ably enough to deserve as much credit as his first term deserved. The Presidency of the United States has become so big a job that it takes too much out of a man; when he starts his second term he is no longer the man that he was when he started his first, and all experience proves that his second term will be at a lower level than his first.

Ballard Vale, Mass., June 15

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Amos 'n' Andy 'n' Herbert

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The time is June 15, 1931. The scene is a home, in which my father-in-law (Republican) and I (radical) are playing cribbage. The nine-o'clock whistle blows.

"Well," says my father-in-law, "shall we listen to what Amos 'n' Andy have to tell us?"

"Why not?" I lay down my cards in mild anticipation; but instead of the annunciatory strains we find ourselves listening to a speech.

"What in the world is that?"

"That," says my father-in-law, "sounds very much like Herbert Hoover, if I am not mistaken. Can it be that they are cutting out Amos 'n' Andy?" And so it was.

In their effort to "humanize" the President, couldn't they at least have had the foresight to see how disappointing his substitution must be to all the many adherents of Amos 'n' Andy? This egotism will cost him votes. People doubtless heard him who prior to that experience had always thought him a brainy chap, people who would never have known the contrary but for the fact that their radio habits caused them to listen in on doctrine garbled more than Andy himself could have garbled it. But perhaps Mr. Hoover actually chose this hour to be sure of an audience. If so, it is just another example of fools rushing in where even Will Rogers is content not to tread.

Duluth, Minn., June 16

H. J. GRIFFITH

Price Stabilization

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Brazil tried price stabilization. Here is one result, as reported in a cablegram to the Chicago *Tribune*:

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL. The National Coffee Council here today destroyed 594,000 pounds of coffee, excess stocks, by throwing it into the ocean seventeen miles from shore. This method has been approved as more satisfactory than burning or dumping it near the shore. The latter method has led to the coffee being rescued by the poor.

Every attempt to set aside natural economic law has resulted in serious trouble. For more than a year and a half now the Federal Farm Board has been attempting to set aside natural economic law. In that period world consumption of American cotton has dropped from 15,076,000 bales in 1928-29 to only 5,200,000 bales for the first half of 1930-31. During the same period the consumption of foreign-grown cotton has relatively increased until now the world consumes more foreign-grown than American-grown cotton, though during 1928-29 it consumed only 10,800,000 bales of foreign as compared with 15,076,000 bales of American cotton.

New Orleans, June 18

WALTER PARKER

Disarm Now

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for June 3 there was an editorial quoting and agreeing with Arthur Henderson's statement that the success of the world disarmament conference to be held next February is "the most vital need of the world today in the field of international relations." Mr. Henderson has also said that "the governments will do what the peoples want. If the people want disarmament they can have it."

In my experience, most people approve of disarmament. The great problem is to arouse them to the crucial situation in regard to world peace. While the militarists, both in the army and in industry, are actively on the job, I find many pacifists who are only discussion-interested, and unwilling really to work.

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is circulating in forty countries an international disarmament petition, asking the governments to stand for total and universal disarmament at the conference next February. England has some twenty peace organizations pushing the petition, and a month ago had some 350,000 signers. They expect to get at least a million.

What is the situation in this country? The W. I. L. started its petition campaign last fall. On April 15 not quite 21,000 people had signed in the whole United States. Since that time

there has been a general speeding up of the work, so that possibly the figures are doubled by this time, but at any rate, we are a long, long way behind England. If the disarmament conference is a failure, and the pacifists have not exerted every ounce of their energy to prevent its being so, they are to that extent guilty.

Won't readers of *The Nation* help circulate this petition? It certainly offers a very definite way of expressing public opinion. Canvass your church, your summer school, your clubs, your neighborhood. Petitions may be obtained from any local branch of the W. I. L. or from national headquarters at 1805 H Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Dr. Albert Einstein asked for the privilege of signing the petition. President Park of Bryn Mawr, President Comfort of Haverford, and President Aydelotte of Swarthmore are with us. Every historian approached has been glad to sign. Professors Charles A. Beard and Parker T. Moon are two of them.

Philadelphia, June 6

RUTH WANGER

Pioneer Youth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This month marks the eighth birthday of Pioneer Youth of America, a working-class undertaking which has come to be recognized as one of the most significant expressions of the workers' educational movement. Pioneer Youth conducts an experimental camp in the foothills of the Catskills which a group of trade-union representatives and leaders in the progressive educational movement established for workers' children. Beginning with raw land, the children and staff created most of the facilities needed for community living. They have cut through artificialities and conventional procedure, and are conducting a camp without points and prizes, without uniformity, without competition and regimentation, and have obtained amazing results.

Parents interested in a non-profit-making social camp community for their children, and individuals wishing to make its facilities available for workers' children requiring scholarships are invited to communicate with Pioneer Youth of America, 45 Astor Place, New York City.

New York, June 20

E. C. LINDEMAN

Political Prisoners' Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some eighty political prisoners are now in jail under sedition and criminal-syndicalism laws or because of strike or union activity. Their terms range from one year to life. The Prisoners' Relief Fund, with Robert W. Dunn as chairman, has been organized in order to send regularly each month to each of these prisoners \$5 with which he can buy postage stamps, stationery, candy, fruit, books. And more important still, the fund undertakes to send each month to the dependents of each prisoner \$20 to help meet rent and grocer's bills.

If every reader of *The Nation* who is not—for the moment at least—in prison for his political or economic beliefs or activities will send a check for from \$1 to \$20, no prisoner need go without his monthly payment and no prisoner's family need go hungry. Every cent that is contributed goes for this purpose, all overhead being covered by the International Labor Defense. Checks may be made payable to the Prisoners' Relief Fund, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

New York, June 17

GRACE HUTCHINS

Meekness After Wrath

By MARK VAN DOREN

Of all perfected things,
Man-made or devil-god-made; yea, or both;
Nothing so undefective is, and fine,
As thundered wrath.

Nothing! save this mute
That follows like a lamb beside the udder,
Gesturing, when the mind—except it burst—
Cannot grow madder.

Nothing so pure as this—
The after-meekness, lacking any tongue;
Nor anything so powerful, though it lives—
Poor child—not long.

Books About Negroes

The Negroes of Africa. By Maurice Delafosse. Translated by T. Fligelman. Washington: The Associated Publishers. \$3.15.

Djuka, the Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana. By Morton C. Kahn. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

Jungle Ways. By William B. Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE appearance within a short time of these three books marks perhaps the highest point thus far in the flood of books about Negroes. The difference in the character of the three books, moreover, is not without significance, for it indicates how broad is the interest in this subject. The first volume is a translation from the French of a history and ethnology of the African peoples; the second, a serious account of travel among African tribes in South America; while the third is a good yarn about the "wild" inhabitants of the Ivory Coast and certain regions in the French territory of the Upper Volta.

It is good to have M. Delafosse's conclusions, based on his many years' work with and among Africans, available to the English-speaking public, and in a translation that has been done with as much care as Miss Fligelman has done her work. One is grateful to her for her attention to the transcription of the French spelling of African words, a spelling which, while phonetically correct for French, constitutes a trial to eyes accustomed to English. The difference between Ouagadougou and Wagadugu makes the point, and in choosing the latter, Miss Fligelman has chosen well. The volume would be more correctly named if it were called "The Negroes of West Africa," and it is a pity that the publishers did not see fit to go to the expense of having the maps, lifted bodily from the French edition, redrawn, with the names of tribes and cities and districts set down according to the orthography of the book. M. Delafosse's history, unfortunately, is political history, and thus makes dry reading. Though it is of value to have the story of the rise and fall of the various West African kingdoms in such handy form, I doubt whether many lay readers will have the patience to go through this portion of the book. The ethnological part is much more lively, and constitutes a fine summary of what we know of the customs of the West

African peoples. However, with Professor Labouret, who contributes an excellent preface, one wonders at some of M. Delafosse's conclusions. To give one example: after some intensive work with a Dahomean native on the clans of Dahomey and what animals the members of the respective groups may not eat, and the reasons why they must "respect" their animal relations, it is rather a surprise to come across the statement that there is no totemism in West Africa. However, disagreements over points such as this are the affair of specialists, and need not deter one from commending the work as well worth reading.

Dr. Kahn's account concerns the Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana. It is a travel book which gives a picture of the life of these Negroes while telling of the author's adventures among them. Having accompanied Dr. Kahn on one of his trips to these people, I can quite agree with Blair Niles's statement, in her preface to the book, that one of the outstanding characteristics of Dr. Kahn's account is its integrity. Unlike so many of the volumes of the past few years, wherein the cultures of various groups of Negroes have been sensationalized beyond recognition of what actually exists, Dr. Kahn reproduces soberly and faithfully what he saw. If one does not agree with some of his interpretations of the customs of the people he visited, or with some of his African correspondences, one is nevertheless quite sure that what is given is an honest conclusion based on what he actually observed. Dr. Kahn does not hesitate to say "I am told" when he writes of something reported to him, and this is something that most authors of popular books about Negroes might well learn from his example. His book is finely printed and beautifully illustrated, many of the photographs and line-cuts being of specimens of Bush Negro wood-carving which Dr. Kahn himself collected in the Guiana bush. Knowing his material, I regret that he did not confine himself to the photographs he himself took, for several of those which he credits as having been taken in the colony have already been published and are thus available elsewhere. One such photograph is unfortunately mislabeled, for the picture given of Jankoeso, chief of the Saramacca tribe, is not of this chief. In one of the appendices to the book there are reproduced some very important examples of a syllabic writing that is used by the Auka tribe of Bush Negroes. This is very little known, if at all, and in publishing the sample he gives us, Dr. Kahn has put students distinctly under obligation to him.

Mr. Seabrook's book exhibits, as far as facts are concerned, his well-recognized tendency either to distort them beyond recognition or to call by the term fact something that is, at best, an account given him by some old-timer. With it all, his style is excellent, and if his accounts were presented as hearsay, or as his impressions of what he saw on his travels, there would be no objection to the books he writes. As it is, however, it is impossible to take his material at face value even for the purpose of criticizing it. I marvel at his findings. For one thing, after some years' experience in the investigation of Negro cultures, I wonder where Mr. Seabrook finds his native friends—men and women who control the most esoteric material of their civilization—who are ready to tell him everything they know. What is the case, of course, is that they simply do not exist outside Mr. Seabrook's mind, and if I were to stop to point out the errors in the account of some of the simplest facts of the cultures of which Mr. Seabrook writes, or to name the sources from which he derives a great deal of his information (reading M. Delafosse's book will indicate something of what I mean), I should require much more space than this deserves. Nevertheless, as I have already said, one must admire Mr. Seabrook's facility of language and the way he knows his public. Adventure? Read how he crossed the

mysterious bridge into Liberia, and what he found there. Sex? Turn to the account of the phallic cult among the Habbé, or, better still, read the tale of Wamba, the beautiful *fétichiste*, and how she shared Mr. Seabrook's mat with him. (Here in West Africa may I be pardoned for wondering what the author did with his mosquito net?) Shivers? Learn how to cook an excellent steak from the thigh of your neighbor. Do you enjoy the feeling of being an intellectual? Read the sprinkling of Einstein, Paul Morand, and Brancusi, and the philosophizing as to whether magic is or is not. Where Mr. Seabrook got his ideas of these matters one cannot say, but they are as far from the African type of reasoning as can be imagined, and one thing is certain—that no African gave them to him.

I have said enough, however, about this book. When one compares it to the other two, one realizes what a pity it is that works of its sort must appear, and still more what a pity that they constitute so often the best sellers. For if the truth be known, the facts about African life are so much more fascinating, even sensational, in their reality than Mr. Seabrook's account of them that they quite shame the feeble glimmer of their verity that is found in this book.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Whitman and His Friends

Whitman and Burroughs, Comrades. By Clara Barrus. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

WHEN young John Burroughs met middle-aged Whitman all his senses were alert to the importance of discovering a leader. What he found was a man who confused his contemporaries and whose inconsistencies have always been a source of annoyance to his biographers. The warm handclasp, the dignity of physical appearance, the lack of social poise, the sensual, drooping eyelid, the loosely phrased generalities that rolled from oratorical lips, the personality that repelled and attracted both men and women were all something of a mystery to those who met him. Though Burroughs's acknowledgment of Whitman as a master was immediate and continued throughout the course of his own career, the personality of John Burroughs remained intact. He could take his Whitman or leave him. He understood Whitman's large gesture of friendliness toward all humanity and his deep, impersonal warmth that was extended into an ideal of Emersonian democracy. Burroughs had much of the same impersonalized attitude toward his friends; it enabled him to see Whitman clearly and steadily, to make much of his value to American literature, and to discount the casual flaws in his character.

The Whitman circle in Washington and later in Camden was an extraordinary company. There was William O'Connor, brilliant, vivid, erratic. He quarreled with Whitman over the question of Negro slavery, but was the first to come to his defense when Whitman lost his job as clerk in the Department of the Interior. There were a handful of semi-illiterate and completely lost post-Civil War young men who clung to Whitman as to a mother's apron-strings. There was Anne Gilchrist, an admirable little woman who made a transatlantic pilgrimage to sit at Whitman's feet in Camden. And last of all, Horace Traubel and Edward Carpenter. All these drew their sustenance from Whitman's radiating glory. They constituted what may be called Whitman's family. Burroughs alone was able to negotiate an honest exchange of friendship with Whitman, to influence Whitman's wide range of observation, and to absorb Whitman's influence, recreating it, as it were, into his own idiom. The rest of the company, like most disciples, were a rather pathetic lot. Despite their daily contact with Whitman, none of them seemed to know him intimately. Like a mon-

strous white whale he eluded them. Love for him settled in their brains with something of the density of a thick warm fog. At times they could discern a shoulder, a hand, or the vague outline of the bearded head, masculine in contour and yet curiously womanish, motherly in the same sense that we think of earth as being so. The fog enters Traubel's monumental effort to emulate Boswell; one plows through it patiently so as to catch, wherever possible, the oracular roar of Whitman's voice, but always there is considerably more fog than Whitman. Burroughs, living some distance away on the Hudson with brief visits to New York City and journeys across seas to England, is the better guide. His eyes are wide to all natural phenomena, including man. Whitman as a particular man is worthy of strict observation.

Dr. Barrus has given us the complete story of the Whitman-Burroughs relationship. It is evident that she has an honest admiration for both men, but she is not tricked into attitudes of awe concerning them, nor is she hampered by the necessity of proving a preconceived theory. She handles a large body of source material, arranging it by selection so as to form a coherent narrative. In this fashion the entire story of Whitman's dismissal from the Department of the Interior is accurately reproduced, including a large share of O'Connor's valiant defense of Whitman against a would-be reign of terror perpetrated by Anthony Comstock. There are generous extracts from the Whitman-Burroughs correspondence, from which both men emerge in sharply defined detail, and for those who are interested in the question of Whitman's illegitimate children, there is a plausible answer. Dr. Barrus is inclined to believe there were none, though Whitman on his deathbed spoke of having two—a son and a daughter—both dead. Dr. Barrus's work is an excellent example of sturdy, unbiased scholarship, annotated at intervals by the most reliable of contemporary authorities on Whitman, Mr. Clifton J. Furness.

HORACE GREGORY

Violence on a Business Basis

Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America. By Louis Adamic. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

IN the United States a vociferous chorus has been proclaiming that violence is giving way to peace and harmony in all walks of life. Louis Adamic's book, "Dynamite," should serve as a reminder to those who have short memories that harmony between capital and labor is not only not on the increase in the United States, but that no other country can hold a candle to this in the extent and degree of violence that has occurred in connection with labor activities. Violence did not abate even during the reign of the American Federation of Labor, notwithstanding its insistence on harmony between capital and labor, and its emphasis on collective bargaining and the sanctity of trade agreements. The Ludlow massacre, the violence of the "Cossacks" during the steel strike, and many other similar cases were experienced even by unions that were members of the American Federation of Labor. They are instances of the rejection by the powerful capitalists of the olive branch tendered by the conservative unions. On the other side of the ledger there are the cases in which labor in its desperation took the offensive and meted out punishment, or waged open warfare on capital; the McNamara attempt to unionize the structural-iron workers is the most glaring example.

Since the war the character of the labor struggles has undergone a change. Whereas previously it had been carried on, so to speak, in an unbusinesslike manner and as an amateurish auxiliary activity, it has now, in line with capitalistic development, become a "corporate" business enterprise. Labor and

capital have both accepted the change. Now they usually turn to professional mercenaries directed by the racketeers. To such a pass have events come in the outstanding capitalistic country that even the radicals find it necessary to hire help from the standing armies of the racketeers. As in pre-war days the newspapers depicted the colorful struggles between the buccaneers of industry, commerce, and finance, they now entertain their readers by lurid accounts of the battles between rival racketeering gangs.

And what has the future in store for us? Adamic rightly predicts that in view of the new rationalization of violence, the generally unsettled conditions, and the general economic readjustment downward due to unemployment and wage reduction, violence in labor matters is inevitable. Since this book has been written we have had confirmation of this prediction, notably in the experience of the full-fashioned hosiery workers and the coal miners in Pennsylvania. Indeed, in both cases it was American Federation of Labor unions that experienced the attacks of employers and the public authorities. In fact, the history of violence in the labor movement reveals that both employers and public authorities administer violence indiscriminately toward conservatives and radicals. Similarly, all shades in the labor movement resort to violence from time to time. And so the class war goes on whether we like it or not.

Not only has Adamic presented an admirable picture of class violence in its various ramifications, but he has given us a worthy sequel to the brilliant pre-war book on "Violence" by Robert Hunter. The two supplement each other, in that Hunter's book concerns itself primarily with the history of the philosophies and theories of violence, whereas Adamic's book is confined chiefly to a lucid history of the actual practices and events in the United States. Students of labor and social problems should be as indebted to Adamic as they are to Hunter for his valuable contribution to American social literature.

DAVID J. SAPOSS

Letters of a Man and an Artist

Letters of John Marin. Edited with an Introduction by Herbert J. Seligmann. New York: Privately printed for An American Place.

ABOUT seventy-five letters, from 1910 to 1930, by the water colorist to his artist-patron and friend Alfred Stieglitz, along with certain notes written for art publications, make up this unusual volume. Unusual in the first place in that the principals are alive: one might expect a certain embarrassment—or elision—on that account. But though a name or two are blanked, there is little cause for worry here. Because the writer possesses those qualities which give truth without offense: forthrightness, casualness, humor. In a word, genuineness. And this in turn suggests what else is unusual in the volume. So a privilege ordinarily deferred—viewing a man through his letters—is offered while all is still going on.

Occasionally a paragraph in these letters has a sheer literary value. I want to quote one:

They have trees here, too, wonderful evergreens, the more beautiful in their last death throes when the wonderful parasite moss begins creeping upwards and along the branches. Here and there a green piece holding out and then, lo, they are in their death clothes, beautiful, wonderful death wraps.

The expression there is really literary. But for the most part that is not their success, their interest; as with most letters, the interest is in the man and the artist, the man back of the artist. And here there is distinction enough. Personal even to grammar and punctuation, there is a native gnarliness, a

pawky honesty, about these letters which makes them delightful reading, and deserving of their present state.

With regard to the artist: one will get no elucidation of a formula here, no revelation of method or trick. But for the sensitive reader the volume is full of light. There is the paragraph on "fewer strokes—still fewer strokes. . . . A full mellow ring to each stroke." Consider that when you look next at a Marin. There is the paragraph on the artist's medium, whatever it is, as an instrument to give out "the *sing* of his life." How many workers in the arts—even poets, even musicians—try to accomplish their ends by analysis alone, by criticism, by doctrine, by smartness—never coming to the sheer "sing" of themselves, which is simplicity of heart! There is the paragraph on respecting the several identities of the things in front of one as well as the unity of one's picture. That's something, too. All through the letters there is the sense of a continual struggle to "get at" the thing, to be true to both outer and inner vision, not relapsing into a mere transcription of either.

Above all, as one reads, one feels the substance, the feeling back of the vision, which must be the man himself. His feeling for place and life—in this case for that type of elemental scene with which we connect Marin: "Sky, Sea, Mountain, Plain"; the "big forms" almost if not quite dominating the human life there, making it knotty, a little contrary, yet full of character. "But to express these, you have to love these, to be a part of these in sympathy"—I quote Marin. "One doesn't get very far without this love."

FERNER NUHN

White Majesty

The White King of La Gonave. By Faustin Wirkus and Taney Dudley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

THE worst thing about this book is the ballyhoo that preceded its appearance, which likewise finds expression on the jacket. I was prepared to set it down as another of the numerous pieces of literary propaganda designed to nourish American prejudices and delusions. But between the covers the book is—amazing! Here is a Nordic, white American—though not a Protestant, Nordic, white American (maybe that explains all)—and a Marine sergeant to boot, who actually likes the black Haitians. Really likes them—not Dixie style—and despite the fact that he occasionally—at first—shows the effects of his Occupational environment, treated them like human beings. And so he won their friendship and respect, and even more, their affection. What a lot his superior officers of the Occupation might have learned from him!

As a straight adventure story of a unique experience, the tale stands up well. A tropical island, especially one as virgin as La Gonave, makes an ideal setting. But as a document in an obscure and complex chapter of history, imperialism, inter-racial and intercultural relations, the book contains much of greater value. There is, for instance, this casual glimpse of our *mission civilisatrice* in action:

Wandering down the trail . . . I came to a pole some eight feet high on which straw hats were spiked through their crowns up to at least six feet from the ground. I was curious. I went back to camp and asked what the idea was spoiling such a perfectly useful lot of native hats.

"Oh, that's Williston's attendance record," Blake told me. "It's everybody for himself up here, you know. Each man takes his orders his own way." . . .

"Williston believes that orders to 'get' a Caco (or a bandit) means literally what the old story about the centipede and the tarantula does. 'You had best get him before he first gets you.'" . . .

"He never bothers to bring in the bodies of the men he 'gets.' . . . He just brings in the hats and he files them

on that pole down there to let the rest know what to expect. It's going to get him into trouble, some time, because he's apt to 'get' somebody he shouldn't."

Then there is the Occupation's interpretation of that useful titilliant of prejudice back home—*voodoo*. "Officially we were informed," writes Sergeant Wirkus, "that the voodoo cult was the medium of black magic, blasphemy, treason to Haiti and the United States, communism, and all the other evils that government today is believed to be heir to"; and "we had orders from headquarters . . . to make a report leading to criminal punitive action . . . 'on all voodoo artists.'"

Of course folklore and folk-ways were beyond the high command's comprehension. And there is an interesting analogy between the way the early Spanish conquistadores and accompanying friars treated the native customs—and codices—in Yucatan, Anáhuac, and Peru, a performance roundly denounced in retrospect by our historians, and the manners and methods of our twentieth-century white invaders. Making allowance for differences in time and place, the conquerors' psychosis was much the same. The Americans might have learned a great deal about the native *mores* from such an eminent authority as Dr. Price-Mars (recently elected to the Haitian Senate), but consulting Haitians about themselves wasn't done. (Instead they arrested Dr. Price-Mars for the forced road labor of the *corvée*.)

As for Wirkus—he achieved a great triumph over his environment. Never having the good fortune to meet any cultured Haitians, he reveals—and how revealing it is—his second-hand misinformation that they were all "trouble-making politicians"—the Occupation's prize cliché. Had he met them, probably his touch of nature would have established kinship with them also. They too might have shared in the sentiment that prompted the Gonavian peasants to feel—and one of them to say: "Your white skin has nothing to do with your heart and soul."

But Wirkus—an elite in heart and soul among his fellows who came with ignorance, and hence with contempt and hatred, in their hearts and souls—was helped to his unique success by a fortuitous freedom from supervision. In his own words: "It was a great satisfaction to . . . see . . . how much could be accomplished by leaving a man alone to study the people and make up his mind how they were to be helped to help themselves, rather than driven into doing things according to the rules and regulations of outsiders who had no understanding of them at all."

And being the only one of his kind, he was intuitively recognized as such. His kingship was *pour le mérite*.

ERNEST GRUENING

New Mexico Today

Starry Adventure. By Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

NEW MEXICO of the Pueblo Indians, New Mexico of the cowboy regime, New Mexico of the Spanish conquests—all this has been the subject for a number of admirable novels. But no one has written of New Mexico as a land sought for health and happiness, and this is actually the New Mexico of today. How many Eastern families have come West for this purpose and this purpose only and have consequently come to know a new country. It is of one such isolated group in its alien surroundings that Mary Austin chooses to write. She knows her subject from personal experience and she knows New Mexico as very few writers know it.

We meet the Sitwells: Professor Sitwell who must make the long and, in this case, futile struggle against disease in a

country which is imprisonment to him, since it cannot afford him the culture, the libraries, the classrooms which are his rightful domain. His wife is with him, a sensitive woman, more capable of adjustment to her surroundings than is her sick husband. Then there are the two children, Laura and Gard—Gard a mere baby. It is upon Gard chiefly that the country writes its message. Gard alone is capable of building in this land of high blue mountains and loneliness a complete and different education for himself. The years bring about undramatic but important changes in each of these characters. The father of the family dies, but his children remain perfectly in tune with the new environment, choosing it for home.

"Starry Adventure" is perhaps just a bit sentimental in its message, but its message is not very important. The book is a fine piece of realism. Miss Austin knows every detail of the ranch life, knows the country and its changes, knows the Mexicans and the Indians living in it, the strangers coming into it from the East. She has written all this down with reserve and with considerable distinction. She is interested chiefly in the effect of country upon character, and she convinces us of the changes her people live through. She is, moreover, a very good story-teller; the novel has plot and movement and emotion which is not merely sensationalism.

EDA LOU WALTON

Soviet Children and American Adults

New Russia's Primer. The Story of the Five-Year Plan. By M. Ilin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

WHY is it that this book written in Russian by a Soviet engineer for Soviet children aged twelve to fourteen should be printed for American adults and accepted by the Book of the Month Club for at least 40,000 grown-ups in this country? The book deals with the Five-Year Plan which is so much discussed in America's fashionable drawing-rooms, not to speak of women's clubs and the fashion magazines. The hostess must know what it is all about. So must the tired business man. And here it is set forth—briefly and very delightfully.

But serious persons whose mental age exceeds fourteen will also read it with relish and absorbing interest, for it reflects present-day Russian psychology better than the best modern Soviet fiction. An engineer composes a children's book, and nothing is more typical of the new Russia. One sees how the mind of the new Russian generation is being molded; how its thinking is being directed. "We should take nothing on faith," says Engineer Ilin. "Why the Five-Year Plan?" he asks the Soviet youth. "Why these factories?" "We change nature," he replies, "in order that people may live better."

[Man] is not a machine. He has a mind that wants to know, eyes that want to see, ears that want to hear, a voice that wants to sing, feet that want to run and jump and dance, hands that want to row and swim and catch. We must organize life so that not merely the lucky ones but all may be able to feel the joy of living.

The last chapter is on New People. The Five-Year Plan aims to make a new man—at least to conceive him.

The Bolsheviks have banished fairies from juvenile literature. But what need is there of creating a world of myths and gnomes when the new society rising under their very eyes is so exciting, romantic, and fascinating? Ilin's book is not of a unique type in Soviet literature for children. My Vitya, aged seven, and Yurka, one year his senior, demand that we buy at least a few new books each week, and soon I find

myself absorbed in "How Rubber Became Galoshes," "How Cotton Became Textiles," "Turksib," "The Postman"—all expensively and exquisitely illustrated. The dreaming, impractical nation of Slavs is being taught to think of machines, of figures, of efficiency, not for the sake of these things themselves, but because under present conditions there is no other way of lifting 160,000,000 Soviet citizens from their miserably low standard of living. Ilin's primer is so thrilling because it affords a glimpse of the reeducation of a race. One could do it justice only by endless quotation. I cannot see how any teacher will dare to miss the book.

I have often stopped on Moscow street corners to watch a group of Pioneers or Young Communists. And something in their demeanor and manner has made me say to myself: "These people will be free. In them Russia is being reborn." I get the same feeling from reading "New Russia's Primer." It grips you, and instead of you yelling, it yells: "This revolution is tremendous, bigger far than the dirt which accompanies it, the people who lead it, the pigmies who write about it, and the men who suffer from it."

LOUIS FISCHER

The Literary Magazine

English Literary Periodicals. By Walter Graham. Thomas Nelson and Sons. \$7.50.

TODAY the literary magazine is so prominent both in the encouragement of emerging talent and in the publication of work of positive merit that its history must be of interest to all students of literature. Mr. Graham is to be commended, therefore, for providing us with the first complete study of this vast field. If, as I read through description after description of the several hundred periodicals, I sometimes longed for a richer treatment of the background and a more constant relating of the elementary facts to the stream of literary tendency, I can still conscientiously report that Mr. Graham's is a book that all future interpreters of the field will find basic and indispensable.

Establishing the source of the literary periodical as the *Term Catalogue* of books of 1668, Mr. Graham indicates the development by way of the Question-and-Answer serial ("Q. When had angels their first existence? A. Who but an angel knows?") into the essay periodical that culminated in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. (These first few chapters are actually a rewriting of the author's earlier book on the "Beginnings of English Literary Periodicals, 1665-1715," with some slight revision of judgments and a general correction of inaccuracies.) There is an extended treatment of the growth of the miscellanies in the seventeenth century and the progression into the modern "magazine," which was originally only a storehouse of articles that had appeared in other periodicals, somewhat similar to the contemporary *Living Age*. The reviews that began in 1790 are traced back for their origin to the early learned periodicals consisting chiefly of summaries of scholarly books, and then brought forward to the *Criterion*. Chapters on the weekly review, at present the most common form, and on poetry, drama, and comic magazines indicate the general specialization of function that the serial has undergone. Parallel to these categories, Mr. Graham also develops several pertinent elements, such as the disappearance of anonymity in contributors, the increase in importance and critical honesty of the book review, the practice of paying for contributions, and the heightened literary merit of these contributions.

The scholarly apparatus is excellent: each periodical is described as regards dates of publication, names of editors, publishers, and contributors, nature of the articles and their literary quality, and the size and format of the layout; there are also

a good bibliography and index. In several instances the allotment of space seemed to me disproportionate, as when the *Yellow Book* is disposed of in less than a page (whereas many an imitation of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* is given more) or W. E. Henley's *Scots*, later *National Observer*, the most frequently quoted magazine of its time, is slighted in a paragraph. There is an occasional omission (the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, a quarterly edited by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, 1899-1901; the *Adelphi*, a monthly edited by J. M. Murry, 1924-27) and an unaccountable inclusion of Henley, who died in 1903, among the contributors to the *Athenaeum* of 1920. But such minutiae do not, of course, detract from the qualities of sound scholarship constantly in evidence.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES

Books in Brief

A Scottish Man of Feeling: Some Account of Henry Mackenzie, Esq., of Edinburgh and of the Golden Age of Burns and Scott. By Harold William Thompson. Oxford University Press. \$5.

Henry Mackenzie's dates (1745-1831) are almost coincidental with those of Goethe. Both were "men of feeling." Both were poets, novelists, dramatists, critics during a Golden Age of their respective literatures. Both became grand old men of letters. There the analogy ceases. Goethe was the genius of his age and culture. Mackenzie's fame has been overshadowed by his own proteges, younger men whom he so generously fathered into literature, preeminently Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. But Mr. Thompson does well to choose the "Scottish Addison" as the central figure in his scholarly history of the period which produced so many great Scotsmen in so many and varied walks of life. This is a thorough, well-written, and provocative study of an age, of a people, of a literature, and of a culture, by an American scholar who three years ago discovered and caused to be published Mackenzie's "Anecdotes and Egotisms," a most important book of reminiscences. Both for the scholar and for the general reader who loves the literature of Scotland's Golden Age, Mr. Thompson has produced a valuable work.

Adventures in the Santa Fé Trade: 1844-1847. By James Josiah Webb. Edited by Ralph P. Bieber. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company. \$6.

This, the first of twelve volumes to be edited by Mr. Bieber as The Southwest Historical Series, is the autobiography of a trader who knew the Santa Fé Trail a decade later than Josiah Gregg, whose "Commerce of the Prairies" is the standard account of life along the Trail. Webb adds much to our knowledge of the period and place he lived in; it is to be hoped that the series as planned can be brought to its conclusion.

The Web of Youth. By W. E. Suskind. Translated by Malcolm Campbell. Brewer and Warren. \$3.

W. E. Suskind is introduced by Thomas Mann as one of the most gifted and representative members of the generation of young German writers. His novel, "The Web of Youth," is concerned with that generation of boys who were still in school during the war and very young men during the post-war inflation and consequent deflation. Fleming, the leading character, is the average lower-middle-class boy. His grandfather has seen the gathering and his father the breaking of the war clouds. He himself and his young friends are at first strangely detached from the reality of the war: their school activities, their early adventures are, as always with youth, more important to them than the affairs of their country. Some

of them are sickly from undernourishment, some of them actively radical but without much sense of direction, all of them have indirectly but not very consciously felt the disillusionment of the war period. Their outer and inner lives are analyzed with great sensitiveness by the novelist, whose method is that of understatement and realism. We see all these boys in the "plastic age," changing before our eyes as gradually they are forced into some comprehension of the world in which they live. Their pitiful idealism soon fades, their youth itself is unable to endure the stress put upon it, and they are all grown old early. The book is an excellent, quietly written, and very illuminating study of the present period in Germany and of the influences molding the young men of that country.

Thirty-One Families Under Heaven. By Georg Fink. Translated by Lillie C. Hummel. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

A German tenement district with its variety of inhabitants and miseries is the rambling subject of a novel not so distinguished as Stephen Crane's "Maggie" or Somerset Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth," but possessing a subjective intensity marred now and then by sentimentality and generally by flatness of style. The most interesting episode lies outside the pale of the tenement in the story of the foolish marriage of the narrator's mother to his blond, brutal father. Only at the very end of the book does one realize that the author had any other intention than to write another account of personal misery; and then this intention seems forced upon him by the necessity of rounding the book off. A more complete realization of his purpose would have forced a more objective approach to his subject matter.

Traitor or Patriot: The Life and Death of Roger Casement. By Denis Gwynn. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.50.

Casement was knighted in 1911 for his great work in exposing slave-trade horrors in the Congo and in the Putumayo district, a No Man's Land in South America. In 1916 he tried to organize Irish soldiers in German prison camps to return home, with Germany's consent, and take part in a rebellion against British rule. But the prisoners were apathetic, and the Germans suspicious. One small shipload of munitions was sent by Germany, but Casement realized it was not enough and that the rising must fail, and he tried to halt it. Tried for treason, he pleaded that he had not adhered to the king's enemies, but to his own people. Masfield, Chesterton, Conan Doyle, and many others protested vainly against his execution, but there was never a chance for acquittal. Mr. Gwynn's book illuminates much that was obscure in the Casement story.

Eros Invincible. By Ricarda Huch. Translated from the German with an Introduction by William A. Drake. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

Isolated from its context the love story of Frau Huch's novel is moving and successful. Shortly after his marriage, the almost godlike Ezard Ursleu finds that he is passionately attached to his cousin Galeide and she to him. For a long time they keep their passion secret in loyalty to the many people whose sorrow its disclosure would cause. But it cannot be hidden and it causes misery and death in the close-knit and decadent family of the Ursleus. With the death of Ezard's wife the lovers are ready to take their happiness. But now Galeide meets Gaspard, the brother of Ezard's dead wife, and falls in love with him. She is torn between loyalty to her love for the Apollonian Ezard and the power of the Dionysian Gaspard and she kills herself, partly to escape from the dilemma, partly to admit the completeness of Gaspard's power over her. Unfortunately, this story, which would have fitted D. H. Lawrence's hand so well and which he would

VISIT THE U. S. S. R.

Round trip steamship ticket, with seven days in the Soviet Union and visits to London or Hamburg and Helsingfors.

\$209.50	<i>Sailing S.S. Albert Ballin</i>	<i>August 6th</i>
	<i>Sailing S.S. Statendam</i>	<i>August 16th</i>
\$212.50	<i>Sailing S.S. Berengaria</i>	<i>August 26th</i>

A European Tour for \$196.50

everything included, with 12 days on the Continent.

Visiting London—Amsterdam—Brussels—Paris
or London—Stockholm—Berlin—Paris

Sailing S.S. Mauretania, August 12th

Sailing S.S. Aquitania, August 19th

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.

175 Fifth Avenue ALG 4-6656 New York, N. Y.

Just Off the Press

THE AMERICAN LABOR YEAR BOOK, 1931

There is no other volume in the world giving such thoroughly up-to-date, accurate, and expert data on the labor movements and industrial conditions at home and 48 other countries.

A Few of the Topics Included:

EXTENT OF UNEMPLOYMENT
DEPTH OF THE DEPRESSION
AMERICAN FARMER'S PLIGHT
WAGE CUTS AND COST OF LIVING
OLD-AGE PENSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD
PROPOSED PLANS FOR UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE
UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE SYSTEMS IN ALL COUNTRIES

The 1931 edition contains one of the most complete sections on Trade Unions since the encyclopedic volume of 1926. It has a new chapter on Foreign Legislation. It gives latest statistics on Soviet Russia, Germany, and Great Britain.

RAND SCHOOL PRESS

7 EAST 15th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

352 Pages

Price \$3.15 postpaid

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

—An Hour's Panorama of World Events—

—EMBASSY—

NEWS REEL THEATRE

—TIMES SQUARE—

25c

Continuous—10 A.M.—Midnight
Change of Program Weekly
Refrigerated—Midnight Show Saturday

25c

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

- ‡Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Series—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
†Once in a Life Time—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
*Precedent—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
*Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
*The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
‡The Third Little Show—Music Box—45 St. W. of B'way.
‡Zeigfeld Follies—Zeigfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

- The Mystery of Life—Cameo—42 St. and B'way.
Maciste in Hell—Warner Thea.—B'way and 52 St.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave., 49 and B'way.
The Smiling Lieutenant—Criterion—B'way at 44 St.
Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien—Little Carnegie, 57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—Europa—55 St. E. of 7 Ave.

THERE is never a dull page in *The New Statesman and Nation*, England's leading weekly review.

If you take a real interest in international affairs—political, social, literary, scientific, artistic or financial—you will find in *The New Statesman and Nation* a weekly inspiration. Its comments and criticism are written with a measure of detached common-sense that makes it refreshingly readable, whilst its contributors are drawn from the most virile and authoritative writers of to-day.

The Publisher invites those not familiar with *The New Statesman and Nation* to send a post-card for a specimen copy of a recent issue.

THE NEW Statesman and Nation

10 Great Queen Street,
Kingsway,
London
W.C.

2

Sixpence every Saturday or by Postal Subscription to any address in the world—30s. (or \$7.50 payable London) including postage.

have told in far fewer pages, must be picked out from its very dull context. The story is told by Galeide's brother and it assumes the character of his semi-pietistic, wholly objectionable mind. The decadent family, so proper a background for the story, is wrapped in a Novalis veil of sentimental mysticism which befogs and dampens the whole book.

The Antigone of Sophocles. Translated by John Jay Chapman. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$10.

This beautiful folio contains a translation of the "Antigone" which, if not quite so beautiful, is nevertheless stately, intelligent, clear, and strong. Mr. Chapman, it would seem, has approached his task with an affectionate reverence, for he calls the "Antigone" "the best-written play in the world," which it probably is, and discloses in his memoranda at the end a special liking for the story and its heroine. His translation is hardly superior to several others which exist; but it is fine enough, and a reader would do well to renew his acquaintance with "Antigone" in this volume.

The English Captain, and Other Stories. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Mr. Strong is a careful observer of men, animals, and nature, and he records his observations concisely and exactly; his prose, though thoroughly traditional, is vivid and forceful. Unfortunately, his talent for visual perception is not accompanied by any equivalent insight into human psychology. The twenty stories in this volume are sketches with little or no plot; most of them are placed in Scotland, Ireland, or Devon, and deal with dialect-speaking fishermen and farmers or with the discontents of young married couples. The incidents related are lacking in significance; the author is content to set down what he sees, and there is little about his perceptions that is individual. The only exception is the title story: an Irishman recalls his boyhood in the summer before the war, when he witnessed the encounter in a friendly gathering of an English officer and an Irish patriot; the reactions of these potential enemies are shown with great subtlety, and the implication that one was killed in France and the other during Easter Week heightens the significance of the whole episode. Little else in this volume is worthy of the author of "Dewey Rides."

Life as We Have Known It. By Cooperative Working Women. Edited by Margaret Llewelyn Davies. With an Introduction by Virginia Woolf. London: The Hogarth Press. 5s.

Here are some personal sidelights on the growth of a notable English movement. In 1844, at Rochdale, twenty-eight flannel-weavers started a cooperative shop which in blazing the trail toward modern consumers' cooperation was to give a measure of practical fulfilment to the visions of Robert Owen. Today, nearly a hundred years later, the English Cooperative Wholesale Society alone is probably the largest commercial undertaking in England. The Women's Cooperative Guild, with nearly 1,400 branches and 67,000 members, was founded in 1883. Miss Davies, for many years its secretary, has here collected a group of autobiographical sketches written by working women themselves—present and past members of the guild. The sketches vary in length and mood, but there shows in all of them a rugged tenacity of purpose, a refusal to submit, without at least a constructive gesture, to circumstances tragically difficult, and a warm loyalty to the suffering millions who do so submit. These sketches may not be literature. They were not written as literature. But they are the stuff of which literature is made. Miss Davies has shown a nice tact in the arrangement and editing of her material, and the introduction by Virginia Woolf is a happy example of Mrs. Woolf's oblique penetration and persuasive good humor.

Has Gandhi Sold Out?

By RICHARD B. GREGG

COMMUNISTS say that Gandhi has sold out to the British and to Indian capitalists. Many non-Communist friends of India are troubled and fearful for the future. The leading causes of such suspicions and fears are these:

1. Gandhi has agreed to go to a conference in London, though formerly he refused.
2. He has agreed to discuss safeguards, reservations, and federation with Indian states.
3. Gandhi is to be sole delegate of the Indian Congress at London.
4. Gandhi's love of non-violence may make him accept compromises in order to avoid violence.
5. It seems a terrible blunder to have arrested the momentum of the struggle for independence when its results were already so great.

Gandhi's willingness to go to London is explainable by changes in the British attitude since his refusal eighteen months ago. The year's struggle has compelled open admission by the British government of the great power of the Indian Congress, and advanced the idea of complete independence much farther in British as well as in Indian minds. Indian Congress representatives will now be treated with real respect. In contrast to the earlier situation, the conference agenda is now defined—to discuss responsible Indian government. True, the phrases "safeguards, reservations, and federation" were in the agreement, but the safeguards and reservations are to be only those which are "in the interests of India." And Gandhi has repeatedly stated, both before and after the agreement, that the safeguards and reservations proposed at the first Round Table Conference were not in the interest of India but of Britain only. As for federation, the Congress regards the Indian princes as a secondary difficulty. Their chief power comes from Britain, and if British power in India goes, the princes will lose theirs, and federation with the Indian states will cease to be a menace.

While it may seem dangerous to make Gandhi sole delegate of the Congress at the London conference, it is no more risky than the whole civil-disobedience movement, judged by ordinary standards. Gandhi is bound by the instructions of the Congress.

At the Karachi Congress Gandhi discussed fully the terms of the truce and the charges that he had compromised, or at London might compromise, be tricked, or sell out. He told the Congress:

The power of repudiation is absolute if your agents act outside the power that you give them. . . . When they [the Congress delegates to the second London conference] have turned traitors and sold your cause, or when they have become so idiotic, so unintelligent as not to be able to see the many traps that might have been laid for them and thus fall into one of these traps . . . you have absolute right to repudiate all that they have done, and that power is good against the whole world. . . . You must understand that

your delegation cannot be so stupid as to forget the sacrifices and the sufferings the nation has gone through. Rest assured that they will not sell the country. . . . All that I promise faithfully to you on my own behalf and on behalf of any delegation that you might wish to send with me is that we shall not be disloyal to the Congress in any shape or form.

Bearing in mind that the Delhi agreement is only a provisional truce, there are real advantages in the one-delegate plan. It will save much expense of money and energy. Also, as Mr. Gandhi wrote in *Young India* for April 9:

Congress could not afford to keep away from the country its best workers for any length of time. In the end it will not be work at the conference that will bring Swaraj; it can only be work in India that can do it. Not the ability of the delegation will tell at the conference, but the power behind it. It was further thought that the Congress delegation was not designed to enter into or examine details but to discuss and examine principles and their application.

But will not Gandhi's love of non-violence make him compromise, yielding to the argument that violence and disorder will be the alternative to the acceptance of British terms? No. Last spring, before the march to the sea began, he wrote in *Young India* that non-violence must prove its power in the face of the worst violence, and that, indeed, there could be no true non-violent resistance until there was a violent situation in which to act. He also said that he would go ahead even though it should mean civil war. He now has a far larger number of devoted and disciplined followers than when he made those statements, and has proved to all the world the power of his method. Since the Delhi agreement he has told the Indians that they may have to renew their suffering.

Gandhi specifically stated at Karachi: "I have not much confidence in our getting what we want at the Round Table Conference." Even failure in negotiation, however, would not be barren; for his going will end the contention of the Indian Moderates—"If we had only all gone together, England could not have refused our demands." To refuse to go now would be to lose the support of world opinion. But world opinion would support a renewal of the struggle after failure in negotiation. Britain asked for this negotiation. In non-violent resistance the resister must, whenever possible, act and speak as if his opponent were going to do right, thus stimulating the spirit of justice latent in the heart of his opponent, even though the latter be imperialist and capitalist.

Gandhi believes that both economic and political freedom are much more a matter of moral character than of exterior organization, conferences, legislation, or particular persons in office. Indian independence will be achieved as soon as an effective majority of Indians are strong enough to refuse to be flattered by the British, to refuse to buy foreign cloth, to refuse to pay taxes, to stand lathi charges without flinching or counter-violence, to go to jail, to be willing to die non-violently for their cause. Such a state of

mind and will is a living thing and requires time to grow. The period of truce is being used to stimulate this growth. This deeper political truth answers the idea that suspension of civil disobedience was a tactical blunder. The detailed hard work, self-control, and discipline shown by India since the Delhi pact are portentous. The difference between India on this occasion and at the time when Gandhi suspended civil disobedience in 1922 shows the marvelous growth in India's understanding of his method and in her readiness for self-government.

Gandhi's experience in struggling against all forms of exploitation is longer and more varied, intense, and thorough than that of any other Indian leader. His record of accomplishment is unparalleled. Neither British politicians nor capitalists of any nation can offer him any position equal in power, security, prestige, or happiness to what he has won by his own political ability, energy, determination, sacrifice, and devotion. He has not sold out, nor will he. He cannot be frightened or flattered. His understanding of exploitation is too profound to be deceived, and his love of truth and of the poor keeps him steady.

Misery stalks the coal fields as the mining industry collapses. In a half dozen states the miners are in revolt against starvation.

"Coal and Capitalism"

By LOUIS STANLEY

The first of a series of five articles will appear weekly in **THE NEW LEADER** beginning June 27th.

What the Articles Will Contain:

Starvation and Coal Production

Can Private Ownership Succeed?

The Price of Crazy Production

Union versus Non-union Worker

Why the Mess?

THE NEW LEADER

7 East 15th Street

New York City

\$2 per year

\$1 for six months

Sample Copy on Request

Copies of *The New Leader* containing the first instalment of the Coal and Capitalism series will be sent on request.

To help solve

YOUR VACATION PROBLEMS

See pages iii, iv and v

If you cannot find what you want, send in your requirements. Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York
New Telephone Number—COrtlandt 7-3330

Contributors to This Issue

ROMAIN ROLLAND, author of "Jean-Christophe," "Colas Breugnot," "Goethe and Beethoven," and many other world-famous works, and winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1915, has been ever since the beginning of the World War the outstanding literary exponent of pacifism.

A. V. LUNACHARSKY, Russian politician, author, and dramatist, was until 1930 People's Commissar for Public Instruction in the Soviet Government.

JOHN GUNTHER is correspondent in Central Europe and the Balkans for the *Chicago Daily News*.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE is United States Senator from Wisconsin.

THORVALD SOLBERG was formerly Register of Copyrights.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is now on an anthropological expedition to French West Africa.

HORACE GREGORY has just published a translation of Catullus.

DAVID J. SAPOSS is the author of "Labor Government in Post-War France."

FERNER NUHN contributed an essay, Art and Identity, to the last "American Caravan."

ERNEST GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is an authority on conditions in Haiti.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES is an instructor in English at the College of the City of New York.

RICHARD B. GREGG, author of "The Economics of Khaddar" and "The Psychology and Strategy of Gandhi's Non-Violent Resistance," spent nearly four years in India, living most of the time in the Gandhi colony.

Have You Thought of What 15 Years in Jail Mean?

Remember fifteen years do not pass as quickly as reading this advertisement. It means fifteen confined summers, fifteen long winters, fifteen lonely Christmases, fifteen years when one cannot celebrate birthdays or anniversaries with people dear to one. It means half of a man's forceful life taken out and put into a cell.

So when you hear about TOM MOONEY you are not listening to a story of abstract injustice. It is the account of a terrible disaster which overtook one man.

Let us not sacrifice a man by being bored. No man can do much singly, but each can do a bit by spreading the truth. Information is the force which must free an innocent man. If you are not fully informed send for the moving account of this unbelievable and ironic disaster.

"Tom Mooney Betrayed by Labor Leaders"

Revised and Enlarged Edition

The pamphlets are sold at cost: single copies 10 cents. In bulk 5 cents plus expressage, in case you could distribute them to friends or thru friendly organizations.

Send all orders and remittances, to

Tom Mooney Moulders Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1475, San Francisco, Cal.

When changing your address, please give us two weeks' notice in advance of the date with which you want it to take effect.

THE NATION, CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
20 Vesey Street, New York.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1931

No. 3446

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	77
EDITORIALS:	
Impatience for Peace	79
International Bankruptcy in Sight	80
A Triumph for Labor	81
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. V. THE PRESIDENTIAL	
APPOINTMENTS. By Charles A. Beard.....	82
RUSSIA STRUGGLES ON. By Louis Fischer.....	85
THE POSTAGE STAMP GOES REPUBLICAN. By C. J. Huber...	87
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	89
CORRESPONDENCE	89
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	90
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
Letter Never Sent. By Eda Lou Walton.....	91
New Portraits by Strachey. By Henry Hazlitt	91
The Eternal Adolescent. By Eugene Löhrke.....	92
Liberals on Horseback. By Ernest Sutherland Bates.....	92
Logic and the Sciences. By Harold Ward.....	93
Chatterton. By Horace Gregory	93
Notes on Fiction	94
Films: Lectures from the Screen. By Alexander Bakshy.....	94
Drama. By H. H.	95

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine what purpose Mr. Hoover hoped to serve in announcing that "certain persons are selling short in our commodity markets, particularly in wheat," and in urging that "these gentlemen" should "close up these transactions and desist from their manipulation." The action of the market on the day following his statement, when wheat fell still further, did not indicate that the gentlemen in question were taking the President's patriotic appeal very seriously. But suppose that a large short interest had existed in the commodity markets, and that, on the President's rebuke, it had suddenly grown repentant and covered? What would have been the result? There would probably have been a sharp temporary upward flurry, lasting, perhaps, several days or more. After that the market would have had to take care of itself, and as there would have been no short interest to act as a potential cushion, it would have broken badly on days of heavy liquidation or disquieting news. The truth is that short selling is nearly always a minor and temporary factor in its influence on the larger movements of commodity prices. Every bushel of wheat sold short must eventually be bought back; a large outstanding short interest, therefore, is a factor not of weakness but of strength, for repurchases in general raise prices by as much as former sales depressed them.

THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT would have been ill-advised in any case, but it seems extremely unfortunate as applied to the present situation in wheat. As the wheat market is notoriously a world market, one

cannot hope to control it very much by abolishing short sales at Chicago. The presidents of the large American grain exchanges, moreover, unite in declaring that the short interest in the grain markets at present is virtually negligible. They remark that with July wheat in the neighborhood of fifty cents a bushel, the lowest price in the records of the Department of Agriculture (the present Liverpool price of wheat, as Charles T. Stevenson, president of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, points out, is lower than it has been for 250 years), few traders see much profit to be gained from selling short. The main cause of the present low price of wheat, as even schoolboys know by this time, is the tremendous world crop, the result largely of Russia's return to pre-war production. On the same day as President Hoover's statement, the United States Department of Agriculture, which so far as is known is not subsidized by short sellers, forecast an American spring and winter wheat production more than 5,000,000 bushels in excess even of that of 1930. The second most important depressing factor in the market is the 200,000,000 or more bushels of wheat still held by the Administration's own Farm Board, which everyone knows must soon or late be sold back to the market. Mr. Hoover could hardly have hoped that his statement would deflect attention from this. This wheat was bought at more than twice the present level of prices. Suppose the Farm Board, instead of being virtuous purchasers of wheat above a dollar, had wickedly sold it short then? Instead of now having 200,000,000 bushels to sell, it would have had 200,000,000 bushels to buy back—which would have been an enormous force for encouragement. Incidentally the board would have made a large profit instead of a heavy loss for the taxpayers. The President's statement, if anything, might tend to undermine confidence rather than restore it; the outlook for wheat prices would be indeed dark if there were no better reason than "patriotism" for refraining from short sales now.

THERE STILL EXIST business men who insist that their particular line must be made the one exception to the world-wide economic adjustment. Here is William L. Enequist, president of the Long Island Real Estate Board, for example, voicing what must be a very widespread opinion among brokers and real-estate owners that rents and real-estate values must not be permitted to suffer any real decline. "It may be true that rents are still greater than many can afford to pay," says Mr. Enequist, "but this does not alter the fact that the landlord is entitled to a return on his investment." Stated the other way round, this proposition sounds considerably more plausible: "It may be true that the landlord is entitled to a return on his investment, but this does not alter the fact that rents are still greater than many can afford to pay." The farmer whose crops are selling at less than half their former prices can hardly be expected, if he is a tenant, to continue to pay as high a rent as he previously did, nor, if he is an owner, can he expect to sell his farm for as much; the manufacturer with a smaller volume of sales and lower prices for his goods is in the same position; not to speak, when we turn to residential rents, of the

PUBLIC LIB

millions of unemployed and the still greater number of those with reduced salaries or wages. Is the landlord "entitled" to "a return on his investment" in any other sense than the security-holder to dividends, the farmer and manufacturer to profitable prices for what they produce, the wage-earner to a job and fair pay? In the long run it will not profit landlords to precipitate bankruptcies by excessive rents, or to maintain nominally high rents with half-empty apartment houses and business buildings. In the present profound readjustment there are likely to be few exemptions.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION, through the President, has reported on the first nine months of its activities since its reorganization. During that time 229 investigations were authorized and 110 of them completed. Of the remaining 119, public hearings have been held on 33 articles, and the status of 51 others is such that public hearings may come at any time. The commission reports that the results of 22 of its investigations, covering 46 articles, were reported to the President. As a result he has put into effect decreases in the rates on such articles as pigskin leather, wood flour, maple sugar and maple syrup, wool-felt hats, sewed straw hats, edible gelatine, olive oil in packages, bent-wood furniture, and pipe organs (for use in cases where admissions are not charged to hear the aforesaid pipe organs). Increases were announced on woven-wire fencing and netting, Four-drainer wire, cylinder wire, woven-wire cloth, hemp cordage, dried-egg products, and last, but perhaps not least, on that very important article of consumption, bicycle bells. The commission is proud that it has disposed of an average of one case per week from the time of its appointment. Well, it is justified if one compares that with the record of the previous Tariff Commission. But when one reads the list of articles cited one cannot pretend that any of them, with the exception of hats, is of particular importance to the American people, while the sad fact remains that there were no less than 21,000 items in the Hawley-Smoot tariff. At this rate it will take Mr. Hoover's flexible Tariff Commission about seventy years to overhaul the whole of the most iniquitous tariff in American history.

THE TIME HAS PASSED when what happens in the courts and prisons of one country is unnoticed beyond its boundaries. The recent revelations of the ill-treatment of prisoners in the Polish jail at Brest-Litovsk echoed all over Europe, and the persecutions of minority politicians in Yugoslavia and Hungary have attracted widespread attention from time to time, as have the bloody crimes committed by the Soviet Government against its own people. But it is our own courts which are now being particularly watched abroad and in a really remarkable way. Thus, in Russia, Cuba, South America, and Europe there have been vigorous protests against the execution of the eight Negro boys convicted in Scottsboro, Alabama, on the charge that they assaulted two young white women of admittedly loose character. In Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin groups of Communists have demonstrated before the American consulates, even smashing six windows of the offices in Berlin. It is, unhappily, obvious that, with the Southern temperament what it is, foreign protests will not help but injure the cause of the convicted Negroes. But it is not only this case which stirs sentiment abroad. No less a person than Albert

Einstein has just appealed directly to Governor Rolph of California asking for absolute pardon for both Mooney and Billings. The world has not forgotten the crime of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. It looks with suspicion upon American justice and finds much in contemporary American newspapers to sustain its mistrust.

THE GREATEST political demonstration in the history of the Philippine Islands"—so the cables reported the outpouring of Filipinos in honor of Senator Harry B. Hawes of Missouri in Manila on July 12. There were 40,000 marchers and 120,000 to 160,000 looking on and applauding, and Senator Hawes received an "elaborately phrased expression of gratitude" for his "untiring and entirely unselfish efforts in behalf of the Philippines." Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, who was also present, received a much less eloquent resolution of gratitude since he has been less outspoken for Philippine independence than Senator Hawes. Some of the marchers—like the school children—were doubtless forced to parade. In spite of that, the Filipinos have again made clear beyond question that they wish to cut loose from us. Indeed, the feeling became so intense that there was a conflict between natives and Americans, with the result that the latter were stoned. Of course our jingoes and imperialists will reiterate that the Filipinos are unfit for self-government. That is not our business; it is not our country but theirs, and their wishes alone should control. After thirty-three years we have failed to win their affection—they want to be rid of us.

HOW TREMENDOUSLY INDIGNANT the newspapers can become over the violation of constitutional rights when it is some of their own people who fall under the blows of policemen's clubs! Most of the press can look on with perfect equanimity while workingmen, college professors, and others suffer from the lawlessness and tyranny of the authorities, but let a single reporter be harmed and the press forthwith begins roaring. At Barberton, Ohio, on June 26, the police with tear bombs and billies charged an open-air meeting of radicals being held contrary to the wishes of the city authorities. The guardians of the law failed to distinguish, however, between radicals and newspapermen. Frank Demshaw, a photographer for the *Akron Beacon-Journal*, was blackjacked during the assault (it is said he will lose his hearing in one ear as a result), while Edwin W. Kain, a reporter for the same paper, "was kicked in the side by an unidentified club-wielder, but not seriously injured." The newspapers of Ohio immediately got into action. Damage suits were filed against nine policemen and special officers of Barberton. The fact that several other citizens were also clubbed seems to have been lost sight of in this great outburst of indignation. But of course they were only Communists.

NO FEWER THAN 115,537 NEGROES were added to the colored population of Manhattan in the decade from 1920 to 1930, during which period the white population decreased by 537,000. Indeed, to traverse Harlem on one of these summer nights is to raise the question whether the flood of colored humanity there visible will not submerge still other quarters of the metropolis. In the Bronx the Negro gain was 8,124. In 1910 Negroes in New York con-

stituted but 2.6 per cent of the population; they are today 12.03 per cent. In New Jersey there was a similar development in this last decade; the white population increased 26.1 per cent, while the Negro rose 78.3, so that there are now 208,832 Negroes in that ex-slave State. In New Jersey, too, the influx settles in the towns and cities and enormously increases the problem of urban government. In the hands of unscrupulous politicians Negroes become, like many other groups, a menace to the health and progress of the community. Given inadequate residential spaces, they are bound to add enormously to the problem of government.

IT IS ALMOST INCREDIBLE that any government could allow its juvenile offenders to be treated with such wanton brutality as that depicted in the latest Wickersham Commission report. The revelations of the treatment accorded minors in federal prisons were published by the White House. They showed that boys have been flogged and girls confined in dark cells for infractions of prison rules. "A few minor offenses noted in the records" of the Chillicothe (Ohio) Industrial Reformatory, says the report, include "possession of a two-cent stamp, talking in mess line, concealing an apple in bunk, kicking a refuse can, stealing five eggs from the kitchen." In some of the jails where children have been kept awaiting trial there were found conditions "of filth and misery impossible to convey." That a situation like this has been permitted to develop is another grave indictment of our penal system. The commission itself declares that "the federal government is not equipped to serve as a guardian to the delinquent child. Nor should it assume this task. Whenever a child has broken a federal law, his local community has failed in its responsibility to furnish adequate parental guidance. This duty is local, not national." It is recommended that the "federal government be empowered to withdraw from the prosecution of juveniles," leaving this task to the States and communities.

THE HEART OF EVERY SPORTSMAN must go out to the skippers and crews of the ten yachts that started from Newport on July 4 in a 3,000-mile race to Plymouth, England. Ranging in length from forty-six to seventy-one feet, the boats are well within the class of ships to which an Atlantic crossing is weighted with peril. It is true, of course, that many boats of no greater length and many of less have crossed the ocean safely. But in the weeks that are required for such a voyage high courage and a stout heart are demanded of those who make the trip. There will be fog and heavy weather, unpredictable winds, the treacherous currents of the North Atlantic; hard work, little sleep, a surfeit of canned food, life under difficulty and hazard will attend the voyagers. If the yachts are captained and in some cases manned by those accustomed to living luxuriously, all such considerations will be thrown overboard. Two-fisted mariners are required for this trip, and it is safe to assume that no others had the temerity or backbone to apply. It is rather a pity that the officials in charge of the race could not permit the midget sloop Ahto, whose twenty-eight feet of length has already safely negotiated the Atlantic, to compete because she was so small. The Ahto sailed nevertheless, politely waiting until the ten contestants had crossed the starting-line. She will come along, too, and will share the good wishes that attend all.

Impatience for Peace

ALL that words can do for peace was done on July 11 at the great demonstration meeting in Albert Hall, London, when 8,000 persons inside the hall and many times that number outside heard Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, and David Lloyd George tell them, in language that there could be no mistaking, what the Government of England meant to do to stop war. The Prime Minister's speech came first. He spoke not only of the united enthusiasm for peace that exists in England but of the folly of preparation for war: "History is one unbroken story of armed peoples attacking armed peoples." Unfortunately, he added, "the sentiment of peace is universal. The practice of peace is circumscribed." The coming Geneva conference on disarmament *must* bring results.

Mr. Lloyd George was equally pertinent. We have talked peace and prepared for war, he said. We have had disarmament conferences, a Locarno agreement, a pact to renounce war—"proposed by a country whose armaments were much more powerful than they were before the war and whose armaments have increased since they signed the pact to renounce war." And since then all the nations which attended those conferences, which signed that agreement and that pact have become more militaristic than ever. "They have kept Germany to her promise but they have broken their own." "The world is going on steadily, horribly, stupidly marching toward war, that catastrophe, singing the songs of peace and preparing for war."

These are not merely words, they are facts. In France, in the United States, in Germany, in Japan, even among England's navophiles it is evident that the lesson of the last war has not been learned. We have thought that an overpowering sentiment against war would have to spring up from the people of every great nation. Governments make war, we have said time and again; peoples must make peace. It may be that, owing in part to the present condition of the world's finances, this state of affairs is changing. Governments may begin to realize what a powerful instrument they are controlling, that the safety of mankind rests on their refusal to unleash these engines of destruction, to arouse the war spirit, to give the jingoes in any country free rein to print their lies and their half-truths in order that an enemy may be created and a war begun. The speeches of these three men indicated something of the kind, as did the remarks of the chairman, Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, fifty years a soldier, when he said: "I believe the majority of the people in the world now think war hurts everybody and helps nobody—except the profiteers—and settles nothing."

No sounder truths about war and peace could have been spoken. What remains? Patience, said Mr. MacDonald, patience and persistence and faith. Impatience, said Maude Royden, the only woman speaker, impatience from the common run of people, so that the negotiators for peace would be compelled to get results. Words for peace are very well. But what we must have in addition is a burning, an unconquerable, an undeviating hatred of war, any war for whatever reason. When war becomes unthinkable, then, and then only, is peace assured.

International Bankruptcy in Sight

ALMOST like lighting out of a clear sky came the fresh developments in the German financial situation which culminated in the failure on July 13 of the great Darmstädter and National Bank. That the situation remained grave after the acceptance of the Hoover moratorium was obvious, but it was everywhere believed that the President's action had removed the possibility of disaster. Yet it was disaster which faced not only Germany but all Europe when the week of July 12 began. Whether international bankruptcy has definitely been avoided is not certain as we go to press, despite the encouraging actions of the Bank for International Settlements and the readiness of the central banks of the various countries—with the exception of France—to extend prompt aid. That was the least they could do, for if Germany collapses financially, the rest of Europe cannot escape the consequences and will be drawn into equal misery. We are well aware, and have frequently stated, that the German Government's conduct of its affairs has often been extremely ill-advised and mistaken, as was repeatedly pointed out by S. Parker Gilbert when Agent General of Reparations. But that is today entirely beside the mark. What the financial powers and governments are today fighting for is the safety of Europe and of capitalist government everywhere.

If it is necessary to place the responsibility anywhere, let us put it where it belongs—upon the madness of Versailles, upon the utter stupidity and folly of the whole reparations and debt policy, which, as *The Nation* stated from the very beginning, was impossible of fulfilment, fraught with most grievous mischief for the whole world, and certain to bring economic misery if not complete disaster in its train. Europe is paying now for the political folly and the economic insanity of the men who made the Treaty of Versailles—Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau, Orlando, and Lloyd George, and it will never be safe again until the books are wiped clean of all the Versailles mistakes. Even as we write, the measures of safety proposed seem utterly inadequate. In 1894 the United States Treasury, in the emergency of that year, got together \$100,000,000 to protect the gold reserve; it was swept away in a few days. The credit of \$100,000,000 given to Germany following the Hoover moratorium announcement was exhausted in nine days. The additional sums offered by the B. I. S. will similarly help but little. There must be offered not only the necessary funds but much more than is needed, if the situation is to be saved. Meanwhile, Germany must do its utmost, besides closing all banks for two days, besides taking over the Darmstädter Bank, besides restricting credit and limiting the withdrawals of foreign capital. It is the gravest financial emergency which the modern world has ever faced, and it is surpassed in its menace to all nations only by the outbreak of the World War on August 1, 1914.

Whatever else may be confused, one thing is beyond doubt, and that is the despicable character of the policy followed by the French. Approached by Dr. Luther with a plain statement of the exceeding gravity of the German crisis, the French Premier calmly replied that Germany

could have financial aid, but only upon certain terms. Not financial terms. It was not a matter of haggling over interest rates, or other conditions of a loan, or series of loans. No, indeed. What Premier Laval, in the role of Shylock, demanded was political terms. Germany must cease building her "pocket battleships" and abandon her customs union with Austria—the latter already referred to the Hague Court for decision as to whether it violated Germany's treaty obligations. For cold-blooded, sadistic cruelty commend us this French action. If this is justified, it is humane and moral to withhold a life-preserver from a drowning man while one seeks to wrest from him a promise that he will restrict his liberty in return for his life.

Never since the Brest-Litovsk treaty of Germany's making have we witnessed in international relations anything similarly calculating and conscienceless. But even worse than its cruelty is its stupidity. Apparently the French politicians were quite willing to have Germany collapse if only they could get their pound of flesh. Even after the failure of the Darmstädter and National Bank, when in Basel, Berlin, London, and New York last-hour efforts were being made to save Germany in order to save Europe, the word came again from Paris that the German Ambassador, von Hoesch, had been received by Briand and Premier Laval only to be told that while France was "quite sympathetic" it would abate not one jot of its demand, decrease not a tithe the blood-price demanded for its aid. What is that price? Nothing else than that Germany yield its national independence and become a vassal state—to France; that it allow France to dictate to it what its foreign policy shall be; whether it can or cannot make a simple tariff agreement with a neighbor.

It is the folly of it, we repeat, that leaves us aghast. For Europe is at stake. We suppose that some of the French politicians are still of the belief that if Germany collapses, a "menace" to France will have been removed, France might then help herself to the left bank of the Rhine, and go her way supremely content with Germany prostrate, in ruins. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Let its officials ask any American financier what the effect on France's finances of an insolvent Germany will be. Let them ask themselves if with chaos and perhaps anarchy in Europe they can keep the contagion from crossing their borders. Let them inquire of any of the leading British statesmen what they think the effect will be on Great Britain if Germany collapses. But they need not stop to do that. Let them read the outburst of indignation from the British press at their attitude toward Germany, such a warning, for example, as that of the *London Times* that there must be "no more haggling," that "the sands of time are running out," that "the [French] process of hard bargaining that has followed Mr. Hoover's original proposal has largely nullified its beneficial effects already"; and then let them ask themselves whether the price in international anger they are paying for their Neronian policy is worth the cost. *They* be unaffected if Germany collapse? Let them call the tune as they please. Eventually they will pay the piper, and not only they, but all of Europe and the United States as well.

A Triumph for Labor

THE most progressive piece of labor legislation in the country has just been enacted into law by the State of Wisconsin and signed by Governor Philip La Follette. This is Wisconsin's labor code, introduced some months ago by State Senator Thomas Duncan. It is substantially the same bill as that recently introduced in Congress by Senator Henrik Shipstead and now indorsed by many prominent lawyers as well as by labor organizations throughout the country, and it closely approximates the model labor bill drawn up by the Committee on Labor Injunctions formed by the American Civil Liberties Union, under the chairmanship of Charles F. Amidon, former United States judge.

The main features of the bill are three: one dealing with the "yellow-dog" contract, one dealing with procedure in cases of application for injunction, and one defining the rights of persons committed for contempt of court in injunction cases. In addition there is a general statement, a sort of bill of rights to introduce the various aspects of labor legislation. The measure then proceeds to outlaw the yellow-dog contract—whereby an employee engages, as one of the terms of his employment, not to join a specific labor union—declaring it to be "contrary to public policy" and not to afford any basis for legal or equitable relief in court. Next it declares that "whether performed singly or in concert" strikes, membership in a labor union, payment of union dues, giving publicity to strikes, peaceful assembly, peaceful picketing, and in general the orderly conduct of strikes and labor disputes shall be in all ways legal, and that none of the foregoing acts may be enjoined by any court.

Most interesting, however, are the provisions with regard to the granting of injunctions. The bill removes entirely the possibility of the summary granting of ex parte injunctions, and provides that the courts may issue an injunction only after clearly prescribed procedure designed to protect not only the complainant but the defendant. Injunctions may be granted only after a hearing at which witnesses for both sides are heard under oath; affidavits are no longer permissible as evidence of the necessity for an injunction. Ample evidence must be given that unlawful acts have been committed or are threatened and that public officers charged with the duty to protect the property of the complainant are unable to furnish that protection. Due notice of injunction proceedings must be given. Temporary injunctions may be issued—after sufficient proof of their need has been offered—only for a period of five days and only after forty-eight hours have elapsed, during which due notice must be given that the application for injunction has been made. Nor are temporary injunctions renewable, although if hearings have actually begun, the temporary injunction may remain in force while they proceed. And, finally and in some ways most important, bond must be posted by the complainant to cover costs of the proceedings.

The provisions to cover contempt cases are equally far-reaching. Persons charged with civil or criminal contempt for violation of an injunction shall enjoy the right to admission to bail, the right to make adequate defense, to a

jury trial, and to demand that they be heard before a judge other than the one before whom the alleged contempt was committed. Punishment for contempt is specifically defined and limited to a fine not to exceed twenty-five dollars or to imprisonment for ten days or both, and, when the fine is not paid, fifteen days is the limit for incarceration therefor. The latter provisions, of course, do away with the time-honored practice of holding labor "agitators" in jail while the injunction, itself often of long duration, remains in force.

It will be seen from this fairly detailed account of Wisconsin's labor code that the rights of labor and the conduct of the courts with respect to labor organizations are defined to a surprising degree. While Wisconsin is the leader in this defense of labor's rights, others States are slowly coming into line. Pennsylvania passed at the last session of the legislature two bills, one of which changed the procedure in injunction hearings and the other of which duplicated the Wisconsin provisions in contempt cases. Both of the bills were bitterly opposed by former Senator Grundy, and although Governor Pinchot accepted Grundy support at the last election, he was courageous enough to sign the bills regardless. It is said that not a few votes for the bills were for the sole purpose of embarrassing the Governor. If this is so, the legislators in question were hoist with their own petard, for the obnoxious bills have become law. Bills outlawing yellow-dog contracts have been passed in Arizona, Colorado, Ohio, and Oregon. Ten other States introduced similar legislation, but it failed of passage. But now that Wisconsin has led the way, and that even the National Civic Federation, under the headship of Mr. Matthew Woll, has indorsed the federal bill, other States will undoubtedly follow. It is by no means unlikely that, owing largely to the concerted, nation-wide campaign carried on by the injunction committee, we are at the turning-point in labor equity. Nor should the effect of the violent protests in the Judge Parker case be overlooked.

The question of the constitutionality of this legislation will undoubtedly come up as soon as the laws become generally in force, if not in Wisconsin's conservative courts, then surely in the courts of other States. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, one of the most reactionary courts in the country, has already ruled that anti-labor-injunction legislation similar to Wisconsin's is unconstitutional. With respect to the injunction procedure and to the limitations in contempt cases, the matter must be tried out as it comes up. No strictly analogous cases have been heard before the United States Supreme Court, and the temper of that body is such at present that labor may feel it has at least a fighting chance of seeing its rights in court, as defined in the Wisconsin law, upheld. There is every reason to hope that the new Wisconsin law will remain in force, and that other laws similar in content will be put on the statute books and stay there. Too much credit cannot be given not only to Senator Duncan of Wisconsin, but to Judge Amidon's committee, of which Alexander Fleischer of Philadelphia, volunteering his time, was perhaps the particular star, for achieving what may be called a triumph in labor's cause.

President Hoover's Record

V. The Presidential Appointments^{*}

By CHARLES A. BEARD

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S appointments have been under a heavy fire. Ardent souls who expected miracles on the day of his inauguration have been disappointed. They seem to have thought that Mr. Hoover's previous training, experience, and demonstrations of interest meant a divorce from historic politics and the selection of supermen for the administration of the great departments and agencies under his jurisdiction. At last, it was said, we have a man who has come to the White House by a route of distinguished service, not the ordinary dusty way of politics, and who will be free to choose "the best men in the country" for high offices of state. Of course, no seasoned observer of the political show cherished any expansive delusions, but editors given to literary hopes and liberals always on the lookout for marvels began to search the heavens for rainbows on March 4, 1929. Judging by their recent comments on Presidential manipulations they are discontented. Were they justified in their expectations? Have they warrant for their present depression of spirit?

Before attacking these questions, a number of considerations must be drawn into the picture; points of reference, bench marks must be set up. First of all, what are the criteria by which to judge excellence in political personalities? Are there units of measurement which can be established by the Bureau of Standards, good always and everywhere? Is the fact that a man looms large in the headlines and is praised in double-leaded editorials by sapient Olympians proof that he is "great"? These questions may be answered at once with an emphatic no. There are, to be sure, many soothsayers, necromancers, and shamans who think that they know "greatness" when they see it, but those who are given to the long study of history shrink from snap judgments. Matters of greatness are complicated—men and women do not know their real powers until they confront the impossible; and circumstances, no less than inner urges, account for the permanent stars on the horizon of humanity. If Lincoln had died in 1857, he would have appeared only in the local histories of Illinois as a village politician of dubious and devious methods; had he lived until 1880, through the scandals of the reconstruction era, he might not be today one of the saints in the national calendar.

Headlines and popular judgments are far from infallible. Who was the greatest figure in Europe during the storm of the World War? Joffre, Ludendorff, Foch, Clemenceau, or Lloyd George? Perhaps in the long verdict of history it may not be any of them, but an obscure, despised, outlawed agitator, Nikolai Lenin. It is too early to speak with assurance, but if the Soviet system succeeds and forces world-wide transformations in politics and economy, it may turn out that the mighty men who fought the war will be regarded as the last of the barbarians and Lenin will be

hailed as the harbinger of a new day. If the Soviet scheme fails and the diplomacy of Europe continues on the old level of Petersburg-Berlin-Paris-London cynicism, then Lenin may linger in history merely as a sinister curse or troublesome madman. The strange thing is that concerning our contemporaries we never can tell, or at best can make only a poor guess. What capacities, therefore, may be buried in President Hoover's official family may never be known. They may never emerge from the commonplace cloud that hangs, in an era of peace, over the land of the free and the home of the brave. But some kind of crisis may test them in fire. Destiny always shimmers like a mirage on the horizon. There are times and circumstances. Carlyle to the contrary notwithstanding, great men do not make history; or at all events they cannot make a drama out of gossip. If to reporters hot for news or editors bent on swift judgment, all this seems remote, the retort is that "Weltgeschichte ist Weltgericht" and all other courts are on a level with the justice of the peace.

Zooming a little nearer to earth, let us take a look at the political landscape in which the President of the United States operates. No matter what may be the power of the President's personality, he must work with his party. Free lances may talk savagely about "breaking the shackles of party," but the Chief Magistrate of the nation is put into the White House by a party and he makes promises and creates obligations in the process of getting there. It is childish to ignore these cast-iron realities. Wistful wishers may long to see the day when a President will strike out right and left, declare his indifference to renomination or to the fate of his party after he has climbed the ladder and got over the wall; but the country is not governed by or for wistful wishers. The mighty Roosevelt, even when he was beating coal-mine owners over the head during the great strike, was playing politics to get the grand old party's contingent back into the Congress of the United States. And if a careful study is made of his "hard hitting" it will be seen that he picked dead men for his stunning blows—until the squall of 1912. He could use the big stick on Bryan, but he spoke softly unto T. C. Platt in the latter's day of grace. No President ever did or can, save at great peril, ignore his party fences; nor can the public ever distinguish operations on his part designed in the interest of personal advancement from operations intended to protect party interests. So those who are inclined to attack Mr. Hoover's appointments will do well to consider prayerfully the state of the Republican Party before they let off their heaviest artillery.

Swinging lower, nearer to political earth, we may look still closer at the net in which the President works—the close-watched servitude mocked by the pomp of power, as Macaulay would say. Few indeed are the appointments in which he really has a free hand. Glowering on the eastern sky is the Senate of the United States. The President's

^{*} The fifth of a series of articles on President Hoover's Record. The sixth, Mr. Hoover's "Noble Experiment," by Professor Peter Odegard of Ohio State University, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

chief nominations are subject to the review of that august body, and the Republican members of that august body know full well, most of them at least, that unless appointments falling within their respective States are made with reference to local machinery, they will fail to return at the end of their terms. This may be regretted, but it is exigent. Even members of the House of Representatives belonging to the President's party have a hand in the racket, at all events with respect to minor federal appointments "back home." Of this situation William Howard Taft once wrote a bit plaintively:

A member of a community remote from the capital . . . wonders that a President, with high ideals and professions of a desire to keep the government pure and have efficient public servants, can appoint to an important local office a man of mediocre talent and of no particular prominence or standing or character in the community. Of course the President cannot make himself aware of just what standing the official appointed has. He cannot visit the district; he cannot determine by personal examination the fitness of the appointee. He must depend upon the recommendations of others; and in matters of recommendations, as indeed of attaining office, it is leg muscle and lack of modesty which win, rather than fitness and character. . . . He is made dependent [on Senators and Representatives] because the Senate, by the Constitution, shares with him the appointing power; . . . practically, because of the knowledge of the Senators of the locality, the appointing power is in effect in their hands subject only to a veto by the President.

Such is one of the penalties of smoke-screen government, and there is no justice in putting the whole burden of responsibility for selections on the President himself. What goes on behind the scenery that is visible to the public cannot be known.

Coming at last to personalities, odious as the operation is, there are concrete facts to be considered. In a general sense the President's Cabinet officers are his personal representatives. The Senate seldom interferes with his selections for these posts. The accident to Mr. Charles Beecher Warren, whom Mr. Coolidge tried to make Attorney General, is an exception that proves the rule. It is safe to assume that Mr. Stimson is President Hoover's deliberate choice for Secretary of State. Like all other appointments, this has been criticized. Well, Mr. Stimson is certainly as well qualified for that office as Mr. Kellogg, or Mr. Lansing, or Mr. Bryan, or any one of ten or fifteen other dignitaries who have filled the place. That is speaking modestly at least, and without any prejudice in Mr. Stimson's favor. Yes, the pessimistic critic will say, but it is not a question of relative merits; a greater man than Mr. Stimson should have been selected. That sounds good to tender ears. But the writer of this article a few days ago put to an old and experienced student and practitioner this poser: "Who in the Republican Party in this year of grace is better qualified for the office of Secretary of State than the present incumbent?" After long deliberation he suggested Mr. Silas Strawn of Chicago. When for the sake of argument his contention was admitted and additional names were called for, the aforesaid expert in public affairs broke down and wept: there were no others. Anybody who wishes to take a whack at Mr. Stimson may profitably take stock of the supply of experts in foreign affairs now available in the

Republican Party—experts, that is, who have not committed themselves openly to some such heresy as the League of Nations or another fairly positive proposition. This game of hide and seek is as informing as it is diverting. And it may be applied with equally pertinent results to the remaining members of Mr. Hoover's Cabinet. Compare, for illumination, Mr. Wilbur with Mr. Roy O. West or Mr. A. B. Fall. Compare, for further light, Mr. Hoover's entire Cabinet with the array of talent gathered by Mr. Wilson, sometime president of Princeton.

Passing with due obeisance into the presence of the Supreme Court, we encounter Chief Justice Hughes. If there is any meaning at all in the history of the Republican Party from the spacious days of Alexander Hamilton to the crabbed hours of Calvin Coolidge, then Mr. Hughes was the logical, inevitable choice for the place. Against his character and learning not a word could be breathed, and there was as much reason for expecting liberalism from him, if that is desirable at all in that high tribunal, as from any other prominent Republican who could have been elevated to the position.

About the President's attempt to appoint Judge Parker much furor was raised, but there are today and have been in the past men of smaller caliber in the Supreme Court—men of economic views cast in a similar mold. In spite of all cavil there was something to be praised in the idea of having the South represented in the manufacture of federal jurisprudence. When Judge Parker was unhorsed, the President selected Mr. Roberts, who, it seems to be generally conceded among newspapermen, is not only worthy of the place he occupies but is likely to surprise the saints by doing some thinking on his own account. If the President should nominate "the right kind of man" according to the canons handed down from Mark Hanna's day, Dr. Moses's sons of the wild ass would flatten the victim under their iron hoofs; if he should dare, like Roosevelt or Wilson, to select some American lawyer openly, manifestly, and notoriously known to be tainted with sociological jurisprudence, a cry of distress would go up from vested interests which would rock the Republican boat and toss to heaven the sea in which it sails. No wise man bores a hole in the bottom of his own vessel.

Without going into other details bordering perhaps on the invidious, we may look at President Hoover's selections for the Federal Power Commission. No one will contend, it may be presumed, that any of the men chosen for this agency is a transcendent expert in public utilities. No such expert could possibly have been appointed to the commission. If Mr. Hoover had chosen as chairman Mr. Morris L. Cooke or some member of an existing State commission known to be strict in his theories respecting prudent investment, realistic valuation, and fair return on bona fide capital, the nominee could not have got past that third house of the national Congress—the Organized Utility Interests of America. If, on the other hand, Mr. Hoover had selected a seasoned and disciplined specialist from one of the great utility companies, the slaughter in the Senate would have been terrible to behold. Hence the President chose the only course open to him and selected colorless men for the Power Commission—men guiltless of positive opinions, at least as far as public knowledge runs.

But are they competent men for the place? Here an

answer can be made beyond all controversy. Three of them are not. One of the supreme tests of competence is capacity to get away with all that is to be got away with. In accomplishment—whatever the end—decorum, circumspection, and facility are indispensable elements. Before the ink had dried on their commissions, three of the new power board met hurriedly and fired bodily three outstanding employees of the old establishment: Bonner, King, and Russell. Bonner was known to have consistently favored rulings desired by the utility concerns. King and Russell had been found on the other side—interpreting the law strictly in the public interest as they conceived it. As all the world knows, this hasty and huddled action raised a storm, and discredited the commission with a large section of Congress, upon which it depends for its very existence.

Surprised or disgruntled by the Senate's reaction to this precipitate stroke of state, the chairman of the Power Commission made a thinly disguised attack on Congress in a public address, and the newspapermen squared away expecting a clean-cut fight on the power issue—the release of applicants for federal power rights from the narrow prescriptions of the Water Power Act. They were encouraged in their expectations by the general understanding in Washington that President Hoover himself had staged the battle and ordered the expulsion of the three “trouble-makers.” But just at the moment when the heavy artillery should have opened, orderlies came running with an authentic report that King was being restored to his position as accountant to the commission—indicating a hasty retreat on the part of the masters of the establishment.

This fumbling of the ball has concentrated the fierce light of newspaper scrutiny on the Power Commission. No other agency in the government is now so closely watched. It can hold no hearings, take no testimony, make no orders without raising apprehension. For instance, a mild and apparently innocuous hearing on minor leases, which would ordinarily have passed unnoted, broke into front-page news in all parts of the country. Why? Because, while journalists were watching every move, the commission with legal propriety refused to allow Mr. Judson King of the National Popular Government League to put in a word, through expert counsel, “for the people.” If the appointees on the Power Commission have no policy, they are a total loss. If they have a policy and cannot realize on it, then they are a total loss without insurance. However excellent, urbane, and civilized they may be—and there is no ground for criticism on this score—three of the commissioners are not fitted for their occupation. An omniscient person never sets fire to his own house. Tentatively at least, it may be said that Mr. Hoover's statecraft has failed him in this instance, lending color for suspicion with reference to his other appointments. And yet it must be said that this very same commission, in the New River case, completely flabbergasted the pessimists by administering a body blow to parties bent on dismembering the Water Power Act. So the earth seems uncertain beneath our feet.

In bringing a long story to a close, a word may be added about the Tariff Commission. It has been bruited abroad that there is a such a thing under the sun as a “scientific” tariff—one that can be taken out of politics and operated on principles of pure mathematics. Those innocents at large who believed in this marvel were, accordingly, distressed

when they read in the papers that President Hoover's new commissioners were not production engineers but earthly mortals and that even the Democratic members were tainted with protectionism. The sagacious editors of the *New York Times* were surprised to find a sugar Democrat on the honor roll and furbished up their best Latin aphorisms to give humorous point to their commentaries. But in all the adverse remarks there was a flavor of affectation. Are not the American people committed to protection? Look at the majority rolled up for Mr. Hoover and Mr. Grundy in 1928. And read again the Democratic platform of that year. Dr. Alfred Smith, spiritual heir of Thomas Jefferson, was shipwrecked on a plank sponsoring a tariff “based on the maintenance of legitimate business and a high standard of wages for American labor.” Without Democratic votes in Congress the tariff bill of 1930 could never have been enacted into law. Hence, when President Hoover selected the commission to make inquiries and recommendations for modifications in the inspired text, he quite properly felt warranted in loading the dice on the side of protection in the highest. To be sure, only two members of the establishment may be called “experts” in tariff making, but that is irrelevant, for most of the researches will be made by the employees of the board, not the mitered chieftains at the head table. Through the plain authorization of the people, the latter are merely instructed to make the tariff tighter by getting the facts required for the operation. After all, the only “scientists” in this field, upon their own confession, are the free traders who have rationalized an accident of British history into a system of political economy.

Whatever flaws may be picked in President Hoover's appointments in detail, there can be no doubt that they represent his fixed policy in the large. Several years ago, in a small volume entitled “American Individualism,” Mr. Hoover expounded his fundamental faith—individualism, in its “philosophic, spiritual, economic, and political phases.” After glancing back upon the welter of the war years, he declared: “From it all I emerge an individualist—an unashamed individualist.” While he expressed the belief that “we must soften its hardness and stimulate progress through that sense of service that lies in our people,” he quickly added that every individual “must stand up to the emery wheel of competition.” Strenuously did he object to “the perpetual howl of radicalism” to the effect that “it is the sole voice of liberalism—that devotion to social progress is in its field alone.” Radicals make the mistake of forgetting “that progress must come from the steady lift of the individual and that the measure of national idealism and progress is the quality of idealism in the individual.” Mr. Hoover was firmly convinced and openly declared that “the most trying support of radicalism comes from the timid or dishonest minds that shrink from facing the result of radicalism itself but are devoted to defense of radicalism as proof of a liberal mind. Most theorists who denounce our individualism as a social basis seem to have a passion for ignorance of its constructive ideals.” When a public man sets forth his views in language so clear-cut, appeals to the electorate on principles so candidly announced, and is victorious with the suffrages of millions, he may look with a certain amphibian coolness upon criticisms of his appointments, with justification contending that they conform in the main to policies already frankly proclaimed and approved by the people.

Russia Struggles On

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June 22

I HASTEN to record my first impressions. I have spent so many years in the Soviet Union that I no sooner arrive in Moscow than I begin to dig beneath the surface for the secrets of Bolshevik problems or policies and cease to be interested in the more superficial aspects of Soviet affairs. But these first ten days my eye is still fresh after six months' absence, and I have postponed studies to note what it sees—and what the ear hears.

My train from Riga came into Moscow on time. Strange, perhaps, that this should be put down as an achievement, but last year the railroads operated with Oriental unpunctuality. The dinner left much to be desired. The table cloths were old and yellow, the windows thick with dust, the waiters unkempt though extremely polite, and the dishes none too clean. Just elbow grease and some water would have made a sharp difference.

As I watch the flat Russian scene from my car window, a Soviet citizen engages me in conversation. He looks and talks like a professor. "We have everything," he is saying, "grain, wood, coal, water power, fuel, all the minerals—everything but brains." Dostoevskian self-flagellation! Another Russian joins us; they love to talk, these people. His manner is that of a Communist. "Yes," he interposes, "but now the brains are being applied. Our unlimited resources have at least found their exploiter. Think," he adds with growing excitement, "what all this emptiness will look like say twenty years from now, at the end of the fourth Five-Year Plan." "Four five-year periods," the professor sneers. "Perhaps four centuries." The Bolsheviks detest this type of skeptical intellectual; they have self-assurance and faith.

Everywhere from the border to Moscow we saw endless construction activities—new railway warehouses, new freight cars with Soviet machines mounted on them, numerous groups of wooden barracks testifying to factory buildings beyond, and around the capital itself whole new settlements, new plants, and much road-laying. In Moscow people are surprised at the amount of construction that is proceeding. Everywhere apartments are rising where formerly stood empty lots or one-story shacks built in the reign of Catherine. And yet the city still looks dilapidated and down at the heel.

There were no porters at the station. In my experience this has never happened before. "That's all right," a Communist woman friend said to me the same evening in my apartment; "it won't hurt you to carry your luggage yourself. The men are required for more productive labor in carrying out the Five-Year Plan." Russia needs more workers, even unskilled workers. The scarcity of labor will force the Soviet Government to hasten the tempo of mechanization.

The neighbors have been in to ask about Europe and America, and then to tell me their stories. Their interest is keen. Some display a deeper understanding of the economic situation in the United States than many an average American. "This is not America's last crisis," a worker

ventures, "but it will leave a bad scar. And Europe will take longer to get over the American depression than America itself." He has been told that, to be sure, in factory meetings. But he handles his knowledge intelligently. All are better versed in German affairs. They inquire, not very hopefully, whether a social revolution is impending there. I have nothing encouraging to offer. Nor are they sanguine. "So the world revolution is not coming yet," a housewife summarizes, shaking her head somewhat mournfully. The Bolsheviks have made the world revolution kitchen talk, but no one believes it is around the corner.

Now we grow more personal. Neighbor One, a woman office employee, has a second husband. Six months ago, while her old husband was absent in a G. P. U. prison, she had taken a young engineer unto herself. They lived in a single large room with her son of sixteen. At present the old man is free again and is back in the same room. So the four of them are in occupation, and the bed of each is screened off from other sections of the room by pieces of furniture. But the old man expects to find another apartment. Neighbor Two, a government official, shared two rooms with her brother. They had a maid. The relations between him and the maid were already quite intimate when I left Moscow last winter. Since then the sister, in a rage, has dismissed the girl and evicted her brother. The maid has found employment with Neighbor One. Neighbor Three—a workingman—is a newcomer. His small room was formerly occupied by a proletarian with wife and child. Now they have moved to a modern cooperative apartment house where they own two rooms and a private kitchen. Today's newspaper says that one million workers and their families have obtained living quarters in new apartment houses during the last five years. Since 1926, 29,000,000 square meters of floor space have been made available for dwelling purposes in newly constructed buildings throughout the country. Of this area 10,000,000 square meters were built in 1931. Further, the wife of Neighbor Four has divorced him and married another. No change in Five. Our own domestic worker, as a servant is styled in Soviet terminology, is a delightful peasant girl. Half a year ago she was thinking of taking a job in a factory. "One is freer," she used to argue. "And then I will belong to the privileged class." Now she is content to remain with us, for if she quits and registers on the employment exchange, she will likely be offered work not in a factory but in one of the new agricultural cooperatives, and she has had enough of village life.

I discover that the public is discussing a brand-new topic—the next Five-Year Plan. In the second *Piatiletka*, I am told, the nation will reap the benefits of the first. From 1929 to 1932 the foundation is being built: basic industries which supply coal, ores, power, fuel, and transport, as well as goods chiefly for export. But in 1933 the superstructure will commence to rise. It will yield clothes, more and better food, additional housing facilities, and comforts. In other words, the seers who prophesy that the Communists

will be swept out of office at the end of the first Five-Year Plan when the population realizes that its sacrifices have not resulted in an appreciable improvement of its well-being are wrong again. For the masses nurse the promise that relief and prosperity are two years off. Then, in 1933, the four years' "war" will be ended. The view one hears abroad that the present generation must pay for the joys of the coming generation would not be very popular here. The living await their reward in short order. The successes of collectivization have given them heart. Crop prospects this year are again excellent. There is ubiquitous and overwhelming evidence of industrialization. The absence of unemployment is a measure of the huge amount of work being accomplished. The fruits of all these efforts must come quickly. People, I find, really believe this. There is none of the despair and muddling-through spirit frequently encountered in Europe. On the contrary, the men and women I meet are hopeful despite all their grumbling.

Yet life is hard. With some exceptions, my acquaintances look worse than they did six months ago. They are paler and thinner. The physical and nervous strain of remaking a backward country wears on them. The symptoms of this wear are undeniable.

Lest a false impression be conveyed, it must be stated that nobody starves. The population of the entire country, however, suffers from insufficient food, from the poor quality of food, and from lack of variety. Those who have money, and many have, can buy almost anything. The private, non-cooperative markets are well stocked with supplies brought into town by the peasants and hawked by them on street corners and in the bazaars. Prices are exorbitant. Yet comparisons in foreign currency are false. Yesterday I halted in front of a store window on the Tverskaya. Women's woolen sweaters were displayed at 64 rubles each. One immediately says "\$32," and recalls that a similar article could probably be purchased abroad for \$3. But as I stood, a couple stopped at the window, and the man, who seemed to be a state employee, said: "Sixty-four rubles. That's not so expensive." It is altogether misleading to translate Russian ruble quotations into foreign currency; the ruble does not represent fifty cents in buying capacity.

My friends tell me that most of their earnings now go into the kitchen. Only occasionally do they spend on clothes. Rent and amusements are generally cheap, while luxuries are non-existent. Food takes all the money.

Despite the universal shortage, Russians are complaining less about living conditions than they did before. Some have grown inured to their troubles and regard them as temporarily normal. Others, especially the many thousands who are attached to "closed" cooperatives or have received new apartments, are better situated. The commonest subject of complaint is no longer food. It is work. Of course people could give more service if they received richer nourishment, so that the two questions are not unrelated. But in conversation the first grumble deals with the strain of office and factory employment. Collectively and individually the Russians are accomplishing more than at any time in the history of the nation. The lackadaisical Slav never exerted himself at his job. Now, in this period of stress, he is being asked to place his last ounce of energy at the disposal of the state. He never knew how to work, and he must learn in a hurry. Slacking by one man or by a single production unit

usually raises a storm of protest which may immediately find expression in public announcement or in newspaper denunciation. The pressure of mass opinion is readily applied to stimulate maximum effort. But an important cause of overwork is inefficiency, duplication, bureaucracy, and a mechanical striving toward paper results rather than toward real achievement. This and factory management, I am convinced, will soon stand out as the chief problems of the Soviet state.

"L'état, c'est moi." The speaker was a Leningrad student on a visit to Moscow. She had been telling me of her social work. "You see," she elaborated, "I am the state. All its problems, troubles, and triumphs are mine." I had told her of the preoccupation of some Americans with psychoanalysis and glands. She wrinkled her short Russian nose. "Our minds are turned outward," she said. "I would be bored to death if I had only myself to think and take care of. We are heavily burdened with all sorts of extra assignments. They tell us we must sacrifice for the state. But what is the state? It is I, Ivan Ivanovich, my fellow-students, and my family. Then I sacrifice for myself. If it won't last too long," she added with a pretty smile, "I shall not object." I know that she will soon be demanding returns from the Bolsheviks. And this girl and others will strongly disapprove if the government passes dividends too many years in succession.

"Don't you find that we are better clothed this year than last?" she asked. I had noticed that people wore better shoes, and above all that the queues, that bane of the housewife's existence, had almost entirely disappeared. "I have a new dress," the girl student added, and then the "state" commenced to describe its ruffles, its pleats, and the special cut of its collar.

This girl and two boys I have met in the last week do not want to join the League of Communist Youth (Komsomol). This is about the most unfavorable symptom I have encountered in Russian life in years. The new generation should feel itself attracted to the two-million-strong organization which is the junior reserve of the Communist Party and which trains the future leaders of the country. Membership in the Komsomol used to be regarded, and is of course still regarded by many, as a distinction. The Komsomol door is not wide open. Thousands knock for admission each month. But the fact that even a few who are ideologically Bolshevik should turn their backs on the Komsomol points to the existence of a very serious defect. If I were to pool the arguments I have heard against it, the accusation would read more or less as follows: The Komsomol roars loud slogans about the "building of socialism," but actually many of its members are politically dishonest. They aim not for a real moral and social rebirth but for effects that can be expressed in statistics and reported to higher authorities. They do not think. They become automatons. Komsomoltsi are frequently the worst students in the universities. And they are weak on Marxist theory as well. If these things are true in even small measure, the Bolsheviks will be well advised to look to the moral fiber of the people whose material conditions they seek to improve. A new healthy psychology is undoubtedly in the making in the U. S. S. R., but it may be tainted at birth by the unfortunate spiritual concomitants of a difficult struggle for existence.

The Postage Stamp Goes Republican

By C. J. HUBER

POLITICAL parties must work in sundry ways to keep a tired public amused and entertained. With characteristic inventiveness, knowing America's love of sport, some of our leaders have introduced a most amusing game, played on a national scale with stamps. This game, pleasingly called "Special Issues," is already bringing recreation to thousands of sturdy Americans, in and out of Congress. The object is to get the right kind of Special Issue, depending upon your wants or, if you are in office, the wants of those who elect you. It is wholesome sport, often of an astonishingly droll nature; and the stakes are high.

"The established policy of the Post Office Department," said Postmaster General Brown, "has been to restrict special stamps to commemorate anniversaries of important historical or industrial events of national interest." Now the purpose of the game is to make that statement sound absurd. The funnier you make it sound, the better player you prove yourself. For example, the participants who won the following issues surely qualify as experts:

Huguenot-Walloon tercentenary
Voyage of the Sloop Restaurationen
Death of John Ericsson
Surrender of Fort Sackville
Battle of Fallen Timbers

Among other Special Issues for which men have asked, keeping a straight face, are these:

Issuance of the first "homestead papers" at Beatrice, Nebraska
The Great Salt Lake
The wounding of Lafayette
The life, works, and death of Ephrata Cloister

These lists should be enough to give the reader a fairly clear notion of what one may reasonably try for. It is not at all necessary, of course, to play this game for the fun of it. Like other games, it may be played for the honor of the club, the State, the country, or the Old Home Town. It may even be played professionally—for votes. For example: in 1924 the Honorable Peter Norbeck of South Dakota and the Honorable P. J. Kvale of Minnesota sponsored the following resolution in Congress:

WHEREAS, The sloop Restaurationen—the Mayflower of the Norsemen—on July 4, 1825, sailed out of Stavanger harbor, Norway, with fifty-two emigrants on board; and

WHEREAS, This vessel, after a perilous and romantic voyage through the British Channel and by the way of the Island of Madeira, reached the port of New York on October 9, 1825; and

WHEREAS, There are now approximately 2,000,000 descendants of the Norsemen in the United States, who have been an important factor in developing large sections of our country . . . therefore be it

Resolved, etc., That the Postmaster General is authorized, and he is hereby requested, to design and issue a special postage stamp of the denomination of two cents (in recognition thereof).

For these two millions of sturdy Nordic votes the Post Office Department printed an attractive two-cent stamp with the Norwegian Mayflower on it, as requested, and for good measure threw in a five-cent value, illustrating an early Viking ship of a long, rakish design coming out of Stavanger harbor with a bone in her teeth—and the American flag floating along to windward. The flag caused much excitement. Many people were unreasonable enough to ask the department why a tenth-century Norse ship should be carrying the Stars and Stripes, but deftly the postal authorities explained that the illustration was not really a Viking ship, but only a replica of a Viking ship, sailed over the Atlantic to these shores in 1912 or thereabouts by several hardy Norwegians bent on proving something or other. Asked why a replica was chosen for the design instead of the real thing, the department sought refuge in its dignity and refused to answer.

Although the game of "Special Issues" was not originated by the sponsors of the Norse issue, credit for putting it on a profitable basis should go to them. It was readily seen by the colleagues of Messrs. Kvale and Norbeck that some excellent publicity was lying around waiting to be picked up. Between 1920 and 1925, the year in which the Norse stamps appeared, five special issues were prepared for a grateful public, and between 1925 and 1930 twenty were printed.

The game of "Special Issues" had arrived. Doughty Congressmen girded up their loins and journeyed forth into the Everlasting Hills in search of historical mammoths. Most of them returned with nothing more than a mouse, slightly spoiled by time, but several exceedingly queer species of small game were turned up. The Honorable Charles J. Esterly of Sally Ann Furnace, a whistle-stop in eastern Pennsylvania, bagged two events worthy of enshrinement in the heart of the nation—the hiding of the Liberty Bell at Allentown and the arrival at Cambridge, Massachusetts, of Captain Nagle's Company of First Defenders, of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Not to be outclassed by the gentleman from the East, the Honorable Charles Tatgenhorst, a Representative from Ohio, solemnly arose on the floor of the House and pleaded with his colleagues that the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of building and loan associations in the United States be immortalized via a special issue of stamps. Should the nation pass up a chance to commemorate the first run of a locomotive in America? Senator David A. Reed introduced a bill in Congress requesting that stamp. Representative Hickey of Indiana thought it would be a mighty nice thing for the Post Office to honor the two-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the landing of René Robert Cavalier de la Salle on the soil of St. Joseph County, Indiana.

The Honorable William R. Eaton of Colorado, after thumbing over several ponderous histories and the files of the *Denver Post*, gave up in disgust. It seems that his native State boasts of some mines, part of a river, several mountains and sanitariums, but no history. Nothing of any

consequence, he mourned, has ever happened in Colorado and probably nothing ever will. In view of this sad state of affairs, Mr. Eaton had a sporting proposition to offer the Post Office Department: would it feature the Mount of the Holy Cross, a natural phenomenon in the back stretches of Colorado, at the first available opportunity?

When the city fathers of Nashville threw a celebration in honor of its founding, Representative Byrns of Tennessee arose to the occasion and introduced a resolution in the House asking for the usual issue. It was referred to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and there hastily strangled. Indignation ran high on the part of the gentlemen from the North and several mass meetings were held at which the Representative from Tennessee was denounced as a public enemy. Friends tried to excuse his action on the grounds of ignorance and thoughtlessness, and made out such a good case that it was decided by the Republican Party to let Mr. Byrns off with a good knouting. So a number of the Old Guard, led by Charlie Curtis, took Mr. Byrns into a corner and explained to him several natural laws and axioms. Did he not know that it was indecent even to mention the South in the presence of his betters? Did he not know that said region was barren of historical events, being noted only for tenuous things such as the quality of its gin, the grace of its horseflesh, and the purity of its womanhood?

Mr. Byrns pointed with a certain measure of pride to the high lights of Southern history, dwelling fondly on several specific items in the records, and wound up with a few stirring references to his own glorious State, asking permission in an absent-minded way to have the latter read into the *Congressional Record*. One of the more literate Senators read to the gentleman from Tennessee a complete list of the commemorative stamps issued in the last decade, and pointed out to him that none of them were in any way connected with the South. States, cities, and regions, the battles, the nationalities, the famous and the near-famous—all so honored were of the North! Mr. Byrns said in a pathetic way that his was a very special occasion—the birthday of a majestic city, in fact—and not to be confused with the ordinary run of events.

"You are asking us to set a precedent, Mr. Byrns. We are sorry; it is utterly impossible." With these words the gentlemen from the North departed, leaving an ache in Mr. Byrns's heart and a memorandum in his hand which read: "It is the will of Allah that no stamps be issued in the name of the South, for it has nothing worthy of being so honored."

Democrats claimed that the Post Office Department was playing politics with our stamps, and a whispering campaign to that effect crept slowly through the Capitol. The Grand Old Party snuffed at the very notion and said that no intelligent person would believe that it had ever taken an unfair advantage of the South. To prove it, a stamp commemorating the founding of the Carolinas was issued by the Post Office last year. It was a gracious move on the part of the government and removed any suspicions of sectional log-rolling from the mind of the South. North Carolina bolted from the Democratic Party in 1928, but nobody has claimed that this fact influenced the department's action.

The Carolinas made the most of this golden opportunity.

Everything but the family laundry was thrown into the design. Some of the finer points of Carolina history have been explained by the artist, Mr. H. F. Church, in a letter appearing in the issue of June 5, 1930, of the *Stamp News*:

The figures of the militant colonial governor and the friendly Indian are respectively Governor Joseph West, the incumbent at the time of the official establishment of Charleston on its present site, and Shaddoo, the Kiawah cassique, through whose efforts the colonists were induced to make the original settlement at Old Town Creek across the Ashley from the present site of Charleston.

The two boats in the harbor depict the removal of the colonists from the old site and the arrival of the Huguenots in the year 1680. The palmetto tree overhanging the central group is, as you know, the South Carolina State emblem, while the sheaf of rice to the left of the design and the sheaf of indigo to the right are symbolic of the two crop staples which made up the bulk of the early colonial exports.

Twenty-five million stamps were printed by the Post Office Department and placed on sale in April. The tar heels and the conches dropped their squirrel guns and came flocking down from the mountains in such large numbers after the little messengers of good-will that the entire issue was sold out in six weeks.

The series of stamps in use today was designed in 1922. It is composed of twenty-five denominations, from a half-cent to five dollars, each bearing a different design. Presidents, famous men, buildings, symbolic figures, bits of scenery, and even an animal—a bull buffalo—were chosen for subjects. The North is represented by Niagara Falls, the West by the Golden Gate, the East by a view of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, and the nation as a whole by both the aforementioned bull buffalo and the goddess America. The South is conspicuously represented by nothing.

Since most of the illustrations on our stamps have not been changed for a decade, a new set of designs would now be acceptable, if for no other reason than to bring these thumb-nail sketches of the country up to date. Even Niagara Falls is somewhat changed in appearance from 1922. A small list of subjects is herewith offered for the approval of the Post Office Department and the Republican Party:

A stirring etching of the good ship Prosperity thundering out to sea with the Great Engineer at the throttle would look fine on the one-cent. An elephant, a dinner pail (full), and a hair shirt trimmed with red ribbons would do nicely for the two-, three-, and four-cent respectively, while Senator Jones should be placed on both the five- and ten-cent values and possibly a pint of Overholt on the two-dollar. A logical subject for the half-cent would be Mr. Volstead, but it is rumored that a certain New England man, a sage and a columnist of high standing on the Republican roll book, is having this space reserved for himself.

Although there are serious objections to the party custom of using the Post Office Department as a political pigskin, twig-rolling in the form of special commemorative stamps is such a harmless form of statesmanship that we can be philosophical about it and decide that our Congressmen could be doing a large number of things more harmful. And if our Senators and Representatives are kept amused through such innocent sport as boosting the home town, they will undoubtedly attend to our welfare with more gusto.

In the Driftway

TWO black boys from Uganda in Central Africa have been brought to New York, along with three gorillas, a couple of chimpanzees, and other assorted animals, by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. Although the boys have as their duty the care of the animals and sleep by preference at the zoo, they have spent some of their time sight-seeing. They were fascinated to see that Americans built their nests in high buildings, like birds in trees; the sight of an elevated train high in the air "without a head" amused them beyond words; and they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw persons of their own color who actually owned automobiles, the scale of wages in Uganda being such as hardly to justify so exalted an expenditure.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is always interested in this revelation of American life to persons to whom it is almost totally strange. What odd fellows we must seem to them, and how much more sensible their own manners and customs must appear by comparison. We not only build our nests in trees, we transport ourselves beneath the earth. Plunging down a dark and ill-smelling hole, we dash headlong among our fellows, we drop a round metal object into a machine that whirls us around into a seemingly interminable tunnel, we push our way on to a conveyance that provides nearly every possible inconvenience in the way of heat, dirt, and congestion, and emerge presently to be plucked upwards by a cage that lands us among the tree tops where we perform our daily tasks. We take our work hard and our pleasures harder. By hordes we seek diversion—under bright lights where there is more crowding and less air, by the sea which is black with people, in stuffy buildings where, on a silver screen, we watch men and women going through exactly the same motions that we might be expected to wish to escape from. We eat, sleep, and make love in a hurry. When we are still, it is usually because there are so many persons around us that we cannot move.

* * * * *

THE green and silent tunnels of the jungle seem very inviting by comparison. In them there are no trucks with screeching brakes, no bawling radios, no tabloids, no cigarette advertisements, no bathing-girl contests, and no gentlemen with Presidential aspirations. There are, if accounts be accurate, only lions roaring gently, and certain insects, and a few minor inconveniences in the way of fever and snakes and heat. The Drifter confesses at times to a hankering for the jungle. Failing that, there is much to be said for joining the Uganda boys at the zoo. One is in a cage, to be sure, but with a little work of the imagination one might easily be persuaded that the cage was freedom and the rest of the world was imprisoned. One side of the bars may be as free as the other. Thoreau, imprisoned for refusal to pay his poll tax, was visited by one of his friends. "What are you doing in there, Henry?" he was asked. "What are you doing out there?" he replied. There is much to ponder on in that answer.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Simonds Excepts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a faithful reader of *The Nation* and as a contemporary pilgrim of Mr. Villard's in his recent hegira, I find myself frankly bewildered by your present utterances in respect to the German crisis. This bewilderment arises from the fact that I cannot make out whether you hold it more important that France should be punished or Germany saved. Certainly only one of these possibilities can be realized.

Everyone who has been in Germany in recent months, and I spent much time there last winter, knows the gravity of the situation, the immensity of the suffering, and the universality of the despair. Nevertheless, if I spent time in Germany, I also spent an equal amount in France, and in both countries I devoted my days and nights to the study of the feelings of the people even more than to the examination of the policies and opinions of statesmen. The result was that I found in France just as general and unanimous a view as in Germany. When the present German Cabinet announced the program of tariff union with Austria, it instantly and effectively abolished all present hope of French cooperation in any work of economic or financial salvage in Germany. This declaration, following upon that of Treviranus in the matter of revision of the eastern frontiers and also upon the Hitler explosion of the September elections, awakened a feeling in France which can only be compared with that which prevailed just before the occupation of the Ruhr and just after the close of the World War. The French people were aroused, and the first consequence was the defeat of Briand and the second the attitude of the Laval Cabinet in the matter of the Hoover proposal.

Having seen personally the extent of German misery and knowing the degree to which this misery would be accentuated either by the arrival of a fascist dictatorship or the less likely transitory triumph of a Communist *Putsch*, my conviction is that the all-essential thing today is to save Germany, and the single possible means of achieving this end is to bring about some modification of French policy, which directly involves bringing about some change in the French state of mind.

Since the war Germany has had one statesman, and the real greatness of Stresemann lay in his perception that the price of German recovery was a truce with France. He paid that price in the Locarno agreements, which recognized the Franco-German frontier as definitive and pledged Germany not to seek by force the revision of the other boundaries of the Reich. For four years thereafter Franco-German relations steadily improved. The Ruhr was evacuated, then the Rhineland, five years in advance of the treaty date, and, finally, the Dawes Plan was modified to the Young Plan, a step which failed to produce good results only by reason of the world depression. Then Stresemann died, and with his death his policy lapsed. Those who followed, influenced by the rising nationalistic spirit of the youth, were led step by step to adopt precisely those policies which Stresemann had wisely recognized were beyond the present capacity of Germany to realize. And as German policy changed, French spirit was modified, until you arrived at the present impasse. But the physical factors did not change, or rather such change as they underwent was all to the advantage of France, whose financial and economic position improved precisely as that of Germany declined.

Today we are again just where we were in 1923, when the French troops were in the Ruhr and the German resistance had led to the inflation crisis and the financial ruin and eco-

conomic prostration of the Reich. All the American and British protest and disapproval of the Ruhr occupation did not save Germany. Short of the employment of force by those two nations nothing could. And the same situation exists today, with Britain and the United States far less advantageously placed than seven years ago. In the Ruhr time Germany, having been defeated in her contest, surrendered. She abandoned political purposes beyond her strength and realized economic recovery as a consequence.

Is there any escape today from a similar postponement of political purposes? Even if *The Nation's* view of the territorial and other provisions of the Treaty of Versailles on the moral side be accurate, is it not clear that neither today nor tomorrow is Germany going to be able to achieve revision, and on neither day will America and Britain go to war to aid Germany in this purpose? But to encourage the German people now with the daily emphasis of the moral wrongs and injustices of the treaty terms is to sustain them in a state of mind which can only bring them to ultimate disaster. Union with Austria, revision of the eastern frontiers, abolition of reparations payments—none of these things are beyond the limit of possibility in the future, if Germany shall recover, but while Germany now demands the immediate realization of all these ends, her recovery is not going to take place because the peoples threatened by these projects can and will prevent it.

Mr. Hoover's intervention, designed to prevent German economic collapse and political ruin, solidified French opinion because it was unaccompanied by any parallel effort to obtain from Germany a renunciation of her political purposes. And this solidification of French opinion was immediately disastrous to the Hoover project, since it destroyed its psychological effect and so far from bringing about a new spirit in the world disclosed the persistence of the old.

I do not think anyone can be more keenly alive to the tragedy of the present German situation than I am, after many weeks spent with my German friends and after every sort of proof of their sufferings and their misery. But because I believe that the present German policy means far greater misery and suffering, I find myself at odds with *The Nation*, the effect of whose policy is to encourage the German people in the hope that what they conceive to be justice can be had now and is assured by British and American concern for right and fair play. All my sympathy is with Germany in her present plight, but all my knowledge of European circumstances, whatever of value that may have, warns me that Germany can only be saved as France is made to feel secure.

Snowville, N. H., July 5

FRANK H. SIMONDS

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES A. BEARD is a well-known historian among whose publications are "American Government and Politics" and "Contemporary American History."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

C. J. HUBER is a young student of journalism.

EUGENE LÖHRKE is the author of "Deep Evening."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES is the author of "This Land of Liberty" and "The Friend of Jesus."

HAROLD WARD has written articles on scientific subjects for various periodicals.

HORACE GREGORY has just published a translation of Catullus.

☐ OPEN SHELF ☐

Henry George's Books Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men, -sent free.

None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City

SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

A THEISM

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.
Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism
307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

CURIOUS BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Esoterica.
Send for Catalogue
The Falstaff Press
Dept. N., 489 Fifth Ave., New York

THE AMERICAN INDIANS' SITUATION—for better and for worse, and the prospect—is treated in AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE, July issue, 50 pps. Price 10 cents. 37 Bliss Building, Washington, D.C.

ARE YOU SEEKING A SCHOOL

?

Then turn to the August issue of **HARPERS MAGAZINE** which contains the announcements of about 300 schools and colleges. Its School Section forms a most comprehensive Directory that will guide you to the school best suited to meet your requirements. On sale at all newsstands on July 21st.

Our School Booklet containing the announcements of most of the leading schools and colleges is a dependable school reference that will help you solve your school problem. Sent free on request.

Harpers Magazine
49 E. 33RD ST. NEW YORK CITY

☐ TOURS ☐

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS
to the SOVIET UNION
S.S. MAJESTIC—August 3 and 24

Round Trip \$198. Soviet Visa Included
All Expenses

7 days—Leningrad—3 days; Moscow—4 days—Hotels, meals, sightseeing, visits to museums, theatres, workers educational and social centers.

For particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

Official SS Ticket Agent

1133 Broadway New York City
Chelsea 3-5080

☐ EDUCATIONAL ☐

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Native teachers
Private lessons, 75c short courses. 9 to 11 daily. 22nd year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 41th St.

FIVE LANGUAGES IN ONE
French-Spanish-German-Italian-English. Containing 5,000 practical words attractively arranged. Limited supply. Special \$1. Order today. Universal Institute, 1263 Lexington Ave., New York.

RUSSIAN taught by university instructor in Russian at the Berlitz School. Private lessons or classes. VICTOR PHONOGRAPH RECORDS USED. Michael Jerlitzyn, 3 W. 122nd St. HARLEM 7-5368.

See pages 96 and iii for
SUMMER advertising

Books and Films

Letter Never Sent

By EDA LOU WALTON

Whatever there was of lack in me
Shall grow more desert-calm and cold
Knowing the long night come, the story told,
The first dark prayer granted bitterly.
That I should have your body were enough;
Out of this wonder was the vanished stuff
Of sheer dream woven; where was the last dream sold,
Over what tender shoulder draped illusively?
To whom have you given them, those hours of night
That blossomed rich and are blown over with sand?
What lips could mean so little, what unsteady hand
So little to you, for whose rare delight
Was all this taken from me? What tall girl
Unwinds the long gold circling of a curl
With shaking fingers; what throat have you fanned
Tonight with the wisdom of your sight?
You who have seen me thus and never seen
How all that was forbidden could break over
Like some great wave, nor would I run to cover,
Seen how this body stretched where waves have been,
More dead than any shell whose life is eaten,
Turns on each tide, is by each new tide beaten;
You who have seen, can never see, now hover
Over some new shell on a beach washed clean.
You will remember only how a woman
Offered no lamentation, was never given voice
To cry out in the wilderness, by choice
Was dumb and lovely and most gently human,
Placing her hand upon your hair, she said
Never a wistful word that could not be unsaid.
Words are like birds, never may they rejoice
Save on the wing outgoing or incoming.
I am so calm, I have not even spoken
Your name that was emblazoned on my tongue,
Deplored not silence, bannered not the wrong,
Nor will acknowledge golden vessel broken.
No urn, no urn! The flesh endures the blow
And stands more exquisite where seedlings grow
Into the flower of parting. Take this song
Unsung, these songless lips, for token.

More Portraits by Strachey

Portraits in Miniature. By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

A BIOGRAPHY," writes Mr. Strachey in one of these exquisite thumb-nail sketches, "should either be as long as Boswell's or as short as Aubrey's. The method of enormous and elaborate accretion which produced the 'Life of Johnson' is excellent, no doubt; but, failing that, let us have no half-measures; let us have the pure essentials—a vivid image, on a page or two, without explanations, transitions, commentaries, or padding." The present volume, as if in illustration of this dictum, is composed of a score of biographies and portraits as short as Aubrey's; but this does not prove that

Mr. Strachey takes his own pronouncement quite seriously. He has never written a biography as long as Boswell's, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever will. But he has now written biographies of every *other* length. Among the problems that fascinate him most as a literary artist are those of exclusion and of scale. In "Queen Victoria" and "Elizabeth and Essex" his scale was that of the average modern novel; in "Eminent Victorians" it ranged from the hundred-and-thirty pages devoted to Manning to the thirty-five allotted to Dr. Arnold; in "Books and Characters" it was somewhat smaller; here it almost literally becomes the vivid image "on a page or two." Mr. Strachey, in brief, has hewn statues and cut cameos, and in every scale he has shown himself to be incomparably superior to any contemporary rival.

Has he his limitations? Yes, if one must speak of them. There is, it is true, a certain sameness of tone in his approach; his irony, perhaps, is too insistently present. His characterization, no doubt, is here and there too bold—goes just a little beyond what his knowledge of substantiated facts would altogether justify. Perhaps, also, this brilliant skill and enchanting style are now and then supported by certain tricks. Mr. Strachey is possibly too fond of deathbed pictures (though that should be forgivable in a writer who can do them so magnificently); and his subjects are perhaps too much given to gazing into the fire as old age creeps upon them. Readers of "Queen Victoria" will recall how the Baron, when Victoria declared with passionate conviction that she would carry on her dead husband's work, "smiled a sad smile and looked into the fire." In the score of portraits in the present volume, I have counted no fewer than three more characters who brooded or dozed over fires. But it is always a charming picture, and could there be a more vivid symbol for portraying the memories or regrets of those whose lives are passing into the twilight?

No, I should prefer to have someone else talk of Mr. Strachey's limitations. If there are tricks in his technique and style, their secret is well guarded; he is still the only biographer living who seems to know precisely what they are, and to be master of all of them. Is he "decadent"? Then so much the better for decadence, whatever that may be. To quarrel with Strachey because he will never write like, say, Carlyle, or Joyce, seems to me merely silly: it is the ancient critical error of discussing the swan as if it were a defective sort of eagle. Mr. Strachey brings his own heady flavor to everything he writes. It is not only his sympathies that are with the eighteenth-century classical writers; his qualities, too, are the great classical qualities with which he credits Gibbon—order, precision, lucidity, urbanity. To these we must add, of course, an irony of the type that also reached its finest flower in the eighteenth century, a muted irony, almost omnipresent, as we have seen, but never labored. Like all great ironists Mr. Strachey is willing to take the chance that half his irony will be missed by the majority of his readers. He insinuates it with the least possible emphasis. One could almost write an essay, indeed, on the cleverness of his punctuation alone: where a bad writer would hammer in an exclamation point, and even a good writer would put a period, Mr. Strachey is content to let fall a comma, and to glide along as if almost unaware of what he had just said.

In the course of these sketches Mr. Strachey remarks that while the historian must have a point of view, a point of view by no means implies sympathy, and one might almost say that it implies the reverse; and he proceeds to give instances of the curious fact that so many great historians have been "at daggers drawn with their subjects." He is, of course, himself a notable addition to the list. He was more successful with Victoria than with Elizabeth, because he respected Elizabeth more. In the present volume his essay on Hume is admirable, his

essay on Gibbon even better, but his essay on Macaulay, because it is least sympathetic, surpasses them both.

These "Portraits in Miniature," aside from those on the historians, are concerned mainly with minor celebrities, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Sir John Harington, the inventor of the water closet; Madame de Sévigné's cousin; Dr. Colbatch, the Abbé Morellet, Mary Berry, Madame de Lieven, and the extraordinary prophet Muggleton, who founded a sect that lives to this day, and still sings,

I do believe in God alone,
Likewise in Reeve and Muggleton.

We should not overlook, either, the *Président de Brosses*, "the man who got the better of Voltaire," and on Voltaire's own ground: he was an able person, but a fatalist might easily believe that his chief reason for existence was that this delightful sketch of sixteen pages might some day be written. In all these minute biographies we get an extraordinary sense of the times as well as of the man; and the author leaves the impression that, had he wished, he could have written an entire book on almost any one of his subjects without further research. The best of these portraits are, in short, little masterpieces.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Eternal Adolescent

The Pure in Heart. By Franz Werfel. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

THE theme of Franz Werfel's new book, so his publishers announce, is the dilemma of the spiritual man in our present-day non-spiritual universe. This seems far enough from the point of Herr Werfel's occasionally penetrating and more often tedious narrative to raise the question of when a "spiritual universe" existed. It is a little bit unfair to the reader to reduce the book in advance to the level of a flavorless commonplace. "The Pure in Heart" reflects, throughout, the images of an adolescent mentality, and its major appeal, like that of Rousseau's "Confessions," must be to the eternally adolescent.

There is passion of a sort in this book, there is an occasional strain of lyric beauty; but it is the self-explanatory passion of a soul lost and fumbling in the world. Or, if one cares to analyze it further, it is the story of a man who has never got over his childhood love and need for his nurse; whose whole life is a straying away from and drawing close to that ancient, protective symbol; who, in other words, has never grown up and seems never to expect to. It is, moreover, a highly subjective story, fitted loosely into a general framework that is ill adapted to carry it; and like so many subjective treatises it is tiresome.

This, then, would seem to reduce the "dilemma of the spiritual man in our present-day non-spiritual universe" to the rather bleak question of how to grow up. Ferdinand R., which is as far as we get with the hero's name, is a character unfortunately rendered from the inside out. When the narrative opens, he is a ship's doctor on a large passenger steamer; when it closes, he is again a ship's doctor, and his life in between is lived in the book. This is not an ingenious frame for an occasionally hysterical narrative, but it does allow the author a free hand to probe and question as he pleases. The scenes of the hero's childhood are finely etched and vivid, the rest of the book concerns his adolescence, his mistreatment in a cadet school, his experiences in the war and in revolutionary Vienna. This is a story that has been told often enough before, and a good deal better. And if the tale has any real point or "moral" at all, it must impress the judicious reader as more unfortunate

than otherwise that a grown man must love no other woman but his nurse to the end. In that sense Franz Werfel's conclusion is a rationalization—whether specious or profound is a matter for the reader's discernment:

All human relationships, the most natural even, are illusion. We can neither love nor possess anyone else, since humans are forbidden to interpenetrate, and the best we can manage is to touch. Love is our faculty for developing the image of another passionately in the darkness within ourselves. Reality is an album of pictures, words are the instruments of division, the rush of life the dearest of all solitudes. All this is so easy to say.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Liberals on Horseback

Behold America! Edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$5.

"BEHOLD America!" is a symposium by thirty-three well-known American writers. Now symposiums, even by well-known writers, are usually more profitable than entertaining. Specialists are likely to be uncommonly dull as well as uncommonly wise. And even in the best of symposiums the flow of eloquence and learning will be suddenly halted by an article from some dreadful dub included through the mistaken tolerance of the editor. "Behold America!" is not open to these customary strictures. It is a stirring volume and gains steadily in interest as it proceeds. One gets from it a definite picture of this complex thing called America, hag-ridden by the industries that are both its glory and its shame, and one also finds a definite attitude taken toward the picture by nearly all the contributors. It is the character of this unanimity which is perhaps the most significant thing about the book. This appears most clearly in contrast with a superficially similar work that appeared about nine years ago, "Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans," edited by Harold Stearns. That earlier volume was one long outcry of surprised and embittered idealism; the contributors were too shocked, too disheartened and bewildered by what they saw, even to have any hopeful dreams. "We never amounted to anything, and we never will," they seemed to cry in their despair. The picture presented in "Behold America!" is fully as dark, but the tone, the mood, is, for the most part, very different. In the first section, entitled America: Promise and Fulfilment, Harry Elmer Barnes, Robert Morss Lovett, Robert Herrick, and others look back upon our dead past as one looks upon a murdered kinsman; their outcries are less elegiac than warlike. As the book proceeds to its detailed discussion of the present, there is a steady-eyed facing of unpleasant facts, as a mountain climber counts the crags above him meaning to surmount them. There is no cheap optimism, but there is what is much better, firmness in the long hour of defeat. Thus T. Swann Harding discusses the profession of the law that has ceased to be a profession save in name, and Ernest Gruening the journalism that has not become a profession save in name; thus John T. Flynn writes of Wall Street, Abraham Lefkowitz of secondary education, Louis Boudin of the dictatorship of the judiciary, and Robert Dunn of our imperialism that "goes marching on—to war." There are good articles on the Negro problem by George S. Schuyler, on censorship by William Seagle, on America's cults by Joseph Jastrow, on the Myth of Law and Order by Roger Baldwin. The thirty-three authors of the book are as one in the condemnation of the results of our private capitalism; they are almost as one in envisaging an ideal which Samuel Schmalhausen finely describes as "cultural communism." Such agreement is not the result of political unanimity, for the

authors stretch all the way from the liberal right wing, represented by Henry S. Canby, who bases his hopes on an aroused minority, to the radical left wing, represented by V. F. Calverton, who counts on an awakened proletariat (although this is only one point in his long and very able article on Social Forces in American Literature). At the moment Mr. Canby would seem to have the better of it, since the aroused minority actually exists while the awakened proletariat is only a mystic hope; but perhaps the ineptitude of our political and industrial leaders may be safely trusted to give Mr. Calverton his revolutionary proletariat in time. Meanwhile, at any rate, the right and the left wing represented in "Behold America!" belong to the same army. And the army is moving. Everywhere in the book one feels the sense of impending change. The change may well not be for the better, it may be for the worse. But at least it will be a change in which the real thinkers of the country will again have something to say. The liberals or radicals—call them which you will—are once more on horseback.

All this makes it the more regrettable that there is in the volume no direct frontal attack on our main industrial problems. Articles on our oil, coal, and steel and iron industries, on our banking system, and, above all, on our public utilities seem demanded by the whole tenor of the book. Surely no one can adequately behold America without an examination of the way in which our basic industries are conducted. Similarly, it is regrettable that our actual attainments in certain fields other than industry do not receive more attention. Contemporary American painting deserves more than a portion of a single page, and American architecture assuredly deserves a separate chapter. Although the dismal failure of our high schools and colleges is the outstanding feature of the educational scene today, that is no reason for disregarding the actual gains in elementary education or neglecting the promise of our "experimental schools." Perhaps after a few more seasons of financial depression the general American smugness and complacency will be sufficiently shattered so that even liberals may venture to say one or two kind words for their country. Until that time they will doubtless continue to feel the need to apply the strongest kind of stimulus to rouse the nation from its sleeping sickness. We can hardly expect in the near future any more balanced picture than that presented in "Behold America!" Rather, we may expect an increasing number of its own kind—fearless, undespairing, calling to us to face new unhappy, nearby things and battles still to come.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Logic and the Sciences

The Logic of Science. By Harold R. Smart. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

THIS little volume by Professor Smart is intended to illustrate the many interrelations between philosophy, logic, and the sciences, with particular attention to the metaphysical and conceptual implications in each. The lay reader with more than a casual interest in this very complex subject will find much to reflect upon in the first two chapters, which discuss the theory of knowledge as affected by the scientific approach to "reality." A long discussion of mathematics (which, with logic, is the author's special field) shows the increasing tenuity of mathematical thought, whose dependence upon symbols is at once its power and its weakness; the present situation in physics is analyzed, emphasis being laid upon the subtle confusions resulting from the many brilliant but often inconclusive achievements of the masters, from Faraday to Eddington and Heisenberg. Biology, psychology, and the social sciences are also briefly reviewed, and their respective aims and

accomplishments are set against the ideals of rigor and clarity prevailing in the "exact" sciences. A final chapter of Metaphysical Observations leads the author through much intricate discussion of abstract notions to his own point of view that "the task of philosophy" is "the theoretical comprehension of human experience in its entirety," involving "the differentiation and integration of . . . values in a systematic unity."

It is probable that students familiar with the exhaustive work of Emile Meyerson, E. Cassirer, Norman Campbell, C. I. Lewis, and other theorists of science will not find a great deal that is new in this book. But it was not written for advanced students; indeed, the author, whose own scholarship is much in evidence in the text, footnotes, and bibliography, intends no more than an introduction to a subject the latest contribution to which will be found in the masterly "Reason and Nature" of Professor Morris R. Cohen. As such it performs an admirable liaison service between layman and specialist.

HAROLD WARD

Chatterton

A Life of Thomas Chatterton. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.

EVEN at this date, far removed from the last four decades of the eighteenth century, it is very nearly impossible to view the legend of Thomas Chatterton with a dispassionate eye. The sentimental story of his suicide seemed to become a signal for the display of sensibility and romantic fervor. Here was young David taking his stand against Goliath. In this case the Biblical giant happened to be an effeminate gentleman of letters, a Horace Walpole, but no matter—he was still Goliath, dressed in silks and ribbons and reclining in an armchair at Strawberry Hill.

Out of the veritable mountain of facts concerning the subject of a nine-year study, Mr. Meyerstein clarifies the issue between the young poet and his boyish hoax and the effort on the part of a man of letters to defend his reputation as an antiquarian. In fact, the Walpole-Chatterton controversy becomes the central point of interest in this biography; it is here that Mr. Meyerstein makes his original contribution to the history of English poetry.

The original hoax, backed by two Bristol historians, William Barrett and George Catcott, was immediately placed under suspicion by Walpole and Dr. Johnson. Literary mysteries, however, have a method of self-propagation that carries them far beyond the limits of human reason. It was not until the latter half of the nineteenth century that the question of Chatterton's remarkable vocabulary was definitely settled by the famous philologist W. W. Skeat. Mr. Meyerstein has amplified Skeat's discoveries by a detailed account of the Walpole episode and a careful revaluation of Chatterton's famous "Rowley Cycle" as the work of a highly gifted and original poet.

The story of the Walpole-Chatterton dispute is closely associated with Chatterton's conception of himself as an artist, and is therefore of primary importance. The facts that Mr. Meyerstein presents may be summed up as follows: Chatterton, at the time he appealed to Walpole for criticism and assistance, had fully identified himself with Thomas Rowley, a fifteenth-century character of his own creation. Barrett and Catcott, the Bristol historians, were delighted with Rowley—here at last was a poet of which all Bristol could be proud. To prove him false would leave them barren indeed, and Bristol's annals of antiquity, deprived of their hero, would be decidedly less glorious and imposing. Walpole received Chatterton's manuscript with great enthusiasm, and then suddenly grew cool,

fearful of being made the victim of a hoax. Meanwhile, Chatterton, insulted by Walpole's neglect of the merit contained in the poetry he had sent him for critical examination, saw the frustration of his hopes. He never forgave Walpole and, what is more, disclosed his hatred. Walpole, in self-defense, circulated lies concerning his entire relationship with young Chatterton. It was not until after Chatterton had come to London and died in poverty that Walpole began to see merit in the work that had been offered him by his young enemy. Mr. Meyerstein refuses to sentimentalize over details of the Chatterton suicide. It is quite possible that the motives for Chatterton's suicide may be found in his revolt against himself. The real Thomas Chatterton was Thomas Rowley, not the brilliant hack who made a precarious living by writing political satire. The death of Rowley—murdered by critics such as Walpole and Dr. Johnson—found a logical conclusion in Chatterton's suicide.

Mr. Meyerstein's excellent analysis of Chatterton's poetry is worth the consideration of anyone interested in a definitive study of the romantic tradition in English literature.

HORACE GREGORY

Notes on Fiction

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings. By Panteleimon Romanof. Translated by Leondide Zarine. Edited by Stephen Graham. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

"A Novel of the Life of the Educated Class Under the Soviets" is the subtitle of this realistic story by a Communist writer. It contains no propaganda; it is, indeed, brutally frank in its portrayal of the harshness of life in overcrowded and underfed Moscow. It reads like the study of an impartial observer who is neither sympathetic nor hostile toward the people who come under his eye. This is not to imply that the book is a tract. It is an engrossing novel of the naturalistic school; it is most certainly not a Communist fairy tale, a defense or an indictment of anything. Citizen Romanof looks at the *ci-devant* educated classes of the old bourgeoisie as they appear, now that the tables are somewhat turned, robbed of authority, undergoing poverty and hardships, working under commoners who are inferior to them in learning and experience oftentimes, as well as in breeding. He observes the cracking of their morale. The man or woman emerges, bit by bit, from the shell of his former "code of honor," his impregnable faith in the old conventions, ceremonies, habits, convictions. A few remain affected and slightly ridiculous figures in the new Russia. A few turn religious or idealistic. Some, for all their poverty and degradation and hopelessness, maintain fine dignity, an admirable poise, and prove themselves worthy of what was best under the old order. Others, like the protagonist in the story, become toadies to their masters, betray their old comrades, as, bit by bit, their characters prove too weak to stand up under poverty and hardship. This novel about Hyppolit Kisliakof, his wife, his circle of friends, his Communist boss, his trials and moral degradation as he rises to power and influence is, judged as a document alone, a book worthy of attention.

Juan in America. By Eric Linklater. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

Mr. Linklater's Juan is lineally descended from Byron's, being the great-grandchild, several times removed, of the issue of an amour between that fascinating individual and an English duchess. Juan comes to America to go to a university and study business methods and systems. But he fumbles the ball in an important football game, thus losing his girl, the esteem

of his schoolfellows, and the regard of his professors, who now insist that he do some work. So Juan sets forth on his wanderings through the wilds of America, meeting Chicago gunmen, racketeers who guzzle banana delights in drug-stores, and many other interesting phenomena. He winds up in Hollywood. Mr. Linklater's satire is directed only at the surface absurdities of American life, but it is keen and penetrating in dealing with them. The book is long and for the most part highly entertaining, while some of it is downright hilarious.

Sympathetic to Bare Feet. By Jonathan Leonard. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

This third novel by Jonathan Leonard marks the development of a style and method whose importance may escape immediate attention. The story of the meddling Daniel who loses his finger in the machine he is supposed to have invented and of Edith his granddaughter, who has an affair with a truck driver whom she refuses to marry, contains obscurities of intention and events which might be clarified if Mr. Leonard were content to use an ordinary symbolism; but the value of his novel lies precisely in his refusal to work with conventional symbols or conventional comic tactics. Though the novel may not give instantaneous pleasure to all who read it, a peculiar pleasure is there for the taking.

Occupied Territory. By Alice Ritchie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

This quiet story set in the background of the British occupation in the German Rhineland is too slight and ineffectual quite to press its meaning home. But it has subtlety and insight. It does not compare with Isa Glenn's deeply shaded studies of little groups of people caught at odd moments when they are unaware, but it has a quality which brings her novels to mind. Into the variegated group of officers and their wives stationed temporarily in a small German village near Cologne comes the Colonel's daughter, a girl of seventeen straight from a convent school. And when she falls in love, hardly realizing what the malady is, the drama accelerates. There is no love-making. The story is too tenuous to make the reader feel strongly about it, one way or another.

Films

Lectures from the Screen

ASPOKEN narrative illustrated by silent or sound pictures on the screen is a form of the talking picture that is quite distinct from the ordinary dialogue movie. The difference, and it is a very important one, lies in the fact that in the latter case the people and settings shown tell their own story, whereas in the former case the story is told by the lecturer, who arranges his film material with an almost unlimited freedom of treatment. It might have been expected that with this power over his material the movie lecturer would develop a flexible and dramatically effective technique making the utmost use of similarities and contrasts, of variations of tempo, and of the many telling effects obtained from the camera, the film, and the screen. But it is extremely seldom that one encounters such originality of treatment. Not so long ago, at the Astor Theater, on the same program with "A Free Soul," a short sports news-reel showing a group of champion divers distinguished itself by some very ingenious stop-motion effects, the humor and charming narrative informality of which were much appreciated by the audience. "Hell Below Zero," recently shown at the Cameo, is another entertaining as well as in-

structive example of the art of movie lecturing. It is true, photographically the picture does not rise to any great heights, but it is, at least, intelligently put together, so that the lecturer's talk becomes closely interwoven with the images on the screen. The honors of the picture, however, go almost entirely to the lecturer, Mr. Carveth Wells, whose delightful wit and ease of manner enable him to carry and convey his knowledge with captivating charm. For the benefit of those who are interested in such matters, I may mention that the title of the picture is rather misleading. The picture's record of the mysterious Mountains of the Moon in equatorial Africa contains nothing that can justly be described as "hellish," but on the other hand it gives some extraordinary views of the vegetation of the region, which is probably the most fantastic thing seen on the earth; and as an introduction to this Mr. Wells treats us to some "inside information" on the African jungle, which does not appear to exist, and on the ferocious ways of lions, which, as Mr. Wells shows us on the screen, would do anything to run away from you if you would only let them go.

I do not know if the box-office value of "Hell Below Zero" had any relation to its qualities. But I do know that the picture that followed it at the Cameo, called "Mystery of Life," is considered, and probably is, a great money-maker. And yet, aside from its subject, the story of evolution, which has acquired a kind of mystic significance in the eyes of the general public, and aside from the name of Clarence Darrow, who officiates at the ceremony of "explaining" evolution, I have seldom seen a picture so badly made and so dull. The main

trouble with the picture, of course, is that it attempts too much. No intelligent story of evolution can be shown and explained on the screen in a film of ordinary length. Moreover, a subject that requires not only a display of data but a reasoned and telling demonstration can hardly be treated in the haphazard way of the picture in question. It is not enough to throw the facts on the screen. They must be built up into syllogisms. In this case neither Mr. Darrow, slow, ponderous, and primitively theological in his evolutionism, nor his collaborator, Dr. Parshley, who supplies the scientific data, has taken the trouble to tell his story in the clear and concise fashion demanded by the subject. But, then, neither of these two gentlemen can be expected to know much about film making, and the company that made the film apparently never came to their rescue.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

THE new "Ziegfeld Follies" (Ziegfeld Theater) are disappointing. Were the former "Follies" really as good as I thought they were, one asks oneself, or is this really one of the poorest of them? The girls are as beautiful as ever; the dancing is extremely smooth and good; Urban has perhaps done better scenery, but this is not bad; the music will pass. . . . Yet with the exception of one or two scenes the revue is almost completely lacking in fresh ideas or humor, and this is surely a serious handicap.

H. H.

□ APTS. FOR RENT □

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

65 TH ST., 7 and 9 WEST.—"Just off Central Park West." Attractive, light, apartments in an accessible location near Central Park. 1 Room and Private Bath from \$45. monthly (some with woodburning fireplaces); also 3 Rooms, which include Living Room, Chamber, Kitchen, Dining Alcove and Private Bath at \$85. monthly. Apply Mr. Worthington, 7 West 65th Street, N. Y. C.

RIVERDALE

2½ and 5 room apartments. Beautiful park surroundings. Excellent values. Elevator. Refrigeration. 3900 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway or phone Wickersham 2-6200.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

44th STREET, 141 EAST.—"The Woolsey." Housekeeping apartments in a modern elevator building convenient to business, shopping and amusement districts. Attractive layouts. Compact Kitchenettes with Electrolux refrigerators. 24 hour switchboard service. 1 ROOM from \$70. 2 ROOMS from \$80. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION. See Mr. Bayly.

109th STREET, 309 WEST.—"The Edgerton." A step from Riverside Drive. Housekeeping apartments. Half block from Broadway. 5th Avenue bus and subway 1 block away. Convenient to Columbia University. Very desirable apartments. Complete kitchenettes with mechanical refrigerators. 1 ROOM from \$65. 2 ROOMS from \$75. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION. See Mr. Lewis.

45th STREET, 325 WEST.—"The Whitby." A modern elevator building, conveniently located just off Times Square. Housekeeping apartments with full hotel service available. 1 ROOM, Kitchenette from \$70. 2 ROOMS, Kitchenette from \$80. 3 ROOMS, Kitchen from \$90. 4 ROOMS, Kitchen from \$135. All apartments have mechanical refrigeration. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES! For example:—1 ROOM tastefully furnished, kitchenette and private bath, mechanical refrigeration—from \$22. weekly with full hotel service! See Mr. Fink.

□ HOUSE FOR RENT □

WESTPORT, Conn. cabin. Living room 20 x 20. One hour ten minutes from Grand Central. Rental unbelievably low to suitable people. Box 451, c/o The Nation.

FOR SALE

12 ACRE property, 10 miles from Peekskill; half minute from Albany Post Road, on Carmel Road; 6 room house; bath; completely furnished; all conveniences, electric pump, deep well, brook on property. Must be seen. Price \$10,000, worth more. Terms. Owner leaving for California. Pavitt, R F. D., Cold Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

12TH ST. WEST. 2 blocks express subway, desire congenial young lady with fine tastes, to share delightfully furnished 2 room, bath, kitchenette apartment. Privacy. \$25. monthly. References exchanged. Box 455, c/o The Nation.

LADY to share three room modernistically-furnished apartment. Complete privacy. Rent very reasonable. May be had at once or in August or September. Box 456, c/o The Nation.

POSITIONS WANTED

YOUNG man (A.B., LL.B.), 28, married, intelligent, amiable, graduate student economics, experienced teaching and attorney, seeks legal, research, or other work, full, part time. Box 452, c/o The Nation.

MASTER MARINER, able and resourceful, age 37; 21 years sea experience, 6 years as navigator on the larger transatlantic liners desires position as master or navigator on yacht or expedition. Box 454, c/o The Nation.

PHYSICIAN, young man, congenial companion, speaks several languages, offers professional services to party going abroad and needing constant medical care in exchange for opportunity to travel. Box 450, c/o The Nation.

EXCHANGE POSITIONS

WANTED: One year's exchange position with city high school or junior college history teacher for place in Hawaii. Delightful climate. Opportunity for Oriental summer tour. Box 214, San Marcos, Texas.

□ SUMMER □

Other Summer Advertising on following pages

Let Us Get Acquainted

6th Year 6th Year

Unser Camp

Highland Mills, N. Y.

More beautiful than ever.

Renowned for its recreation facilities and fun.

The famous Literary Nook in the woods—campers' Rendezvous and gathering place for discussion of Jewish, Labor and World Problems.

Sport field, tennis, golf, etc.

A renovated Casino for Dancing.

A Theatre for plays, concerts, etc.

Food of the best.

Rates—\$19.00, \$21.00 and \$22.00 per week. Seven dollars for 2-day Week End.

50 Miles from New York via Erie R.R. Auto Route No. 17.

PINE HILL FARM HOUSE

Pleasant Valley, N. Y. Tel. Pleasant Valley 39
An ideal vacation place. Quiet, restful, Jewish home cooking. Bathing, boating, fishing. Cheap fare by Hudson River. Low rates. Louis Sakow, Prop.

CAMP DOR-CEL Food from our own farm. Vegetarian meals scientifically conducted. For nature lovers. Fresh and salt water bathing. \$16 per week. Write Doris Arlewitz, Norwich, Conn. R. F. D. No. 7, or phone Norwich 3686 Ring 5.

PERSONAL

YOUNG lady, American Hebrew, wishes to join motor trip party leaving New York July 31st, returning about August 18th, Canada or Mexico preferred. Share expenses. Please state details. Box 453, c/o The Nation.

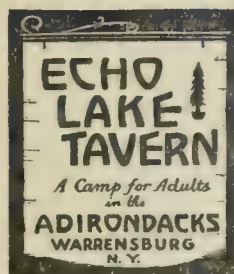
YOUNG German gentleman, highly educated, desires to associate with young man of intelligence and culture—purpose, a thorough study of the English language; in exchange for similar study of German. Box 457, c/o The Nation.

□ SHOPPERS' CORNER □

MARITZA announces the removal of her shop to 182 W. 4th St. You will enjoy a visit here. Special opening sale—remarkable values. New things for the summer.

SUMMER

SUMMER



**What Golf! What Tennis!
What Meals! What Fun!
What Price—VACATION!**

2 WEEKS \$65.00

WHY PAY MORE?

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

ECHO LAKE TAVERN

WARRENSBURG, N. Y.

City Phone: RAYmond 9-9204

Moe Nudell

Rebecca B. Nudell

BODY and SOUL . . . and your VACATION!

From Confucius to Plato to our Broadway philosophy to a LOG TAVERN vacation is seemingly a far and disordered cry. But "body and soul" unities persist.

LOG TAVERN respects your BODY with acres of woodland poetry, a lake all its own set 1500 feet high in the Pocono hills, ten perfect tennis courts, handball, baseball, riding, all water sports, golf, basketball, everything but Greek foot-races for form held on the sands . . . and food Mr. Epicurus would most certainly endorse if he were living in Greenwich Village. . . .

LOG TAVERN respects your SOUL as well with all the above (if you please) with its dramatic and musical entertainment of professional caliber, its concert programs, its poetry readings, its intelligent fellowship of young men and women, its dancing, its play of sun and sky and dream. . . .

July and August Rate \$37.50

— 80 miles to camp —

CAMP LOG TAVERN

MILFORD, PA.

The Camp for Moderns



GREEN MANSIONS

Warrensburg, N. Y.

*The
Most
Complete
Adult Camp
In the Adirondacks*

Private Golf Course on Premises

Tel. Chestertown 37.
LENA BARISH

City: Chickering 4-1345
Directors

Write for booklet
SAM GARLEN

*A Place to Play . . . to Rest . . . to Dream . . .
to Really Live!*

Programs
Include:

Heywood Brown
Hall Johnson
Choir
V. F. Calverton
Dr. Margaret
Daniels
Compinski Trio
Richard B.
Harrison
Dr. Harry Elmer
Barnes
James Weldon
Johnson

**UNITY
HOUSE**

FOREST PARK, PA.

Camp activities with hotel comforts. Fine cuisine, supervised by Ben Shindler. Service, not profit, motivates this enterprise. Weekly rate with proportionate reduction to unit members **\$28**

Reduced R.R. Fare—Round Trip, Incl. Bus, \$5.50
Manager: J. HALPERN—Associate Mgr.: MORRIS NOVIK

Dr. W. E. B.
Du Bois
Bruce Bliven
Walter White
Prof. N. B. Fagin
Benj. Zemann
Dorsha
Tamirle

For booklet:
3 W. 16th St.
N. Y. C.
Chelsea 3-2148

TIMBERLAND

In the heart of the Adirondacks

POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.

Limited to a congenial group of eighty

ALL SPORT FACILITIES—EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS

BOOKLET ON REQUEST

For reservations kindly apply at N. Y. C. office

Esther R. Kessler
Israel H. Kessler

33 West 42nd St.
Penn. 6-7663

A Glorious Vacation Awaits You

at SCHILDKRAUTS

Famous Pine Terrace Hotel and Camp, Highland Falls, N. Y.

(Truly America's most talked-of Vegetarian Resort)

Charmingly located between Bear Mountain and West Point, overlooking the fascinating Hudson.

50 acres of gorgeous grounds and woodland, for rest and play. Tennis and handball courts. Baseball and basketball fields. Attractive swimming pool and other outdoor sports. Indoor entertainment. Dancing nightly. Saddle horses. Sun bathing park, equipped with showers, an outstanding feature.

Special for July—\$25 to \$35 per week. \$5 to \$7 per day.

Write for booklet.

Phone Highland Falls 340 or 260

An ideal place for Summer vacations. WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn., 83 miles from Columbus Circle, elevation 1000 feet. Hospitality that is unique. It brings back friends year after year. Twelfth season. Riding, mountain climbing, tennis and swimming, or rest and quiet if you want it. Interesting people. Rates \$8 a day, \$49 a week. Telephone New Milford 440. EDWARD G. OHMER, Proprietor.

HIDDEN IN THE CONNECTICUT HILLS

Tennis
Hand Ball
Horseback



Swimming
Dancing
Boating

105 acres Rustic Beauty with all Modern Facilities
Private Twin Lakes
Bungalows for two, three or four
SPECIAL JULY RATE \$25.00 weekly
Delicious food from our own farm.
Reservations limited to 65.

UNCAS LODGE, Uncasville, Conn.
Camp phone, Norwich 1858 Ring 5
New York phone PE 6-0490

DIANA BERMAN

ABE BERMAN

PAULS
SWAN LAKE N.Y.

100 ROOMS AND BATHS

STEAM HEATED

GOLF - LAKE - TENNIS

SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC STAFF

E. Paul, Prop.

Tel. Liberty 1390

60 MILES away; tranquility, comfort; beautiful hills; 300 acres orchards, woods, gardens; modern; good food; swimming, sports available; \$30 to \$42 week; weekend \$10. Leaflet free. LAVENDAR HALL INN & FARMS, NEWTON, PA.

Play and Rest where Food is Best, at the
LIGHTHOUSE RETREAT

Golfing, Tennis, Fishing, Ocean Bathing,
Horseback Riding

all within your reach in Pine Wooded Rustic Hills

401 Lighthouse Ave., Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.
Dongal Hills 6-1641

HOW about a vacation on a real farm? Come to the country and make yourself at home with us. We grow what we eat. Plenty of sports and a grand place to rest. Six hours from New York.

MEDIA FARM

Charlest Town, Jefferson Co., W. Va.
Rates \$15 a week and up

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1931

No. 3447

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	97
EDITORIALS:	
Men and Diplomacy.....	99
The United States Returns to Europe.....	100
The Slump on the Ocean.....	101
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. VI. MR. HOOVER'S	
"NOBLE EXPERIMENT." By Peter H. Odegard.....	102
WHY MUST THE MINERS STARVE? By Mauritz A. Hallgren..	105
GENEVA MUST BRING DISARMAMENT. By Viscount Cecil....	107
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	108
CORRESPONDENCE	109
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	110
BOOKS:	
Intra Muros. By Leslie Nelson Jennings.....	111
The End of Reparations. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	111
Holy Terror. By Benjamin Stolberg.....	112
Robert Burns. By Isidor Schneider.....	112
Death, Destruction, and Power. By Dorothy Van Doren.....	113
"Excellency—a few goats . . ." By Fred T. Marsh.....	114
Books in Brief.....	114

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

AS WE GO TO PRESS the heads of seven governments are meeting in London—to do what? To save Germany! The very nation that thirteen years ago they were doing their utmost to destroy as Huns, beasts of Berlin, baby-killers, “a people worse than snakes—no, I apologize to the snakes,” as Liberty Loan speakers put it in one of those official addresses sent out by our kindly and gentlemanly Treasury Department for their speakers everywhere to recite. Why is it that the same nations which were then trying to kill Germans are now trying to save them? Because they know that if Germany collapses financially, they will be ruined, too. How amazing it is that these same nations could not see in 1918 that every day they prolonged the war they were but digging their own graves; that every injury to the one country but crippled the other; that the whole world was intertwined and the World War, therefore, the most stupendous of madresses. Now in peace time the effort is to rescue those once vile Boches, lest all perish. But does the world, and especially America, at last see that we are only paying for the war now; that the war is not yet over so far as its economic results are concerned—not by any means? That we shall continue to pay and that we shall eventually lose all that it cost us to aid our Allies? And that we may consider ourselves fortunate then if we still have our capitalist social organization unaltered?

“ONCE UPON A TIME,” the cynical *Menorah* Journal remarks, “a Zionist was a Jew who meant to live in Palestine. . . . Now a Zionist is a man who invests

his money in Palestine and runs home to West End Avenue to wait for his eight-per-cents to start rolling in.” There is a sad grain of truth in the *Menorah's* bitterness. Zionism has become a great business enterprise operating in a hard and practical world, and its profound meaning to the Jewish people is often lost in a cloud of statistics. Hence the growth of the romantic movement known as revisionism, which made the news of the recent world Zionist conference at Basel. Vladimir Jabotinsky, leader of the revisionists, is a sincere and flaming soul who lives in daily communion with a dramatic dream of a Jewish national state—something more than a “national home”—on both sides of the River Jordan in Palestine. The Zionist leaders, he believes, have been too tenderly diplomatic with both British and Arabs. A magnificent and dangerous man, Jabotinsky. For the Jewish national home is today a minority in a little corner of the Arab world, owing its existence to lukewarm British support against the increasingly suspicious Arabs.

AT BASEL the revisionists were an earnest and vocal minority, demanding the removal of the old Zionist leaders and the adoption of planks which would make plain that the Jews wanted Palestine as their own. They succeeded, through various alliances, in ousting Chaim Weizmann, who won the Balfour Declaration from England and has given fifteen years of intense devotion to Zion, as president of the World Zionist Organization, but Dr. Weizmann was replaced by Nahum Sokolov, a Russian who has worked hand in hand with Dr. Weizmann since the early days of the World War. The revisionists affected the content of the resolutions adopted, but they could not turn them into frank declarations of political Zionism. In substance, the effect of the congress is that a loyal pilot has been dropped overboard and his policy faintly indorsed. The crucial MacDonald letter, stating the official position of the British Government, was, after a fight, accepted as a basis for further negotiation. Zionism, obviously, is in a state of slow flux. Some day the Zionists of the world will have to face more clearly than they have yet had the vision and courage to do the fundamental questions: What is Zionism? What does Palestine mean to Jewry? Perhaps before these can be answered, a deeper question still must be faced. What is Judaism?

THE FURTHER DOWNWARD PLUNGE of wheat to new low levels has of course been to a certain extent the result of the financial disorganization in Central Europe. Mr. Hoover's ample acknowledgment in his telegram to Senator Capper, therefore, of the close relation of wheat prices to foreign political and economic factors, is gratifying, particularly in view of his statement a week earlier implying that the decline was the result of the machinations of wicked short sellers. It is peculiarly unfortunate, however, and an unpleasant reminder of his assurances of a year or more ago that prosperity would be back in two months, that Mr. Hoover should have thought it necessary to add that “the major problem in this connection has been solved” by the

recent debts and reparations moratorium. While that moratorium was a necessary and admirable first step, it seems pointlessly fatuous to refer to it as a "solution" just a day or two before a great conference of the heads of governments to meet an economic crisis unparalleled in the history of capitalism.

"SHOCKING TO ONE'S SENSE of justice" is the phrase used by the now extinct Wickersham Commission in describing "the famous Mooney case in California." This was in the course of the commission's report on criminal procedure. For some reason the voluminous findings on the Mooney-Billings case itself have not yet been published. Referring to the case, the present report declares:

... upon appeal to the Supreme Court of the State from the judgment of conviction of murder and an order of the trial court denying motion for a new trial, that court held that a new trial could not be granted upon matter not appearing in the record, even though the new matter consisted of evidence charging perjury on the part of a material witness for the State. . . . The only remedy was the exercise of executive clemency. Such a state of the law is shocking to one's sense of justice.

Shocking, indeed. Except, apparently, to the sense of justice of several governors of California, who have had an opportunity to exercise executive clemency and have refused. Governor Rolph is reported to be at work upon Mooney's application for a pardon. It is inconceivable that he will not be influenced by the record of perjured witnesses, by the appeal of the trial judge and eleven of the jury, by the honest opinion of thousands of persons who believe that Mooney was not proved beyond doubt to be guilty of the crime for which he has already spent fourteen years in prison. The opinion of the Wickersham Commission simply adds to that burden of honest doubt. And the burden rests not on Tom Mooney in the end, but on the courts of California. They, too, need to be free.

THREE HUNDRED JOBLESS MEN marched upon the storekeepers of Henryetta, Oklahoma, the other day, not to beg for food, but to demand it. They went from shop to shop, declaring they would take what they wanted by force if it was not to be had by more peaceful means. Only great tact on the part of one or two leading residents of Henryetta prevented these almost desperate men from resorting to violence to satisfy their hunger. This is but a mild foretaste of what is coming next winter unless the responsible government officials in Washington and elsewhere awaken to the gravity of the situation before them. Starving men, even starving Americans, will take the law into their own hands when the society to which they belong denies them adequate food and shelter. When the hunger marches and subsequent disturbances begin spreading, will the local communities be found ready to cope with the situation? President Hoover believes they will. But last winter, when the problem was not nearly so serious, many cities and towns showed themselves unable to meet the unemployment emergency. Budgets were strained, deficits were incurred, news of disturbances was suppressed, and hundreds of thousands of people barely pulled through the winter without enough food or clothing. Are we to have this picture repeated next winter in increasing measure?

THE COMMUNISTS have called a nation-wide textile strike, presumably in support of their followers in the New England mills who have been out on strike since May. Orders for the general walkout have been issued by the National Textile Workers Union, though no definite date has been set. Meanwhile the Rhode Island and Connecticut mills involved remain closed. After two months of comparative quiet the situation there has suddenly become tense, the Rhode Island militia has been mobilized, State troopers have moved into the mills prepared for a long siege, and the police in at least one town, Pawtucket, have been instructed to use their guns whenever necessary to break up meetings or gatherings of strikers. The American Civil Liberties Union has found that "all the disorder and violence so far reported in this strike, with the exception of slight damage to property from missiles, has been caused by the police." In ordering a nation-wide walkout, the United Front General Strike Committee said that the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor would join the Communists. This was promptly denied by the A. F. of L., which makes it doubtful whether the National Textile Workers Union will succeed in its purpose. Nevertheless, the difference in attitude between the radicals and conservatives in the American labor movement is thus once more strikingly revealed. While leaders of the A. F. of L. have been contenting themselves with apathetic requests that wages be kept up, the Communists have been resorting to the strike, the most effective economic weapon labor has at its disposal, and incidentally have not failed to offer relief, inadequate often it is true, along with their labor doctrine; which will doubtless not make the doctrine less acceptable.

WHAT MAY PROVE the most effective plan yet devised to control the traffic in drugs has been adopted by twenty-eight nations in Geneva. Under the new convention for the limitation of drug manufacture the signatory governments agree to stipulate the quantities of habit-forming drugs needed for legitimate purposes in their countries. The production of narcotics in all the manufacturing countries will then be strictly limited to the total of these stipulated amounts. However, the new plan has one obvious weakness. It fails to control the production of raw materials. Such limitation was proposed by the Russian delegation, but rejected by forty-three votes to two. A news dispatch from Istanbul offers some hope that this omission may not prove so costly as now seems probable. Turkey has long been the largest producer of raw narcotics used in the illicit drug trade, and Turkey has likewise for years refused to subscribe to any treaty governing the production of narcotics. Now, however, the Turkish Government has indicated its willingness not only to accept the new convention, but also to sign the 1912 Hague treaty and the 1925 Geneva convention. This would at least put Turkey under moral obligation to stop the production of raw materials that enter into the illegal trade. China likewise may sign the new agreement, but the domestic situation in that country is still far from satisfactory. The Nanking Government announced a fortnight ago that its attempt to regulate opium distribution by public sale has failed. It is now seeking to establish a complete government monopoly, by means of which it hopes gradually to reduce the consumption of opium in the territory under its control.

LEON TROTSKY has now denied what many of his friends believed, and what many enemies of Soviet Russia hoped for. He has not lost his faith in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics he helped create, and he will not turn his back on it. This he emphasized when interviewed by an Associated Press correspondent at his villa near Istanbul. "If those at Warsaw and Bucharest," he said, "hope the internal difficulties of the Soviet Union can reflect my tendency by representing me as being in the camp of the defeatists of the Soviet Union, they are truly mistaken." He declared his opposition was solely to the methods employed by Stalin, and "does not touch the general questions of socialism." In the moment of danger, he added, the Trotskyists "will fill the most combative positions, as they did during the October upheaval or during the years of the civil war." This should dispose of the rumor peddled through Europe by the interventionists that they could look to Trotsky for help when they launched their much-discussed, but long-delayed, offensive against Russia. At the same time another anti-Russian falsehood was being denounced. The special committee of the Timber Trade Federation of the United Kingdom declared it had found "not a scrap of evidence of forced labor" in the timber industry of northern Russia. This committee has just concluded a thorough and unrestricted inquiry of its own into labor conditions in the timber area. Perhaps the United States Treasury might learn something by following the lead of the British timber men.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT is boiling over the forthcoming Washington memorial pageant at Yorktown. Yorktown, it will be remembered by all good patriots, was the little Virginia town at which Lord Cornwallis, representing his Majesty King George III, surrendered his sword, his army of 7,000 men, and the British hopes in the New World to the upstart American army under General Washington. The truth is that my lord Cornwallis was not present at the surrender and neither was the General. The Earl was "indisposed" and sent a substitute; the General also sent a representative, being disinclined probably to receive the weapon from any but the high command himself. The situation was complicated, for the British, by the presence of French warships in Chesapeake Bay and all sorts of pressing military engagements at home. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and the surrender was followed by a banquet at which the principals and many of their subordinates toasted each other gallantly. Some of these details have evidently been forgotten by the American Department of State. For when protests were made that a scene in the coming pageant depicting the surrender would hurt the feelings of the British, a subordinate official agreed, and it was proposed to substitute a "very beautiful parade" of ladies in colonial costume for the historic scene. This is a matter on which we are glad to say we have no opinion whatever. A dashing picture of officers in British uniforms of the period bowing handsomely to officers in Continental uniforms of the period would be nice; and a very beautiful parade, if the adjective applied to the ladies as well, would be nice, too. But it is comforting to know that when the State Department might be thought to be more or less busy with international affairs of first importance, it has time to keep an eye on momentous questions at home.

Men and Diplomacy

THAT a man can be a human being and a diplomat too, and that a diplomat need not be merely a reporting clerk at the end of a cable or telegraph wire, was clearly demonstrated by Dr. Friedrich Sthamer, whose death is reported from Germany. Here was one who had never been a diplomat or in any way trained for diplomacy, yet he was picked out by his government for the incredibly difficult job of becoming the first German Ambassador to London at the close of the war. His only previous offices were local ones held in his native city of Hamburg, which he successfully served as burgomaster. None the less, he accepted the commission and achieved a most extraordinary success. When he first went to London as chargé d'affaires in 1920, all England was still hating Germany, and Lloyd George's infamous hang-the-Kaiser campaign speeches were ringing in people's ears. But with quiet dignity, simplicity, and directness of manner Dr. Sthamer knew how to find his way to the hearts of the English people with whom he came in contact and to prove to them how misplaced the adjective Hun was in connection with Germans. He became a real friend of the King and Queen, who singled him out for attention because they enjoyed their contact with him and came like everybody else to admire him. For a decade he carried on this work, staying years beyond the retiring age by special request of his own government. Not until he was ill and seventy-three years old was he permitted to leave, and when he went the expressions of regret were widespread.

For Americans it is pleasant to recall that Dr. Sthamer was helped not a little by an extremely tactful wife, whose mother, Mary Codman, was a Bostonian. Both had the charm that comes from perfect manners and good breeding. They were accessible; they were intrenched behind no ceremonial. They never cringed; they did not apologize for their country or its war record, nor did they lick the boots of those with whom they came in contact. It goes without saying that they had unusual human qualities, and this distinguished couple contributed enormously to the disappearance of the war hatred in England in a far shorter time than was deemed possible when Dr. Sthamer arrived.

So we have additional proof that it does not necessarily take special training to make a great diplomat. Training for this career has its value, beyond question, in a complex world such as ours. But what counts after all when one assumes as delicate a position as Dr. Sthamer's or when one takes high office in a government is whether one has inborn wisdom and tact, courage and character. Given those, it is not so difficult for a man to fill any position in which he can make sincerity, honesty, and straightforwardness tell. There was nothing more of the old time diplomat about Dr. Sthamer than there was about James Bryce when he became Ambassador to Washington without any acquaintance with diplomacy. Mr. Bryce's extraordinary success was, like Dr. Sthamer's, due to his modesty, his force of character, and his freedom from anything that might seem like indirection or duplicity, not to mention his general knowledge of the world and especially of the country to which he was assigned. Men of vision and large souls score success wherever they may be placed.

The United States Returns to Europe

SO we are back in Europe taking part in another European crisis. This time the "official observer" role is frankly abandoned. Secretary Stimson and Secretary Mellon are attending the London conference of seven nations called to deal with the German crisis as the official representatives of the American Government and as full-fledged delegates, while General Dawes, who is again inopportunistly absent from his post, is to hurry back as fast as possible. We are quite aware that the Administration has announced that its representatives will not act in questions involving politics—let that dust blind whose eyes it may. For the present, however, it must be plain to everybody that Europe's affairs are ours as well; that if Europe collapses financially, the United States will face the gravest possible emergency. Call it what you will—selfishness, or enlightened self-interest, or idealistic succor of others in distress—we are doing the right and proper thing, though very, very late. The question still is whether the eleventh hour had not passed before Mr. Hoover moved.

We are well aware that in radical circles, especially in the West, there is a widespread belief that Mr. Hoover acted only because the international bankers saw that they were about to lose all their heavy investments in Germany, and that he is merely pulling their chestnuts out of the fire. Whoever may have convinced Mr. Hoover that it was time to act, this is a case where the interests of the bankers, the government, and the people of the United States coincide. We have paid and are paying now a high enough price for the economic crisis, but that would be little compared to the results of a world-wide economic disaster. Any American government would be recreant to its trust if it failed to go to the rescue of Europe. The United States has played a large part in producing the conditions which menace Europe and ourselves, through its scandalous tariffs, and our insistence on our debt settlements while making it just as difficult as possible for our debtors to pay us. We are aware, too, that there will be a great outcry when Congress meets again that the United States has returned to Europe without specific authorization by that body. Let those who feel thus ask themselves whether they favored American intervention in the war in 1917. If they did, their lips are sealed; their protests must be thrown out of court. When this country decided to violate its sound policy of refraining from European entanglements, it courted if it did not insure precisely what is happening. We made an Allied victory possible instead of that peace "without victors or vanquished" for which Mr. Wilson appealed so eloquently on January 22, 1917; we prolonged the war and ladled our money out to our Allies. The events of today are as clearly the consequences of that fatal decision as anything can be. Nor is the extent of the price that we must yet pay within the vision of any living man.

The Nation can today only applaud the decision of the President to cast off subterfuge. It is especially gratifying that the conference opens with Mr. Hoover's plan for aiding Germany by the renewal of short-term credit. Our participation does not mean that we shall enter the League of Nations,

or undertake any alliances. It does mean that, seeing the beginning of a conflagration, we propose to lend a hand to help put it out before it singes—or burns—our own edifice. For all the pleasant words in the official statement of the results of the Brüning-Laval conference in Paris, the fact remains that little or nothing seems to have been actually accomplished. It was a *succès d'esprit*—nothing else. The Germans came; they were handsomely received; the ice was broken; personal contacts were established and a clear and cordial understanding was arrived at. That is all to the good. But the French have officially declared that "under the reserve of certain financial guaranties and measures of political appeasement the French Government would be ready to discuss later the terms of financial cooperation on a basis of international collaboration"—which means that, aside from the enormous benefit of a German Chancellor's being heard in Paris, the result of the conference is practically nil. This communiqué is, moreover, in most striking contrast with an interview given to the United Press by a spokesman of Premier Laval on July 17, when he stated that France was "not a Shylock" and had no intention of exacting any political terms of Germany. We still cannot believe that any German Government can meet the demands of "political appeasement" asked by the French and remain in office in Berlin.

Hence the gravity of the latest meeting in London. No mere face-saving compromises will suffice. As we write, the news of financial conditions in Hungary and Rumania is worse and not better. The contagion is spreading as did the contagion of war in August, 1914. If the London conference provides only for support of the mark it will merely have supplied the most temporary relief. It is a thoroughgoing sanitation of Germany which is required, and after it, as rapidly as possible, relief measures for other states. Saving the mark will not restore the flow of trade or even the necessary confidence in the stability of the European situation. It is therefore greatly to be hoped that the American and English representatives will let it be known as clearly as possible that they are not in favor of Germany's signing away her sovereignty under any circumstances, but least of all in return for a temporary credit for the support of the mark. The German bankers are right in declaring that only a long-term credit can replenish the Reichsbank's reserve permanently, make possible adequate currency circulation, and prevent the further calling of bank credits to business, which would inevitably bring further insolvencies.

Meanwhile, the Department of Commerce has made public a report calling attention to the fact that of twenty-three countries in Europe sixteen are reporting deficits due in large measure to the economic crisis. Could anything illustrate more clearly the sickness of the body economic everywhere, or the interest that governments all over the globe have in seeing something done at London to stem the drift toward international bankruptcy and repudiation? Only the statesmen who were in office on August 1, 1914, have had a greater responsibility to face than that which rests upon the men who have assembled in London.

The Slump on the Ocean

THE trouble in which the United States Lines find themselves is so grave that the announcement of the taking over of this corporation by the Roosevelt-International Mercantile Marine Company is daily expected. In the international conferences here and abroad for a drastic reduction of the Atlantic fares, the representatives of the United States Lines have been most eager for lower rates, after stating frankly that they expected this year to earn only a fraction of what they made in 1930. Hence their efforts to turn back the *Leviathan* and other ships to the United States Shipping Board, from which the company contracted to purchase them. Hence their abandonment of the foolish plan to build two monster liners to keep up a weekly fast service in competition with the new German liners and the record-breaking Cunarder now under construction, and the slowing up in construction of the two 30,000-ton ships to which the company was committed before the economic collapse came. The stock of the United States Lines has now fallen almost to nothing, which is an especial hardship upon the many employees who put their savings into the enterprise.

Whether the new combination will meet with greater success or whether the government will not finally have to take back its vessels, time will show. In P. A. S. Franklin, the Roosevelt-I. M. M. Company has the most experienced of American shipping managers, who has won the friendship and support of many of our foremost financiers. But even the most experienced managers are at a loss at the present time, for the world crisis is almost at its worst on the ocean. Thus, the chairman of the General Ship Owners' Society of London has just reported that more than 2,250,000 tons of British shipping are idle, and 45,000 seamen deprived of their means of livelihood. In the whole world there are eight and one-half million gross tons of shipping now laid up for lack of cargoes. Conditions in the North Atlantic trade are worse than they have been in the memory of any living man—not even the German submarine created greater havoc. Never before have the leading steamship companies laid off some of their largest and fastest ships in June and July—the best earning months for east-bound travel. It has been publicly stated that the loss in traffic is at the rate of 6,000 passengers a week—127,000 in the first five months of the year. Only two ships are earning money, the crack North German Lloyd liners, *Europa* and *Bremen*, the latter being the only vessel to leave New York in 1931 with cabins entirely full—this on her voyage beginning July 17. So great is the attraction of these vessels, which cut one day from the voyage, that the North German Lloyd was the only line in the world to report a net profit in earnings in 1930—one of 10 per cent. These ships have a capacity of 2,200 passengers in all classes; their average for 1930 was 1,447; the average of the three leading Cunarders was 700.

But it is not only the economic crisis which Americans must consider in studying their merchant-marine problems. The truth is that not a single transoceanic American line could stand on its own feet even before the slump. Nothing but the huge government subventions in the form of building

loans and mail contracts have made possible the establishment of the lines which have come into being since the Jones-White legislation of 1928. From New York alone today forty-two lines flying the American flag are operating seventy-five services—eight to Europe, ten to South America, seventeen to the Caribbean and Central America, three to the Far East, three to Africa, and one to Australia—two of these services reaching around the world. The duplication in existence is best illustrated by the fifteen American-flag lines operating to Havana, the twelve lines to Honolulu and Manila, and the ten which send ships to Hongkong and Shanghai. It goes without saying that most of these are freight services; it is one of the remarkable developments of the post-war shipping period that the old tramp steamers, wandering from port to port with utter irregularity, as business dictated, have yielded to freight lines with regular sailings. More than that, many of these new freighters are fitted with most acceptable cabin accommodations for those travelers for whom speed is no object. But New York is not the only American port with transoceanic lines. Philadelphia has twenty-six, Baltimore twenty-five, including one direct to Hamburg inaugurated on July 17, Norfolk eighteen, Boston seventeen, Newport News twelve, Savannah nine, Portland, Maine, and Charleston, South Carolina, eight each, Wilmington, North Carolina, seven, in addition to the other services. No less than eighteen Gulf ports are also operating American-flag ships, of which New Orleans has sixteen lines, Mobile fourteen, and even Tampa, Florida, twelve. This is certainly an amazing expansion.

The question of its cost is, however, an extremely important one. The Treasury is now paying out \$21,000,000 a year, almost a pure gift to the owners of these lines, save that a certain amount of mail is carried by these ships at a far higher rate than was ever paid for mail in all the world before. Within three years this sum will rise to \$30,000,000, just at the moment when Mr. Hoover is struggling to hold down the expenses of the country. For years the shipping interests sought a direct subsidy. This, Congress time after time refused to vote, but the after-the-war demand for an American merchant marine led to the institution of this mail subsidy—it is not a mail payment for service rendered. More than that, the administration of this expenditure has been such that we look for a sensational exposure whenever Congress gets round to an investigation. Certainly it will never approve the policy of the government in making these mail payments to the purchasers of old ships at as low as \$7 a ton, when it was the deliberate intention of the framers of the law to award these contracts only to new vessels to cost about \$150 a ton. We believe that mail ships should be paid a reasonable price for actual service rendered, but no subventions. We have never believed in government support of an industry which could not justify itself financially, and we do not believe that the arguments that such a fleet is needed for national defense, or because of national pride, are worth the paper they are written on. Germany's fleet has been rebuilt without subsidy of any kind. If we cannot do as well, we should let others carry our trade.

President Hoover's Record

VI. Mr. Hoover's "Noble Experiment"

By PETER H. ODEGARD

IN his speech of acceptance on August 11, 1928, Mr. Hoover referred to the Eighteenth Amendment as "a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." He did not suggest that he thought the experiment wise or successful. On the contrary he declared: "Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied [and] only an organized, searching investigation of fact and cause can . . . determine the wise method of correcting them." Thus the candidate comforted the drys, reassured the wets, and committed himself to nothing.

The Coolidge administration of prohibition had been bitterly criticized by wets and drys alike. Both expected more action and less talk from Mr. Hoover. The drys claimed him as their man from the start and hailed his election as the beginning of a new era in prohibition enforcement.

In his inaugural address he referred to "disregard and disobedience of law" as the "most malign" of all the dangers confronting the country, and indicated his intention to appoint a national commission to study the problem and propose remedies. The commission was not to confine itself to prohibition, but was to study "the whole structure of our federal system of jurisprudence." But it was upon prohibition that public attention was focused.

On May 20, 1929, Mr. Hoover announced the appointment of his law-enforcement commission with George W. Wickersham as chairman. It is significant that in the President's first address to the commission he made no direct reference to prohibition. That prohibition was uppermost in the mind of Mr. Wickersham, however, is seen in a letter which he addressed to Governor Roosevelt of New York in July. After calling attention to the concurrent-power provision of the Eighteenth Amendment, Mr. Wickersham said:

If the national government were to attend to preventing importation, manufacture, and shipment in interstate commerce of intoxicants, the State undertaking internal police regulation to prevent sale, saloons, speakeasies, and so forth, the national and State laws might be modified so as to become reasonably enforceable.

This very sensible proposal was met with a chorus of protests from the drys. Bishop Cannon denounced it as "defeatism," Senator Caraway demanded Wickersham's resignation, and Mr. Clinton Howard of the National United Committee for Law Enforcement objected to the Constitution being "Wickershammed into a squatter-sovereignty hodge-podge." Mr. Hoover gave no sign of approval or disapproval of Mr. Wickersham's suggestion. He appeared satisfied that, the commission having been set to work, the issue had been successfully sidetracked for the time.

In the meantime, the President recommended to Congress

certain changes in the law relating to enforcement. There was little that was new in the Hoover legislative program. His major recommendations included transfer of the Prohibition Bureau from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, provision for the relief of congestion in the courts by simplifying the procedure for dealing with petty prosecutions, recodification of the prohibition laws, the organization of an effective border patrol, a new prohibition law for the District of Columbia, expansion of federal prisons, and a plan for the use of State officers in federal law enforcement.

The Williamson act, transferring the Prohibition Bureau to the Department of Justice, was approved by the President May 28, 1930. Several prison-reform measures were enacted and a number of new federal judgeships created. Some two and a half millions were added to the appropriations for enforcement to enable the employment of five hundred additional agents. Bills to carry out Mr. Hoover's other recommendations, in spite of considerable pressure from the White House, were stillborn.

Senator Howell of Nebraska, on September 21, 1929, delivered a biting attack upon the President for his failure to enforce prohibition in Washington. Mr. Hoover immediately demanded that Howell furnish him with evidence concerning violations. The Nebraskan lamely replied that he had no evidence and in the end became sponsor for an Administration measure providing a prohibition-enforcement code for the District of Columbia. The debate on this bill dealt chiefly with its radical search-and-seizure clause, suggested by the Prohibition Bureau, under which a police magistrate might issue a search warrant upon mere suspicion that intoxicants were illegally made or stored in a home. The bill came in for a vigorous drubbing by both wets and drys. It had been placed on the preferential calendar and everyone expected immediate and favorable action. But as Senator Glass expressed it, the Senate declined "to exasperate people further with prohibition by proceeding with a farce like this bill."

Overshadowing all other aspects of the Hoover prohibition policy, was the final report of the Wickersham Commission submitted January 20, 1931. The country had assumed that this report would be made the basis for definite recommendations looking toward a sane solution of this question. Long before the report was made public, rumor had it that a fundamental change in the existing law would be proposed and at least two commissioners believed that such a recommendation had been made. Commissioner William Grubb in his individual statement said: "I join in the findings of fact and all the ultimate conclusions in the general report . . . except that recommending that the amendment be revised immediately without awaiting a further trial." A similar statement was made by Paul J. McCormick. As a matter of fact, the general report made no such recommendation, although seven of the eleven commissioners favored immediate repeal or revision. What the

* The sixth of a series of articles on President Hoover's Record. The seventh, on Secretary Hoover's Power Record, by Amos Pinchot, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

report said was that there should be a further trial, "and if after such trial effective enforcement is not secured, there should be a revision of the amendment." Aside from this, the general report contained nothing new. Every other recommendation was ancient history.

The bulk of the 286 pages of the commission's report is a devastating picture of the breakdown of enforcement. The drys were comforted by the conclusions that there should be no repeal, no modification to permit wines and beer, no return of the saloon, and no engagement in the liquor business by the federal or State government. Mr. Hoover emphasized this aspect of the report when he said: "The commission, by a large majority, does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. . . . I am in accord with this view." All this in the teeth of the fact that a majority were individually for immediate repeal or revision. It seems, as Senator Norris commented, that the commission "was trying to prepare something which everybody could sign and nobody agree to."

In presenting the report to Congress the President said:

I must not be understood as recommending the commission's proposed revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, which is suggested by them for possible consideration at some future time if continued effort at enforcement should not prove successful. My own duty and that of all executive officials is clear—to enforce the law with all the means at our disposal, without equivocation or reservation.

From Mr. Hoover's point of view the work of the commission was pretty much wasted effort, since it revealed nothing new and suggested no new remedies except those which he repudiated. It is not surprising that in view of the President's stand and the apparent misunderstanding within the commission itself many persons should believe that the general report and conclusions had been issued under pressure from the White House. This has of course been denied.

In his address to the Associated Press on April 22, 1929, Mr. Hoover outlined his enforcement policy. There were to be no "dramatic displays of violent attacks in order to make headlines," but a systematic strengthening of law-enforcement agencies "week by week, month by month, year by year." Federal agents were not to enforce the law by violating it themselves. There was to be a more systematic effort to weed out incompetent and dishonest agents and "rigid scrutiny of the records and *attitudes* of all persons suggested for appointment."

On the administrative side Mr. Hoover has had a considerable measure of success. The transfer of the Prohibition Bureau to the Department of Justice brings together the work of detection and prosecution and makes possible a concentration of power and responsibility. The President has placed able and trustworthy men in charge of enforcement. Attorney General Mitchell, who has the confidence of the drys as Mr. Mellon did not, supports Mr. Hoover's view that only conscientious prohibitionists should be appointed to the service. He frowns on illegal methods and has declared that such practices as indiscriminate wire-tapping, illegal searches and seizures, violence and bloodshed are not to be tolerated. Colonel Amos Woodcock, Director of Prohibition, has been hailed as "the man of the hour in the prohibition-enforcement field." A recent letter from an outstanding Anti-Saloon League leader says:

Unquestionably Woodcock is the best director we have had. The newspapermen in Washington who have discerned the shallowness of brains and penetrated the sham of Lowman tell me that Woodcock stands *à*ce high. There doesn't seem to be any dissenting voice on this regardless of whether the newspaperman is wet or dry.

Colonel Woodcock has announced that he will pay no attention to the petty household offender.

Our objective [he says] is against the sale, the commercial manufacture, and the commercial transportation of intoxicating liquor. I will not have our agencies following the course of least resistance and wasting their time upon pitiful, picayunish, non-commercial cases.

With the additional 500 agents recently provided he now has a force of some 3,200, but he insists he is more interested in the quality than in the quantity of enforcement officers. By careful selection, the rigid application of the merit system, and the inauguration of a system of efficiency ratings upon which to base promotions he hopes to reward the competent, eliminate the incompetent, and develop a better morale. He prefers young men. Each new agent is put through a period of intensive schooling during which emphasis is laid on the law governing search and seizure, injunction proceedings, and so forth. Agents are instructed that since the search-and-seizure provisions of most State laws are much more lax than those of the federal law, "with State and federal officers cooperating sincerely, more beneficial results will be obtained by reason of the wide latitude of authority given to State officers."

These instructions come with poor grace from an administration which scorns illegal methods. For as Representative Linthicum of Maryland recently declared:

The agents of the federal Prohibition Enforcement Bureau are encouraged and instigated to cooperate with State and local officers to violate the plain and emphatic provisions of the federal Constitution and statutes. They are told to do things in conjunction with State and local officers which, if they did them as federal officials, would bring them within the range of federal statutes and subject them to severe punishment.

Obviously, the Prohibition Bureau is attempting to deal with the weakest link in the chain of enforcement—State and local cooperation. Mr. Hoover has repeatedly emphasized this aspect of the problem. The Wickersham report declared that "without genuine cooperation by the State police authorities the federal forces are wholly inadequate to enforce the law against speakeasies, bootleggers, and small distillers." Not much genuine cooperation can be hoped for in those States where local enforcement laws have been repealed and wet sentiment runs high. Only recently Attorney General Warner of Massachusetts instructed the State police that since the repeal of the "Baby" Volstead Act they no longer have any authority to enforce the prohibition laws.

In view of this situation a new theory—the Hoover-Mitchell-Woodcock theory—seems to be emerging—namely, that of leaving all but interstate combinations and commercial manufacture and transportation to the State and local officers. "As things are at present," says the Wickersham report, "there is virtual local option."

The President has repeatedly emphasized the obligation of the private citizen to obey the law and assist in its en-

forcement. Thus in his first message to Congress he said:

Law cannot rise above its source in good citizenship—in what right-minded men most earnestly believe and desire. If the law is upheld only by government officials, then all law is at an end. Our laws are made by the people themselves; theirs is the right to work for their repeal; but until repealed it is an equal duty to observe them and demand their enforcement.

In an effort to mobilize opinion in support of the law, "Three Gun" (Harold D.) Wilson, deputy prohibition administrator for Delaware, has organized vigilance committees of citizens to cooperate in promoting law observance and enforcement. These tactics are reminiscent of William H. Anderson's Allied Citizens of America, of painful memory. Mr. Wilson presumably has the support of both Colonel Woodcock and the President in this new experiment. If successful in Delaware it may result in a nation-wide "co-operative and coeducational program."

Mr. G. Aaron Youngquist, Mr. Hoover's assistant attorney general in charge of prohibition, is convinced that enforcement is becoming more effective. Cases prepared by enforcement officers have stood up better, there being 1,177 fewer cases dismissed in 1930 than in 1929. It is significant, however, that in the Southern District of New York 90 per cent of the cases brought before United States commissioners are thrown out, according to a recent statement made by Andrew McCampbell, administrator for this area. Jail and prison sentences were imposed in 27,709 cases in 1930, an increase of 5,107 over 1929. Last year 56,992 cases were instituted and 52,437 were terminated as follows: dismissed, quashed, or discontinued 12.7 per cent; pleas of guilty 76.7 per cent; trials by jury 10.6 per cent. Apparently "bargain day" continues as a feature of prohibition enforcement.

Dr. James Doran has been continued in charge of the division of industrial alcohol in the Treasury Department. According to his report for 1930 illegal diversion of industrial alcohol "is not one-fourth that of three years ago . . . the independent denaturing plant has been practically put out of business, hundreds of permits have been revoked, very few new ones have been issued, and hundreds of formulae have been strengthened." It seems well established that industrial alcohol as a source for liquor has been substantially reduced and now constitutes a relatively minor problem. The amount illegally diverted last year was estimated at only 9,000,000 gallons. The bootleggers seem to have turned to the use of corn-sugar production, which has increased from 150,000,000 pounds in 1921 to 960,000,000 pounds in 1930.

In spite of improved administration the general situation has not materially changed. Federal courts and prisons are still crowded. This congestion is bound to increase as more States move into the wet column and repeal their local enforcement acts, thus closing the State courts to prohibition cases. Notwithstanding instructions to agents to be more cautious in the use of firearms, the press continues to report killings by prohibition agents. Since 1920 a total of 227 persons have been killed, of whom 69 were agents and 158 civilians. Corruption is general, and although political favoritism has declined, it still constitutes a major obstacle to effective enforcement. Commissioner Kenyon in his separate report declared that "even after prohibition agents were placed under Civil Service, political interference per-

sisted [and] some of the worst men had the strongest political backing." Political influence has been exerted to secure withdrawal permits and to provide protection for bootlegging syndicates. On this topic the general report of the Wickersham Commission said: "Political interference has decreased, but as our institutions are organized and conducted, it will always be a menace to effectual enforcement."

The President, as leader of his party and head of the national administration, is in a strategic position, should he care to do so, to compel politicians to keep hands off the enforcement personnel and procedure. If it became known that Presidential patronage would be distributed to local leaders who cooperated in the enforcement program and to no others, one might reasonably expect a decided change in the present situation. Unfortunately, Mr. Hoover either does not dare or does not care to take so decided a stand. He is content with a policy which gives him the support of the drys without sacrificing the support of Republican politicians to whom prohibition is a new pork barrel second only to the tariff. The situation is not materially different from that described by Mr. Pinchot when he said: "Under the Coolidge Administration there has been dry talk enough to keep the drys contented—most of them—but not dry action enough to keep the wets from getting all the drink they wanted." The *California Liberator*, organ of the Anti-Saloon League in Mr. Hoover's own State, calls loudly for action. "Teddy's Big Stick and a few cracked [political] skulls would do a lot of good."

Whether for good or ill Mr. Hoover has become the Melchizedek of the drys. Already Senators Capper of Kansas and Dickinson of Iowa have proclaimed him as the drys' candidate for 1932. Similar statements have been issued by powerful dry organizations. It is going to be more difficult to straddle the issue in 1932 than ever before. In spite of the issues which have emerged incident to the depression, in spite of the insistence by party leaders that economic issues come first, prohibition will not down. Mr. Raskob and other Democratic leaders are obviously endeavoring to reconcile the South to a wet candidate. Powerful leaders in the Republican Party are demanding a wet plank in the 1932 platform. Eight States with over a quarter of the population have officially repudiated prohibition. Straw votes conducted by the *Literary Digest* and the American Bar Association reveal an overwhelming preponderance of wet sentiment. The Republicans of New York have come out openly for repeal. The Republican convention in New Jersey which nominated Dwight Morrow indorsed his demand for repeal by a vote of ninety-five to thirteen. Republican Party platforms in seven States and Democratic platforms in fourteen States in 1930 declared for modification or repeal. A recent confidential poll of 200 members of the new Senate and House reveals two-thirds of them in favor of modification or repeal. A dry Republican running on a dry platform may have a difficult time of it in New York, Illinois, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

The wets in both parties seem to have the party leaders "on the spot." Mr. Hoover may come to feel before the campaign of 1932 gets under way that in his morganatic marriage with the drys he has taken a bear by the tail. It is politically dangerous to hang on; it would be fatal to release his hold.

Why Must the Miners Starve?

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Pittsburgh, July 15

PITTSBURGH agrees with Chairman John Barton Payne of the American Red Cross. In explaining that his organization could not send food or clothing to the striking miners he said: "The coal strike was the result of an economic situation prevalent in that industry for the last ten years and may continue indefinitely." That is precisely how the residents of the Steel City feel. They have plugged their ears to shut out the tales of woe that have come pouring in on them from the coal fields during the last decade. They will not as much as discuss the suffering which today is greater than it ever has been. The pulpits of the town are silent; its civic leaders are busying themselves with other matters; the newspapers are alive to the situation only when blood is shed or other violence done. In short, this city, which has lived in large measure off the bituminous industry, does not seem to care, and its apathetic attitude serves to prevent the distressing news from the mining towns from reaching the world outside.

Within a few score miles of Pittsburgh a hundred thousand families are going down under the relentless pressure of the economic situation which Judge Payne believes "may continue indefinitely." Some of the helpless human beings involved are actually dying today. More will probably die tomorrow. By next winter—unless some miracle intervenes—the toll of starvation and disease may be greater than any yet recorded on the pages of American industrial history. This is not my belief alone. It is also held by a physician living in one of the coal towns, who is occasionally employed to handle company cases, and by the president of a mining company operating in another section, and by dozens of social workers and investigators who lately have visited the coal fields. The physician frankly confessed that a number of children and young people in his community were literally dying from hunger before his eyes, and he added that his neighborhood was by no means exceptional in this respect. The coal-company president said briefly: "I am sorry that I must admit it, but the children are starving in our coal district." On the same day I saw in a half-dozen other communities adults who had not had more than a chunk of bread or two to eat in a week, and young children who had not tasted milk or anything other than dry bread and canned vegetables for a fortnight or longer. Some of the men in these villages were on strike; others were working; but so low are the wages paid in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio that even the latter were not getting enough to eat.

Together with Colston E. Warne and William L. Nunn, two of the foremost students of the coal problem in this country, I have just visited the mining sections in the Pittsburgh area. After our tour Professor Warne said: "Though for ten years I have been in close touch with conditions in the bituminous coal fields, I confess I was unprepared for the shock I received upon returning to western Pennsylvania after a year's absence." At Cedar Grove near Avella, for example, we found two to three hundred sorry-looking

men, women, and children living in barracks that had been erected during the last strike. The occupants had been evicted from company-owned homes. They had crowded themselves into the one-room quarters of these weather-beaten, wind-shaken wooden shacks. In one of these rooms, which measured no more than twelve by eighteen feet, a family of three adults and nine children was living. Occasionally, by sending committees out on begging expeditions, the occupants of the barracks managed to scrape together enough food at least to help the women and children. For shelter they had merely walls of wide boarding generously perforated with gaping holes, and leaky roofs overhead; and of medical attention they had none whatever, although there were several cases of illness in the camp. Not a single doctor in the neighborhood would come to them when called, all of the doctors being employed by the coal companies, or living in fear of the companies. Once or twice an independent physician did respond to repeated calls, but his fee was three times the usual rate, and more than the strikers could pay.

Worse yet was the predicament of the two hundred white and colored folk living in the company "patch" of the Seldom Seen mine. This village is buried in the shade of a mountain several miles from the nearest paved road; it lies in its unseen hollow neglected by civilization and human sympathy alike. It was here that the strike started, spontaneously, and without urging from Communists or union organizers. Today the residents of Seldom Seen are existing wholly by their own efforts. They raise a few vegetables, and for the rest dispatch delegations to the nearby communities, themselves in want, to beg for food. The O'Briens, spokesmen for the people in this "patch," had not had bread for several days when we called on them, and only by the strictest economy had they succeeded in doling out the meager and inconstant milk supply so that the younger children might have fresh milk at least once a week. Here, too, as at Cedar Grove and elsewhere, medical attention was entirely lacking and the camp's supply of medicine was depleted. The rickety, dark, foul-smelling huts these people call home added the final touch to their almost indescribable misery.

Again, in the Castle Shannon region on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, in the vicinity of Buffalo farther south, down through Washington County, on the West Virginia border, along the Ohio line, and in the neighborhood of Export toward the east, virtually the same conditions were observed. Here a community was getting some relief; there the food had been cut off and the miners' families were subsisting on weeds and on hard, blackened crusts from the bread boxes of more fortunate townspeople. In some of the villages are children who have never known the taste of cow's milk, and in others there are whole families whose diet consists solely of an occasional ration of dried beans and coarse bread. Nowhere did we find enough of anything to go around. Even the miners who have remained at work complained of the food shortage. Hundreds of them, feeling that they "might as well starve up here as down in the mines," have

quit the pits voluntarily and not under orders from the strike leaders.

But if these men do not work they lose their homes, which almost without exception are company-owned. Evictions are piling up daily. In the first few weeks of the strike at least a thousand families were dispossessed. How many have since then had their household belongings dumped outside the company "patch" by mine guards or deputy sheriffs can only be guessed. In many instances the miners have refused to move, though eviction notices have been served on them. At the moment some of the companies are hesitating to go farther than to have these notices served, probably because they do not dare to stir up the undertone of rebellion that is noticeable throughout the coal fields. The Communists directing the strike are to all appearances making deep inroads among the underfed miners. Meanwhile the evicted families are finding shelter where they can; fifty or more of them have found room at the Cedar Grove barracks, and many more have appeared there only to be turned away for lack of accommodations. Friendly farmers have put up some of these families in their barns and other buildings; on the Canonsburg road I discovered three families who had taken refuge in a garret over a store run by a sympathetic American turned Communist.

No independent relief whatever is entering the Pittsburgh strike area. The churches and charity organizations in the city are not concerning themselves with the plight of the miners. Only three groups are engaged in the distribution of food and clothing, and all three of them allow political considerations to govern the distribution. Although the Socialists are not at all active in the sense that they might be using the suffering in the coal fields to build up support for their movement, they are nevertheless dispensing relief with the Socialist cause pretty definitely in mind. They are at great pains to see that only present and former members of the party (many of the latter of whom have gone over to the Communists) benefit by the relief they dispense. The United Mine Workers of America are likewise engaged; they remember only those miners who remain faithful to the U. M. W. A. By far the largest amount of relief work is being undertaken by the Pennsylvania-Ohio Striking Miners' Relief Committee, which is affiliated with the National Miners' Union. The committee has organized foraging expeditions (called "Unemployed Councils") in those districts where the strike has been most effective; these expeditions scour the countryside, making door-to-door canvasses for scraps of bread, discarded meat, and other edibles. But in the critical sections, where mines are still operating or the United Mine Workers are still strong, the National Miners' Union has set up soup kitchens and bread lines. This is an essential part of their strike strategy; the Communist leaders use free soup, bread, and beans to break down the opposition of the men who have thus far refused to join the strike, and to strengthen their own lines. In the relief station at Mollenauer hung a huge, hand-drawn placard reading: "Every man, woman, and child must be in Number 8 picket line, or no relief. All relief will be stopped if you are not on the picket line Monday morning."

Such tactics may be open to severe criticism, but it must be remembered that the National Miners' Union is not a charitable organization. It is in the field for the sole purpose of winning the coal strike, and to this end is using

whatever relief it can command. Money contributions are coming in primarily from New York City, but foodstuffs are also being contributed by labor unions, some of them affiliated with the A. F. of L., located in various Eastern cities and towns. Most of this food is of solid and nutritious quality, but sadly lacking in variety. At Mollenauer, for example, each registered family was allotted two loaves of bread, a few pounds of potatoes, and a pound of dried beans. Meat was not to be had in the relief station, although in the basement below a stew kettle was kept constantly boiling and hot stew given out to all persons recognized by the man in charge. The mess in the soup kettle was not very savory, but it looked more appetizing than the soup handed out in Chicago and New York bread lines I have seen.

Feeble as are these efforts to satisfy the hunger of thousands of miners' families, the Communists are not being permitted to do even this much without encountering bitter opposition. Their followers are forced daily to face a silent reign of terror. Strikers are shot at from ambush along lonely roads; so frequently do these attacks take place that they no longer draw forth any comment. In the picket lines the strikers must walk meekly and silently if they do not want the hickory club of a deputy sheriff brought down on their heads. (A goodly number of the notorious Coal and Iron Police have lately been rehired as deputy sheriffs in western Pennsylvania.) But the most intense opposition comes from the newspapers of Pittsburgh, particularly from the *Press*, one of the liberal Scripps-Howard chain. Editorially and in its news columns the *Press*, incredible as it may seem, has been supporting the United Mine Workers, although the influence of that organization is rapidly disappearing in the bituminous fields, and has been just as vigorously attacking the National Miners' Union, presumably because of its Communist leadership. It rarely mentions the N. M. U. without referring to its Communist complexion, and it has gone so far as to recommend the use of tear-gas bombs to break up the union's picket lines, although picketing is legal in the State! It is perhaps unfortunate that all three of the Pittsburgh newspapers should belong to national chains; otherwise community spirit might have led these papers to take a more active interest in the predicament of the miners. As it is, they ignore the dreadful suffering of which some of their reporters could give them most accurate and truthful eyewitness accounts.

Out in the field, however, the strikers continue to absorb the teaching of the Communists despite the newspaper opposition. The miners are slowly being convinced that only radical measures can save them. The Communists may be ousted—there is already evidence that federal agents are quietly at work in the coal towns—and the strike may be defeated, but there is not the slightest hope that the conditions which brought on the strike will then have been eliminated or rectified. It is these conditions, interpreted in simple terms by the Communist organizers to be found in every company "patch," that are responsible for the spread of radicalism. "Sure," said a miner's wife, "I'm a Bolshevik, and so's my man and my four kids. What of it? You'd be a Bolshevik, too, if you didn't have enough to eat." Meanwhile Pittsburgh sits silently by, denouncing the Communists—and withholding relief. It believes rather innocently with Judge Payne that the situation "may continue indefinitely."

Geneva Must Bring Disarmament

By VISCOUNT CECIL

ONE morning next September the delegates of the governments to the Twelfth Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva will find in the official *Journal* of the Assembly a statement which I trust they will read with care. The statement to which I refer is the common policy upon disarmament adopted by the International Federation of League of Nations Societies at their congress at Budapest; and it is a very important indication of the direction in which public opinion on this subject is moving.

When I say public opinion, I am, of course, fully aware of the fact that in many countries the League of Nations societies have not the large number of adherents which they have, for instance, in my own country, or in Japan, or in Belgium. But the delegates to the federation's recent meetings on the subject were, generally speaking, men of weight in their countries who represented the general tenor of moderate opinion therein. I have only to mention a few of those with whom I collaborated at Paris in the preparation of the federation's disarmament statement to illustrate this fact. There was our *rapporteur*, M. Henri Rollin, the legal adviser of the Belgian Foreign Office and one of the most brilliant exponents of League principles in his country; Baron von Rheinbaben, who has often represented Germany at Geneva; Frenchmen such as M. Pierre Cot and M. René Cassin, the latter a leader of a great organization of former combatants; M. Jean Hennessy, a late Ambassador and a Minister of France; M. Arthur Fontaine, French representative on the B. I. T.; Professor Stronski of Poland, and several others. When our statement was discussed at Budapest it also received the support of that great patriot and good European, Count Apponyi, and of his Hungarian colleagues, in terms to which I shall refer in a moment. In short, it may be described as the highest common measure of agreement between those who, however conscious of their national aspirations and difficulties, are united in their conviction that if peace is not to be gravely jeopardized, the 1932 conference must make real progress toward disarmament.

What then are the proposals of this statement? In the first place, we say that the conference must culminate in a definite disarmament treaty, the first, as it must be, of a series of such treaties. In support of this we give several obvious and imperative reasons: "the definite unconditional pledge given by the members of the League of Nations under Article 8 of the Covenant"; the formal promise which M. Clemenceau gave on the Allies' behalf at Versailles "to the states disarmed under the treaties that the exceptional regime applied to them is only a stepping-stone to a general system of universal limitation and reduction"; the evidence of so many great statesmen, economists, jurists, and historians that the "mad race in armaments" has led and must lead to war; the disastrous effect that the failure of the conference would have.

With these obligations and necessities in mind we formulated a definite proposal which has begun to take shape in the ranks of the disarmament movement both in Europe and America. Here it is:

The situation is such as to justify even now a considerable reduction of armaments, and, apart from the reduction of personnel and material which should be effected, the federation esteems that, provided suitable proportions are laid down for the different states under the conditions mentioned hereunder, the conference should achieve *an all-round reduction of 25 per cent* on the total amount budgeted for armaments.

Taking the whole volume of money spent on armaments in the world—more than £800,000,000 a year—we say that the outcome of the conference should at least involve as a first step the reduction of that sum by a quarter. For national safety, we claim, has been immensely increased by the establishment and ever-developing activity of the League of Nations, by the remarkable progress in the organization of arbitration, by the Locarno agreements, by the Briand-Kellogg Pact, and by the convention for giving financial assistance to a state victim of attack.

That is not to say that we believe "security" to be completely achieved. Fear of war between members of the new international society, the imperfect understanding of and provision for the united action of this society in preventing and suppressing war and in eliminating the causes of war—all that stands in the way of the "more complete disarmament" which the federation believes to be necessary. Hence our statement declares that in order to secure further progress, "means should be sought to strengthen the mutual guarantees of security and loyal observance for treaties." In addition to the familiar means to that end, we made radical proposals concerning two formidable aspects of modern warfare, namely, the air arm and the chemical arm. We called for "the international organization of aviation under the auspices of the League of Nations, in order to insure to the Council the best means of communication and of supervision; and the prohibition of all preparation for chemical and bacteriological warfare."

The suggestions become of particular importance when read with the fourth section of the Budapest resolutions. It is in the following terms:

It is indispensable that the League of Nations should officially recognize the principle of equality in disarmament between the "vanquished" and the "victorious" Powers, and that the 1932 conference must begin to effect such equality.

This equality must not be attained by increasing armaments already reduced under the treaties, but by the proportionate reduction of those of other states.

In any case, the federation considers that the principle of limitation and reduction of armaments should be the same for all states and, consequently, that

1. Each state should be bound to limit the amount budgeted for its navy, army, and air force.

2. The prohibition of certain material, naval, land, or air, enjoined in the treaties should apply to all states signatories to the convention.

3. The observance of the obligations thus contracted by the states should be insured by a Permanent Disarmament Commission established at the seat of the League of Nations and exercising its control equally over all nations.

Each of these paragraphs deserves a word of comment. By the first the broad principle of equality is laid down. It is declared that no special regime in the matter of disarmament can be indefinitely maintained for particular countries. To most people that will appear little more than a platitude. Apart from all other considerations, how is it possible to have two classes of members of the League of Nations, one of which can be trusted with unlimited armaments, while the other cannot? Such a state of things is contradictory to the fundamental conception of the League, and can only be tolerated as a transitional measure while the League disarmament schemes are being worked out. The resolution proposes that the first steps toward equality should be taken at the conference next year.

Secondly, it is laid down that equality must be aimed at by leveling down and not by leveling up. We are about to engage on a scheme for disarmament. It would be tragic if it ended only in rearmament.

Thirdly, the resolution proposes that, apart from the strength of the armaments of different countries, the methods of limitation and reduction should be the same for all countries. For instance, if and so far as it is decided that budgetary limitation should apply to any countries, it should apply to all of them. Similarly, at least in principle, prohibition of particular kinds of armaments should be accepted equally by all countries. For instance, the "vanquished" countries are forbidden to have military aircraft. That prohibition might well be made general. It is here that the provision for the internationalization of aviation becomes important. For if there is to be no national air force, international precautions must be taken to prevent the conversion of civilian aircraft into military machines. Finally, whatever control is agreed to for the supervision and enforcement of the disarmament treaty should be applied equally to all states whether "vanquished" or "victorious." This is clearly right and desirable. Nothing can be said in favor of insisting on special precaution against the breach of disarmament obligations in the case of particular states. Whatever is useful to secure performance in one case is or ought to be equally useful in others.

This principle of equality is fundamental to the Budapest scheme. It was unanimously accepted there after it had been unanimously drafted by a subcommittee which met at Paris a few weeks earlier. The changes made in the draft did not weaken any of its main principles. What will the governments say to it next year? If they accept it, agreement will be comparatively easy, for it ought not to be difficult to carry out the principles of the resolution into actual figures.

All that can be said at present is that delegates from France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Hungary, Poland, Britain, and other countries assented to it in Paris and after several weeks' consideration repeated their assent in Budapest. How the proposals will be regarded in other countries remains to be seen. In my country I believe they would be warmly and generally accepted. I trust the same may be true elsewhere. For in this case governments will do no more and no less than public opinion approves.

In conclusion, let me once again appeal to all friends of disarmament. M. Briand indicated the plain duty of all good citizens of Europe and of the world when he said at the Council meeting of the League in January: "Between

now and the opening of the conference a great propaganda effort must be undertaken to enlighten the mind of the public on this important question." I believe that all who write or speak upon disarmament or study the problem will find in this statement of the Budapest congress a guide to such "propaganda effort." For here is a policy in which the genuine requirements of France, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy—to mention only those among which marked divergences have appeared in the last few months—may be harmonized and fulfilled, if only the governments, setting aside the sinister suggestions of experts and armament manufacturers, will rely solely on the instincts and aspirations of the common people.

In the Driftway

NOW that summer days, with their attendant humidity, bare-legged young ladies, and weekly drownings are well established among us, the Drifter wishes to come out unrestrainedly for watermelon. A few years ago he would have scoffed at the thought that such a championship was in any way necessary. But of late he has been hearing things. The watermelon contingent does not seem quite so large or so enthusiastic as it used to be. Aspersions have been cast in his presence. Watermelon, according to one unsympathetic and soulless observer, is no better than a glass of water sugared and colored with cochineal. To this heresy the Drifter would oppose the full force of his ripe years, tested wisdom, and world-wide experience. Watermelon, at its best, is no tumbler of pink sugar water. It is ambrosia, delicately flavored, cool, crisp, rosy. And anybody who doesn't think so is an unfeeling, shortsighted ignoramus!

* * * * *

NOTE, however, the qualification. Watermelon—at its best. Its best is not found in cities; it is not found, indeed, north of Mason and Dixon's line. There are actually those persons whose sole acquaintance with watermelon consists in the round, red, flabby "melon balls" served up in a glass cup at the more expensive restaurants. There are others who have eaten their melon in large, natural slices, but who, nevertheless, never tasted, smelt, or felt any but melons picked green and "ripened" on a freight car traveling north. The true watermelon lover, however, knows that the fruit in this state should be shunned like the plague. There are ways to eat watermelon; there is, in fact, one way. Pick a nice, sunny slope adjacent to a watermelon patch. Invade the patch, keeping a wary eye out for its owner. Choose your fruit: it should be large, deep green, and give forth a gurgling sound when shaken. Run quickly to your slope, the watermelon under your arm. Drop it on a convenient stone. It will burst lusciously, scattering seeds—black seeds—at your feet. Pick up the pieces and eat them as fast as you can, stopping for breath only when absolutely necessary. You will soon learn to shoot the seeds out of one side of your mouth while absorbing melon with the other. When you are filled to repletion, walk slowly to the nearest brook, bathe hands and face in the cool water, and lie down to sleep in the sun.

CONSIDERATION of this technique shows at once how ill-prepared most northern city dwellers are to express an opinion, favorable or otherwise, on this king of fruits. Indeed, city dwellers, who sometimes boast that they enjoy fresh fruits and vegetables all year round, do not know what blasphemy they speak. String beans eaten in New York in December are a travesty of beans grown in a New England garden at the proper time, which is August, picked as soon as the dew is off them, plunged at once into boiling water, and eaten hot with butter. Strawberries displayed in January should be passed by, with head averted. They are only shadows of their true selves. But the worst urban vegetable tragedy is sweet corn. Some laboratory worker once announced that sweet corn lost 75 per cent of its flavor within three hours after it was picked. The Drifter is able to state on confident authority that it loses 100 per cent before that. Small yellow corn, picked, cooked, and eaten within an hour, is a dish for the more fortunate of the gods. The large, rubbery, tasteless ears that pass for corn in city markets are not fit for human consumption. Any self-respecting pig, indeed, would, except for necessary tooth exercise, inevitably pass them by.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Greetings from Mr. Pound

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you have two pages to spare to a serious discussion of "Ulysses" and Gilbert's "program notes," why haven't you a few lines for the degraded and gorilla-made law which prevents the publication and sale of the masterpiece in our dithering and Hoover-messed fatherland?

Is an infamy less an infamy because it continues from decade to decade?

Rapallo, Italy, June 23

EZRA POUND

A New Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Do you not think that the time is now ripe for launching a third-party movement? The only possible way that present conditions can be straightened out is through political action. People sit back, discuss, and criticize the present state of affairs. It surely would avail them more and also help to gain recognition if they organized a new strong party. The two old parties have shown that they are unable to cope satisfactorily with the present situation.

Why wait? Parties begun in a Presidential year, centered around one man, usually die out after election.

How many of your readers agree?

New York, July 4

GEORGE W. J. CHRISTENSEN

Mr. Hoover's Opportunity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial entitled President Hoover's Great Action in *The Nation* for July 1 strikes me as being somewhat hysterical. You speak of Mr. Hoover "grasping a great oppor-

tunity," and of our perhaps dating "the rescuing of the world from its present economic chaos from the day of Mr. Hoover's message." But Mr. Hoover has grasped no opportunity. By the stern force of circumstances he has been pushed into making a step which should have been taken long ago. Mr. Hoover, at last recognizing the storm, has reluctantly decided to come out of the rain. He deserves no more credit than any other politician who does likewise.

Macon, Ga., June 29

JOHN D. ALLEN

The Chamorrans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For over thirty years the Navy Department has been custodian of the welfare of the 15,000 Chamorran inhabitants of the island of Guam, but now that times are hard it finds it advisable to abandon its humanitarian work and look more to its guns. What is to become of the Chamorrans if the island is put under the custody of our Interior Department as a national park? This suggests a playground for tired San Francisco business men, a Pacific Madeira, where the natives can scrub casino floors and serve up the drinks—hardly a just fate for a self-respecting race, which the first American administration found not so badly governed by the Spaniards.

My father, the late William Edwin Safford, who acted as first American lieutenant governor of the island, and who undertook most of the island's administrative duties while the governor was making the place a coaling station, did a splendid piece of work in issuing titles to all the landholders of Guam at a time when carpet-baggers from the States threatened to gobble up all the land and make the natives work for them, but I have heard that subsequent administrators have not been so scrupulous about the natives' rights or so farsighted in their social policy.

Now that we have a Great Humanitarian at the helm, why cannot the United States show that it can be the equal of Denmark, whose policy of "Greenland for the Eskimos" costs \$100,000 a year, but insures the future well-being of the inhabitants? If the people of Guam have suffered from thirty years of American rule, after having prospered for three hundred years under Spain, whose is the guilt?

Newmarket, Ont., June 15

D. WADE SAFFORD

An Impromptu Barbecue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Wolf Creek Canyon a power company which has grown from a small, wood-burning electric plant for Butte to a rating of one hundred million dollars is digging a ditch to bring natural gas 273 miles to smelt copper ore at Anaconda and heat our nearby cities. A week ago there were 300 men on the job and 300 more there hunting a job.

A bakery truck appeared loaded with bread for the commissary. At least 150 men surrounded this and firmly took all the bread for immediate free distribution. A hungry clergyman, munching a dry loaf, pointed to a prime steer grazing nearby, with the remark, "It is written: 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'" Inquiry revealed no firearms in the assembly. A cowpuncher and butcher agreed to use a rope and knife instead of the more modern hunting implement. The steer soon became dressed beef. A barbecue was soon under way directed by a lank youth who claimed skill at the art. At this time the sheriff appeared in answer to a telephone call from the rancher who had lately owned the steer.

The executive of the law loudly asked, "Who robbed the bread wagon?" About 150 men rose and sang out in chorus, "We did." To the second official inquiry, "Who killed the steer?" another platoon of 150 loudly admitted the imputation.

The sheriff of Helena does not lack a sense of humor. He also has some regard for his taxpayers. After a few minutes aside with the rancher (one of these taxpayers) about the expense of keeping 300 men until the next term of court and the folly of seeking a conviction, he said, "Boys, a barbecue is mighty flat without coffee, sugar, or salt. There is some at the commissary; here is ten dollars to buy it with." He added, "I hear some of you fellows have been fishing in Wolf Creek. This is a closed stream until 1934 by order of the game warden. Stop that fishing short off, or I will put you in jail powerful quick." Then he departed.

Butte, Mont., July 4

LOWNDES MAURY

Cobden's House

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Americans who may be visiting England this year, and especially those who are interested in international peace, Anglo-American friendship, and tariff questions, may be glad to know that Richard Cobden's home at Dunford has been opened to the public as a guest house, and that there are a number of rooms available for visitors who wish to enjoy a few days in the delightful woods and surroundings of Midhurst. It has been furnished by Cobden's surviving daughter, Mrs. Jane Fisher Unwin, with Cobden's furniture and with pictures and curiosities of all kinds, including records of his interest in the United States and of his dealings with Napoleon III, with whom he negotiated the Anglo-French treaty of commerce in 1860.

London, June 29

FRANCIS W. HIRST

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg to correct an error in your issue of July 1. In the review of a book entitled "Noguchi," by Gustav Eckstein, the reviewer speaks of the subject of the book as Yone Noguchi. This should read Hidei Noguchi. Yone Noguchi is the author of several books of poetry and essays on art and kindred subjects, and is still living. Hidei Noguchi is the distinguished scientist who lost his life in Africa while studying yellow fever.

Bar Harbor, Me., July 3

LEONIE GILMOUR
(Mrs. Yone Noguchi)

An Appeal for Mercy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Court of Appeal of Zagreb, Croatia, in its capacity of a delegate court of the Special Tribunal for the Protection of the State of Belgrade, Serbia, the latter court being too busy with other repressive trials, sentenced on June 30 two young Croat Nationalists, Mark Hranilovitch and Matthew Soldin, to death, and ten other members of their group to 115 years of prison, for the assassination in 1929 of Anthony Schlegel, editor of a pro-dictatorship daily, though it was established before the court that the two real perpetrators of the deed had succeeded in crossing the frontier in time.

All the accused, several of whom were acquitted, were subjected to cruel tortures in the police jail of Zagreb, and the sentences were based on confessions extorted by torture.

Two of the men sent to prison for twenty years—Stephen Javor, a respectable merchant and ex-alderman of Zagreb, the Croat capital, and Anthony Herceg, a journalist—were cruelly emasculated by the "investigating" officers. These two and several others have been made cripples for life.

An appeal for intervention in these cases is being made to leading Europeans and to international organizations, such as M. Briand, T. G. Masaryk, the League of Nations, the League for the Rights of Man, and so on. I join this movement by appealing also to the enlightened section of American public opinion.

New York, July 11

L. D. KEZMAN

Contributors to This Issue

PETER H. ODEGARD, professor of political science at Ohio State University, is the author of "Pressure Politics; the Story of the Anti-Saloon League."

VISCOUNT CECIL, one of the most distinguished of British statesmen, is known throughout the world for his work in behalf of disarmament by international agreement.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

FRED T. MARSH writes occasional book reviews for *The Nation*.



OLD PEASANT BLOUSES

Embroidered on homespun linen by hand in gorgeous colors, in motifs that symbolize the joys and emotions of the peasant women who made them. Closing out the collection at **\$5.00** each.

Voile Dresses

Richly hand embroidered with harmonizing colors which are guaranteed washable. All sizes. Sleeveless, short and long sleeves. Delightful for the summer. Excellent values at **\$4.95** and up.

PEASANT ART IMPORTING CO.

38 West 57th Street

Books

Intra Muros

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Something that might have issued from a line
Of Druid ancestors became his feud
Against the Builders; he had seen their sign
Before the rape of many a solitude
Had left behind a city of the dead.
But he outran them, setting up a wall
About a plot of woodland where, he said,
No road should enter and no tree should fall.

There were no paths, no mark of ax or spade
To break upon that older unconcern,
Of which his love of quiet was the link.
Yet by a deeper hush he stands betrayed—
The deer no longer bed among the fern,
Or in the heat of noonday come to drink.

The End of Reparations

The End of Reparations. By Hjalmar Schacht. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.

NEVER was there a more timely publication than this. In the week in which the fate of the entire financial world has been trembling in the balance as the withdrawal of foreign credits and balances has been threatening every bank in Germany, the former president of the Reichsbank publishes in the United States his book which first appeared in Germany half a year or more ago. More than that, this same week has seen him suggested as a possible dictator of the German currency—this same Schacht who resigned the presidency of the Reichsbank because of his opposition, not to the Young Plan, as has been alleged, but to the policy of the Allies in overloading and amending the Young Plan with subsequent conditions and demands which, as he says, went directly contrary to the plan and the spirit in which it was to have been accepted and lived up to by both sides. Especially was he opposed to the sanctions clause inserted by the French in the final Hague Protocol, which was precisely what Owen D. Young wished to avoid. Naturally Herr Schacht quotes from his letter of resignation one passage which he doubtless now feels to have been completely vindicated by the most recent events:

Since, in place of this peaceful economic agreement, each of the creditor Powers has reserved its freedom of political action against Germany, it has become quite impossible for Germany, without endangering her exchange and economic life, to accept the responsibility laid upon her by the Dawes Plan to collect and pay the tribute. So long as a political threat hovers over Germany, her interest rate and her credit will both be impaired, and the unremitting pressure to keep the mark stable will invoke restrictions of credit and deflation crises which will be a constant menace to German economic life.

Even more striking is the following exact prognosis of what has just happened in Germany:

But a sudden call to repay foreign credits would strike the Reichsbank particularly hard, for naturally the first draft would be made upon its supply of gold and exchange. It is well known that the Reichsbank is required to maintain a reserve of 40 marks in gold and exchange against every 100 marks issued in the form of

notes. Now if the gold and exchange reserve were suddenly to drop, let us say 400,000,000 marks, the Reichsbank would be entitled to a note circulation of not exceeding one billion marks, whereas the present circulation averages more than four times that figure. It is obvious that a sudden calling in of foreign credits would not endanger the stability of the currency or Germany's capacity to pay, but that such an event would have catastrophic consequences upon German economic life, and devastating effects of a social and economic nature.

Herr Schacht's volume is, of course, highly partisan and not without political tinge. It has the merit that it does not hesitate to criticize the author's own country and its recent governments. The last administration of Hermann Müller he holds responsible for Germany's surrender on the question of the additions to the Young Plan. The Socialists he attacks for their piling up of those municipal, communal, and state debts against which Parker Gilbert warned so earnestly when Agent General of Reparations, and for the "welfare measures, the bad economics, and the expensive bureaucracy of this Marxism." He fails, however, to cite the defense of the Socialists—the necessity of employing idle men in public works and the great need of communal welfare institutions to keep content the public which has been so sorely tried by the terrible burdens and tragedies of life in Germany since August 1, 1914, and to head off communism. That there was loose financiering and extravagance cannot be denied. But Schacht writes about these things in the spirit of the conventional, reactionary capitalist. Germany's "commercial and economic enterprises are almost exclusively conducted by able and conscientious men who are fully aware of their economic and financial responsibilities." But when the political state "goes into business" and "production falls under the influence of men without training who are primarily politicians"—only then does a "menace to productivity and credit occur"! How Herbert Hoover will purr in sympathy if he reads these words!

But whatever Herr Schacht's limitations because of passion, prejudice, and point of view, he is everlastingly right in his main contentions on reparations and debt policies. One may smile at the complete fallacy and the outworn imperialism of his arguments as to Germany's colonies; one may wonder, after reading his memorandum of April, 1919, at his daring to scold others for mixing politics and economics; but he says what is true when he reiterates that "thus far the reparations system has been kept functioning only by means of foreign loans," and that "the Treaty of Versailles and the reparations requirements have plunged the world into moral and economic chaos." He insists that there are still two ways out of this chaos—one, the reconstruction in honesty, truth, and justice of the treaty; the second, the enabling of the Germans, if reparations are to continue, to earn them by the expansion of their European markets, by the leveling of tariff barriers, and so on.

As for the title of Herr Schacht's book, I agree with its correctness. The end of reparations is at hand. As Wendell Phillips said of American slavery after the John Brown raid, "True, the slave is still there. So when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months, a year or two. Still, it is timber, not a tree." So the present financial tempest is completing the uprooting of the whole reparations business. France may swear that it still lives—it is but timber. While the controversy goes on, and the nations of Europe fight for their very existence, this book of Dr. Schacht's is an invaluable book of reference. It has indispensable facts and figures, some material not printed elsewhere, and a point of view that one must know to understand and judge the whole situation.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Holy Terror

Memoirs of a Terrorist. By Boris Savinkov. Albert and Charles Boni. \$3.

IN the early teens of this century the Russian revolution was clearly divisible into three major schools. The Mensheviks were beginning to straggle on their long journey toward the shoddy Golgotha of counter-revolution. The Bolsheviks were making for bolshevism. And then there were the Socialist Revolutionaries.

Of these three schools the Socialist Revolutionary Party was the oldest, by far the largest, the most Russian, naive, romantic, and sentimental. Its left wing especially may be said to have been the Russian version of utopian socialism. It was the direct descendant of the "will of the people" of the '70's, which had been a sort of purple Franciscanism, characterized by an almost libidinous love of the masses. Many of the Socialist Revolutionary leaders came from the upper and noble layers. Their philosophy was a mixture of romantic anarchism, simple-minded syndicalism, and a highly visionary democracy—all rather eccentrically interwoven into a bigotry of sweetness and light and a martyrology of direct action. They were at once mystic humanitarians and believers in political assassination. The noblest among them were neurotically noble, conscientious objectors to all realism of which they disapproved. Their physical courage and their sense of revolutionary dignity amounted to a psychosis. On the whole, they were more Bakuninist than Marxian, more anarcho-syndicalist than modern Socialist. The October revolution finished them in a few months. Yet their influence on the course of the whole Russian revolution was profound, ineffable, incalculable. They were as Russian as the Russian novel of their day. They expressed the revolutionary reaction of the Russian people to three centuries of sadistic autocracy. In them the Russian revolutionary movement was half-crazed into magnificent tragedy by a Caliban order.

The Socialist Revolutionary Party had a terrorist section, the far-famed and feared "fighting organization." The function of this secret unit, whose active membership never at one time exceeded about a dozen effectives, was to condemn in committee and then to assassinate the most notorious and noxious of the political tyrants and perverts of the Czarist regime. These terrorists were the red vigilantes at a time when the spirit of the revolution was being stifled by persecution and inertia into a nihilistic pessimism. Since the party as a whole had no clear-cut revolutionary outlook, its terrorist section, with its underground personnel, tended to drift away from the sociality of the revolution into a terrorist monkhood. The terrorists lived altogether in a revolutionary underworld, moving in and out of Russia with false passports, names, occupations, living in a narrow circle of pure conspiracy, in an endemic state of mortal danger within the very web of a martial and corrupt secret police, in a revolutionary insane asylum in which one's best friend might be an *agent provocateur*. Homeless, loveless, non-social, their whole life was focused on one act: to mix their own flesh, blood, and brain with that of their victims so that the detonation of their self-sacrifice might awaken the world to the criminal order which was then Russia. And the world of the first decade of our century did watch their heroic, hair-raising, unequal, and crazily lofty struggle with breathless attention.

Savinkov's "Memoirs" cover the most exciting period of terrorist activity, from 1902 to 1909. He supervised the assassinations of von Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius, the attempts on the lives of Dubassov, Durnovo, and the Czar. He tells in detail the amazing story of Azev, the chief of the ter-

rorist section, who proved to be a police spy, a revolutionary centaur, half honest revolutionary, half provocative agent, possible only in a fantastically diseased social order. Father Gapon, an infinitely weaker edition of Azev, was also unmasked as a stool pigeon. Savinkov was by no means among the nobler of the great terrorist figures, such as Vera Figner or Gershuni before his day or his coworkers Kaliayev or Sazanov. But he was a colorful desperado. In time the social revolution receded more and more from his ideologically feeble mind, and he became ever more the secret agent of professional revolutionary vengeance, an engineer of political terror and assassination, a technician in the catacombs of conspiracy. Needless to say his "Memoirs" are a spectacular Odyssey, which no tale of fictional adventure could possibly rival.

For a while Savinkov was a member of Kerensky's Government. In a government he felt like a fish out of water. His conception of all government was intrigue and conspiracy. He was violently anti-Bolshevik, fundamentally because the Soviet state had a goal. In a state of complete spiritual deterioration he joined one white movement after another, actually instigating the pogroms of Petlura and managing the crimes of Kolchak. But the failure of the white movements and, possibly, his own revolutionary past and subconscious impulses drove him to re-enter Soviet Russia, where he was caught; and recanted. The Soviet government treated him more like a psychopath than a responsible counter-revolutionary. He was sentenced to ten years' detention, given a library, a car, a chauffeur. But the reconstruction period did not require his Promethean conception of revolutionary sacrifice. Its "terror" was social and not conspiratorial. It was a dictatorship, not an underworld. The Russian revolution, even if it had trusted him, no longer needed the only thing he had to give—his almost acrobatic capacity to hold his life in the palm of his hand. And being useless, he wound up the logic of his life by bashing out his brains. In spite of his social sadism after the October revolution it is difficult to be hard on him. In his "Memoirs" he shows himself as a splendid gangster of freedom when liberty was the greatest of crimes.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Robert Burns

The Life of Robert Burns. By Catherine Carswell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

MISS CARSWELL'S biography is well documented, accurately detailed, and carries the reader back through two generations of its subject's ancestry; but it is also written with charm, and with a frequent but unobtrusive wit like that of a Strachey in a shy mood. Thus it stands high by the measure of the two main traditions in biography; it achieves many of the merits of both where similar and more deliberate efforts usually achieve little of either.

The first fourth of the book is the longest to read, as it probably took longest to prepare. The material is fresh enough and, in retrospect, relevant. But the chill of duty is upon it. Mrs. Carswell's determined brick-laying of data and incident here makes similar labor for the reader. The account of Robert's father is itemized enough and almost long enough to form a separate, brief biography. But William Burns, good and admirable though he was, does not provide entertaining biographical substance. It is here that Miss Carswell's writing, which later becomes firm and edged with penetrating phrases, is dulled by detail.

There is nowhere in the book an iconoclastic attitude, yet it succeeds in breaking the Dionysian idol of those who are worshipful of tipsy and irresponsible genius; and at the same time it destroys the myth of the Bad Example.

Burns was not a gipsy nature. He traveled much in Scotland itself, but his wanderings were not aimless. On his most care-free tours he was at work hunting up tunes and verses for his collections of Scotch folk-song. So little was he the rover that the prospect of a trip to London upset him; and after a long time the project of a journey to the West Indies as an escape from his troubles obsessed him as a nightmare rather than allured him as an adventure. Far from being irresponsible, Burns was persecuted by his sense of responsibility. He was a typical child of a poor but respectable family, constantly on the edge of insolvency. He grew up with a morbid consciousness of insecurity, a hysterical fear of debt. It was to be with him to his last days, when an unpaid bill worried him perhaps out of a fortnight of life.

To his bastards, and to the women who bore them, he was tender and considerate. His first affair was, traditionally enough, with a servant in the house. He refused to marry her, for good reasons, but he kept the child, who stayed with him in the household of which his father's death had just left him the master. His subsequent affair with Jean Armour gave him another bastard, which also he supported; but this time Robert sought to marry the girl and was rejected by her parents. Many years afterward, when his reputation awed away their resistance, he did marry her. Mary Campbell, whom he took up with after his rebuff by Jean Armour's parents, he married by a signed agreement on paper, which according to Scotch custom was as valid as a certificate. Had she not died in an unfortunate pregnancy he would have added the formal rites. His affairs in Edinburgh were in a sense forced upon him by the snobbishness and frigidity of the ladies in polite society. His proposal to one was dismissed with hauteur; his intimacy with the more bending but preposterous "Clarinda," Mrs. McLehose, was constricted to the maddest platonic love that has left a literary memorial. Women being a necessity to him, he resorted to frank and willing barmaids. His feeling for women, however, was in every generous sense an honorable one. He was tender, loving, and respectful. There was not a trace of cynicism in it. He did not make conquests; he loved—happy to give and grateful for what he received.

Mrs. Carswell says that his character was flawed, but is there in all humanity, in all times one unflawed? Burns was proud, egotistical, at times vain; but his humility before the memory of poets he admired was noble. He was often cringing, but living in a caste-conscious age he could hardly help himself. He dared often to think himself the better man, but tradition, environment, habit, and policy as well, since the lords were the holders and bestowers of privilege, forced him now and then to flatter; and always, when sober, to guard his tongue. He was a libertarian; but when the government instituted repressive measures he shrank from the liberals and joined the patriotic volunteers. It was undignified, even cowardly, but he had his exciseman's job to protect, the job in which he had "made good" and earned income enough to give him a sense of security. He was in the situation that harasses and makes a mess of the principles of the white-collar class always and everywhere.

Where his nature did not come into deforming contact with society, he shows a clear, free, and generous spirit. In spite of his terror of poverty, Burns never sought to make money from his writing. To the end he had a decent respect for his art that was innate and powerfully self-assured. He did not seek publication; he had the wisdom and the good fortune to make his chief audience his family and his neighbors. The satisfaction he got from his poems was thus direct and immediate. Instead of the delusive cold permanence of print he had the warm, living permanence of the human memory. The people, not having much in the way of letters, kept what they fancied in their heads.

This habit of depending upon the memory was of infinite value to Burns. It enabled him to compose while he was following the plow or doing any other of the farm tasks that can be left to habituated muscles while the mind is free. He would bring home to be written down at night whole poems, composed and memorized in the field.

To what he loved he gave a generous loyalty. For another rustic poet, Fergusson, who had died in neglect in Edinburgh, he gave twenty pounds out of his own security to raise a monument over his grave. Loving Scotch folk-song, he devoted himself to its preservation, and had the taste to prefer the native tunes to the vulgar "arrangements" then thought necessary to make them presentable in a lady's parlor.

It would have been fortunate perhaps if Burns could have stayed among his own farming people. The unjust economy of tenant farming of his day made this impossible. To secure a job with the help of patrons to be found in Edinburgh he went outside his class. He was lionized but also condescended to. He got his job but it took him long enough to gain a bitterly true knowledge of his "superiors"; too long to make his return to farming and to his own people palatable or even possible. The outcome was a conflict which in turn produced a neurosis that was to torment him to the end.

Mrs. Carswell has written a distinguished biography. It gives us the man, the poet, and his time. The biography leads one irresistibly to a rereading of the poet, which is perhaps its chief service and one of its greatest pleasures; and it is astonishing how closely the poet thus rediscovered fits into the man Mrs. Carswell has portrayed.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Death, Destruction, and Power

Hatter's Castle. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

NOT since "Wuthering Heights" have we had a horror story that so completely satisfies all the requirements of the genre. *Hatter's Castle* is the home of a great, blustering, egocentric paranoiac, a hatter in a small Scottish town fifty years ago. James Brodie is convinced of his noble birth; he is a large, handsome man, domineering, brutal, deluded with visions of his own grandeur. The tale of his downfall, which is brought about by the destruction or death of every member of his family save one, makes the book. At the end he is a skeleton of his former self, destroyed by drink, by the failure of his last hope, by his own vast, vain aspirations and desires.

Nothing is left out of the book to make it terrifying. There is first the house itself, a stone absurdity, the replica in miniature of some Scottish castle, the "last house on the road," which "suddenly chilled" the sweet spring wind that struck it. There is Brodie, so large, so completely the master of his household. There is the household itself: the wife, a poor, sniveling creature, reduced to abjection by her husband and to die horribly of cancer; the older daughter, lovely, gentle, courageous, yet not quite able to cope with her brute of a father, got with child by her lover who is killed before he can marry her, thrown out of doors by her father in a raging storm, making her pain-racked way through beating rain, rushing torrents, howling wind to shelter in a cowshed where her child is born; there is the worthless son, unable to look his father in the eye, robbing and lying to his doting mother, running off with a barmaid who is at last his father's only consolation in life; and last but not least the younger daughter, destined by her father for the university and a prize-winning scholarship, urged to study day and night, pale, weak, apt, but so terrified of her father's rage that, when the great moment

comes and she loses the prize, she hangs herself from the kitchen ceiling, her father's last remaining hope.

This, of course, is not a cheery tale. But the horror story is meant not to cheer but to harrow, and Mr. Cronin has faithfully fulfilled his task. He has done more. His story is differentiated from the ordinary example of its class in two ways. One is his successful combination of romantic terror and realism. When it is necessary to present a scene of unhappiness or desolation or sordidness, no pains are spared to make the picture clear. None of the elegant circumlocutions which sheltered the reader of earlier tales is employed. A spade is described as it is, and if filth clings to it, then the filth is given its proper name. Moreover, Mr. Cronin, incredibly enough, inspires pity in the reader for James Brodie. The last scene in the book, indeed, is so completely horrible, with Nessie pitifully hanging from the ceiling, her schoolbooks piled on a chair beside her, her poor little hat with its new ribbon awry on her head, that no reader could possibly be flint-hearted enough not to look with compassion on the bent, racked figure of her father. He might have been a cheap, stock-company villain, brought to his comeuppance by the forces of goodness and righteousness. He is, instead, a tragic figure, destroyed by his own great vices, a man of strength brought to dust, an Oedipus putting out his own eyes through his own folly.

It is this fact that distinguishes Mr. Cronin from other writers who have attempted the same feat, that, indeed, makes him with this, his first novel, a novelist to be watched and reckoned with. His Mary is all that is beautiful, good, tender, and pure; she is not ridiculous. His Brodie is the embodiment of all villainy; he is nevertheless tragic. Black is black, with Mr. Cronin, and white is blinding white. But because of his frankness and his courage, because he is not afraid of the heights and the depths of his characters, he achieves something of the mighty eloquence that must be in all novels before they are great.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

"Excellency—a few goats . . ."

When the Wicked Man. By Ford Madox Ford. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

IT is in that most charming of adventure tales "Romance," on which Ford collaborated with Conrad, that the deathless line appears. A villainous, piratical, but fearful fellow is called to the witness-stand. Ford is doing the writing:

"Of what occupation?"

"Excellency—a few goats . . ."

"That," Conrad exclaimed delightedly, "is genius!"

Mr. Ford, even back in those days, sincerely considered himself (and few seem to have disputed him) the best living English stylist. Good style, he once wrote in effect (I am depending upon memory), is the art of prodding one's readers by giving them a constant succession of slight shocks. He himself has dipped into the same bag of tricks all these years, and they never fail to please—especially the fastidious reader. Sentences, phrases, adjectives, all kinds of words and word combinations are arranged in almost but not quite the usual way. He is a stylist of many devices. One is to employ a hackneyed phrase—"Notterdam bit his tongue" (after making the wrong remark)—and then comment upon it—"He did not believe that people bit their tongues, but he had bitten his."

Mr. Ford is an avowed disciple of Henry James. In his own novels he seeks to convey to his readers the hidden nuances as mind impinges upon mind, attempting to give expression to those indefinable but ever-so-important mental and emotional reactions which the meanings behind a few words, or bits of facial or bodily expression, carry over from one person to

another as the spiritual state of each shifts uneasily about seeking an equilibrium, a defined opinion, whether in love, hate, excitement, wonder, pity, distaste, or mere indifference.

By reason of his apt touches, the freshness of his language, his insight into the mental and emotional responses of certain kinds of people, Mr. Ford, in a long series of volumes in varied fields, has made a valuable contribution to the literature of his period. The present novel, I venture to opine, stands near the bottom of the list. One can forgive him his incredible American scene—and surely Mr. Ford, who is (although, as Mencken used to say, *geb. Hueffer*) so thoroughly English, who is so familiar and sympathetic with France, is dead wrong on nearly all points when he generalizes about these States. One is merely amused when he has a high-school boy ask his sister if Anna Petersen in her class is "really such a swell fan in composition." But these people—these incredible shades—Notterdam and Kratch, Elspeth, Henrietta, and Lola Porter, and most of the others, all as sterile and fruitless as they are unbelievable, are unforgivable. Mr. Ford has nodded.

FRED T. MARSH

Books in Brief

Strange Thoroughfare. By Sonia Ruthèle Novák. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This story of Esther O'Shane, the gifted, impulsive, unworldly, imaginative child and woman who, in spite of her three marriages and many experiences, remains congenitally ignorant of the practical world around her, of the small and mean and realistic aspects of daily living, is wrought into a moving and disturbing first novel. Madame Novák has developed an original technique in the telling of it which is full of possibilities. Chiefly by conversations she has built up an unusual novel structure, episode by episode. She has an original gift with the problem of dialects—the Southern, the Negro, the German, the modern vulgate, and others—and a decided talent in indicating in written conversation personal, regional, or colloquial idiom. By exercising greater restraint in emotional and dramatic scenes and by toning down a tendency toward obvious exaggerations, Madame Novák should write a second novel of outstanding distinction.

And No Birds Sing. By Pauline Leader. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

Miss Leader at twenty-two has written an impassioned, intensely personal story of herself. Her prose is simple, chaste, delicately wrought, beautifully adapted to convey her message without a touch of hysteria or false dramatics. Not that that message could ever be so important to others as to herself. One grows as the years pass, accepting the inevitable, callous to what passes as injustice. One learns that there is no such thing as justice—that there is merely a temporary balance in social adjustment which, we can only hope, may attain a higher level than the one which today places on the shoulders of ardent and sensitive youth an almost intolerable burden. Miss Leader is obviously the instinctive poet. Her problem in facing life began long before she became deaf. She does not spare her father and mother. She hated them. And yet she shows a certain objective understanding of what lay back of their cruelty and lack of understanding. She does not spare herself. She was proud and, in a small New England town, hated their Jewishness. But her sympathies, too, were large and wide—for was she not a poet? The story of her struggles in New York, alone and stone deaf and with an original capital of twenty dollars (for she had run away from home), are swiftly but movingly told. One cannot lay the book down.

Alexandrian Poetry Under the First Three Ptolemies: 324-222 B.C. By Auguste Couat. With a Supplementary Chapter by Emile Cahen. Translated by James Loeb. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.50.

Couat's "La Poésie alexandrine sous les trois premiers Ptolémées," published though it was in 1883, is still the best general account of the Greek poetry, sometimes called Hellenistic, which we know in connection with the names of Callimachus, Apollonius of Rhodes, Theocritus, Aratus, and Eratosthenes. If only one of these poets is now widely read, all of them had their glorious day, and Callimachus, to whom fully half of the present volume is devoted, was and is of the first historical importance. Couat was prepared for his great task not only by learning and imagination but by a conviction that certain parallels existed between the Alexandrianism of Alexandria and the Alexandrianism of modern Europe. His book, therefore, has always been more than a treatise on late Greek poetry; it has exposed the anatomy of our contemporary decadence as well. It is a beautiful performance, and Mr. Loeb, who has already put every student immeasurably in his debt by publishing the Loeb Classical Library, has increased that debt by translating, with grace and fidelity, this portrait of a school of poets who, coming between the greater Greeks who preceded them and the greater Romans who followed them, taught the latter much of what they knew and so prepared the ground for modern literature. The supplementary chapter by Emile Cahen ably summarizes the knowledge of the field which has been gained through the discovery of new texts since 1883.

A New Model of the Universe. By P. D. Ouspensky. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

This is a medley of essays on modern themes written from the point of view of an esoteric cult. Although the essays profess to use the psychological method to reveal new knowledge in science, religion, and art, the only knowledge that a non-esoteric reader will derive from them is about the psychological workings of the esoteric mind. There are two major dogmas of esotericism: first, that there is a hidden reality not revealed to ordinary mortals or by the ordinary light of reason; and, second, that a knowledge of this reality was vouchsafed to a circle of initiates in time immemorial and has been kept alive in a secret tradition. Mr. Ouspensky's reflections on all topics are dictated by these two dogmas. Thus the technical mathematical conception of the fourth dimension offers an occasion for him to tell us what takes place in that dimension. Similarly

Einstein's theory of relativity, which formulates a verified inter-relationship between the measurements of space and time, is taken as an invitation to unleash his speculative imagination and to construct a "new model of the universe" in six dimensions, three of space and three of time (in accordance with the ancient symbolism of the six-pointed star). The doctrine of evolution is rejected in order to fit in with the esoteric claim that man fell from perfection. And so on.

The Black Napoleon: The Story of Toussaint Louverture. By Percy Waxman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

This is a fascinating book about a fascinating character. And it is a timely book. So much interest has been taken in the Negro of late that one could almost have predicted that this age would produce its biography of the most remarkable black soldier, diplomat, and statesman in modern times. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Waxman carries his enthusiasm for his hero to the point of misrepresenting the history of the time. Slavery conditions in the French West Indies before 1789 were undoubtedly bad—liberal colonials like Dubuc and Malouet admitted it. But this author describes them for the most part with unrestrained rhetoric. Then there is the matter of the "white Napoleon." Mr. Waxman follows Henry Adams much too closely. Recent research in the history of the Leclerc expedition has shown that Bonaparte acted openly against Toussaint with the approval of England and the United States. President Jefferson, for example, had no desire to see develop in the Caribbean what he styled a "new Algiers." Toussaint was unfortunate enough to be weaker than Bonaparte. There seems to be no evidence that his incarceration in France particularly horrified contemporaries. It was, and is, a rule of war. How many today remember that a modern Toussaint Louverture in the person of Abd-el-Krim, the Riffian chieftain, has been languishing almost five years as a prisoner of state on the island of Réunion? And yet no Bonaparte rules in Paris.

The Quicksands of the City. By Hartley Withers. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

The former editor of the London *Economist* here attempts to lay down the principles of investment. He considers the relative merits as investments of bonds and common stocks, and strongly recommends that the inexperienced put their money in the securities of investment trusts. But the American reader must always bear in mind that Mr. Withers is talking of the English investment trusts; most of our own are horses of a very different color.

□ EDUCATIONAL □

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Native teachers
Private lessons, 75c short courses 9 to 11 daily.
22nd year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

FIVE LANGUAGES IN ONE

French-Spanish-German-Italian-English. Containing 5,000 practical words attractively arranged. Limited supply. Special \$1. Order today. Universal Institute, 1263 Lexington Ave., New York.

RUSSIAN taught by university man, instructor in Russian at the Berlitz School. Private lessons or classes. VICTOR PHONOGRAPH RECORDS USED. Michael Jerlitzyn, 3 W. 122nd St. Harlem 7-5368.

COLLEGE EDUCATION through private instruction. Lessons in languages and science; English, French, German, Latin, etc.; chemistry, biology, physics, mathematics etc. Preparation for examinations. Box 299, c/o The Nation.

SUMMER—Continued on following pages

PAULS
SWAN LAKE, N.Y.

100 ROOMS AND BATHS
STEAM HEATED
GOLF - LAKE - TENNIS
SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC STAFF
E. Paul, Prop. Tel. Liberty 1390

QUAINT farm situated on 150 acres of beautiful rolling country. Tennis, riding. Wholesale food. Reasonable rates.

THE HILBERT HOUSE, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
HILLEL FRIEDBERG, Prop. Mahopac 353

CAMP DAVIS, Budd Lake, N. J. Vegetarian. Rural surroundings, near beautiful lake. Rates reduced—\$16.00 per week, \$3.00 per day. Suitable week-ends. R. S. Davis, Stanhope, N. J., or call Lafayette 3-5548.

The Talk of the Season
CAMP TOPSTONE
for adults

\$27.50 PER WEEK

All Sports
Tennis Tournaments,
Wonderful Social Activities
Excellent Meals
Jewish Dietary Laws Strictly Observed

Write for illustrated booklet

SHAPIRO BROS.
Branchville, Conn.

CAMP DOR-CEL Food from our farm. Vegetarian meals scientifically conducted. For nature lovers. Fresh and salt water bathing. \$16 per week. Write Doris Arlewitz, Norwich, Conn. R. F. D. No. 7, or phone Norwich 3686 Ring 5.



SUMMER



SUMMER

*The Camp for Moderns***GREEN
MANSIONS**
Warrensburg, N. Y.

*The
Most
Complete
Adult Camp
In the Adirondacks*

Private Golf Course on PremisesTel. Chestertown 37. City: Chickering 4-1345
LENA BARISH DirectorsWrite for booklet
SAM GARLEN

*What Golf! What Tennis!
What Meals! What Fun!
What Price—VACATION!*

2 WEEKS \$65.00**WHY PAY MORE?**

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

ECHO LAKE TAVERN

WARRENSBURG, N. Y.

City Phone: RAYmond 9-9204

Moe Nudell

Rebecca B. Nudell

*A Glorious Vacation Awaits You***at SCHILDKRAUTS**

Famous Pine Terrace Hotel and Camp, Highland Falls, N. Y.

(Truly America's most talked-of Vegetarian Resort)

Charmingly located between Bear Mountain and West Point overlooking the fascinating Hudson.

50 acres of gorgeous grounds and woodland, for rest and play. Tennis and handball courts. Baseball and basketball fields. Attractive swimming pool and other outdoor sports. Indoor entertainment. Dancing nightly. Saddle horses. Sun bathing park, equipped with showers, an outstanding feature.

Special for July—\$25 to \$35 per week. ■ to \$7 per day.

Write for booklet.

Phone Highland Falls 340 or 260

MOON HILL*In the Adirondacks*

Camp for Adults

On Schroon Lake

With Hotel Accommodations and that Country Club Atmosphere

RATES \$35.00 and up

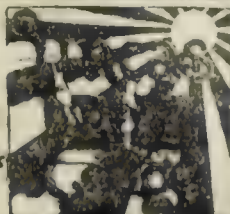
All social and athletic activities

Dietary laws strictly observed

Camp Address: Pottersville, Warren Co., N. Y.

P. O. G.

Mrs. Sarah Solomon, Owner

HIDDEN IN THE CONNECTICUT HILLSTennis
Hand Ball
HorsebackSwimming
Dancing
Boating165 Rustic Beauty with all Modern Facilities
Private Twin Lakes
Bungalows for two, three or more
SPECIAL JULY RATE \$25.00 weekly
Delicious food from our own farm.
Reservations limited to 65.**UNCAS LODGE, Uncasville, Conn.**Camp phone, Norwich 1858 Ring 5
New York phone PE 6-0490

DIANA BERMAN

AHE BERMAN

Play and Rest where Food is Best, at the
LIGHTHOUSE RETREATGolfing, Tennis, Fishing, Ocean Bathing,
Horseback Riding
*all within your reach in Pine Wooded Rustic
Hills*401 Lighthouse Ave., Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.
Dongal Hills 6-1641**SPEND** your week-ends and vacations at the seashore where you have wonderful ocean bathing and a beautiful stretch of beach. Excellent accommodations: very good, wholesome food. Reasonable rates. Rieber's Cottage, Belle Harbor, L. I. Belle Harbor 5-0089.**RIVERSIDE INN, Seymour, Conn.**

Picturesquely situated on Housatonic River. Excellent swimming, boating, tennis. Vegetarians accommodated also. Two hours from New York. Rates \$23 per week. \$4 per day.

TIMBERLAND*In the heart of the Adirondacks*

POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.

Limited to a congenial group of eighty

ALL SPORT FACILITIES—EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS**BOOKLET ON REQUEST***For reservations kindly apply at N. Y. C. office*Esther R. Kessler
Israel H. Kessler33 West 42nd St.
Penn. 6-7663*A Place to Play .. to Rest .. to Dream ..
to Really Live!***UNITY
HOUSE**

FOREST PARK, PA.

Camp activities with hotel comforts.
Fine cuisine, supervised by Ben
Shindler. Service, not profit, moti-
vates this enterprise.
Weekly rate with pro-
portionate reduction to
union members **\$28**Programs
Include:Heywood Brown
Hall Johnson
Choir
V. F. Calverton
Dr. Margaret
Daniels
Compinski Trio
Richard B.
Harrison
Dr. Harry Elmer
Barnes
James Welden
JohnsonDr. W. E. E.
Du Bois
Bruce Bliven
Walter White
Prof. N. B. Fagin
Benj. Zeman
Dorsha
Tamiris*For booklet:*3 W. 16th St.
N. Y. C.
Chelsea 3-2140Reduced R.R. Fare—Round Trip, Incl. Bus, \$5.50
Manager: J. HALPERN—Associate Mgr.: MORRIS NOVIK**BODY and SOUL - - - and your VACATION!***From confucius to Plato to our Broadway philosophy to a LOG
TAVERN vacation is seemingly a far and disordered cry.**But "body and soul" unities persist.*LOG TAVERN respects your BODY with acres of woodland poetry,
a lake all its own set 1500 feet high in the Pocono hills, ten perfect
tennis courts, handball, baseball, riding, all water sports, golf, basket-
ball, everything but Greek foot-races for form held on the sands . . .
and food Mr. Epicurus would most certainly endorse if he were
living in Greenwich Village. . . .LOG TAVERN respects your SOUL as well with all the above (if you
please) with its dramatic and musical entertainment of professional
caliber, its concert programs, its poetry reading, its intelligent fellow-
ship of young men and women, its dancing, its play of sun and sky
and dream. . . .**July and August Rate \$37.50**

— 80 miles to camp —

CAMP LOG TAVERN

MILFORD, PA.

All the requisites for an ideal vacation, just
one hour from New York. If you've never
been here, you have a pleasant surprise in
store. Vacation accommodations still available.

N. Y. Central to Harmon Station

**BLUE MOUNTAIN
LODGE**Furnace Dock Rd., Peekskill, N. Y.
Phone Peekskill 1403

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1931

No. 3448

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	117
EDITORIALS:	
The London Failure—and After	120
If —	121
A Coal Crisis Again	122
Mr. Shaw and Russia	122
THUNDER IN THE WHEAT BELT. By W. G. Clugston	123
GULLS. By Witter Bynner	124
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. VII. HOOVER AND POWER. By Amos Pinchot	125
WHAT I BELIEVE. By Morris R. Cohen	128
DANGER AHEAD IN THE COAL STRIKE. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	131
DOES FRANCE WANT WAR? By Robert Dell	133
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	134
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	135
CORRESPONDENCE	135
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
This Is Death. By Howard McKinley Corning	136
The Faiths They Live By. By Henry Hazlitt	136
A Rounded Biography. By Donald A. Roberts	137
Catullus, 1931. By Eda Lou Walton	137
"Progress" Hits Samoa. By Margaret Mead	138
Books in Brief	139
Films: SOS. By Alexander Bakshy	142

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

SENATOR BORAH has kindly given us permission to print the following paragraphs from a letter to a mutual friend, giving his view of the European situation and what it needs at this hour:

I agree thoroughly with the views which you express in your general discussion of the situation in Europe. My view is that there are three, possibly four, major propositions relative to the recovery of Europe. First, a revision of the Versailles treaty, a readjustment of reparations, the recognition of Russia by the United States, and drastic disarmament.

I admit at least three are difficult problems. But they are not so impossible by any means as the recovery of Europe without their adjustment. Europe can never recover under the peace treaties and Germany never can pay the reparations assessed against her. There will be no disarmament in Europe until the Russian problem is settled. We have been living in a fool's paradise, talking about disarmament and better times. And ever since the Versailles treaty was signed, we have been drifting toward the rapids.

We are happy, indeed, to give currency to these views, and rejoice that the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee sees so clearly that there can be no peace in Europe until the Treaty of Versailles is revised according to the dictates of truth, humanity, and justice. We only regret that the Senator did not include, in the list of things

that must be done to restore Europe, the abolition of tariffs everywhere. As long as these unnatural barriers to trade exist, there will be constant ill-will between nations and talk of war. We rejoice, however, that the Senator has spoken out more vigorously on the world situation than at any time heretofore.

THE FRENCH MEMORANDUM to the League of Nations on armaments reveals anything but a cooperative spirit. It says, of course, that France stands ready to consider all general solutions, that it asks for itself "no unilateral guaranties," and that the French "are prepared to extend their unqualified collaboration to any system for the general organization of peace," though only upon "definite pledges of effective mutual assistance in case of aggression." The memorandum insists that France has done a lot in the way of disarmament, and that, for example, it has increased its military airplanes and seaplanes only from 1,180 to 1,210 (Germany, of which it is so afraid, has not one). It admits that it has 400,670 trained troops at home and 237,363 abroad, and that it has largely increased the number of professional, or lifelong, soldiers, while tremendously increasing the fortifications on its borders. As Robert Dell points out in his article which we print elsewhere, it cannot be denied that the French military forces are about the same now as in 1912, despite the complete disarmament of Germany, while French military expenditures have increased to the enormous sum of \$750,000,000. Here lies the real challenge to the world today.

WHAT IS DESCRIBED as "perhaps the most drastic economy order ever issued from the White House" has been sent by President Hoover to the heads of the various government departments and bureaus. In his letter of July 19 he called for the elimination or postponement of "all such activities as may be so treated without serious detriment to the public welfare." The President found that the various department heads were planning to spend more, not less, than they had spent in the fiscal year just closed, and this they were doing in the face of the fact that the last fiscal year showed a deficit of more than \$900,000,000 and that they had already been warned to cut down. Quite obviously, Mr. Hoover does not anticipate an early upturn in business which would increase revenue receipts to the point where they would balance normal expenditures. Indeed, the President more than once stressed the fact that the "situation is a serious one." But his position would have been much stronger had he emphasized the need for economizing when the depression began almost two years ago. We might then have been spared much of the current deficit, the existence of which, we fear, may be used in the coming session of Congress as an argument against the expenditure of government funds to help those who are suffering from the depression. Nevertheless, we welcome Mr. Hoover's action, especially because it appears destined to hit the military and naval services harder than any other branches of the government.

CHEERFUL, or even apparently cheerful, economic items are so rare nowadays that it is worth making the most of those we get. Curiously enough, the automobile industry seems to have done comparatively well in the three months ended June 30. For that period the General Motors Corporation reports an increase of 3.3 per cent in net income over that of the same quarter a year ago; the Studebaker Corporation an increase of 33.3 per cent. The Hudson Motor Car Company reports a net income of \$300,000 compared with \$226,000 in the same period of 1930; the Chrysler Corporation \$3,232,000 compared with \$3,228,000; and the Willys-Overland Company a net profit for the six months of \$305,000 compared with \$152,000 last year. Some of these gains in net income were achieved in spite of a falling off in sales; the volume of business of the Chrysler Corporation, for example, was only 77 per cent of that in the same period of 1930. In so far as the gains in net income are the result of new economies in operation, they are reassuring evidence that business in some lines has been able to make part of the readjustment that new conditions demand; in so far as the gains have been at the expense of labor they are of course less reassuring. But it is significant that the Studebaker Corporation sold more cars in the second quarter of 1931 than in the same three months in 1930, and that the General Motors Corporation reported an increase in number of cars sold of more than 6 per cent.

NOW THAT THE UNITED STATES has been awakened to the need for a major readjustment of war debts and reparations it would also do well to give serious consideration to the war-guilt question. It is true, as Foreign Minister Stresemann once pointed out, that Germany is not paying reparations because it may have been guilty of starting the war, but solely because it lost the war. Nevertheless, in fairness to that country we ought to do what we can to remove the black mark that has stood against its name these last twelve years. Impartial historians such as Professor Sidney Fay have effectively shown that the sole responsibility for the World War was not Germany's. Even Raymond Poincaré has indirectly admitted as much. More than that, this generous action would go far toward restoring the self-confidence of the German people, which they so sorely need in the present crisis. To this end the Shipstead resolution now before the Senate has been framed. It deserves the earnest and energetic support of all fair-minded Americans. It calls upon the government to take the necessary steps "to make it clear that it will no longer permit itself to be regarded, even by implication, under the terms of the treaty of Berlin of June, 1921, as acquiescing in the formal charge made in Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles to the effect that Germany alone was responsible for the war terminated by those treaties."

PRISONS are overcrowded, dark, ill-smelling, and vermin-ridden; prison food is bad; prison discipline is cruel, stupid, and unyielding; prisoners are hung up by the wrists, doused with cold water, kept for longer than two weeks in solitary confinement on bread and water, beaten with a strap, and jammed two and three at a time in cells four feet wide, seven feet long, and six and a half feet high. These foul and desperate conditions under which prisoners in America of 1931 find themselves are soberly attested by the Com-

mission on Law Observance and Enforcement, whose report on our penal system has just been issued. The report declares flatly that the prison system of the United States is a failure:

We conclude that the present prison system is antiquated and outworn. It does not reform the criminal. It fails to protect society. There is reason to believe that it contributes to the increase of crime by hardening the prisoner. We are convinced that a new type of penal institution must be developed, one that is new in spirit, in method, and in objective.

This is a sweeping statement, but made by such a responsible authority that it cannot be pushed aside. It declares our prisons are unhealthful and extravagant; that our treatment of prisoners is cruel, ignorant, and shortsighted. These conditions apply generally to prisons over the country; there are practically no exceptions. Even the modern, electric-lighted, and more or less sanitary prisons constructed in the last decade are largely governed by the notion that the sole function of the prison is to keep the prisoner shut up. There the duty of warden and guard ends; thereby society is protected. We have been hearing for fifty years the pleas of penologists that the function of the prison is not only the incarceration but the rehabilitation of the prisoner. The present report indicates that these pleas have been largely in vain.

THE WICKERSHAM COMMISSION has been not only thoroughgoing in its indictment of our prison system, but has formulated an intelligent and careful program for the betterment of conditions. Its recommendations include classification of prisoners, segregation of the diseased and unfit, prohibition by law of brutal disciplinary methods, abolition of the contract system of prison labor and payment of a wage to prisoners for work done, the establishment of an efficient educational system in all prisons, greater use of indeterminate sentences and supervision of parole, and, last but not least, "broadening of probation methods so that no man may be sent to a penal institution until it is definitely determined that he is not a fit subject for probation." With the report's findings, painful and shocking as they are, anyone who is at all familiar with American prisons must agree; with the recommendations any intelligent person must agree also. There is nothing radical in these proposals, nothing that should frighten anybody; certainly there is nothing new in them—nothing that has not been said for years in the columns of *The Nation*. They have been made again and again by responsible body after responsible body. It is hard to say why they have not been heeded, why our prisons are among the worst, in physical conditions and in the treatment of prisoners, in the civilized world. Whatever the reasons for it, the fact remains. Our prisons are one of the dark spots on our civilization.

ALBERT B. FALL, who betrayed his country for a bribe of \$100,000 when a member of the Cabinet of the United States, has at last entered prison. If we feel a certain satisfaction about this fact, it is not because we believe in prisons as at present operated, or because we vindictively desire revenge upon this broken old man. Far from it; it is a pathetic thing that one suffering from several incurable ailments, among them tuberculosis, must at his age be con-

fined, even though only in a hospital ward. Yet we cannot but feel that if Fall had not gone to prison it would have been a grievous blow to the cause of justice everywhere. It would have intensified the widespread, and unfortunately too often correct, belief that there is one kind of justice for the rich man and one for the poor. It would have been pointed out that poor and friendless men who are ill of tuberculosis are committed to jail without question. Mr. Fall's last hope was his appeal to the clemency of Herbert Hoover, one of the men who sat beside him in the Cabinet of the United States, but never had the courage or sense of moral responsibility to lift his voice in protest against the rascalities of the Harding Administration. Mr. Hoover was the last man in the world who could have pardoned Fall, so it must have been easy for him to say no. But his own silence in the presence of the wrongdoing in which Fall participated will always be a blot upon the President's good name.

SOUTH AMERICA, with the help of the depression, continues to topple over its dictatorial presidents. The latest to go is General Carlos Ibañez of Chile. He has, said an official statement, "decided to abandon the presidency temporarily." His request for a year's leave of absence "in accordance with the law" was, however, abruptly rejected by the Chamber of Deputies. Thereupon he disappeared from the capital, leaving his office in the hands of Pedro Opazo, president of the Senate. The people of Santiago, who obviously know their dictators, stormed the American embassy in the belief that he was in hiding there. Like most South American dictators, President Ibañez used his control of the army to give him control of the economic life of the country. When he came into office in 1927 he instituted a number of agricultural and educational reforms, and he sought to strengthen the principal industry of the country by increasing the output and stabilizing the prices of nitrates. But these availed him nothing when he began losing his grip on the army. What was behind the disaffection in the military ranks which precipitated his overthrow has yet to be determined. It is nevertheless likely that unrest in the army simply reflected the growing unrest among the people which followed the dissolution of the world nitrates agreement. This compact was designed as much to protect Chile against competition from the artificial nitrates of Germany and France as it was to stabilize the world market. When the agreement was terminated a few weeks ago and prices began to slump, Chile was the first to feel the effects.

ONE NEGRO IS DEAD and four are missing as the result of a clash between Negroes and white officers at Camp Hill, Alabama. Sheriff J. Kyle Young of Tallapoosa County and one of his deputies were wounded in the affray. The reports describing the shooting and subsequent events are somewhat conflicting. Some say that the meeting the officers invaded with the intention of breaking it up had been called by the "Society for the Advancement of Colored People." The International Labor Defense declares the meeting had been arranged to organize a "share-croppers' union" to combine against the starvation wages being paid by Alabama planters. A third report asserts that the meeting was called to protest the death sentences imposed upon eight Negro boys at Scottsboro. Officials of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People have denied that the

"Society" mentioned in the Camp Hill dispatches has any connection with their organization. But whatever the organization, and whatever the purpose of the meeting, the action of the authorities in breaking up this and a similar gathering held a few days earlier was clearly unlawful. We unqualifiedly indorse the telegram sent by the American Civil Liberties Union to Governor Miller, which asked "a thorough investigation and an executive warning to your officers to respect the rights of Negroes and others to hold meetings to organize and discuss their grievances."

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY of Clarence Darrow the Victor L. Berger National Foundation, Inc., is well on its way, with the active cooperation of its vice-presidents—Jane Addams, John Dewey, Glenn Frank, Elizabeth Gilman, James Maurer, and Upton Sinclair. The purpose is to create a fund of at least \$100,000 to aid the liberal press and, specifically, the establishment of a Socialist daily, or rather the maintenance of the Milwaukee *Leader*, which Mr. Berger founded and so long ably conducted. The idea is, however, that the foundation shall serve as a stimulus to the development of liberal newspapers throughout the country, in so far as its means may permit. Mr. Berger certainly deserved this recognition for his long services in the House of Representatives, his great public spirit, and, above all, his courage in telling the truth about the war in accordance with the best American traditions, for which an incredible judge passed a sentence of thirty-five years upon him—a sentence naturally done away with. B. C. Vladeck, of the Jewish daily *Forward*, is chairman of the board of trustees of the foundation and Stuart Chase is the treasurer; the headquarters are at 907 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE IMPENETRABLE AFRICAN FORESTS have been pierced with steel, and substantially the same journey that David Livingstone took two years to make is to be made by a railway train in a few days. The route is from Lobito in the province of Angola on the west coast to Beira in Portuguese East Africa on the Atlantic, a distance of 2,949 miles. The first train made the journey on July 1, crossing Portuguese, Belgian, and British territory. And the agent that worked the miracle—for to Livingstone, making his difficult and perilous way, it might well have seemed a miracle—is copper. Diamonds drew the railway north from Cape Town to Kimberley; gold drew it farther on to the Rand; copper has urged it on to Katanga, in the heart of South Central Africa. It is estimated that in a few years the Katanga and Northern Rhodesian mines will be in a position to export 400,000 to 500,000 tons of copper a year, or about a fourth of the present world consumption. One may well ask what such a plenitude of riches will do to the world market, already almost completely demoralized. But the history of the world in the last four centuries has been of just such problems. Columbus, with a new continent in his pocket, returned to extend immeasurably the borders of the ancient world. The riches of America were at first dazzling and then dangerous. So with the riches of Africa. There is far more there than the world now needs of precious metals, of tin, cobalt, uranium, iron, coal, gold, diamonds, and platinum. Our problem is one of adjustment and distribution.

The London Failure—and After

THE all but complete failure of the London seven-power conference has put the world back into an extremely critical situation. The statesmen of Europe are again gambling with its fate as they did in 1914. If they realize more clearly today than they did then the perils in sight, they are apparently almost as helpless to avoid the catastrophe. From this moment on everybody's attention must be fixed upon Germany and England. The chief question now is, Can Chancellor Brüning hold himself in power? And can the alarming withdrawals of gold be stopped which are threatening to put England into almost as critical a situation as that in which Germany found itself more than two weeks ago? Upon the answers to these questions depends everything. The Germans are obviously straining every nerve to make good their previous errors; they are profiting by the prestige of the visits to Berlin of Secretary Stimson, Ramsay MacDonald, and Arthur Henderson; they have established an "Acceptance and Guaranty Bank," in which the Reich will hold two-fifths of the total capital of \$47,500,000. This new institution will, it is hoped, not only hasten the stabilization of the domestic credit situation, but reinforce German credit abroad. Meanwhile, however, the condition in Berlin and the business and financial world continues chaotic. Checks by the thousands are piling up in the banks, factories are able to pay only half wages, and there is a complete disorganization of the ordinary transactions of the mercantile world. On top of that, the final bankruptcy of the great Bremen wool concern, which precipitated the failure of the Darmstädter and National Bank, has thrown 30,000 more persons out of employment. Rumors of a dictatorship in Berlin alternate with fears that it will not be possible much longer to keep the Hitlerites out of the government.

That the London seven-power conference was a failure everybody except Mr. Hoover can see. The President, however, exults over it, and with his familiar, but incredible naivete, not to say folly, announces once more that the end of the world crisis is now in sight. The seven-power conference had no other result than the announcement that the private bankers of the nation had consented to freeze their German credits—but these credits were already frozen, or would have had to be frozen in any case, since to call them would have completed the financial ruin of Germany. That could have been announced without any conference whatever, but Mr. Hoover is entitled to his joy if there was a psychological profit in announcing it at the end of the conference. But nothing can conceal the fact that Chancellor Brüning has returned to Berlin empty-handed. No long-term credit was extended, as was reported would be the case when *The Nation* went to press last week. And without a long-term credit it is hard to see how Berlin can be really saved. But the international bankers insist that with the Young Plan bonds selling at 56, it is impossible for them to offer new long-term securities issued for the relief of Germany, and that the only hope in that direction lies with the several governments. The latter reply, first, that there is no money in London; second, that our Congress would never consent

to any more loans to Europe; and, third, that the French, who have the money and could help, will not do so save on terms that no German Chancellor could accept and remain in office.

This may be perfectly sound; it does not alter the fact that the leaders of the world seem about as helpless to stave off disaster now as were the governments of 1914. In the thirteen days prior to July 26, \$145,500,000 in gold was lost by the Bank of England, \$68,000,000 in three days. A continuance of this run would speedily reduce the British gold reserve to the \$275,000,000 beyond which any further decrease would menace the currency and the whole stability of the British business world. That this will be permitted to come to pass we do not believe; we take it for granted that the American bankers will prevent such an outcome. The piling up of gold in Paris continues to evidence the nervousness of French investors and depositors, who have been engaging in an "almost frantic sale of sterling." The French situation has been marked by a slight decrease in unemployment, but the heavy decline of 10 per cent in railroad earnings continues. France's foreign trade shows a drop of 20 per cent for the first six months of 1931 as compared with the figures of 1930, imports falling off 13 per cent and exports 29 per cent, while the tremendous decrease in foreign visitors is also making itself felt. The Paris Bourse has reflected the disappointment as to London, and the substantial rise in the London bank rate to stop the drain of gold has resulted in the fall of every security listed in Paris, with trading extremely dull. Why under these circumstances the French government should continue its dog-in-the-manger policy and refuse to join whole-heartedly in relief to Germany, we cannot understand.

We are aware, of course, of the stock nonsense that the French government is "controlled by public opinion," and that all France still trembles in fear of Germany. We believe in neither contention. There is no public opinion in France save as it is reflected by the most corrupt and government-controlled daily press in the world; the people have no chance to make their opinions heard, and there is a growing minority who are bitterly opposed to the continuation of this French policy. Nor can we believe that the people would fail to respond if their so-called statesmen should now deliberately initiate a policy of good-will and understanding with the Germans, not, if you please, because they are Germans, but because the Reich happens to be the cornerstone of European economic health and of the existing social system. We confess that we find ourselves in accord with J. L. Garvin's editorial in the *Sunday Observer* that "all this misery and peril in Europe arise because Premier Laval's government and the Paris press assume that America and Britain are virtually powerless to take separate action. We are utterly convinced that this misapprehension will have to be removed before three months are out"—if Mr. Garvin is correct in believing that the existing situation can really continue for three months more without a catastrophe, which we very much doubt. Europe's statesmen, at best, have no time to lose.

If—

THIS is the day of taking stock of America with innumerable "if's." If we had a five-year or a ten-year plan for the development of our industrial life, how should we apportion it and upon what theory should we proceed? If we were frankly to abandon our laissez faire policy, what then? If we were to enter the League of Nations, how should our foreign policy be altered? The questions are innumerable; the "if's" flash by like the lights on an underground railroad. Well, we too have our "if's"—many of them. Just now we have been amusing ourselves by putting this question: What would the United States be doing now if, instead of our present Congressional system and a President with a fixed term, we had a parliamentary government with a Ministry responsible to the Parliament, and therefore to public opinion?

Now the first result would be that if Mr. Hoover were a responsible head of a Cabinet instead of a President immovable for four years, we should have an entirely different attitude in the White House. It is one thing to know that one is fixed for four years and quite a different thing if the end of one's headship of the government may come at any moment. In the first place, Mr. Hoover, or any other President, would be so bent on holding his job now that he could not have his eyes firmly glued on renomination in 1932. That even a Prime Minister like Ramsay MacDonald may spend much time planning—and compromising—to remain in office we could not deny. But Mr. MacDonald, thanks to a superior constitution and a civil service which is wholly outside of politics, is under no temptation to intrench his control of the government by manipulating or threatening public office-holders. It is barely possible today to find a highly placed Republican who privately desires the reelection of Mr. Hoover, but it is quite impossible to find one who does not feel that Mr. Hoover can renominate himself if he desires to do so. We admit that there are countries—as our foreign correspondence has shown of late—where, by barring one's opponents from the polls or terrorizing them into staying at home, it is possible for an incumbent Ministry to keep itself in power. But we are writing of countries presumably controlled by law and enlightened public opinion, of heads of governments who do not seek to keep themselves in office by extra-legal methods, or pure chicanery. In no other government of first rank save ours is it so readily possible for the head of the country to use its permanent civil service in order to further his own personal ambitions.

Aside from the Executive, the chief weakness of our system is the inability of public opinion to obtain results quickly and directly. The Congress elected in November last has not yet been seated; the President will not call it together, and unlike other parliaments it cannot call itself. The political scene has changed a great deal since that Congress was chosen. We are back in Europe and our national situation has grown more acute in various directions; the distress among certain of our people has grown apace. Even when Congress meets in December it will not be the Congress which would meet were its members to be

chosen this November instead of last. While its members will undoubtedly reflect the increased strain upon their respective communities, many of them would not be in a position to represent their neighbors at all if they were to run this fall. For the present Administration has grown increasingly unpopular; even in the theaters and music halls it is the butt of jests—bitter as well as good-humored.

If our Cabinet had seats on the floor of the Senate or House as a Ministry, its members could not escape a day-by-day questioning of their acts. They would have to go officially on record, for example, as to whether they do or do not agree with the attitude of the Red Cross in refusing to go to the aid of the starving miners because their plight is no act of God—we had thought that all events were the direct outcome of the acts of Divine Providence scourging or aiding us for our own good! The Cabinet would have to say whether it believed that the Kellogg Peace Pact meant something or was not worth the paper upon which it was written. Mr. Hoover, if he daily faced long rows of critics as does Ramsay MacDonald every legislative day in the year, would have to answer a host of questions, some to his discomfiture. Today even the White House press conferences are a waste of time and are practically abandoned. There is no one who can bring the President to book. Meanwhile, he can go on making certain his renomination at the next Republican convention—unless a political earthquake occurs—and if the Democrats are asinine as usual, he may count upon his reelection.

But such as the system is, under it we work along. The almost incredible long-suffering and the great sense of humor of the American people together keep things unchanged. We have now been for decades without the political urge, without political curiosity, and press and public alike have lost their critical faculty—a faculty extremely keen in the days of Grover Cleveland and of Benjamin Harrison, of William McKinley and of William H. Taft. The question that will answer itself in the coming months is whether the suffering which the public is undergoing is sufficient to reawaken the spirit of revolt, which ought always to be latent in the American breast. It was Thomas Jefferson who felt that there should be a little blood-spilling every twenty-five years, so that the people in control of our government might remember who were the real masters of America. We do not look for blood-spilling, heaven knows; it would be a sorry day, indeed, for Mr. Hoover and all the rest of us if it should become necessary for the troops and the police to do as much shooting as they did in 1877. All of which, however, does not keep us from asking ourselves questions. We are in the same boat with the rest of our fellow-citizens; we shall all be asking more and more questions as to the why's and wherefore's and the if's, as the months that lie before us come and go. Only one thing is clear—we live in the most stirring and thrilling of times. He must be dull, indeed, who is not at least dimly aware that this old globe is turning at a faster rate than ever before, and that the womb of fate is bigger than ever with the destiny to come.

A Coal Crisis Again

A GAIN we are faced with a crisis in the soft-coal industry. Once more we find a Washington Administration, professedly anxious to deal with the question, but moving with painstaking caution. Already rebuffed by a majority of the bituminous operators, Secretaries Doak and Lamont, upon the insistence of President John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, have renewed their invitation to the operators to confer with government officials and labor representatives in Washington. "It is our desire," wrote Messrs. Doak and Lamont, "to assist in any workable and practical plan which might offer to contribute substantially to a solution of the difficulties in the coal industry." This sounds strangely familiar.

In 1919, when the bituminous miners struck, the whole weight of the government was thrown against them, but in 1922, when a similar crisis developed, President Harding expressed a desire to help find a solution. Secretary of Commerce Hoover took the initiative in bringing operators and miners to Washington for a series of conferences. We were at that time promised a solution. But nothing happened. Not long before the elections of 1924 another strike was threatened, and this time it was the turn of the Coolidge Administration to act. "The impending battle would have been staged in the spring of 1924," said Colston E. Warne in *The Nation* for April 4, 1928, "had not the Republicans thought it best to pacify the miners until after election. Under political pressure, an armistice—the Jacksonville agreement—was signed to preserve peace until April 1, 1927." The agreement was widely repudiated, particularly in the northern fields. W. G. Warden, chairman of the board of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, told a Senate committee early in 1928 that he had never even read the agreement, but nevertheless had felt free to break it without a moral qualm. The Senate was at that time inquiring into conditions in the coal industry, and President Coolidge hinted broadly of the need for definite action. But to no end. The industry was allowed to drift through the strikes of 1928 and 1929, so that today it is worse off than ever before.

Again the government is going about the matter in a haphazard way. It appears reluctant to use pressure against the operators, and it pretends that President Lewis and the United Mine Workers are competent to speak for labor notwithstanding that their influence has rapidly been waning of late years. The U.M.W.A. has been all but displaced by the National Miners' Union in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio; it has had to give way to Frank Keeney's new union in West Virginia; it is losing against the invasion of the Industrial Workers of the World in Kentucky; and it is still a serious question whether the U.M.W.A. or Alexander Howat and his followers are to control the Illinois-Indiana district. Do Secretaries Doak and Lamont really believe that they can arrive at a satisfactory and lasting solution without giving these organizations a voice in the matter? Or are the Republicans once more merely seeking a temporary and meaningless agreement with the reactionary Lewis organization to tide them over the difficult months between now and the 1932 election?

Mr. Shaw and Russia

WHEN Bernard Shaw visits Soviet Russia, as he is now doing, the world is entertained by the spectacle of irresistible force meeting—irresistible force. Russia is the bad boy of nations, and Mr. Shaw, in spite of the benignity of his white hairs and his three-quarters of a century, is still the bad boy of the articulate world. For upwards of fifty years he has been engaged in the delightful occupation of giving the world a piece of his mind; since its birth in 1917 Soviet Russia through its foreign office and its press has done likewise. It is no wonder that many worthy persons were made uncomfortable by the painful plain-speaking of Mr. Shaw. And it is perfectly understandable that the other European nations should have quivered before the verbal assaults of the Soviets. When Mr. Litvinov was, on suffrance and as evidence of everybody's extreme generosity, invited to a disarmament conference he actually had the temerity to propose that the nations, led by Russia, disarm. Naturally enough, this proposal got the reception it deserved. To propose disarmament at a disarmament conference plainly implied gross insincerity, but fortunately one did not have to pay any attention to it. However, more than one worthy delegate must have murmured to himself, it was just what might have been expected from a godless country like Soviet Russia.

There is, for the Soviets, one aspect of the situation that should offer consolation—although so far they have not seemed in need of it. For here is Mr. Shaw, all respectable and honored and white-haired and seventy-five. Those who might have been his critics two or three decades ago are either resting with the grass roots or turned into his ardent admirers. He is the bad boy who dares to thumb his nose at the world; but in addition, he is the prince of authors, the best intellect of his time, a dramatist of the first water in a nation of first-water dramatists. Ask any man in the street if this be not so.

Who can say that it will not be the same with Soviet Russia? In fifty years, when ten five-year plans have tumbled along after one another, when soviet factories are running smoothly, when collectivized agriculture turns out twenty-cent wheat, when the whiskers of the horrendous Bolshevik government have turned a dignified white, the world may perhaps have learned to admire, perhaps even to emulate. We have done a good deal toward catching up with Mr. Shaw. When his play "Getting Married" was presented in New York last winter it was received with respect tempered with boredom. "Old stuff," the audience said. But when it first appeared a score of years ago it was so startlingly fresh as to make aged gentlemen and maiden ladies shudder with horror. One has only to remember the thrill that went through a London audience, at the first performance of "Pygmalion," at Eliza's dreadful, dreadful word. That word, one hears, has become a commonplace of genteel English dinner tables. It is not quite impossible that in time nursery tales will go somewhat like this: "And the nice Bolshevik gentleman, with the long, long, white beard, stepped up to the horrid old capitalist and said: 'You get out of here.' And he did." Words used to frighten children sometimes become words to soothe them to sleep.

Thunder in the Wheat Belt

By W. G. CLUGSTON

Topeka, Kansas, July 24

IT is difficult to put into words a description of the disaster which has come to the American farmer with twenty-five-cent wheat prices. It is difficult to describe what has been done to the farmer economically, and in hope, spirit, and morale; it would be dire folly to try to predict what the farmer, in his despair and desperate straits, may try to do to the political and economic structure of the nation if conditions do not improve before he comes out of his dazed confusion and begins to fight for the existence of himself and his family.

I do not want to appear radical, or an alarmist, but I am firmly convinced that there is today in the Middle West a menace to the existing order which is becoming more threatening than anything that has been known since the founding of the Republic. The producers who supply the food upon which the nation lives are facing worse than bankruptcy and the loss of their lands; many of them are actually facing a winter in which they will not be able to provide their families with food or fuel unless they are aided by the government or some form of charity. In the winter-wheat-producing areas the situation is more fraught with danger because it has come at a time when the farmers, with nature's aid, have produced more bounteous crops than ever before—because, as Governor Woodring of Kansas has said, "we are going through a panic in the midst of plenty."

The farmer who is compelled to sell his wheat for twenty-five cents a bushel, and his oats for twelve cents a bushel, has two ways of looking at his calamity, both of which are calculated to make him "see red." When he disposes of his wheat and goes to make purchases he naturally makes comparisons such as these: For the price of a bushel of sixty-pound wheat he cannot buy at a bakery three ten-cent loaves of bread. It takes approximately five bushels of wheat to buy enough standard-grade gasoline, with the State gasoline tax added, to make a hundred-mile trip in an automobile. A bushel of wheat will buy just one round of five-cent ice-cream cones for a family of five; if a farmer uses tobacco and chews one thick plug of Drummond a day (as many industrious chewers can do), it will take almost a bushel of wheat a day to keep him in chewing tobacco; if he smokes cigarettes and chews gum, a bushel of wheat will buy just one package of cigarettes and one package of gum. It will take 16 bushels of wheat (more than the average yield of a whole acre) to buy his wife or one of the children a pair of \$4 shoes, and 120 bushels to buy a \$30 suit of clothes.

Similar comparisons can be made as to the purchasing power of other farm products. The local Abilene, Kansas, produce market on the day this is written shows that a farmer's wife can hardly buy three spools of thread with the money received from the sale of a dozen eggs; a two-pound spring frier will not bring in enough money for her to buy a thirty-cent pair of cotton hose; it takes the proceeds of more than twenty-five pounds of butter fat to purchase a five-dollar hat.

Startling as these comparisons may seem, they do not begin to depict the seriousness of the situation the farmer has to face. They are only invidious comparisons. The real situation is that when a farmer sells a bushel of wheat for twenty-five cents he has absolutely nothing with which to buy a package of cigarettes, a plug of tobacco, or even a stick of gum, to say nothing of hats, shoes, or other articles of clothing for his family, for the simple reason that it has cost the best and most industrious of average farmers more to produce the bushel of wheat than he gets out of it—in many cases the cost is nearly twice as much, even in the big wheat-producing sections.

This means that the farmer has no money with which to pay his taxes, meet his current obligations, or pay the interest on the farm mortgage. What then will he do for food and clothing, and schoolbooks for the children, and medicines and doctor bills, until another crop is harvested? This question brings up the seriousness of the situation as it affects other individuals and industries in the agricultural sections. Beyond a doubt there is no one in the big winter-wheat belt who is not facing difficulties as a result of the farmer's plight. Banks must carry notes and mortgages on which they can collect nothing, and in financial circles it is admitted that some of the weaker banks probably will be unable to stand the strain. Grocers, clothing dealers, implement dealers, and all other merchants, especially automobile and radio dealers, are feeling the pinch and beginning to worry about survival. Even the doctors and undertakers are finding collections so slow that they are facing financial embarrassments.

The question of who or what is to blame for the distressing condition is, naturally, a controversial one which has no place in this article. But the farmers' ideas about where the blame should be placed should be of interest. It may surprise the Republican politicians to learn that many go back to the enactment of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill as the beginning of their trouble—they believe that through the raising of import barriers other countries were brought or forced to similar procedures, with the result that international trade was curtailed and thus the world market for American grain was destroyed. Today there are probably more farmers who blame the high tariff for their hard luck than there are farmers who blame Russia, despite the fact that Russian competition has been played up as an important factor by supporters of the high-tariff atrocity.

If it is no surprise to the Republican leaders to know that the blame generally is laid at the doors of President Hoover and the Federal Farm Board, then it must, at least, be very painful for them to behold the flood of complaints that constantly pours into Washington. At present it is a question whether President Hoover or his Farm Board is more generally condemned by the farmers. The board, almost without exception, is being condemned for its refusal to agree to hold off the market its surplus from last year's crop in order to give the distressed farmers a chance to market their new crop. But in almost every farmer gather-

ing the feeling is expressed that President Hoover is responsible for the Farm Board and that he must bear the blame when the board refuses to take any action. The European debt moratorium move has made many farmers more bitter toward Hoover because they feel he should have come to the aid of the American farmer in his crisis before going over to Europe to aid Europeans who are in distress. A public demonstration of this feeling was presented in Topeka, the capital of Kansas, last week when a dilapidated Ford touring car of obsolete model appeared on the streets with two men in it and a large sign painted across it which read: "We're just a couple of Hoover tourists going to the aid of Germany."

Another demonstration of the anti-Hoover feeling was given in a college-celebration parade at Hays, Kansas, in which there was a float loaded with men dressed as hobos, with a sign across the side of the float which proclaimed: "We are Hooverized." Many jibes are taken at Hoover, such as, "There is no doubt about our President being the world's greatest engineer—in a little more than two years he has ditched and almost drained the whole country."

Republican and Democratic leaders alike are showing alarm because they do not know how soon the farmers may start a revolt, or to what extent they may go if a revolt gets under way. In Kansas the situation has many elements of seriousness for the leaders of Sunflower puritanism. Dr. J. R. Brinkley, a goat-gland rejuvenating medico of Milford, who polled 183,000 votes as an independent candidate for governor in the last election without even having his name printed on the ballots, is threatening to run as an independent candidate again, and is out campaigning the State in an airplane, criticizing both the Republican national administration and the Democratic State administration. More alarming still, E. Haldeman-Julius of Girard, a former Socialist, an avowed atheist, and an open champion of companionate marriage, has announced himself as a candidate for the old Curtis seat in the United States Senate, apparently as a Republican. I have talked with conservative Republican leaders, and with farm leaders, who have told me that if conditions do not improve before the next election Haldeman-Julius may become a real factor despite the general Kansas repugnance to his views on religion, marriage, and economic questions.

The economic seriousness of the situation is occupying the attention of business men in the towns as well as worrying the farm leaders. There is uneasiness because "Coin" Harvey's new plea for a monetary revolution is getting some attention, and because A. C. Townley, who organized the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota, is now following the harvest up from Oklahoma and advocating Harvey's theories.

In Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska movements are under way to have moratoriums declared for the farmers to enable them to survive and hold possession of their farms. Banks have been appealed to to carry the farmers' paper; implement dealers have been asked not to press for payments due on machinery; and there is no doubt there will be agitation for tax-payment suspensions in some localities when tax-paying time comes. Adding to the alarm are such instances as the occurrence at Henryetta, Oklahoma, on July 18, when 150 farmers and jobless town workers marched on business houses and demanded money with which to buy food. If such a thing can happen in the "bread-

basket belt of America" when fruits are ripe on the trees and berries on the bushes, when vegetables are green in gardens, and when the grain harvest is in progress—if such things can happen at such a time, what may be expected when the bleak, cold days of winter arrive? Believing a lot of things are liable to happen, Governor Murray of Oklahoma has called upon every city and hamlet in his State to hold mass-meetings on July 27 "as a preliminary step toward organizing a State-wide unemployed relief program for next winter." In communities where there is such a bounteous overproduction of food supplies that grain is being piled on the ground out under open skies—in such communities charity must be resorted to if countless families are not to suffer in hunger! Can such conditions continue for long in a country such as America?

The impression should not be given, however, that gloom is universal in that it is everywhere—or that hope has entirely succumbed to despair. The farmers have not yet gone into revolt; few even have gone into displays of ugly moods either in the cities or the rural communities. A farmer in one western Kansas town who was offered only sixty-six cents a bushel when he drove to an elevator with a load of wheat became so enraged he pulled the tail-gate out of his wagon and drove home, spilling the wheat along the street as he went. There have been a few reports of tenant farmers who have refused to harvest their grain, and occasional reports of landowners plowing under the grain when it was ready for harvest. But for the most part the farmers have gathered the grain with as much industry as usual, and they are holding on to it wherever possible in the hope that prices will soon be higher.

Thousands of farmers are wasting no time in grumbling but are "digging in" for the long, hard siege they see ahead. They are economizing and cutting expenses in every way possible; many will let their land lie fallow for a year, which means there will be a big acreage curtailment this fall. This, in turn, and in time, may help boost prices. It surely should if the Canadian crop turns out as short as indicated, and if Australia and the Argentine reduce their acreages in accordance with announcements. Then, too, settlement of the financial troubles of Central Europe may bring more benefits than most farmers anticipate, and it is entirely possible that the Hoover Farm Board may finally hear the pathetic appeals which are resounding across the plains. The one thing above all others which is sustaining hope is the general belief throughout the country and in the towns that conditions cannot get much worse—that under every law of averages whatever changes the future brings must be changes for the better. If this should not be true there'll be hell to pay—hell to pay with two-bit wheat.

Gulls

By WITTER BYNNER

Have you ever seen a gull with a hurt foot
And the others pecking it, toppling it,
avoiding it?

Have you ever seen gulls, the long, calculating
slant, the swoop, the strut,
the seizure, the laughter—

And then the lone one?

President Hoover's Record

VII. Hoover and Power*

By AMOS PINCHOT

I

EVERY aspiring politician knows that barring a great national issue or some accident such as happened in the cases of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, he can never land in the White House unless, so to speak, shoved from behind by at least one strong industrial-financial interest. For the man who sets his cap for the Presidency, the strategy, therefore, is predetermined. It is to win the backing of the best-organized and, politically speaking, most aggressive big-business group available.

Curtained off from the somewhat shoddy, inconsequential, but relatively open game we call politics, there goes on forever a game of another sort which, luckily for his peace of mind, the sovereign citizen is rarely allowed to glimpse—much less to sit in on. It is here, in the invisible game of grand politics, that things really happen. Here Presidents are chosen. Here history is made—also money in exceedingly large quantities. And as a means to these high ends, small men with large ambitions are transformed by the magic of propaganda into perfectly serviceable demigods, later, when occasion arises, to be flipped into office to the shouts of the happy multitude.

Few incidents in this game of American grand politics are more interesting, or I think more significant when viewed in retrospect, than the campaign in favor of the public-utility interests, and especially the power and light companies, that was waged by Mr. Hoover from 1924 to 1928, when, as Secretary of Commerce, he was already a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Up to a few years ago the federal government played a comparatively small part in regulating public utilities. The State commissions took almost entire charge of them and State regulation was highly satisfactory, in fact, almost ideal from the point of view of the power companies, since in most States it amounted, as it does today, to no regulation whatever. As Professor John H. Gray, late rate expert of the Interstate Commerce Commission, points out, under State regulation the utilities charge, in practically every case, as much as the traffic will bear. "It is literally true," says Professor Gray, "that the public utilities have no regulation at all." And as a result the consumers pay extortionate rates not even remotely related to what the service is worth.

In a speech at the World Power Congress last July, which Mr. Insull vainly tried to have kept out of the newspapers, Frederick M. Sackett, American Ambassador to Germany and former president of the Louisville Electric Company, epitomized the position of the utilities: "I know of no other manufacturing industry where the sale price of the product to the great mass of the consumers is fifteen times the actual cost of production of the article sold." Current at the station is produced at from three-tenths to four-tenths of a cent per kilowatt hour. Making every allowance for

transmission costs, the average of six cents per kilowatt hour paid by the American consumer for household service is simply a racket price—a price accurately reflected in the financial history of the companies, which, despite the vagaries of cream-skimming banker direction, has been one of astounding prosperity.

Into this paradise of high prices there entered in 1920 a serpent in the form of the Federal Power Act, passed through the efforts of a group of liberals, in and out of Congress, after a bitter struggle with the power people extending over fifteen years. The Federal Power Act, as the reader is probably aware, sets up a Federal Power Commission, with jurisdiction over all power developments within federal lands or on navigable streams, whether running through federal lands or not. It provides that licenses to operate private plants shall be limited to fifty years. It instructs the Federal Power Commission to ascertain the actual net investment of the utility companies—a provision highly objectionable to the utility interests, which are in the habit of "writing up" their investment accounts, for rate-making purposes, to several times the actual amount spent. It provides for recapture by the government at the end of the license period, and for the setting aside of an amortization fund out of excess profits. It also provides that if a city or State should decide to construct its own power plant, it shall have a prior claim to the power site.

While the Federal Power Commission leaves the business of fixing rates to the State commissions, its examination into the net investment acts as a check on the State commissions and courts, which, under the thumb of the utilities people, have heretofore allowed the companies to use the book value of their properties as rate bases. And these book values are almost always grossly padded. Out of many cases disclosed by the commission the following are fair examples:

CAROLINA LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

Book value	\$23,810,500.00
Actual investment	4,710,021.77

Total write-up \$19,100,478.23 or 405 per cent

In six companies acquired by the American Power and Light Company the commission summarized the write-ups as follows:

Book value	\$123,725,358.16
Actual investment	55,284,426.40

Total write-up \$68,440,931.76 or 124 per cent

Inter alia, the Federal Trade Commission reports write-ups in five subsidiaries of the Electric Bond and Share Company amounting to over three hundred millions.

By passing the Federal Power Act Congress effectively hung over the inflated rate bases and extortionate profits of the utility companies a sword of Damocles. But the sword

* Seventh of a series on President Hoover's record. The eighth in the series, being the second part of Mr. Pinchot's article on Hoover and Power, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

did not fall until the Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals controversies arose and the Federal Trade Commission, spurred by the Walsh resolution providing for a Senatorial inquiry, began its investigation of the power trust. In the meantime, the utility interests, foreseeing this dangerous situation, had started a nation-wide backfire against interference by the federal government. Their program was simplicity itself. Federal regulation must be discredited at all costs; regulation by the State utility commissions must be pictured as an adequate protection for the consumer; and, finally, public ownership and operation must be painted as an unsound experiment, highly prejudicial to self-government.

It is precisely at this juncture that, with all the prestige of his office and high reputation as an engineer, the Secretary of Commerce appears on the scene as champion and propagandist of the utility interests. In a series of articles and speeches delivered before conventions of utility companies and State public-service commissioners, Mr. Hoover painstakingly builds the myths (a) of the big-hearted utility magnates, filled with the spirit of service, and (b) of the socially minded State commissioners, whom he portrays as little less than a consistory of saints. These speeches and writings were promptly printed and distributed by the utility people in immense quantities.

Exhibit Number 65 of the Federal Trade Commission's investigation is a list of orders for pamphlets placed from 1924 to 1927 by the Department of Public Information of the National Electric Light Association, the propaganda agency of the utility companies. Glancing down its seven pages, we note that the pamphlets are by such writers as Bruce Barton, Owen D. Young, Merlin Aylesworth, Andrew Mellon, Samuel Insull, Martin J. Insull, and Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. There are also a few small orders for reprints of speeches critical of the utilities, apparently distributed to members of the National Electric Light Association as suggesting the need for refutation. With the exception of Mr. Barton's brief messages to customers, none of the pamphleteers approach Mr. Hoover in respect to the number of pamphlets ordered. Here are some of the entries:

June, 1924	Convention Addresses	
	Herbert Hoover	Large... 10,000
		Small... 5,000
June 25		Small... 50,000
July 3		Small... 50,000
July 22		Large... 10,000
October, 1924	Herbert Hoover, Government Ownership	500,000
July, 1925	Herbert Hoover, State vs. Federal Regulation of the Power Industry (printed by Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.)	50,000
October, 1925	Why the Public Interest Requires State Rather than Federal Regulation of Electric Public Utilities, by Honorable Herbert Hoover before the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners, October 14, 1925 (printed by Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.)	50,000
November, 1925	Ditto	25,000

Meantime, the Joint Committee, the Washington lobby organized by the utilities people to fight the Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals bills, is also pamphletting the Hoover speeches. And Mr. Insull, in his report to the Public Policy Committee, Forty-ninth Annual Convention of the National Electric Light Association, May, 1926, says: "In a recent article on 'State Utility Control, the Only Way,' however, the Secretary of Commerce has stated the status of these problems in a most masterly manner, and your committee felt it could not do better than to make the following extracts from Mr. Herbert Hoover's article a part of this report." The article referred to is a solemn warning against federal interference and a panegyric of State regulation, under which Mr. Hoover declares that the rates charged for electricity have been just and moderate, while the interest and dividends paid by the companies have "never yet exceeded 6 per cent upon the values of all the properties for rate-making purposes." The State commission, he adds, should receive credit "for these conditions—their regulation has been effective."

During this entire period Mr. Hoover's writings and speeches abound with praise for the leaders of the utility industry, and he congratulates America on the fact that "the new generation of administrators of these enterprises has firmly grasped its responsibility to the public." He insists that "there has been a genuine growth of business conscience and service, and this growth is far more precious than any amount of legislation." The reprint of this speech, by the way, is still being given out by the Joint Committee from the Graybar Building in New York. Mr. Hoover also says that the utility people are no longer in financial control of the utilities. On the contrary, it is his opinion that they are controlled by the public itself. Under State regulation, he points out, the earnings of the utility companies have been held down to "between 6 and 8 per cent upon their invested capital." A somewhat remarkable statement, for Mr. Hoover could hardly have been unaware that at that time there was no comprehensive source of information as to the capital invested in utilities, except the companies' own figures. And these, as our Great Engineer should have known, were boosted—both for rate-making and stock-jobbing purposes—until they had become, as Professor Gray says, "higher than any capitalization they ever dared to water."

In June, 1925, Mr. Hoover appeared as principal speaker before the San Francisco convention of the National Electric Light Association. In his address, pamphletted by the Joint Committee, he again expresses his admiration for State regulation. He has, it seems, made an investigation of the State public-service commissions and he finds that "with very little criticism they are proving themselves fully adequate to control the situation." They are, in fact, "doing their jobs well." He sees no reason for the imposition of "a superior regulation. . . . Nothing could be a more hideous extension of centralization in the federal government than thus to undermine the State utility commissions and State responsibilities." He regards the men at the head of the utility companies as belonging "to a new school of public understanding as to the responsibilities of big business to the people."

In this particular speech, however (at San Francisco, June, 1925), Mr. Hoover makes one grave tactical error. By emphasizing the interstate character of electric power he, by inference, justifies regulation by the federal government:

The wider interconnection between these regional systems is also proceeding apace. For this again makes use of the power capacity below the peak load by an interstate diversification. Such a flow of electricity will soon be traceable through the many regional systems continuously from Montana west to the Pacific, thence south to Mexico—a total of 1,800 miles. Shortly, power tie-ins will be completed in the Middle West and Southeastern areas, coursing all the way from Wisconsin and Michigan around through West Virginia and North Carolina to Arkansas and Louisiana.

Such an utterance, though strictly in accordance with the facts, was from the point of view of the power people far from politic. It would not do at all to have our Secretary of Commerce running about the country telling the public that electric power was, in effect, a commodity of interstate commerce. So, having accepted an invitation to speak at Washington, D. C., before the convention of the National Association of Railroad and Utility Commissioners four months later, Mr. Hoover accommodately reverses himself:

The argument is sometimes used that the power situation is parallel with the railroads, where federal regulation has been found absolutely necessary. This is an illusion. It differs in several profound respects. Power has no such interstate implication as transportation. . . . *Furthermore, there has been outrageous exaggeration of the probable extent of interstate power. For economic reasons these power districts will in but few cases reach across State lines.*

Mr. Hoover is always at his best when dealing with technical subjects. The deadly accuracy with which his mind works is more clearly seen if we join the two foregoing utterances and read them as one:

The wider interconnection between these regional systems is also proceeding apace. . . . Such a flow of electricity will soon be traceable through the many regional systems continuously from Montana west to the Pacific, thence south to Mexico—a total of 1,800 miles. Shortly, power tie-ins will be completed in the Middle West and Southeastern areas, coursing all the way from Wisconsin and Michigan around through West Virginia and North Carolina to Arkansas and Louisiana. . . . Furthermore, there has been outrageous exaggeration of the probable extent of interstate power. For economic reasons these power districts will in but few cases reach across State lines.

Apparently between June and October a little bird has whispered a sweet something into the Hooverian ear. It must be remembered that the National Electric Light Association is, politically, an exceedingly potent body. Mr. Owen D. Young acts as a sort of chief justice of its Public Policy Committee, which represents practically all the utility interests and the great banking and insurance interests behind them.

In both the San Francisco and the Washington speeches Mr. Hoover points with pride to State regulation. It has brought "an assurance of justice and protection to our citizens." There is "no surer method of sapping the foundations of self-government" than to weaken the State commissions and extend federal control over the utility companies "which so vitally touch the life of every family, every industry, every community."

In 1925 the Joint Committee lobby in Washington is-

sued a booklet entitled "Government—Federal, State, Local—Fails in Industry." On the title page are quotations from Abraham Lincoln and Herbert Hoover, an indication that the utilities people are now casting soft glances at our Secretary of Commerce, as having earned the right to be viewed as Presidential timber. The booklet contains an anthology, "Great Minds Speak," the great minds including, besides Mr. Hoover, Simeon Fess, Jim Watson, John Spargo, Calvin Coolidge, and others. Here again Mr. Hoover drives home his State-regulation doctrine and, as proving that federal regulation threatens the home and the fireside, says:

I have said in another connection that, after all, the object of our whole social and economic system is the family and the home with its independence, its freedom, and its comfort, and if we are to set up more systems of alien regulation and bureaucratic domination, we shall inevitably undermine all of these treasured essentials of life.

In 1926 Mr. Hoover goes on hammering federal regulation. Electric transmission, he says, should be controlled by the individual States and not by the federal government. In his Seattle address, however, the conservationists having gone after him pretty hard for his attitude on State control, and the West having been aroused by the Boulder Dam situation, he makes the concession that where a power site is to be used for power only (that is, not for flood control or irrigation) it should be leased under the provisions of the Federal Power Act. As we shall see, after his election he goes back on this by trying to break down the Federal Power Act and attacking its constitutionality.

In 1927, as Presidential nominations approach, Mr. Hoover becomes reticent, not to say mysterious. He says that the development of water power on the St. Lawrence should be undertaken by "appropriate agencies." But he refuses to say whether the agencies should be private or public. The *New York Times* comments thus on his statement of January 27 as to the Colorado flood-control and water-supply project: "Neither the Boulder Dam bill nor any other specific measure was mentioned by Mr. Hoover."

In the meantime two significant events have taken place. Mr. Hoover's power secretary in the Department of Commerce was Paul S. Clapp. His solicitor was Judge Stephen B. Davis. These two were Mr. Hoover's main aides on power questions. In behalf of the government Judge Davis had charge of the Boulder Dam controversy.

At a utility convention held in Chicago on October 13, 1927, Philip H. Gadsden, vice-chairman of the Joint Committee, vice-president of the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, and president of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, reported that at the suggestion of Mr. Hoover Judge Davis would be released from the Department of Commerce to become the director of the Joint Committee (the lobby formed, as we have stated, to oppose the Boulder Dam and the Muscle Shoals bills). Davis's employment by the Joint Committee began on June 1, 1927, at a salary of \$30,000 a year.

Meantime, what became of Mr. Clapp? He also was released by Mr. Hoover, but to become managing director of the National Electric Light Association. So, before Mr. Hoover left office, he had seen to it that the two authorities in the Department of Commerce next in command to himself in that conflict that allegedly goes on between the government and the power people were installed, one as head

of the power lobby, and the other as leader of its propaganda forces.

Here it might also be noted that William H. Murray, to whom in 1923 Mr. Hoover gave the job of conducting the government survey of superpower, was the same Mr. Murray whom the National Electric Light Association had employed in 1921 to make a report on the Ontario publicly owned hydroelectric system. The Murray report brought from Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Hydroelectric Commission, the comment:

Mr. Murray has made grossly incorrect and misleading statements; he has garbled documentary and other data and then employed them as premises from which to derive conclusions. . . . In a word, Mr. Murray has employed methods demonstrably reprehensible and unprofessional.

Mr. Hoover entered the Republican Convention of 1928 with the "new generation of administrators" pulling for him like wheel horses. He won the nomination practically unopposed. In the campaign itself Mr. Hoover's utterances remained sibylline. In his acceptance speech in August, 1928, at Stanford University, he avoided the dangerous subject of power, announcing, however, that he would later discuss a number of questions "of the first order." But thereafter his nearest approach to the power question was in his speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, on October 6, 1928, when he said:

I do not favor any general extension of the federal government into the operation of business in competition with its citizens. . . . There are local instances where the government must enter the business field as a by-product of some great major purpose such as improvement in navigation, flood control, scientific research, or national de-

fense, but they do not vitiate the general policy to which we should adhere.

A Scripps-Howard editor thereupon asked Mr. Hoover if he referred to Muscle Shoals. And he replied, "You may say that means Muscle Shoals." This was wired to the Scripps-Howard circuit, and on October 8 the story was carried under the headline, "Hoover Wants Government to Operate Muscle Shoals." Instantly a tense situation was precipitated. But this didn't last long. For by six o'clock of the same day the candidate gave out another statement, declaring that the power generated at Muscle Shoals "should be disposed of on such terms and conditions as will safeguard and protect all public interests."

Shortly after Mr. Hoover's election, that is, on November 17, 1928, the *Electrical World*, whose senior editor, W. H. Onken, Jr., was at that time chairman of the Prize Awards Committee of the National Electric Light Association, commented editorially as follows:

Election over, the stock market has reflected by sharp advances in public-utility stocks a sentiment prevailing among utility executives as well as in banking circles that Mr. Hoover's triumph in the national election augurs well for the electric public-utility companies. It is a tribute to the industry to get such an indorsement, even though it be indirect; but the only assurance the utilities are justified in holding firmly is that any Congressional legislation affecting them will be accepted or rejected by a President possessing toward utility problems a wise and an understanding heart. Any other interpretation of the election is unwarranted.

In my next article I shall discuss Mr. Hoover's power record as President.

What I Believe*

By MORRIS R. COHEN

IN the pride of youth I used to characterize myself as philosophically a stray dog, unchained to any metaphysical kennel. It seemed to me better to brave the muddy realities of the unprotected out-of-doors, the uncertain food, the attacks from the watch-dogs of comfortable homes, and above all the chilling rains and winds of factual experience. For the roving way led through bracing airs over green hills to broad sunny plains and sparkling rivers flowing to distant seas. But as I approach the years of post-rheumatic wisdom, I am beginning to find increasing refuge in the great palaces and parks of the classical philosophies.

I no longer despise those who, like our great poet-philosopher Santayana, set up a wall around their garden to shut off the disconsolate hills and the monotonous sea as well as the smoke and din of the market place. After all, no matter how small our plot of ground, we always have with us the fundamental elements—earth, air, sky, and rain. To the enterprising mind, the mystery of creation is as profound and as challenging here as elsewhere. The sun and stars, and the alternations of bright days and dark nights persist

through the changes of cosmic weather. And the human scene, likewise, offers the same elements of hunger and love, pride and foolishness, joy and suffering, throughout diverse ages and climes. I have thus learned to see virtue in the stably organized as well as in the wild or untamed intellectual life. Nevertheless, I have never become completely at home in even the greatest of academic philosophies. I can never forget that there is a world outside of their boundaries, and their guards look askance at me because I never completely get rid of the out-of-door mud.

The central fact to which, it seems to me, prevailing creeds refuse to accord sufficiently serious attention is the obvious impossibility of attaining omniscience. Endowed as we are at birth with infinite ignorance, no amount of knowledge which we acquire in our finite existence can completely exhaust all the complex and temporally endless realms of being. This of course does not justify the absolute denial of all knowledge. No skeptic believes his own opinions to be as baseless as those of his opponent. To recognize ignorance, we must know something. But simple honesty requires us to admit that none of our creeds are entirely free from guesswork. This lack of omniscience is not cured by reliance on faith, intuition, or authority. For however cer-

* The third of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. A fourth will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

tain we may *feel*, we never *know* that such faith, intuition, or authority will not in the end prove itself mistaken. Faith may influence the conduct resulting from our beliefs, but it cannot change the character of our ancestry or of the events which have already happened, and no one really believes that faith will enable him to escape death and other incidents of our common fate. Nor does the practical necessity of acting on our beliefs make them true. The misery of mankind testifies to our many poignantly unsolved problems.

To the inadequacy of our knowledge must be added the tremendous force of temporarily pleasant illusions, compared to which the love of truth is pitifully frail. Indeed, we may regard the attraction which illusion has for us as similar to that which a flame at night has for a moth. The sources of illusion are many: inherited forms of expression, fashions in respectable or approved opinions, the idols of our tribe or clique, of the market place, of our professional conventions, and the like. But the greatest of all is that vanity which is rooted in our very existence as individuals and which makes each one of us view himself as *the* privileged center of the universe. Is not the zenith directly over *my* head? And is not everyone else and everyone else's point of view only a part of *my* wider world?

In our daily life this shows itself in our self-centeredness, in our inability to do justice to others or realize that they have feelings and rights like our own. We cannot fully see the interests of others because we identify our own with those of humanity or of eternal righteousness. Thus the working classes speak of themselves as the people, the middle classes as the public, and the upper classes as the country. In philosophy this fatal vanity shows itself in anthropomorphism, in making man the central aim or goal of the whole cosmic process—though no one disputes the evidence of astronomy and geology that the life of the human species is but an episode in the history of the cosmically tiny bit of dust, our earth, which has had a beginning and is therefore bound to have an end.

From this point of view the great line of division is not entirely between ancient religion and modern science. Fundamentalists, liberals, moralists, and "scientific" evolutionists are at one in pretending to have plumbed the depths of the universe and to have found that it is all planned in a quasi-human way for our "uplift." On the other hand great religious teachers, like the morally wise men of science, have taught the great lesson of humility—that there are always vast realms beyond our ken or control, and that the great blessing of inner peace is unattainable without a sense of the mystery of creation about us and a wisely cultivated resignation to our mortal but inevitable limitations. The necessary effort to understand and control external nature does not require the silly pretension that we can become the omniscient and omnipotent rulers of the universe.

The worst offenders in this respect are, indeed, those physicists and biologists who, in trying to reconcile science with the vague sentimentality which they call religion, abandon altogether the habit of demanding rigorous evidence, which is the essence of science, and indulge in utterly irresponsible statements based on complete ignorance as to the nature of religion, morality, and their history.

I do not wish to restrict the liberty of prophesying. A scientific specialist has a right to be a member of a church as of a political party, and to be as confident as a good hus-

band or anybody else that his is the best possible choice. But he has no right to claim the authority of science for it. The theory that atoms are composed of electrons cannot prove liberal Protestant theology, nor does the "curvature" of space establish the truth of the Christian moral code. It is sentimental vanity and not science to speak of man as the highest outcome of evolution. In point of sober fact every existing species is just as much the last stage of "evolution." And the probabilities are that man will disappear long before the bacteria and other "lower" forms which now feed on him, but which have a more ancient and more stable biologic existence. None of the facts of natural selection prevent the stupid from multiplying their kind or the cruel and ruthless from surviving in the brute struggle. Biology does not show us more righteousness in the world than that which human beings exercise; and the ancient observation is still true that rain, sunshine, and earthquakes, growth, disease, and death visit the just and the unjust alike.

There are many today who cry out hysterically that without the anthropomorphic illusion the value of life and all zest for it disappear. We may sympathize with the personal distress of those who cannot emotionally readjust themselves to new views. But we must not forget that anthropomorphism has been at the root of the superstitions that have made human life full of hideous terrors, so that emancipation from anthropomorphic religion has been hailed by many, from the days of Epicurus and Lucretius to those of Shelley and Bertrand Russell, as the most joyous and beneficent liberation. Certainly it is possible for a materialist like Democritus to be known as the most cheerful and benevolent of philosophers, and for a thoroughgoing naturalist and opponent of anthropomorphism like Spinoza to be a model of serenity and of the intellectual love of God.

So long as we lack omniscience and omnipotence life will necessarily contain a tragic element. Death will continue to rob us of those we most dearly love, and unforeseen circumstances will frustrate our most cherished plans. But we cannot overcome this by wilful illusion, any more than the ostrich (according to the slanderous account of ignorant mortals) can escape the hunter by burying his head in the sand. And if we are told that some do attain bliss through ignorance, we reply that success in a lottery is no argument for lotteries. The safer way to peace and serenity is through the cultivation of intelligent courage and wise resignation. We need courage to look into our own heart and clear it of the foolish desires which make us sow vain hopes and devote needless toil and anxiety to raise bitter crops of disappointment. And we need resignation to learn to live in a world that is not formed just for our comfort. A wise Frenchman has well said that we need not throw to the dogs all that is not fit for the altar of the gods.

It is fashionable today to despise this ancient wisdom and to profess the belief that the progress of science will enable us to conquer nature completely so that we shall have a heaven on earth. Sober facts, however, give no support to this vain hope. Great as has been the contribution of science to human comfort, it has undoubtedly also served to increase our unsatisfied desires and our capacity for poignant suffering. Thus despite the beneficent progress of medicine it is not at all certain that life has become on the whole less painful, and there is every indication that the habits developed by our machine age are reducing the span of years

which the adult American can be expected to live. Moreover, it is possible that with the decline of liberalism and the gradual uniformity and standardization of ideas which modern machinery facilitates, we may choke that free intellectual variability which is the source of genuine progress in science. Many conditions in Russia, Italy, and even in the United States point in that direction. In any case the history of the human race offers a picture of an arduous and perilous journey in which each one of us drops out before the end is in sight. What makes it possible for us to carry on, instead of quitting as we can when we really want to, is not our guess as to the unknown goal, but rather the zest developed by our actual daily experiences, by our organic activities, by the light and warmth of the sun and air, and by the joys of human companionship. When the zest for life is really gone all words of comfort or exhortation are vain. There is nothing to which to appeal. But wise reflection may fan the flame when it is low, illumine our labor, and increase the scope of our peaceful enjoyments.

The realization of the pathetic frailty of the knowledge or beliefs on which our life depends, thus leads not to despair but to open-eyed courage. But it also points to a most intimate connection between scientific method and liberal civilization. Science is not, as it is popularly conceived, a new set of dogmas taught by a newer and better set of priests called scientists. It is rather a method which is based on a critical attitude to all plausible and self-evident propositions. It seeks, not to reject them, but to find out what evidence there is to support them rather than their possible alternatives. This open eye for possible alternatives, each to receive the same logical treatment before we can determine which is the best grounded, is the essence also of liberalism in art, morals, and politics. Conservatism clings to what is established, fearing that if we let go, all the values of life will perish. The radical or revolutionary, impressed with the evil of the existing order or disorder, recklessly puts all faith in some principle without regard for the hidden dangers which it may contain, let alone the cruel hardships which readjustments must involve. The liberal views life as an adventure in which we must take risks in new situations, but in which there is no guaranty that the new will always be the good or the true. Like science, liberalism insists on a critical examination of the content of all our beliefs, principles, or initial hypotheses and on submitting them to a continuous process of verification so that they will be progressively better founded in experience and reason.

It is fashionable nowadays to belittle the reasons men give for their faith. "Who," asks James, "ever heard of anyone changing his religion because of a reasoned argument?" It is difficult to answer this because we have no way of counting all those who, though unwilling in the heat of argument to admit the force of their opponents' reasons, yet sooner or later are so affected by them as to use them against others. Reasons are themselves part of our beliefs. And can we maintain that beliefs are of no influence in our lives?

On matters of human life and fate those addicted to much reasoning have not been generally placed in the foremost rank occupied by the great religious and moral teachers. Simple folk distrust those clever fellows who by reasoning seem to make the worse appear the better cause. We recognize the substantial unsoundness of certain conclusions be-

fore we are able to place our fingers on the exact fallacy in the argument which supports them. All this applies also to the seemingly more cautious and technical reasoning which passes as scientific method. Sound judgment often rightly rejects propositions in education or social science that are "proved" by formal definitions, statistical charts, graphs, and other paraphernalia. For superficial research workers, too readily impressed with their easily learned methods, often lack the native intelligence or breadth of view to prevent them from giving absurd interpretations to their statistical results. No amount of training in rational science can supply native intelligence where it is lacking. Yet training in reason is undoubtedly a necessary aid to all who can learn. How far it is necessary to make our reasons explicit depends on diverse circumstances. But we are generally safer if we have carefully reasoned out our position.

The prophet may deliver his burden with no warrant but the awful "Thus saith the Lord"; and the poet may impose his own passionate vision without any authority except the magic of his words. But men must use reason to weigh the truth of what rival prophets and poets have said. And he who helps them to reason more justly renders a service second to none in importance and beneficence.

Unless men reason they remain sunk in blind dogmatism, clinging obstinately to questionable beliefs without consciousness that these are mere prejudices. "To have doubted one's own first principles," says Justice Holmes, "is the sign of a civilized man." And to refuse to do so, we may add, is the essence of fanaticism.

The fanatic clings to certain beliefs and in their defense is ready to shut the gates of mercy on mankind, precisely because he cannot see any alternative to them except utter chaos or iniquity. Rational reflection, however, makes us see other possibilities and opens our minds to the thought that some of the moral or physical principles which seem to us self-evident may be only sanctified taboos or inherited conventions. The latter may be useful and necessary to save us the trouble of painful thought for which we have no time or inclination in the rush of our practical activities. But they may also be obstacles to a richer life.

Those who confuse life and external motion often claim that thought or reflection makes our action less resolute, and they urge us to stop thinking and do something. But that men's thoughtless or impulsive acts are always wiser than their reasoned conduct is hardly shown even in the case of Hamlet. To reflect that in the absence of omniscience all our principles of morality and conduct are but hypotheses need not prevent us from staking our lives on these anticipations of experience and from fighting as valiantly as we can for what we hold dearest. But it makes us more chivalric, tolerant, or sympathetic with those poor souls who risk their all on some other guess. I do not believe in the adequacy of the usual sentimental interpretation of the Golden Rule to love my neighbor as myself. My neighbor has a right to think the form of my love for myself quite foolish and to resent having it inflicted on him. Nor do I see any good in loving my neighbor's wife and children as my own. Love means discrimination and preference, and the obverse of that is natural aversion. Civil society depends, not on blindness or insensibility to the loathsome traits of our fellow-mortals, but upon respecting their rights without taking them to our bosoms. This can be achieved only through sympathetic

understanding. Cooperation with those from whom we differ is possible only if we rationalize our beliefs and thus make them intelligible to those having different backgrounds.

In general the value of rationality is similar in morals to that in science. It enables us to frame policies of action and ethical judgment fit for wider outlooks than those of immediate physical stimulus and organic impulse. In en-

abling us to anticipate the future and adjust ourselves to it in advance, it lifts us above the necessity of living from hand to mouth in the mere immediacy of the moment. It thus enlarges our being and gives us strength to contemplate new physical and moral possibilities without that vertiginous bewilderment which comes to creatures of mere routine when they face the unfamiliar.

Danger Ahead in the Coal Strike

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Pittsburgh, July 21

TODAY the coal strike in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio has an outward appearance of peace and quiet. True, numerous reports of violence have come into Pittsburgh during the past week. Only yesterday William Simon, member of the National Miners' Union, was shot to death in a picket-line skirmish at Martins Ferry, Ohio, while the day before more than a hundred persons were injured when a United Mine Workers' meeting at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, broke up in a riot. A few days earlier a miner's home was set afire at Midland near Canonsburg, and a company house at Atlasburg was wrecked by a bomb. Moreover, nightly attacks on unescorted strikers and workers continue in various sections of the coal country. But these are only surface indications of a tense situation. The violence thus far reported, with the exception of the killing of a miner by a deputy sheriff at Wildwood a few weeks ago, has been sporadic in nature. It has mostly resulted from the taut nerves and growing uneasiness of the strikers. Everywhere one goes through the bituminous fields one finds evidence of this nervousness. A stranger in a coal town is eyed with deep suspicion; husky, desperate-appearing men move over to meet him, putting him on the defensive with their menacing silence until he establishes his identity. The Communist organizers in every mine town, and even many of the agents of the United Mine Workers, have their personal bodyguards. Many of these men are armed, though I learned by careful inquiry that for the most part it is the U. M. W. A. agents who are carrying guns.

In such an atmosphere anything may happen, and there are competent observers here who believe it will happen soon. Yet the tenseness to be observed in the coal fields is only in small measure due to organized agitation. It has grown of itself, fed upon starvation wages and harrowing working conditions, and has not been directly fostered by either of the two unions involved in the strike. Officials of the National Miners' Union have made a sincere effort to check the violent inclinations of some of their followers. Some weeks ago Vincent Kemenovich, official of the N. M. U., was quoted by the *New York Times* in a dispatch from Pittsburgh as sounding "a warning of impending trouble" and revealing that "the strikers are armed." Kemenovich denied to me that he had ever made such a statement. He declared that a threat of this sort would have made him liable as an accessory before the fact in any criminal case arising out of violence on the part of the strikers. That the authorities would not hesitate to proceed against Kemenovich, if the opportunity presented itself, is

indicated in the case they are trying to build up around Thomas Myerscough, another N. M. U. leader. Myerscough led the demonstration at the Wildwood mine a few weeks ago. He was arrested before a single shot had been fired or head cracked by the deputy sheriffs. He sat quietly in the sheriff's wagon throughout the shooting that followed. He was found to have been unarmed. Nevertheless, he is now being held, with Deputy Sheriff Herbert Reel, on charges of manslaughter in connection with the killing of Pete Zigarac, one of his own pickets.

Some of the rank-and-file speakers at Communist meetings are, however, advocating violence. At Fredericktown in Washington County Colston Warne, William Nunn, and I heard a speaker named Williams urge the strikers to "wait for the scabs in front of their homes and bust 'em in the snoot when they come from the mines." At the N. M. U. conference held here last week Jim Grace, striker from Harlan, Kentucky, declared: "We must show a united front, and if necessary shoulder arms and fight for freedom." Almost every camp we visited was literally deluged with copies of the *Daily Worker*. Bloodthirsty headlines were flaunted before the hungry strikers: "Secretary of Chinese Communist Party Executed; Wall Street Is Back of His Murder"; and "Beat Back Scabs in Mill Strike." Such inflammatory stories cannot help inciting the coal workers to violent action. More than that, the strikers seemed to find unusual satisfaction in reading stories of this sort. No other literature or newspapers were to be seen, but it is doubtful whether at this stage anything but the *Daily Worker* would have a real appeal for the long-suffering miners.

Yet it is obvious to anyone who spends a few hours in the N. M. U. headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue that the Communists are not looking for trouble. Their war along three fronts in the coal fields—against the operators, the United Mine Workers, and starvation—is altogether too serious a matter for them to allow their followers to get out of hand. They know that an invasion of the bituminous country by the State militia or by federal troops, which is constantly being rumored, would quickly follow widespread outbreaks, and would just as quickly put an end to their activities. Hence they are attempting to proceed along non-violent lines, using orthodox strike tactics to further their ends. Despite this subordination of revolutionary aims, the Communists here are operating on a war basis. The most powerful of the party leaders, among them William Z. Foster and Alfred Wagenknecht, have come from New York to assist Frank Borich and Vincent Kemenovich, the

N. M. U. officials, in conducting the strike. Working with them are numerous officials and organizers of the Trade Union Unity League, who attend to the more important details and acts as liaison officers between Pittsburgh headquarters and the leaders in the field. Routine office work is handled by younger members of the party who receive no compensation of any kind. They live off their savings while they do secretarial work, turn out circulars, receive visitors, answer telephones, and run errands. When their money gives out they leave Pittsburgh to return to their old jobs or to look for new ones, and other young Communists come in to take their places.

The demands of the N. M. U. are not comparable with the absurd demands the country has come to expect from Communist strike leaders. They ask for a scale of wages higher than those now being paid, but lower than the Jacksonville rates, for a union checkweighman at every mine, for enforcement of the eight-hour day, and for recognition of their union. Nothing whatever is said about revolution, or about labor participation in the management of the industry. The U. M. W. A. could not be more reasonable. In fact, the very moderation of the N. M. U. program has forced the United Mine Workers into a position where they must either offer the miners something more and thereby decrease their chances of winning over the operators, or something less and so lose what little they have left in the way of rank-and-file support in the bituminous fields.

Three weeks ago the U. M. W. A. signed an agreement with the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Company, although the United Mine Workers had had nothing to do with the strike in the Pittsburgh Terminal mines. It was organized and managed solely by the N. M. U. For a week or two it looked as if this was the entering wedge that would separate the Communists from all hope of victory. It was widely believed that other operators would follow suit, using the U. M. W. A., which they had for years been fighting to destroy, as a weapon with which to beat off an even worse menace, the National Miners' Union. All along it had been clear to the Communists that this was the one factor the United Mine Workers had been depending upon; the latter would let the Communists bear the brunt of the strike and then themselves step in and appropriate the fruits of victory. The plan might have worked had the Pittsburgh Terminal agreement given the men anything at all resembling an improvement over present wage scales and working conditions. But, as Vincent Kemenovich put it, "the men went on strike against starvation wages, and now they expect them to accept a scale that is even lower." It is not entirely fair to say that the Pittsburgh Terminal wage rates are lower under the new agreement, but because of more difficult working conditions imposed upon the miners the pay actually received often works out that way. I have before me a pay slip issued to one of the employees of this company. It shows that for a half-month's work ended February 15 this man earned exactly \$12.40. But the man's debts to the company for medical fees, powder, and purchases at the company's store (where prices are from 60 to 100 per cent higher than in the independent stores) were greater than his earnings, so the space marked "Balance Due" was filled in with two crosses (called kisses by the miners). He received not a cent in currency for his half-month's work, and had received nothing for more than a

year. He was forced to live on credit at the company store, and so was constantly in debt to the company. The U. M. W. A. agreement would, he thought, improve this situation, but it failed to do so, and therefore this man again has quit work. He found the wage scale had increased, but so, too, had the amount of dead-work (removal of slate and debris for which the miners are not paid), and the timbering (which likewise draws no compensation) had also increased. The result was that he was getting less pay, not more, for the amount of actual labor he was performing.

One of the Pittsburgh Terminal mines affected by the agreement is that at Coverdale, Pennsylvania. It normally employs 910 men; the agreement brought more than 800 back to work. But at the end of the first week this number had dropped to less than 600, and on the following Monday only 391 men reported to the pit bosses for work. Picketing by N. M. U. strikers may have been partly responsible for the defection. On that particular Monday morning we went out early to watch the picketing. The strikers gathered on a public road just as dawn was breaking. They were not fighting men; they looked cowed and despondent and noticeably undernourished. A few of them hobbled on canes, so old were they. And when the deputy sheriffs and State police drove up in their impressive automobiles, the strikers took on the aspect of whipped dogs. The deputies kept them moving in silence, arranging their line of march so as to keep them out of sight of the mine tipples more than half the time. One man was arrested for calling out to the few workers who came that way, and others now and again cried out with little enthusiasm: "Come on, you scabs, join the line." The whole show was pathetic; it could not by any stretch of the imagination be called effective picketing. Yet a hundred fewer men reported for work that morning. They stayed away, as some of them told me, not because of the picketing, but because they were "just as bad off under the new agreement" as they had been before.

As a matter of strike strategy the United Mine Workers have been outdone by the Communists. The latter have entered every field in the Pittsburgh area. They have planted organizers, disciplined working men and women, in almost every company "patch." They have mapped out their fight on a working-class basis. The United Mine Workers have been largely inactive so far as organization goes. In only one or two of the fields have they taken a hand in leading the strike. They have made the mistake of sending well-dressed, well-fed officials and organizers to talk to the miners. They have made the further and more serious mistake of compromising with the operators in the matter of the Pittsburgh Terminal agreement, and the rank and file are openly saying that the U. M. W. A. "tried to sell us out when they signed that agreement." In consequence the United Mine Workers have lost most of their former supporters. We found very few miners who would speak well of the organization, and even among the U. M. W. A. members a feeling of deep bitterness toward the officials, particularly John L. Lewis, was unmistakably revealed. Indeed, I have never heard a man denounced in more venomous terms than those I have listened to here in the last few days. Only one man was to be found, a paid U. M. W. A. official, who had a kind word to say for President Lewis. It is probable that Dr. Warne was correct

when he said after our tour: "The time is rapidly passing when operators will have the option of signing with the United Mine Workers." Indeed, to a lay observer such as myself it would appear that that time has already passed. Meanwhile, with the operators refusing to deal with either union, with the Communists and United Mine Workers at

each other's throats, and with the chances growing that a settlement between operators and miners at this late day will not solve the basic problems, the bituminous industry continues to drift into a zone of real danger. Further drifting can only mean open warfare, civil strife on a scale unprecedented in this country.

Does France Want War?

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, July 13

WITH the main argument of Professor Guérard's interesting article in *The Nation* of July 8 I entirely agree. We must get rid of this "guilty nation" myth, which is still too prevalent in Europe. I notice with alarm that too many people in England have become as unreasonably anti-French as they were unreasonably anti-German a few years ago. But I cannot agree with all that Professor Guérard says about official French policy and there are some inaccuracies in his article.

1. "France," that is, official France, certainly does not desire disarmament. She is the greatest obstacle to it in Europe. Official France may desire peace, at any rate does not want war, but does any government ever want war if it can get what it wants without it? War comes because there are certain things that governments want more than peace, and because they pursue policies that lead to war. Briand has twice publicly threatened Germany and Austria with war if they make the *Anschluss*. French expenditure on armaments is much more than \$357,556,000. It is about \$750,000,000 a year, including the instalments for the fortifications of the new eastern frontier (on the other side of which is a demilitarized zone guaranteed by the Treaty of Locarno). But it is dissimulated by the distribution of large sums in the amounts voted for departments other than the military and naval departments. This dissimulation was exposed in detail a few months ago in an article in the *Paris Populaire*, to which no reply has ever been made. Moreover, French expenditure on preparation for war steadily increases. The total army effectives in 1930 were not 467,987, but 555,087 (*Annuaire Statistique*, page 272), and I am doubtful whether this total includes all the colored troops, although it professes to include them. This is about the same as the figure for 1912. No comparison can be made with 1913, when war was believed to be imminent and the conditions were abnormal. The number of conscripts under the colors has been reduced by the reduction of the period of military service to one year (it was two years in 1912), but the number of professional soldiers has been increased. And this is the French army on a peace footing; on a war footing it consists of all able-bodied Frenchmen and hundreds of thousands of native conscripts from the colonies. Germany, on the other hand, which in 1912 had also an army on a war footing consisting of all able-bodied male inhabitants, has now an army of 100,000 in peace or war. The tonnage of the French navy allowed by the Franco-Italian naval agreement was about 10 per cent less than the tonnage of the French navy in August, 1914, and official France has now, by a shocking breach of

faith, repudiated that agreement on the ground that it did not give France a sufficiently large navy. The tonnage of the British navy allowed by the London agreement is 47 per cent less than its tonnage in August, 1914. The war of the future is likely to be mainly in the air. France is now spending on her air force two and a half times as much as she was spending six years ago and has the largest and most formidable air force in the world. England is spending rather less on her air force than six years ago and has deliberately allowed herself to fall to the fifth place among the nations of the world as regards the air force. Germany, of course, has no air force at all. An air force is a purely offensive arm. In short, France is the most formidable military power in the world. Her armaments far exceed what she requires, on the most liberal estimate, for purposes of defense. Official France maintains these immense armaments, if not with aggressive intentions, at least as an instrument of political domination.

2. Professor Guérard says that "France" believes that peace must be based on world organization. So do we all, but official France wants a form of organization, at any rate of European organization, that will stereotype the territorial status quo in Europe and prevent its alteration even by peaceful means. She is definitely opposed to the revision of the peace treaties by any means and says so frankly, although she has been forced to accept certain modifications in them. The arbitration accepted by official France is a purely juridical arbitration. The only function of the arbitrators is to be the application of the treaties—they are never to arbitrate *ex aequo et bono*, that is, on the merits of the case. The British conception of arbitration, on the other hand, has always been arbitration *ex aequo et bono*. To put it in another way, France stands for the letter of the law alone—or of what passes for law—Great Britain for law and equity. This divergence, which is to be seen in the respective judicial systems of the two countries, is at the bottom of all the difficulties at Geneva about proposals for what is called "organized security," such as the Protocol of 1924. There are also different conceptions of "security." Some of us, including the French Socialists, maintain that security will be obtained by arbitration and disarmament. The French official view is that there can be no disarmament until "security" has been obtained—by continuance of armaments.

3. I agree with Professor Guérard that the French alliances are liabilities, not assets, but that is not the official French view, nor was it with the aim of incurring liabilities that the French system of alliances was created. It was with the aim of making a "barbed-wire barrier," to use Clemenceau's phrase, against Russia and also Germany. I

do not understand how Professor Guérard can say that France did not group the allied countries under her leadership. The whole system of alliances was initiated by France in 1919. If Professor Guérard is right, why does France cling to her system of alliances? Out of purely disinterested benevolence? At Geneva, in 1924, Briand and Paul-Boncour on behalf of the Herriot Government refused to abandon the alliances even in return for the protocol. The British delegation proposed that all alliances should cease five years after the ratification of the protocol. France refused to agree. I may add that the existence of secret military conventions between France and certain other countries is a standing violation of the Covenant of the League of Nations and those conventions are null and void by the Covenant because their text has not been registered and made public. Any French or other signatory government could therefore repudiate them, and I hope that some day that will happen.

4. It is a historical fact that France militarized Czechoslovakia, Poland, and her other allied countries. Their armies have been created with French money, French war material, and by French officers. France (and England too) egged on Poland to make war on Russia and refused to allow Pilsudski and Paderewski to make peace when they wished to because Russia had offered them extraordinarily favorable terms. All the credits given by France to Poland had to be spent in France on war material and military equipment. A Polish prime minister told me so; he said that Poland had never received a single penny in cash from the French Government. France is now arming Yugoslavia against Italy. After the armistice the German Government offered to give Poland an access to the sea by making the Vistula navigable for big ships and giving Poland a port at its mouth. The French Government forced Pilsudski to refuse the offer and cut Germany in two so as to keep Poland and Germany permanently at enmity. It was part of Clemenceau's policy. (Several countries in Europe, by the way, have no access to the sea and seem to get on all right without it.) There is reason to believe that some of the military conventions that France has made with other countries force those countries to keep their armies up to a certain strength. In short, the French system of alliances is, as Briand let out in an unguarded moment in the chamber (the remark was omitted from the report of his speech in the *Journal Officiel*), incompatible with the Covenant of the League of Nations and it is one of the greatest obstacles to any sort of world or European organization. If it continues, it must lead to the formation of a hostile combination and the division of Europe, as before 1914, into two armed camps. France has created a league within the League and on almost every occasion has said: "My allies right or wrong." Has Professor Guérard forgotten that France prevented the League Council from taking any action when Poland seized Vilna by force? Does he know what the French attitude at Geneva is about questions of "national minorities" when the country concerned is an ally of France? Has he read Briand's abominable speech on the question of minorities at Geneva last September—a speech which a member of the British delegation described to me at the time as the most perfidious that he had ever listened to?

I rub my eyes when I read in Professor Guérard's article that France has proposed the United States of Europe. Can he possibly be referring to Briand's memorandum in

May of last year? The first step toward the United States of Europe is the suppression of tariff barriers between the European countries. Not only does France oppose even the smallest step in that direction—including the harmless "tariff truce"—but she tries to prevent other countries from suppressing their tariff barriers and keeps on raising her own.

If, as Professor Guérard thinks, the trend of French policy is likely to remain unchanged in the immediate future, heaven help Europe! But I am more hopeful than Professor Guérard, for I see symptoms of growing opposition to that policy in France. Daladier, president of the National Executive of the Radical Party, has proposed that the alliance with Poland should not be renewed when it expires next year. There is an increasing belief that the alliances are liabilities, not assets. The Socialist Party at its congress at Tours quietly dropped for the first time Jaurès's scheme of a "national militia" (formulated at a time when Germany had conscription), which is the first step toward a policy of abolishing conscription. There are also disquieting symptoms. The temper of the French bourgeoisie is very bad on the whole—unpleasantly like the temper of 1912. Too many people talk about sending an army corps into Germany—they have virtually forgotten the Treaty of Locarno. The servile press has worked up violent hatred of Germany and America, and cartoons in every satirical paper represent Uncle Sam as a sort of Shylock cutting off for the benefit of Germany a pound of French flesh. Yet if America or England or both would only give a strong lead in the matter of disarmament, there might be a response in France that would surprise everybody. There will be a general election in France while the disarmament conference is sitting—unless it breaks in confusion at an early date—and if the French supporters of disarmament were given something to fight on, the result might be very satisfactory. The French always like a principle and no principle appeals to them more than that of equality. Try them with the principle of equality between all nations in the matter of disarmament, that is to say, the acceptance by all nations, *ceteris paribus*, of the conditions imposed by the peace treaties on the conquered countries.

Contributors to This Issue

W. G. CLUGSTON is a Kansas journalist.

WITTER BYNNER is coauthor with Kiang Kang-hu of "The Jade Mountain: A Chinese Anthology."

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

MORRIS R. COHEN, professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York, is the author of "Reason and Nature."

ROBERT DELL has for many years been a contributor to *The Nation*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and other periodicals on conditions in France.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING is the author of "These People."

DONALD A. ROBERTS is a member of the English department at the College of the City of New York.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

MARGARET MEAD is the author of "Coming of Age in Samoa."

In the Driftway

THE world, as commentators have observed from time immemorial, is full of paradoxes and illogicalities. Take railway cars. Now the Drifter enormously prefers the American Pullman, or even the day coach, to the European compartments, which give one the benefits neither of privacy nor of publicity. The seats are uncomfortable, and half of the passengers are compelled to ride facing backwards and to sit staring at the other half. The first trains, of course—as anyone can see either from illustrations or in the specimen on exhibit at the Grand Central Terminal—were merely a series of stage-coaches hitched together with a locomotive in front. The European mind, being conservative, when it developed the later railway carriage simply telescoped a series of stage-coaches—the present compartments—on to one set of wheels. The American mind, more enterprising, less tradition-bound, designed the day coach and the Pullman.

* * * * *

BUT confronted by the problem of the sleeping-car, the American mind broke down. The Drifter speaks with feeling, for, after a blessed respite, he was recently obliged to travel on one. Now no one except a professional Japanese acrobat, the Drifter contends, can learn to get undressed and dressed without not merely exasperation, but a profound sense of personal humiliation in the cramped horizontal position which the Pullman berth compels. What becomes of the concept of personal dignity when one tries to get one's trousers on or off in such a position? How women put up with the more complicated processes of their toilet under such conditions the Drifter cannot conceive. True, some passengers attempt to stand while dressing, but run the grave risk of getting badly bumped and having their feet stepped on by people walking down the aisle. Further, the Pullman curtain does not even assure privacy, and is surely no protection whatever against adjoining conversations.

* * * * *

THE European *wagon-lit*, an adaptation of the European compartment, is at least a generation ahead of the Pullman sleeper. It is private; it shuts out other people's talk; it is comfortable to sleep in, and it permits one to undress and dress sitting down or standing up, like a lady or a gentleman, instead of prostrate on one's back. Well, there are hopeful signs. The Pullman company in the last year or so has introduced what the Drifter thinks it calls "double-bedroom" cars, which are practically arranged like the European *wagon-lit*. Such cars, however, are still very few in number, and available only on such crack trains as the Twentieth Century. And for travelers going alone they are pretty expensive. Americans will probably continue to suffer from the Pullman sleeper for at least the next twenty years; and as, with heads and heels on the mattress, they arch their backs to get their trousers or girdles on, they will even congratulate themselves on living in the country that surpasses all others in its rapid adoption of the last word in physical and mechanical comfort.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Cry for Help

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is a bitter cry for relief.

On July 6, 23,000 coal miners in the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia came out on strike against starvation. Coal operators have repeatedly refused to meet the West Virginia Mine Workers in joint conference. As a result, 90,000 human beings—workers, their wives, and little children—are today crowded together in the bleak mining camps of West Virginia, putting up the fight of their lives in the lowest-paid mining area of the country. To their demand for decent conditions and a more tolerable existence, the coal operators have replied with wholesale evictions and the guns of private guards.

These are the days when miners' children follow their mothers about the kitchen asking for food—and there aren't any potatoes or flour in the house. The child who gets even canned milk is lucky. Not new conditions these, but the ones which have existed for years, since the union was destroyed. Now the miners are seeking through their own endeavors to win freedom and a little happiness for themselves and their children. A strike means suffering, but there is no other way that they can win through to better days.

This is therefore a blunt, perhaps too blunt, request to give and give hard. Your contributions will give these workers food and spirit to carry on their struggle. Make checks out to Forrest Bailey, Treasurer, and mail immediately to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Room 1001, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

New York, July 10

NORMAN THOMAS, Chairman

JOHN HERLING, Acting Secretary

H. A. Miller—Teacher

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the discussion of Herbert Adolphus Miller's treatment by Ohio State University one central factor seems to me to be inadequately stressed. A professor's public activities often receive notice, while enlightened teaching, year in and year out, is less likely to attract attention. As a former student under Professor Miller, before he went to Ohio State, I want to add that this case is of public concern because it involves one of the finest teachers ever available to an American university.

There would be some to differ. Miller has never had any use for cut-and-dried formulas in education. He was always cynical about the grading system revered by orthodox pedagogues. He would never stand over a lazy student with any sort of whip. The main point is that Miller has the power of being fascinatingly interesting to alert pupils, of making education adventurous, of stirring his students to seek new facts and appreciations for themselves. He was a pioneer in the educational method of taking students directly into contact with the institutions they were investigating. If he occasionally minimized the more formal outlines of his courses, he always had on tap an amazingly wide knowledge, flavored with a mellow and essentially tolerant philosophy. A mind would be hopeless if it did not grow under his stimulus.

Entirely apart from his extra-curricular interests and public services, Miller's unique value as a teacher is the greatest loss to the student body of Ohio State.

Brussels, July 7

DEVERE ALLEN

This Is the Death

By HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

This is the death: the dying of the hands;
The slow, pathetic parting of no pain—
The summer wasting in a cage of sands
Whereon time pours like rain.

It is so frail a passage to this sleep;
So numb along the wrists the respite moves
The fingers loosen what they most would keep,
Rapture from what it loves.

Where then is heard the bell, exceeding sweet,
Swung by the hands to music; and where then
The chosen clusters that the lips might meet,
As once—and not again?

It is the hands slow dying into age
Before the sentient pulse; it is the rapture
Numb in the crimson shadow of its cage—
Is the death they capture.

There is no other death: that the hands refuse
All that once was their brave analysis.
This is the long farewell, and we cannot choose
Death other than this.

The Faiths They Live By

Living Philosophies. By Albert Einstein, John Dewey, Sir James Jeans, H. G. Wells, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, James Truslow Adams, Julia Peterkin, Sir Arthur Keith, Irving Babbitt, Beatrice Webb, Joseph Wood Krutch, Fridtjof Nansen, Lewis Mumford, Robert Andrews Millikan, Hu Shih, Hilaire Belloc, J. B. S. Haldane, George Jean Nathan, Irwin Edman, Bertrand Russell, and William Ralph Inge. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

THIS is a profoundly interesting volume, and from some aspects a very important one. Future generations may find it an invaluable guidebook to the intellectual temper and the winds of doctrine that prevail in our own day. Where the contemporary reader sees mainly the individual differences between the views of these contributors, his son or grandson, with the advantage of the perspective that only time can give, will see the common underlying assumptions and attitudes that more or less unite them. How grateful we would be today for a compact volume like this in which a score of the great Victorians—Darwin and Carlyle, Huxley and Arnold, Spencer and Newman, Pater and Dickens, Gladstone and Bradley—had attempted to set down in a dozen pages each their credos and “philosophies of life”! How much more grateful, many of us, for a similar symposium compiled by the great figures of the eighteenth century, the Elizabethans, the Florentines, or the Greeks! Perhaps only two or three of the twenty-two contributors to the present volume reach the stature of the great Victorians just named; yet what most of them have to say is surely worth attending to, and not a few of the credos are written with charm and flavor.

The reviewer's task in dealing with such a volume, how-

ever, is not an easy one. A summary of each of these twenty-two philosophies in turn would be dull, disconnected, and probably fatuous; a doctrinal criticism would simply add a twenty-third philosophy; while to pretend to find something common among all of them would be disingenuous, and probably lead to serious misrepresentation; such common elements, as I have hinted, are likely to be discovered only by our descendants. The only thing the present reviewer can find in common, for example, between Theodore Dreiser's contribution and Hilaire Belloc's is that both of them are half irritating and half amusing: Belloc's because of its narrow and cocksure Catholicism (“The Faith explains; it explains fully; and it is the only thing that does explain”), and Dreiser's because of its naive and almost equally dogmatic nineteenth-century mechanism, as well as its general messiness of thought and expression.

Yet there are, it is true, one or two qualities obviously common to a large number of the contributions. Most of the contributors have attempted to set down their beliefs in as highly generalized a form as possible, and they have, instinctively perhaps, attempted to set down the views which they believe to be personal to themselves, rather than those that are commonly accepted or already incorporated in the established sciences. Thus Sir James Jeans tells us nothing of his specific opinions in his own science of astronomy, but rather of his views on such leading social questions as democracy, socialism, and eugenics. (In this field he turns out, incidentally, to be surprisingly reactionary, and hardly very scientific: for example, in discussing eugenics he makes the implicit assumption that the persons with the soundest physical and mental genes are identical with the present “successful classes”; it would be interesting to hear what a biologist like H. S. Jennings would have to say about that.) Nearly all the contributors, also, tell us something of their religious beliefs—or rather, of how they came to abandon their religious beliefs. The contributions of Bertrand Russell and the Chinese writer Hu Shih are particularly appealing because they are not merely cross-section views of their present outlook, but brief intellectual autobiographies.

It is significant, also, that hardly any of the contributors attempt to tell us what they believe is “the meaning of life.” Several of them regard the question itself as absurd. Thus Irwin Edman writes that he does not believe that “life in general or the world in general has any meaning”; he does not even think “there is any meaning in saying that they could have.” But, he adds, “many things, all things in nature, may have meaning; and any life may generate its own purposes or ends. . . . Not what life means, but what meanings it may have, is what counts.” John Dewey expresses a similar view, and considers it vicious as well as pointless to talk of the meaning of life or the purpose of the universe, because such a monistic approach prevents us from recognizing the “plurality of interconnected meanings and purposes” that human life may have. Einstein, finally, remarks that “to ponder interminably over the reason for one's existence or the meaning of life in general seems to me, from an objective point of view, to be sheer folly.” So modern science and philosophy, instead of answering this immemorial question, simply slam the door in its face. Nevertheless, Einstein, too, points out that everyone must hold certain ideals to guide his aspirations: “The ideals which have always shone before me and filled me with the joy of living are goodness, beauty, and truth. To make a goal of comfort or happiness has never appealed to me; a system of ethics built on this basis would be sufficient only for a herd of cattle.” Einstein's contribution, incidentally, is the shortest in the book, and almost as condensed as his revolutionary mathematical papers on relativity.

One more general quality of the book is worth remarking.

Very few of the writers—with the exception of a professional apologist like Hilaire Belloc, or Irving Babbitt, who resumes his usual shadow boxing with the ghost of Rousseau—are inclined to appeal to Authority to support their opinions. James Truslow Adams, it is true, argues in favor of the traditional ethical judgments by appealing to "the wisdom of the race," but this appeal seems to me very dubious. It would be interesting to draw up a list of some of the practices and institutions that this racial "wisdom" has sanctioned in the past: slavery, caste systems, war, conquest, marriage indissoluble on any grounds, complete parental tyranny, religious persecution, the intolerance of any sort of freedom of thought, and the entire network of superstitious taboos—not to speak of the fact that each isolated race's "wisdom" has sanctioned such different practices from the others'. No, the twentieth century doubtless has its own appalling defects, which will be fairly clear to the twenty-first century; but it seems none the less to have reasonably good grounds for examining with a very skeptical eye the alleged wisdom of the ages.

It would be pleasant to go on to discuss some of the admirably provocative contributions of such writers as Lewis Mumford, Irwin Edman, Joseph Wood Krutch, H. L. Mencken, J. B. S. Haldane—But I began by admitting that such comprehensiveness was impossible.

HENRY HAZLITT

A Rounded Biography

Pepys, His Life and Character. By John Drinkwater. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

CONTRARY to the popular notion the existence of the "Diary" does not render superfluous a scholarly biography of Pepys. In the very frankness of his self-revelation he has quite unintentionally obscured the more substantial basis of his fame. To readers of the "Diary," unless they be uncommonly lacking in response to the charm of human foibles unaffectedly portrayed, Pepys seems a man who found his greatest satisfaction in hours given to mirth; he hardly suggests the serious empire-builder, concerned chiefly with the effectiveness of the fleet and the single-mindedness of men's service to a not always grateful monarch. Mr. Drinkwater's study, easily the finest portrayal of Pepys yet produced, succeeds in giving a true portrait of a whole man. The author makes no effort either to disregard or to deprecate the Admiralty Secretary's lighter moments; he does, however, prove conclusively that the revels with Mistress Knipp or with pretty housemaids do not constitute the entire life of the man. For the Pepys Mr. Drinkwater portrays we feel not merely tolerance or amused recognition, but as well a genuine respect and admiration.

In Pepys we perceive a man who held public office not only because he wanted to earn a substantial livelihood, but even more because he found real satisfaction in making a contribution to the public weal. In a day of lax political morals he did not refuse all irregular emoluments. He did maintain, however, a precious sense of self-respect which made it literally impossible for him to do that which would bring disgrace or material harm upon his beloved London or, even more, upon his England. Pepys loved his fat partridge and his port, and he cherished his shining guineas, but he possessed a sense of integrity that he would not sell to get riches or to preserve his goods. Mr. Drinkwater shows us an industrious and enlightened public servant not afraid to be efficient and honest in the midst of confusion and corruption. And for having done so he deserves the heartiest thanks of all lovers of Pepys, and of all who believe, even though despairingly, in the feasibility of a decent public service.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Catullus, 1931

The Poems of Catullus. Translated by Horace Gregory. Covici-Friede. \$5.

HORACE GREGORY'S task as the translator of Catullus is not that of the purely literal translator or of the translator who aspires merely to throw the Latin into a conventional English verse heavily laden with poetic diction. Any approximation of the Latin meters in English is impossible, and the inversions of the English speech which invariably result from fitting the Latin phrase to the English metrical pattern are likely to be very artificial. Familiarity with and a wish to avoid these pitfalls, on the one hand, and the desire truly to re-create the poetry of Catullus, on the other, led Mr. Gregory to use modern free verse, a form which is a better approximation of the Latin than most conventional verse forms in English. He knew, moreover, that the flavor, the original freshness, power, and feeling of Catullus could be best conveyed in strictly modern English—English which is not provincial but which is completely of this day and flexible as the literary language of poetry is not.

The poems of Catullus, the young poet who died at thirty, give a fine portrait of the best of the poet's life, and present a record of the times in which he lived. Translated as they are here into modern English—even where the use of an anachronism is necessary to make the idea clear and emphatic for the modern reader—they are as vivid as they were to the friends and enemies of the vehement young singer himself. If this method of modernizing poetry loses something of the richness peculiar to the language of the original, it gains in giving the effect of poetry of our own period; Catullus comes alive again in these translations of Mr. Gregory's, and his verse is made accessible and understandable to the modern reader.

Any translator must meet this problem: Shall he merely recast into acceptable English verse the poems of the original, or shall his task be to revitalize and clarify his texts for the general reader? If he decides on the latter course, he is subject to criticism from the scholars and literary minds of his time; but he certainly has with him the reader for whose delight he has done his work. Mr. Gregory has chosen to run the gauntlet of criticism in order to give his readers the poetry of Catullus palpitating with energy and with its original passion.

Not that Mr. Gregory has erred in matters of scholarship; he knows his Latin and knows it well. His choice of form is deliberate and carefully considered. Catullus, as we know, was one of the greatest of all love poets: his love had a furious intensity wherever it focused itself—upon Lesbia, upon his personal friends, upon nature. And his love could and did turn to hate; he was a good hater. His moods are many, and his styles vary with his moods: there is the plain colloquial Latin of the Lesbia cycle; there is the bitterly pointed epigram; there is the more intricate verse of the long hymns laden with mythological imagery. Mr. Gregory found that by using free verse he could give in his translations a much better approximation to the variety of verse patterning to be found in the original texts, and, moreover, that by using the language of today he could better express the mood of any particular poem. We find some of the best translations in the collection to be those of the romantic hymns, those conventionally patterned marriage hymns in which Catullus draws upon the legendary background of his race. Here Mr. Gregory's lines have all the necessary simplicity and epic dignity:

Here silence and sand cover my words with silence and sand
again, this is my only shelter and hope,
a nightmare with the familiar face of death rising within
my dreams.

But now before death has covered the light of my eyes
with his dark hand, before all that I see, feel, hear has
sunken

into the ground, and there is relief at last even for this body
that knows no rest, only disease of the mind and pain—

I shall call upon the gods, my last words echoing, my sobs
resounding against high heaven
in this my last, my final hour.

Horace Gregory is, perhaps, of all the modern poets, best equipped for such a task as he has undertaken. His own poetry makes use of every nuance in our modern speech, of the entire range of vocabulary from impassioned poetic and literary imagery to the swift and pointed diction of the back streets. His own rhythms are original and develop out of the emotion expressed. They are not the reminiscent and too well-disciplined meters of a strictly literary poet. Nevertheless, his poems are a curious and effective intermingling of classical training (his own verse has been influenced by Catullus) with the accurate observation of a mind particularly sensitive to and analytical of the modern scene with its social and economic complexities. Mr. Gregory feels, evidently, that the world of Catullus was in some measure comparable to our world, that it was a world of unsavory politics, of economic maladjustment, and of intellectual cynicism. In such a period poetry is likely to find its only outlet in the expression of violent personal emotion. Being himself a poet in a world not altogether dissimilar to that of Catullus, Mr. Gregory is able to make the necessary identity between himself and the poet he would re-create, such an identity as must be made if the translation is to be authentic and of literary excellence.

Some criticism has been directed against Mr. Gregory for including among the poems of Catullus the many recovered bits of diatribe and satire which the poet might not have included himself, had he lived to edit his own work. It seems to me there is a decided advantage in having before us, in modern English, these fugitive bits of verse which give us a much more complete picture of the man Catullus and of the circumstances of his life. Have we not chosen to collect and include just such bits among the poems of Herrick, Donne, and Blake?

EDA LOU WALTON

"Progress" Hits Samoa

Samoa Under the Sailing Gods. By N. A. Rowe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

THIS is a sane, honest book, a careful attempt to set down for the world at large the series of shameful events which culminated with the shooting down of the young Samoan chief Tamasese in the streets of Apia, New Zealand Samoa, on December 29, 1929. Mr. Rowe gives an excellent picture of the conditions in Samoa at the time that New Zealand took over the mandate—in brief journalistic sketches of parties, meetings, slight episodes between officials and natives, letters written to the insurgent press, contacts with visitors, all of which are used to provide a record of the *mise en scène* which will prove invaluable as precise historical data later. And a very painful story it is, this account of the few years which transformed a happy, self-supporting colony into a comic-opera set-to between hysterical officials and proud and determined natives, a comedy, however, which terminated in martial law and in the death of a chief.

When the former German colony of Samoa was given to New Zealand to administer, one of the first moves of the new government was to pass a prohibition act for whites and natives alike. In the German days natives were not permitted to drink; and a half-caste chose whether he would pay white man's taxes

and drink, or preserve his less expensive native status and not drink. The passing of the prohibition act precipitated ill feeling between the white settlers and the government, and set up on a small scale the same disregard of law which characterizes American prohibition. Under these conditions every other white man turned bootlegger, and the natives learned to drink. Meanwhile the Samoans were subjected to the stupid paternalism of a mean-minded and conceited governor. He forced them to remodel their villages, in which every stick and stone had been numbered from time immemorial; he formed their sons into Boy Scout bands, and tried to set the whole native community, with its graceful, considered patterns of etiquette and social relations, to saluting and forming fours. When native unrest culminated in a refusal of a chief to remove a fence on his own land, for which offense he was exiled from his native village, a body of dissenters known as the Mau formed among the Samoans and the disaffected white people. The governor dealt with it stupidly, refused permission to delegates to go to New Zealand, commanded the whites to disassociate themselves from the natives, barricaded a hill in Apia against the possibility of native attack, and generally showed a lack of tact, a lack of administrative ability which have seldom been equaled in the history of colonial administration. The numbers of the malcontents, under his efficient goading, swelled from a handful of Samoans to all but the entire population; plantations suffered, trade suffered, the League of Nations was annoyed at such unrest in a mandatory; and finally the New Zealand government had to import white police to end the violent disagreements which a few tactful words could have kept from ever beginning.

It is a local enough tale, this story of how a white governor, mad for recognition of his reforms and improvements, shattered the peace and prosperity of one of the most amiable, least contentious, and most peaceful peoples in the world. Mr. Rowe would draw a moral against the Mandates Commission, which he insists incited New Zealand to violence. For this assertion I do not feel that he presents sufficient proof. It is possible to draw a wider moral. This fiasco, like so many others, came from the vanity of a governor who wished to boast of improvements. Back of him stood a political system which would be satisfied only with change, which had no respect for an administration which could report merely peace and prosperity. This is the same Protestant missionizing point of view which demands that native peoples put on trousers and erect frame houses; from a government angle they must build latrines which they don't use, remodel their villages to look like cheap suburbs, and go to school to learn things which will be of no use to them. Unless such reforms are reported, the administration is a failure. As a result, not only General Richardson but other British and American governors also are continually making stupid spectacular attempts to alter the quiet rationale of the lives of native peoples, in order that their home reformers may applaud them. The whole miserable affair in Samoa may be phrased as the attempt of a governor with too much power to please a provincial-minded audience. It is a pity that New Zealand, with her fine record in the treatment of the Maoris, should have become involved in such a disgraceful business.

Mr. Rowe makes some slight attempt to deal with the early history of the country, choosing, mainly from revealing missionary accounts, stories which will point his not unjustified animus against missionaries. Where he does discuss native custom he is accurate and reliable. Of American Samoa he has, most felicitously, nothing to say, except to comment on the way the naval government succeeded in preserving American Samoa from the influenza which swept the Pacific. But the naval governors to date have not had to puff up their reputations with tales of town planning and Boy Scouts. The un-

fortunate results of New Zealand's attempt at government should serve as a sufficient warning to the United States not to demand similar "progress" in American Samoa.

MARGARET MEAD

Books in Brief

The Last Stand. By Edmund A. Walsh. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

Father Walsh is the outstanding anti-Bolshevik Catholic in the United States. He once represented the Vatican in Moscow, but now opposes any diplomatic dealings with the Soviet state. This book is a shrill cry against the Five-Year Plan and everything that Russia stands for today. Anybody who says a word in favor of the Bolsheviks is an "apologist," but the adverse critics are quoted at length and with the author's approval. Fortunately, Father Walsh can make no pretense at impartiality. This book, and his record, preclude that. "The Last Stand" contains most of the usual anti-Communist arguments thrown, helter-skelter, into one basket and salted down with ineffective invective. "The Fall of the Russian Empire" by the same writer was much better written, but the tract under review is not so gory and sensational as its predecessor. Dr. Walsh promises to continue the discussion in two further volumes. By the time they appear he may know the fate of the Five-Year Plan. Just now, he says, "the scales . . . would seem to hang even." He adds, however, that "the Five-Year Plan may even be a definite challenge to our economic complacency." In a final chapter Father Walsh argues fiercely against United States recognition of the Soviet Government.

Puritan's Progress. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

This is an odd volume, for the most part highly entertaining, often illuminating, occasionally profound. Mr. Train, writing in the familiar style of the modern magazine article, and stringing his subject matter along the thread of his family genealogical history and his autobiography, discusses such of the changing aspects of American life as suit his fancy. He has delved into many an out-of-the-way corner and dug up a number of attractive little nuggets in the way of anecdote and document. And he has used his many secondary sources to advantage. He branches out into the realms of history, economics, sociology, biography whenever he feels he has something good to say—and usually he has. The last chapters are not so good as the beginning and the middle of the book. One wishes that the last two had been omitted, partly because the method has been overdone and here seems but a faint echo of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," partly because, especially in the last chapter, Mr. Train, though his optimism and faith in progress may be allowed him as perfectly legitimate, has descended from the wise temperate method of the good popular historian to the banal manner of the conventional "forward looker."

Fiddlers' Green. By Albert R. Wetjen. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

The presentation of factual material against a fictional background—or foreground—sometimes results in so much confusion of fact and fancy that one is disposed to approach any book employing such technique with distrust. Fortunately preconceived fears turn out to be groundless in the case of Mr. Wetjen's volume. His underlying object is to tell what he has been able to find out about the legends of the sea—the stories of the Flying Dutchman, Mother Carey, Davy Jones, the Man Who Flogged the Dolphin, and others—but these tales are mostly so fragmentary and uncertain that they become more

Just Published

STUART CHASE'S New Book

In Collaboration with Marian Tyler

Illustrations by DIEGO RIVERA

MEXICO

In this study of two Americas, Stuart Chase has mixed a delectable potpourri of travel, history, economics, archaeology, religion, architecture, geography, play and human nature. The whole is spiced with the keen wit of *Your Money's Worth* and sharp observation of *The Nemesis of American Business*. Like all of Mr. Chase's books, it will entertain you, while it is making you think of your way of life in our machine age. Wherever you are vacationing, include Mexico.

FIRST PRINTING 60 THOUSAND

At all bookstores today—\$3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY :: NEW YORK

Really to understand


American Political Life read

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Here is revealed what the newspapers do not print and what the Washington correspondents write only between the lines.

Here is the juiciest inside story that has ever been told about Washington society, politics, and politicians. Here are national and international figures shown as human—all too human.

6th Edition \$3.00


HORACE LIVERIGHT INC
31 W. 47th St., New York

In the Van

ALMOST, if not quite, too late the emergency conference of seven nations has concluded its three days' sittings in London in a twilight effort to avert ruin for Germany and political chaos for Europe.

How significant, in view of this forced development in late July, is the communication addressed to The Nation from London LAST FEBRUARY 18 by Oswald Garrison Villard. The letter, as it appeared in The Nation of March 18, began:

European conference has followed upon European conference. And so many of them have ended in total failure or a flimsy pretense of success that people everywhere are cynical or disgusted, declaring that "they always end in talk." Fortunately there are exceptions to the record—first of all, the notable success of the late Indian conference, which achieved the apparently impossible, thanks to the courage, skill, and persistency of Ramsay MacDonald. But if there were no favorable precedents whatever, it would still seem to me that another conference ought to be called at the earliest possible moment.

What kind of conference? A conference among the heads of a small group of nations—Italy, the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium—for the purpose of examining immediately the actual situation in Europe and taking some steps to end the present worldwide economic crisis. Here again I hear dissent: Has there not just been an economic conference at Geneva, which gave to the press of the world an excellent statement of economic conditions, signed by twenty-seven nations? The answer is that this is not the time for statements, whether they are signed by twenty-seven nations or by all the nations on earth. What the hour calls for is action, and action before it is too late.

Thus again *The Nation* has vindicated the faith of its supporters and justified its reputation as the most prophetic and valuable American weekly.

To get acquainted, send ONLY ONE DOLLAR with the coupon below and we will enter your 13-week introductory subscription at once.

THE NATION 20 Vesey St. NEW YORK

For the \$1 enclosed, enter my subscription for 13 issues at once.

Name

Street

City

8-5-31

substantial when strung on a thread of the author's own fancy. Some will enjoy "Fiddlers' Green" purely as an underseas story of imagination and humor. Others will value it as an anthology of sailor folklore, none the less authentic because of Mr. Wetjen's fictional contribution.

Confucius and Confucianism. By Richard Wilhelm. Translated by George H. Danton and Annina Periam Danton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.75.

Richard Wilhelm was a German missionary who, instead of converting, was converted to Chinese civilization and became one of the most distinguished Sinologues of our time. The present volume accomplishes a great deal in its small compass. It supplies a translation of those passages in the work of the historian Sse Ma Chien which deal with the life of Confucius; it continues with a bibliographic study of the Confucian classics; then discusses the works of those followers of Confucius who have become incorporated in the Confucian canon; and concludes with a clear interpretation of Confucian doctrine, enforced by specimen texts from the classics. A valuable little book that makes hard but rewarding reading, to which the translators have valuably contributed from their own broad scholarship.

Lost Courts of Europe. The World I Used to Know, 1860-1912. By Marie von Bunsen. Edited and Translated by Oakley Williams. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

Marie von Bunsen, born in 1860 of German-English parents who socially were of the elect, has here set down in a charming style her memories and impressions of a cosmopolitan society thickly sprinkled with notable personalities. The prudish notions of a conventional German upbringing seem to have impeded her for a time, but she early emancipated herself and danced, dined, flirted, traveled, and conversed her way through courts and drawing-rooms in a lively though discreet fashion. One of her experiences was a visit to America in 1888 when her father was a guest of Henry Villard at the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The European celebrities with whom she was on more or less intimate terms include three German emperors—William I, Frederick, and William II—Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales, Bismarck, von Moltke, Disraeli, Browning, Rodin, the explorer Stanley, Queen Carmen Sylva, and the crown princess who became Queen Marie of Rumania. Her observations, while full of vitality, are made with a cool self-possession which makes them a kind of running interpretation of the society of a past age. There is not a dull page in the book. The translation embodies some modifications of the German original, chiefly in the omission of allusions of merely local interest.

A History of the Pacific Northwest. By George W. Fuller. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

This history is distinctly of the "local" type. The story of the Oregon country (now divided into the States of Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington) is treated in much the same way that has become familiar in histories of Eastern towns or counties. This is possible because the brevity of the history offsets the vast extent of the territory. The author is apt to slip when he leaves his local footing. For example: his brief statement of the cause of the Mexican War will scarcely satisfy most historians; it is Korea, not Japan, which is nicknamed the "Hermit Kingdom"; the British Minister to the United States who helped to settle the Oregon dispute was Pakenham, not Packenham, as he appears here in each reference. However, the book, like all local histories, must be judged by its fund of local material rather than by its preliminary geological and anthropological chapters or its occasional strays into national history. Mr. Fuller has assem-

bled a large amount of local antiquarian lore from diverse sources, which later are indicated in forty-two pages of bibliographical notes. With scarcely any exceptions, and those unimportant, the references are all to material already in print, so that the work is a compendium rather than one of original research. This may detract from its importance but not from its usefulness. Except for an enthusiastic Northwesterner the book would be rather heavy reading in any case, but the publishers have made it formidable by small print, long lines, and physical weight.

Four Cents an Acre. The Story of Louisiana Under the French. By Georges Oudard. Translated by Margery Bianco. Brewer and Warren. \$3.50.

One fears that Georges Oudard is one of those writers who have set out to make history "interesting." History is never otherwise when freed from pedantry and allowed to unfold itself simply and naturally. But when you try to make it "vivid" and "colorful" and "picturesque," you often make it murky and you are apt to make it untrue. It is hard to follow the thread of Mr. Oudard's story, and his failure to connect old names of places with existing ones sometimes makes his geography hazy. His sins against truth are not so much actual misstatements—although he puts the second big fire of New Orleans in 1792 instead of 1794—as distorted emphasis. He entitles his chapter on the voyage of Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet, *The Discovery of the Mississippi*, dismissing lightly the finding of the river by De Soto more than a century earlier, on the ground that the Spaniards stumbled upon the Father of Waters by accident while looking for something else. What would the author say of Columbus, who bumped into the Western Hemisphere by chance when in search of a route to the East Indies?

Ten Years of World Cooperation. Foreword by Sir Eric Drummond. Geneva: Secretariat of the League of Nations.

This volume of 467 pages has been prepared as "a simple record of the work done by the League during the first ten years of its existence." A brief introduction summarizing the history of the League and describing its organization is followed by fourteen chapters dealing with the work of the League as represented in the peaceful settlement of disputes, the organization of peace and disarmament, the World Court, the codification of international law, financial and economic cooperation, international transit and communications, health, social and humanitarian activities, intellectual cooperation, the mandates system, protection of minorities, the Saar territory and the Free City of Danzig, the financial administration of the League, and League relations with public opinion. As a compendium of information from which advocacy and propaganda have been carefully excluded, the book is heartily to be commended to any who wish to know what the League has done or the methods by which it operates. Its reference value would have been increased if the names of the principal members of the League staff and of the various commissions had been included.

Horace Walpole's Fugitive Verses. Collected and edited by W. S. Lewis. Oxford University Press. \$8.50.

This amounts to a collected edition of Walpole's poetry. As such it is valuable only for what it adds to our knowledge of the master of Strawberry Hill, whom Mr. Lewis has made the subject of several other compilations for connoisseurs. The poetry in itself is sad enough; but each little piece, placed by Mr. Lewis in its setting in the correspondence or elsewhere, becomes a memento of the master, and as such has its real though often rather absurd charm.

"Never was there a more timely publication than this"

Says OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD of

THE END OF REPARATIONS

by HJALMAR SCHACHT

"While the controversy goes on and the nations of Europe fight for their very existence, this book of Dr. Schacht's is an invaluable book of reference."—From Mr. Villard's review in the previous issue of THE NATION. \$3.00

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East 46th Street New York, N. Y.

NOW YOU OUGHT TO VISIT THE SOVIET UNION

Round trip steamship ticket (third class) with 7 days in the Soviet Union, visiting Leningrad and Moscow, and visits to London, or Hamburg and Helsingfors.

\$209.50

or

\$212.50

This includes return steamship ticket from France, complete service and all hotel accommodations en route to and in the Soviet Union.

Sailings

Aug. 6 S.S. Albert Ballin
16 S.S. Statendam
26 S.S. Berengaria

Sept. 10 S.S. Hamburg
23 S.S. Mauretania

Other tours, from \$295.

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.

First American Travel Organization to Conduct Tours to the Soviet Union

175 Fifth Avenue

ALgonquin 4-6656

New York

☐ PLAYS ☐ FILMS ☐

An Hour's Panorama of World Events

—EMBASSY—

NEWS REEL THEATRE

—TIMES SQUARE—

25cContinuous—10 A.M.—Midnight
Change of Program Weekly
Refrigerated—Midnight Show Saturday**25c***Another Amkino Triumph!***HELD OVER FOR SECOND WEEK!****A JEW AT WAR**A tense drama of one who sees the futility
of war . . . man against man . . .
Jew against Jew . . .**R
K
O CAMEO** 42nd St. **ALWAYS**
& B'way **COOL***Now!***"The
IMMORTAL VAGABOND"**

All-Talking

*The latest UFA triumph
acclaimed in London as one
of the best films of the year!*A thrilling drama of a Viennese musical
genius who becomes an eternal wanderer
through a twist of fate.**WARNER THEATRE** Broadway and 52nd Street
Phone: Circle 7-5900

Continuous Performance Daily—Noon to Midnight—Popular Prices

☐ **WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT** ☐**PLAYS TO SEE**

- ‡Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Series—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
- *Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
- †Once in a Life Time—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
- *Precedent—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
- *Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
- ‡Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way & 43 St.
- ‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
- *The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
- *The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
- ‡The Third Little Show—Music Box—45 St. W. of B'way.
- ‡Zeigfeld Follies—Zeigfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

- A Jew At War—Cameo—42 St. and B'way.
- News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
- Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave., 49 and B'way.
- Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien—Little Carnegie, 57 St. E. of 7 Ave.

*See pages iii, iv and v for
SUMMER Advertising***Films
SOS**

ON this, the third anniversary of the talking picture ("The Jazz King" startled the world in the summer of 1928), I find myself quite unable to offer the usual congratulations. The promise the talking picture held out at its birth of growing into something worthy of public respect and even admiration has not been fulfilled. Today it looks so utterly sick both in body and mind that unless some drastic change takes place it seems destined to drag on a miserable existence as a deformed and blabbering half-wit.

In saying this I do not mean to suggest that I greatly miss its elder brother, the Hollywood silent picture, whom it dispatched into limbo with such childish unconcern. On this point the situation was summed up pointedly about a year ago by Mr. Rex Ingram, the well-known director of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," who expressed himself in these words: "Silent films are finished—and a good thing, too. The plain truth is that the motion-picture industry was like a man dying of anemia . . . Everybody has been doing the same old thing. There was nothing fresh to do. You had the same old stories and, with trifling alterations, the same old situations; and you could do nothing more with them."

This needs but one qualification. If the motion picture resembled a man dying of anemia it was not because of the silence of the silent picture, but because of the moronic standards of film-making that Hollywood considered the alpha and omega of cinematic wisdom. One notes two significant facts. In Soviet Russia for the past three or four years the silent picture had attained a level of artistic expression that had made it the most vital and widely acclaimed contribution to the art. By contrast, in this country the silent picture had lost favor with the public long before the sensational arrival of the talking picture. It was a fortunate thing for the Hollywood movie lords that the talking picture arrived when it did. It caught the imagination of the public and regained for the movies their lost ascendancy. But Hollywood never learned its lesson. It has treated the talkie as shabbily as its silent predecessor, and today it is reaping the results of its stupid and shortsighted policy in the growing indifference of the public and the threat that this implies to its financial returns.

Is the situation then so utterly hopeless? I believe it can still be saved, but this needs an enlightened policy on the part both of the producers and the public. It seems almost incredible that of all the big industries in this country the movie industry is practically the only one that conducts no organized artistic and scientific research. A new idea in film-making must be presented in a complete and finished form before the producers will condescend to look at it. And the cost of making a film being usually beyond the means of an individual worker, this attitude virtually destroys all chances of any original conception ever being tried and developed for practical use. The producers must realize that what is at stake today is the prestige of the movies itself, and there is no way of maintaining that prestige except by encouraging, if only on a small scale, untrameled artistic and scientific effort, and by cultivating, even if it does not result in high profits, the support and interest of the discriminating minority of the public. The latter for its part can help to save the movies. All it needs is to make its disaffection and demands sufficiently vocal. One of the ways of doing this is to form a genuine public organization on the lines of the Film Society of London.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1931

No. 3449

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	143
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Hoover, Call Congress!.....	146
Murder in New York.....	147
Rising Bank Failures.....	147
"Shoot the Works" Together.....	148
FRANCE AGAINST THE WORLD. By Oswald Garrison Villard..	149
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. VIII. HOOVER AND POWER. By Amos Pinchot.....	151
FEUDALISM IN WEST VIRGINIA. By Helen G. Norton.....	154
DECENCY AND PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT. By Newton Aiken.....	156
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	158
CORRESPONDENCE.....	158
BOOKS:	
Night Is Here. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin.....	160
A Study in Comeliness. By Dorothy Van Doren.....	160
Charming Sir Edmund. By Horace Gregory.....	160
"Addressee Not Found." By Stanley J. Kunitz.....	161
El Greco and "Interpretation." By Morton Dauwen Zabel.....	162
The General Strike. By David J. Saposs.....	163
New York's Palmy Days. By Montrose J. Moses.....	163
Books in Brief.....	164
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	166
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
How They Win Elections in Hungary. By Friedrich Scheu.....	167

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THAT THE BANK OF ENGLAND has had to come to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and especially to the Bank of France, for a joint credit of \$250,000,000 was probably not the most pleasant news for proud Englishmen to swallow, but the credit should at least stem the outward flow of gold and establish London confidence securely again. So securely, indeed, that some bankers do not even believe that any part of the credit will have to be used. The credit, it is worth pointing out, was granted practically without hesitation, by direct negotiation among the representatives of the banks and without the need of any seven-power conference of ministers. The Germans may perhaps be forgiven for wondering why a similar credit could not have been established in favor of the Reichsbank. The credit to the Bank of England, it is true, was necessary partly to enable London bankers to leave their balances in Germany, and so helps the Reichsbank indirectly, but more direct help is obviously necessary.

MEANWHILE THE GERMANS have been showing an admirable spirit in attempting to meet the crisis unaided. The raising of the Reichsbank's discount rate to 15 per cent, and of the rate on loans against collateral to 20 per cent, is a Spartan move. But such rates are strangulation rates; few industries, particularly in a time of grave economic depression, can stand them for more than a very

brief time. How effective such staggering rates will be, and how the German banks will meet conditions after their reopening, may be known within a few days. It remains true that a prompt granting of a foreign credit several weeks ago would probably have prevented the present crisis altogether, and that such a credit could still be instantly effective. It would have to be perhaps twice as large as the credit to the Bank of England; instead of running for only three months, it might have to be an intermediate credit to run as long as two years; but if it were extended, it is highly probable that, as with the credit to the Bank of England, confidence would be so restored by the credit itself that very little of it would have to be used. The bankers who refuse such a loan through mere political—rather than economic—timidity will be taking a very grave responsibility upon their shoulders. Meanwhile one very reassuring fact has been the appointment of a banker of the quality and breadth of view of Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank, to serve as the American member on the committee organized by the Bank for International Settlements to examine into the question of Germany's immediate credit needs.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has again spoken out admirably in an interview sent from mid-ocean by wireless to the *New York Times*. He, too, declares that the disarmament conference of next February must not fail, and he asserts that public opinion everywhere is so far in advance of governments that it will not be permitted to fail. Nothing could be truer than his declaration:

The world needs no conference of military and naval experts, bent on balancing one equipment and one resource against another, but rather a conference of farsighted and constructive statesmen and men of affairs, who firmly intend to see that this broken world is rebuilt, and that quickly, before it is overcome by a new and perhaps fatal disaster.

This leads us to point out the necessity of peace advocates busying themselves at once with the question of the personnel of the commission to be appointed by Mr. Hoover. In the first place, every naval and military expert should be left in Washington. In the second place, Mr. Hugh Gibson should be permitted to fulfil his duties as Ambassador to Belgium. In the next place, the delegation should be headed by men who really believe in disarmament, and are prepared to go through with it. We trust that the President will send no more Joe Robinsons or Dave Reeds. We earnestly urge upon him the appointment of Senator William E. Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, as one eminently fitted to lead, and with him should be associated Nicholas Murray Butler.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1914 Hermann Müller, then a rising young Socialist leader, risked his life in trying to bring the French and German Socialists together in opposing the World War. He traveled secretly to Paris only to have his overtures spurned by the French Branch of the party. He returned to Berlin disillusioned and joined with

the majority of his party in supporting the German war program. Had Müller, later twice Chancellor of the German Republic, succeeded in his mission, the war might have been prevented. It is inconceivable that either of the two governments could have carried on without the support of the great masses of working people represented by the French and German Socialists. Since the armistice the two parties have again been drawing closer together. Their leaders have become increasingly aware of the necessity of presenting a united front against war, and are more and more desirous of not repeating the mistake made in 1914. This was once more demonstrated at the recent sessions of the Socialist International in Vienna. Otto Wels, chairman of the German party, emphasized the need for solidarity. But more encouraging were the reply of Alexander Bracke, a French representative, who pledged the support of the French Socialists in opposing war, and the statement of Senator de Brouckère of Belgium, who declared that "it is not enough to hate war," but that the means and causes of war must also be attacked. He urged the party to "fight for disarmament and against the war danger." We fervently hope that the working-class leaders of Western Europe will remain as determined in their stand for peace should hostilities actually be threatened as they were in speaking from the comparative safety of a Vienna conference hall.

BRITISH JUSTICE, swift and unusually sure, is at its best in the case of Lord Kylsant, just sentenced to twelve months in jail for having issued a false prospectus "with intent to induce persons to intrust or advance property to the company." No sooner had the jury brought in its verdict of guilty than sentence was passed upon this man who until now has been one of the greatest figures in English business life. His offense was committed when he was at the head of the greatest combination of shipping lines ever brought together. To imagine an American analogue one would have to visualize a man of the type of James A. Farrell, head of the United States Steel Corporation, or the president of one of our great railroads, standing in the dock. What Lord Kylsant did was to permit the issuing of a prospectus which presented a favorable status of the Royal Mail shipping combination without making it clear that some of the amounts which made that favorable showing possible on paper had been taken out of secret reserves. The judge took a grave view of the crime, saying: "If it became known to the world that the balance-sheets of English companies could not be relied upon, it would be a very serious thing for this country." In sentencing the noble lord he told him that his offense was "very grave and very serious," so that he could not give him leniency. The speed of British justice is exemplified by the fact that Lord Kylsant's preliminary examination in the Lord Mayor's Court of London occupied only a few days, and that the whole trial of this extremely important and difficult case, which involved also the auditor, who was acquitted, took exactly nine days from beginning to end.

FREEDOM AT ANY COST is the demand advanced by Emilio Aguinaldo for the islands he once sought to defend against American aggression. This is the spirit in which the American Revolution was fought. It is the spirit in which any movement for liberty or independence must

be carried forward to succeed. Aguinaldo does not blind himself to the possibility that independence for the Philippines may bring violence and bloodshed. But, he said, in replying to a questionnaire sent him by Senator Hawes of Missouri: "Civil wars and uprisings have in many cases been the price which independent peoples have had to pay in order to consolidate their institutions." Yet the noted rebel is not so headstrong as this statement seems to suggest. He would work out logically and carefully the various problems involved in the granting of independence. For example, he suggested to Senator Hawes that the present free-trade relationship between the Philippines and the United States be maintained for a period of five years after the islands are set free politically. This would give the Filipinos an opportunity to solve some of their more important economic problems under the protection of the United States but without at the same time being hampered by American politicians, as they are at present. Any other course would be very likely to prove disastrous. We owe it to the Filipinos that they be not set helplessly adrift. We are in duty bound to assist them as best we can. But their political freedom must come first, and this means our complete abstention from political interference in their domestic affairs.

THAT IS A MOVING APPEAL which Miss Josephine Roche, the president and majority stockholder of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company of Denver, has made to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in protest against a reduction of 20 per cent in the wages of the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel and Iron Company:

One word from you can prevent a recurrence of the human and economic waste which will result from the action taken by your company, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in cutting miners' wages 20 per cent. For forty years industrial conflict has periodically broken out in Colorado as a result of similar attempts to secure operating profits at the sole expense of workers. Following the Colorado loss of life and property in 1914, which culminated in the Ludlow massacre, you widely advertised a new industrial program by public assurances, which now take on fresh importance, to the effect that conditions leading to industrial upheaval in Colorado would never recur. But the causes of industrial unrest were not removed, and the traditional and anti-social methods of the past are being again employed by your company.

Miss Roche correctly adds that the disorganization and chaos of the coal industry cannot be cured by forcing labor to take lower wages and "by sidestepping the responsibility for correcting operating and marketing abuses," which responsibility in the last resort rests upon the owners. We have a great deal of admiration for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a public-spirited citizen staggering under the most grievous burden of wealth ever put on an individual's shoulders. But we cannot understand his refusal to go to Colorado, to see for himself the condition of his employees and to study on the spot the conduct of his operating officers.

HENRY FORD has shut down his Detroit automobile factories almost completely. At least 75,000 men have been thrown out of work; they have been given an unwanted summer "vacation" without pay. Press dispatches say that the plants may be reopened within a few weeks. But to what sort of wages will the men come back, if and when they do

come back? To the high wages of which Mr. Ford has so proudly boasted in the past? Apparently not. Although the newspapers say nothing of it, information reaching us from a reliable source in Detroit suggests that even the much-advertised Ford wage scale is to be slashed as a result of the depression. "The men now laid off," our correspondent writes, "are laid off permanently. That is, their badges have been taken from them. When, and if, they are rehired it will be as new men at \$6 a day." In other words, Ford wages are to be cut, but the fiction that they are not will very probably be preserved. More ominous news from the Detroit sector is contained in the reports of rioting at the Ford plants. Three such riots, in which machinery was destroyed and open fighting followed, took place when the present lay-off began. This is the first time that the Ford workers have struck back at the management. It is a symptom whose significance cannot be overlooked, despite the fact that the daily papers saw fit to ignore the news.

AL CAPONE, on the eve of going to prison for violation of the federal income-tax and prohibition laws, has come out flatly against gang movies for the young. Clad in black-and-white silk pajamas, the former beer king delivered himself as follows:

You know, these gang pictures—that's terrible kid stuff. Why, they ought to take all of them and throw them into the lake. They're doing nothing but harm to the younger element of this country. I don't blame the censors for trying to bar them. . . . These gang movies are making a lot of kids want to be tough boys, and they don't serve any useful purpose.

Before the exquisite irony of this we bow our heads without a word. Or almost without a word, venturing only to observe that the heart of the younger element of this country must be sore at such unkind words from one of its heroes. Nor are the movies alone dangerous. "I've been offered \$2,000,000 to write a book, but I won't do it," Mr. Capone went on. "I've had lots of offers from moving-picture producers, but I feel about that as I do about books." Moreover, when he gets out of jail, Scarface Al promises he will say "goodby to the racket" for good. And he finishes up his role of Robin Hood, gentleman outlaw and protector of the young, by remarking:

I've been made an issue, I guess, and I'm not complaining. But why don't they go after all these bankers who took the savings of thousands of poor people and lost them in bank failures? . . . Isn't it lots worse to take the last few dollars some small family has saved—perhaps to live on while the head of a family is out of a job—than to sell a little beer, a little alky?

How about it, boys and girls? Don't all speak at once, but isn't it?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE COLLEGES was not the title of the addresses Dr. Clarence C. Little delivered recently at Columbia University, but it might have been. Dr. Little, formerly president of the University of Michigan, finds that everything, beginning with the faculty, is wrong. Faculties are lazy, uninspired, interested in anything but teaching, and need a "cold shower" every five years to make them change some of their "academic clothes." Students are in the first place admitted to college without

any effort being made to find out what sort of boys and girls they are, and they are permitted liberties, once they are enrolled, which defeat the purpose they come to college to fulfil. Alcohol, automobiles, and coeducation are the main evils; fraternities and almost professional athletics are only a little less dangerous. Dr. Little's ideal is evidently the time-honored one of the university group, both of faculty and students, assembled for the purpose of getting educated. He should have observed by now that American colleges are not wholly designed with this end in view. American colleges are training schools for American business. Students enter them to learn how to make a living in a hard-boiled, machine-made, twentieth-century civilization. For "education" in Dr. Little's sense they have small need and less desire. A monastic four years spent in seclusion with their books would not teach them to "make contacts," any more than it would to sell bonds or to write advertising copy. And sensibly enough, the vast majority of American college students get from college just what they find useful later on.

"A MAN HAS AS MUCH RIGHT to be a Communist as a Democrat, and a Communist ought to have as much freedom as a Democrat. I say, however mistaken in his views a Communist might be, he should have an equal right to persuade others as long as it is done peaceably." We wish that this sentence might be posted in large letters in the office of every mayor and police official in the United States. It is only the sound American doctrine; indeed, it is the age-old doctrine of human liberty which is thus restated, but is, alas, constantly being violated under the Stars and Stripes. These words come not from any "parlor pink" editor, or any dangerous radical. They come from a judge in New Jersey—Vice-Chancellor John O. Bigelow. Chancellor Bigelow is not one of those who believe that in times of unrest one should soft-pedal as to the right of free speech lest hot-heads make ill use of political unrest and economic suffering. The case that came before him was obviously a very clear one, yet there are judges in the country, we regret to say, who would have turned a deaf ear to the plea. Albert Hoffman, a Communist candidate for the New Jersey Assembly, appealed to the Chancellor for a writ of habeas corpus because he had been arrested merely because he had applied to the police of Jersey City for a permit to hold a street meeting. That sounds incredible, but it is true, the police of Jersey City having made a crime out of a legitimate request.

WILLIAM L. McLEAN, the publisher and owner of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, whose death occurred on July 30, created one of the most successful dailies in the United States by wholly unspectacular methods. It cannot be said that the *Bulletin* is over-well informed, or over-intelligent, or able editorially. It is just the kind of paper to make a middle-class appeal—clean, dull, bourgeois, conventional—with the result that it has achieved no less than 558,000 readers. If it has no vigorous opinions, it is admirably independent politically both of the local Vare machine and of the Republican Party in the State, as it is of the department stores in spite of their heavy advertising. Like its late owner, it seeks to offend no one, and takes life as it is, gently without much concern. Yet it is a good and decent daily, exerting a tremendous influence, and it is popular, as was Mr. McLean himself wherever he went.

Mr. Hoover, Call Congress!

THE President has at last moved in the direction of preparing for the grim and menacing winter which lies before us—only to the extent, however, of conferences with the head of the Red Cross and with the Secretary of Labor. It will surprise no one to learn that he is unyielding in his opposition to any federal aid to the unemployed, that he still firmly believes that unemployment relief "is essentially a local concern," and that "responsibility for its administration must rest with the affected communities." Why, then, does he concern himself at all with the matter? Merely because he believes that the federal government is "an effective coordinator of local effort"—we quote from reliable press dispatches. With Mr. Payne of the Red Cross—who refused to aid the destitute miners because their situation was not caused by any "act of God," but who is willing to work (though not to give money) for the general unemployed, apparently on the theory that a beneficent God ordained that our workless millions should go hungry and jobless—the President took up the question of "better coordination of all federal, State, and local unemployment agencies." With Secretary Doak he discussed not only this but the much-heralded reorganization of the federal employment service in the Department of Labor, which rebuilding we had thought finished long ago.

All of which is mere trifling with the gravest social issue the country has confronted in generations. It may be an engineer's way of preparing for a dire emergency; it strikes us as wholly beside the mark. It is admitted in Washington, by the spokesmen for Mr. Hoover, that while "there is nothing alarming about it, the unemployment situation will be very serious." The fact is that it would be extremely serious if there were to be no increase whatever, but there is every evidence that there is bound to be a great increase as companies which have held out so far find their reserves exhausted, their markets steadily decreasing. It is highly significant that Mr. Ford has shut down his great Detroit works for August and that only eleven of the thirty-six Ford assembly plants throughout the country will be in operation. In the face of what is plainly impending it is Mr. Hoover's paramount duty to call Congress in session in the early fall. The Congress still in considerable measure voices the opinions of the electorate. It was intended under our system that it should deal with the vital problems of our political and economic life. This is a first-degree emergency which confronts us; Congress should meet in September.

We are well aware that Mr. Hoover is opposed to calling Congress for the precise reason for which we think it should be summoned: he does not wish Congress to deal with the unemployment situation. He knows that when Congress meets, it will be hostile to his ideas; that it will be from the outset opposed to his halfway measures. He knows that when Congress assembles he will be called upon for a positive program all along the line. He has not met this test in the past—he will in all probability not meet it whether Congress meets in September or December. None the less, it is his patriotic duty to summon the national legislature, and the duty of statesmanship as well. If the new Congress

does not come together until December it will find the winter, with all its hardships, upon us. It must then organize and reconstitute its committees. The House must choose a new Speaker; its almost equal division between the two parties will render this reorganization difficult indeed, so that 1932 will be upon us before the Congress functions.

We are well aware that Mr. Hoover proposes to do a good deal of work for relief—perhaps through a new organization—before Congress assembles. He doubtless counts on the deficit and the impending Presidential election to help him in his effort to prevent any "radical" legislation. We reply that the suffering today among farmers, miners, textile workers, and numerous other groups is so grave that it is idle to think that any amount of Presidential initiative and coordination or reorganization will supply the aid needed, and that he will himself face a dire punishment if that suffering continues. On leaving him Mr. Payne again declared that unemployment "is a local problem, pure and simple." But what, we ask, is starvation? Is that a municipal problem also? Who is helping the starving miners except inadequate volunteers? Who is going to look after the Middle Western farmers like those in Kansas who are facing absolute destitution? We deny that local aid will do it, and we demand that the national legislature meet at once and stay in session to deal with each emergency as it arises.

It is not necessary to be an alarmist in the matter. The signs of warning appear day by day, so that he who runs may read. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Rockefeller company, has cut its workers' pay from \$6.25 to \$5.25 a day, and so has every other company in the State of Colorado, save one. The progress of deflation of wages goes on apace. Secretary Lamont has had to admit the right of companies on the verge of disaster to cut wages, and that situation is not altered by the fact that the President immediately thereafter had the announcement made that the policy of the government in regard to wage cuts had not changed. Whole industries are becoming demoralized. For example, the Governor of Oklahoma has notified the President that if oil sells below a dollar a barrel he will shut down every well in the State (except "stripper wells"), and declares that "if necessary we will use the military to enforce the order." Not sufficient attention has been given to the report of the Lumber Survey Committee, which presents the blackest possible picture of the lumber industry, and calls for immediate restriction of production—a step already taken by leading mills at the risk of prosecution. The condition of the entire oil industry needs no further comment. The railroad situation is not improving; the officials of the Delaware and Hudson, the Southern Railway, and other large companies have either voluntarily cut their salaries or had them cut. For the President in the face of all of this to limit to himself the power to guide the destinies of the country for four months more appears indefensible. More than that, as the recent outburst of Senator McKellar has shown, every day that he delays ratification of his European debt moratorium increases the danger of serious opposition to that admirable measure of world sanitation.

Murder in New York

THE latest gang row which resulted in the death of a five-year-old boy and the serious injury to four other children ranging in age from three to fourteen years may at last arouse the people of New York City to a serious consideration of the conditions under which they live. Even gangsters, it is reported, frown on the murder of little children, and the police, while almost willing to admit their helplessness in the situation, nevertheless advance the opinion that the shooting was done by amateurs unused to gangsterism or to the deft employment of firearms. So far no one has been held for the shooting; various persons have been questioned, all of whom present air-tight alibis. The neighboring Sicilians on West 107th Street, where the children were shot, are heavily schooled in a tradition of silence after trouble. They see nothing, they hear nothing, they suspect nothing. Or at least they will not impart their suspicions to the authorities, for the very good reason that death, in their experience, so often awaits the "squealer." Mayor Walker at first treated the matter with his usual frivolity. Questions put to him by the *New York World Telegram* were evidently designed "to embarrass me," but "the only thing embarrassing me is the heat." And when urged again to comment on the matter he said: "I naturally feel as everyone else does about it and I feel that Commissioner Mulrooney will handle the investigation satisfactorily."

The vulgar callousness of these remarks may be passed over, but with respect to Commissioner Mulrooney's ability to handle the situation, a glance at the *New York Times* "Index" for the month of June passed makes illuminating reading. Running one's eye down the column of Murders—New York City, one reads at random the following items: Brivanzano, F., slain, June 29; J. J. Cerbara [slain], man held, June 28; De Rosa, L., victim of gang feud, June 4; Jacaparo, J., called beer-racket victim, slain, June 9; Rosenberg, A., slain, believed to be another victim of liquor-traffic feud, June 17; Sattler, C., gangster, slain, I. Gold, passerby, injured, June 23; Soricelli, J., slain, refuses to name assailants, June 22; Zaccarelli, J., slain, I. Morzia dies of wounds, June 30; Atarati, G., slain, four others injured, June 1. In other words in one month in New York City fifteen men were killed or injured by bullet wounds in the course of gangster fights, in almost every case at the hands of "unknown assailants." This is not, be it remembered, the complete list of homicides in the city during June, 1931; it excludes all but those most clearly the work of gangsters warring on gangsters. Under these conditions it was inevitable that sooner or later innocent persons should suffer, and in a crowded street in one of the poorer sections of the city on a hot summer night one need hardly be surprised that the victims were children.

Commissioner Mulrooney makes one excellent suggestion in respect to the affair. "This ought to wake people up," he said, "and teach them that there must be more adequate laws governing the sale of pistols, shotguns, and rifles. . . . As long as weapons that are outlawed in one State can be readily got in another, there will be happenings of this sort." It is true, of course, that the easy purchase of firearms results in gang fights that end in murder. But before

effective federal supervision of the sale of deadly weapons can be brought about, what shall be the function of the New York police? Are they, as they seem to be, quite helpless to prevent almost daily murder in the city? Is there no possible control of racketeering and gangsterdom in New York? Must the city face the fact that its police department is powerless to insure the safety of its citizens while every sort of racket flourishes? If this is so, then New York might save a large amount of the taxpayers' money every year by abolishing its police force, and giving itself over frankly to the tender mercies of the gangs.

The shooting of these five Italian children is a challenge to the city administration. It is not comforting in such an emergency to have a mayor who divides his comments between wisecracks about the heat, meaningless confidence in the Police Commissioner, and orders to "shoot to kill" anybody suspected by the police of being a criminal with a gun. There is a fairly general impression, among the people of New York, that the police know pretty well all the rackets that are going on and a number of the persons who are engaged in them, but that for some reason they are powerless to interfere. It is Commissioner Mulrooney's duty to dispel such a notion in one of two ways: either by promptly bringing the perpetrators of the latest outrage to justice, or by confessing his helplessness and giving up his job. Across the river in Jersey City he has an example of a local administration that keeps gangs down—or out. Although within a stone's throw of New York, Jersey City is practically free from gangsterism; murders are at a minimum, night clubs abolished. New Yorkers may well ask why this is so, and may ask meanwhile what is to be done to make their city safe to live in.

Rising Bank Failures

IN the six months ended June 30 of this year 684 banks, with total deposits of \$455,000,000, closed their doors. With the exception only of the last six months of 1930, when the total was brought up by the failure of the Bank of United States in December and the appalling number of suspensions all over the country in November as well as in that month, the figures for the first half of the present year are the largest for any half-year period on record. That a period of world-wide depression should precipitate a large number of bank failures may seem to many merely inevitable. But Great Britain, which has been passing through a period of post-war depression far more severe than our own, has been virtually free of bank failures. The disease from which our own banking system suffers, moreover, while it is more severe in bad times than in good, has already shown itself to be a chronic one—one that was making progress, indeed, even in the peak years of Republican prosperity. It is worth while setting down the record for the last decade, as shown in the official figures of the Comptroller of the Currency:

Calendar Year	Number of Banks Suspended	Deposits of Banks Suspended
1921.....	501.....	\$196,000,000
1922.....	354.....	111,000,000
1923.....	648.....	189,000,000
1924.....	776.....	213,000,000

1925.....	612.....	173,000,000
1926.....	956.....	272,000,000
1927.....	662.....	194,000,000
1928.....	491.....	139,000,000
1929.....	642.....	235,000,000
1930.....	1,345.....	865,000,000

It is clear from this that there was a rather steady increase in bank failures even before the depression year of 1930, and that this increase occurred while prices of securities were being carried up to more and more extravagant levels. The bank failures of the last twelve months, therefore, can only in part be attributed to the present depression, and even these could in the main have been avoided if reasonably sound banking practices had been followed.

Our banking failures have often been attributed to our system of thousands of independent units. There are still nearly 24,000 separate banks in the United States—though through suspensions and mergers the number has been reduced by more than 5,000 in the last half-dozen years. As compared with this, Great Britain has about half a dozen great banks with thousands of branches. That many of our banking failures may be attributed to the small size of individual banks, there can be little doubt. The fortunes of these banks are tied very closely to the fortunes of local industries and local crops; such banks necessarily find it difficult to diversify their loans, to spread their risks, and to keep themselves liquid; and their overhead expenses are often excessive. It seems probable that there would be a real increase in stability in many sections if branch banking were more freely permitted for both State and federal banks. It is anomalous that widespread branches are permitted in virtually every other major industry or business in the United States but banking, where the confidence that large resources inspire seems peculiarly necessary. Under our dual system of State and federal banks, it seems advisable that no federal bank be allowed to expand beyond the lines of any one State, and certainly State and federal banks should be placed on an equality in this respect. Such an arrangement would provide most of the States with better banking service at the same time that it would prevent the great New York and Chicago institutions from securing any dangerous domination.

But that branch banking, though it should prove a stabilizing factor, is in itself no guaranty of banking safety has been amply illustrated by the failure of the Bank of United States and similar institutions with many branches within large cities. What is imperatively needed is a radical simplification and rationalization of our jumbled State and federal banking laws, and a concentration of supervisory responsibility. Even this will not provide more than a partial remedy unless our bankers learn to become less recklessly optimistic at the peak of business cycles, more skeptical regarding the permanence of "new eras." While there were 358 failures in the twelve months ended June 30, 1921, for example, there were only 49 in the preceding twelve months, and those 49 failures represented a larger number than in any of the preceding four years. It is clear, then, that the wave of bank failures which began in 1921 was in large part the result of mortgages placed on inflated land values, which in turn reflected a mistaken capitalization of war-time crop values. No State or federal supervision, however honest or efficient, can completely offset unsound banking judgment of that type.

"Shoot the Works" Together

HEYWOOD BROWN, to his capacities of newspaperman, crusader, politician, preacher, man-about-town, and generous friend to all the world, has added that of play producer. He also, one hears, calls himself an actor, but of that perhaps the less said the better. But he is indubitably a producer; nightly on Broadway his show is witness to it. Audiences, hard-boiled, typical, midsummer Broadway audiences, are paying good American money for admission. Young ladies in Mr. Brown's show dance like any other chorus girls; young gentlemen sing, delicately tap-dance up and down ladders, disappear under beds, and profess undying love for some of the young ladies. A regular Broadway show—but with a difference!

The difference is apparent on the stage and in the wings. There are acts in Mr. Brown's play that would appear on no amateur stage in the country, be it ever so "ham." There are other acts breath-taking in their skill, and one double-jointed young man who is probably not human at all, but an automaton jerked by invisible strings from above. His name does not appear on the program, which is characteristic of Mr. Brown's show. There are jokes which have not been told for years and then only in Pullman smokers. There is an easy, comfortable air of informality, made more so by the sight of Mr. Brown himself, dressed in his old blue suit, wandering on and off stage, a little helpless, a little apologetic, but smiling his own endearing smile. This is what the audience sees. Behind the scenes other strange things are happening. For this really is a cooperative show. They really do divide up the profits, and there really have been profits to divide. At the end of the first week the young ladies of the chorus got forty dollars apiece and sent a testimonial to Mr. Brown, declaring that never, never in any show had they been treated in such a gentlemanly manner. The principals, some of whom, it is said, would have sniffed at two or three times their salary in Mr. Brown's show, are taking one hundred dollars a week without complaint. One suspects that more than one act has been put on gratis. And the final curtain, which benighted producers of other musical shows spend thousands of dollars on, costs Mr. Brown just twelve dollars; it is not clear, at that, just what he spent the money for.

First-night critics were a little hard on "Shoot the Works." They were united in declaring politely that Mr. Brown's show was a worthy cause, but more than one of them sounded as if he agreed with Mr. Rathbun of the *Sun*, who advised his readers to support the cause by buying tickets—and giving them away. The fact is that Mr. Brown's show has a quality all its own. It is compounded of some talent, of a large amount of good temper and satisfaction, of not a little simple gratitude, and of Mr. Brown. This is not, one hastens to say again, because of his acting ability. If he has any, he has taken pains to conceal it, out of sympathy for certain of his colleagues. It is because, many persons have heard Mr. Brown declare, he really believes in the brotherhood of man. Even in a Broadway show this belief has a curious relevance and power.

France Against the World

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHAT is the actual situation of the world today? Europe is on the verge of financial collapse because Germany hangs in the balance. To save the Reich, Mr. Hoover proposed and carried through the moratorium of one year, the best psychological effects of which were spoiled by a two weeks' delay due to French haggling over the proposal. Germany was further aided by the announcement, after the seven-power conference, that certain short-term credits would be frozen, but every effort to get the American banks together to advance a credit of \$500,000,000 failed—beyond question because of French opposition. Meanwhile, though there is conflicting evidence of what took place when the heads of the French Government met Chancellor Brüning and Foreign Minister Curtius in Paris, the fact remains that the French, who were in the best position to help Germany, have not done so. The rumors still persist, despite denials in the name of Premier Laval, that the French are refusing to aid unless Germany makes political concessions which will violate its independence and will cause the fall of any German Ministry which agrees to them. The next few weeks will tell whether the Germans can save themselves, or whether it will be a question of further help in order to save Europe and the capitalist system, and to prevent an unparalleled disaster in the United States.

Meanwhile, it is obvious to every man of affairs, wherever he may be, that the Young Plan is dead and can never be revived; that if Mr. Hoover made any mistake in connection with his moratorium proposal it was in not asking for a two-year debt vacation instead of one, since in less than a year from now the whole question of reparations and debts will come up again at the worst possible time—in the middle of an American Presidential campaign. More than that, the Versailles treaty is equally finished; it is so dead that it cries to high heaven for decent interment with the customary rites. But the French will agree to neither one of these accomplished facts. They refuse to admit that anything has happened to the Young Plan beyond a temporary postponement. If, as Briand has *twice* said, they consider the Austro-German customs union a cause for war, what will his Government not say to the man who declares the Versailles treaty is on the scrap heap? The whole hegemony of France hinges on that treaty; its whole system of satellite nations, so elaborately built up by force and subvention, by skilful playing of the financial cards among people in distress and in need, will collapse. The present vicious arrangement of Europe with which France is entirely content (save that its militarists still desire the left bank of the Rhine) will come in for a new deal—the Polish Corridor, Upper Silesia, and all the rest. Not Alsace-Lorraine, of course. There Germany is on record as having formally and permanently abandoned all claims—in my recent stay of six months in Germany I never heard from any source the suggestion that Alsace-Lorraine might be, or ought to be, recovered.

France will stand against any further help for Germany

—unless paid the price of political subservience. Against any reconsideration of the Young Plan—unless it is given a price—France will set itself with all its strength. Against any revision of the Versailles treaty France will throw all its power. More than that, France stands out today in all the world as the one country which opposes thoroughgoing disarmament—except on *its* terms. It wants every step taken to be from the point of view of what it thinks it needs and what it fears. No, not what *it* fears. I do not believe that of the French people. I should have said "what the politicians now holding office fear, or pretend to fear." I notice that every time Briand makes an intensely pacifist speech his hearers wildly applaud him. I notice that the press associations all report that the reception of the Germans by the crowds in Paris was remarkably friendly and generous despite some cat-calls. I notice that there is no real public opinion in France; that the masses have no way of making themselves heard. The provincial press is negligible. The Parisian press is about the worst in the world. Where it is not deliberately corrupt, it is under the influence of the financiers, or is entirely controlled by the Government. The American newspapers, which solemnly reprint the views of the French editors whenever any important thing happens, do a great injustice in not telling the American public that most of these journals represent crooked financiers, or crooked politicians, or crooked editors, or editors who take their orders—if not their pay—from the Government. Let nobody think that such as these represent the mass of the thrifty, home-loving, law-abiding, peace-desiring people of France. Nothing of the kind. It is no more possible to deduce from a *Temps* or a *Matin* article what Bretagne thinks of a world proposal than it is possible to gauge the feeling of the people of Kansas and Oregon by the editorial solemnities of the *New York Times* or *Herald Tribune*.

But there the situation is. *Every move now being made to rescue Europe encounters French opposition. Every hope of a favorable outcome of the disarmament conference, which is to set the world free from the slavery of armaments that hideously waste national resources and spell war not peace, is menaced today by the French.* There is the plain truth. We had a Tammany boss in New York once who, when the facts were revealed as to the rottenness and corruption in Manhattan, sat back defiantly, his black cigar in his mouth, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and asked the citizenry: "What are you going to do about it?" Today, that is the question France is posing to the rest of the world. In the words of the jingo rhyme they say: "We have the ships, we have the men, we have the money, too." They have the largest fleet of fighting airplanes in the world. They have enough formidable submarines to keep England on the anxious seat. They have the largest and most effective army. They have huge gold reserves—so great that, like our own, they menace the stability of world finance. They owe no money to England, but England owes money to them. Their country is restored. Despite huge armament expendi-

tures their annual deficits are not alarming. They claim officially that they have only 35,000 unemployed when Germany has over 4,000,000, and we at least 6,000,000, and England 2,000,000. The effects of the world crisis are only felt in France here and there—in the bankruptcy of their leading steamship lines, in the severe falling off in the number of tourists, especially American, in incidental strikes and distress in certain trades like the woolen industry. Superficially they are "sitting pretty." The economic tornado has not hit them full force.

They are "sitting pretty." What are *you*, and we, going to do about it? The consensus of public opinion about France's dog-in-the-manger policy and its danger to the whole world was never more united—it is as united as public opinion in 1914 was everywhere in regard to the German violation of Belgian neutrality. Today public opinion outside of France is so wholly opposed to the French that it would be a shock to the good people of that republic if they realized it. Everywhere the belief is that France blocks the road to a genuine peace in Europe.

What are you going to do about it? When there was all that hullabaloo about the "Beast of Berlin," when our leading clergy and moralists were raving that Germany was the mad dog of Europe, the remedy suggested was to get America to apply, in Woodrow Wilson's words, "force—force without stint" and to complete the circle imprisoning the mad dog. That application of force was a miserable fizzle. It won no victory, it achieved no peace. It left us the horrible legacies of Versailles; it left us the conditions which have led to the present economic catastrophe of the world. It left us this very problem of France, for it transferred the seat of military power in Europe from Berlin to Paris without in the least changing its character, and once more we are faced with the problem of what to do with a country which is today outraging and defying the public opinion of the rest of the world.

What can we do? First, we can organize public opinion behind the governments which, like those of the United States and Great Britain, are determined that Europe shall not collapse and that the disarmament conference shall succeed. Mr. Hoover, Ramsay MacDonald, and Arthur Henderson have done splendidly in calling for disarmament. In both countries public opinion is rapidly being mobilized in their support. Wherever our public is approached, whether by individual speakers or peace caravans or in any other way, the public response is complete. Every one of our innumerable societies dealing with peace and international affairs is working as never before. So in England. Petitions in their most conservative universities have produced a unanimity of support for a cut of 25 per cent in armaments never before seen, never before possible. The press and public, and especially the women, are determined that the biased naval experts and the admirals shall not spoil this conference.

Second, there must be increasing outside public pressure brought to bear upon France—despite the difficulty of getting news through to the French people. Here the international bankers could help a lot—if they would dare to stand up against the Bank of France. They may yet be compelled to do what they now think impossible if Germany collapses financially and economically. Third, there should be pursued by the other governments a steady policy leading to the isolation of France, especially with regard to the dis-

armament conference. *The Nation* has already made the constructive suggestion that Great Britain and the United States should agree in advance upon a radical program such as the abolition of all poison gas, submarines, aircraft, and battleships, the limitation of all remaining ships (cruisers and the rest) to 10,000 tons, and of all guns to light field-artillery size, and a cut of at least 50 per cent in expenditures, this program to be urged and advocated at the very outset of the conference by at least a dozen Powers under Anglo-Saxon lead, exactly as Charles E. Hughes electrified the Washington arms conference in 1922 by offering a specific program the minute it met. This program, whenever decided upon, should be communicated *at once* to the French with all possible courtesy and good-will, with all possible urging that France, too, adopt it before the conference meets.

It is impossible to believe that such a move would not call forth the enthusiastic adherence of the vast bulk of the conference—it includes all the nations, even Russia—and it is also impossible to believe that if such a program were accepted by all save France and its satellites, France could hold out and definitely set its face against world opinion. Proof of that is to be found in its final acceptance of the Hoover moratorium. It will in any event haggle, bargain, growl, delay, and talk about its special dangers and problems. But it cannot wholly defy Europe, America, and Asia without facing world-wide excoriation and isolation. Like every other country it needs good-will; it must have it to progress financially and economically. More than that, if the rest of the world is ready to disarm radically, could any French Government defend itself to its own parsimonious citizens if it refused them a glorious opportunity to lift some of the tax burdens from their backs?

If France should then still refuse to disarm? Then (fourthly) let the other nations go on with their outlawing of battleship, submarine, and airplane. The generals and admirals will rave at such a suggestion and declare that it would make every other nation vassal to France. Nothing of the kind. No country would be allowed by its own citizens to use outlawed weapons upon peoples who would refuse to fight back in kind.

But, fifth, if the latter proposal sounds too idealistic, there are ways of organizing against France, and to these it may be necessary to turn. There is the League of Nations, for one thing. It is impossible to believe that it would rest supine under such circumstances, for, if it did so, it would admit the correctness of the frequent charge made against it that it is under the control, or controlling influence, of the French. The vital stake the League has in the disarmament conference may be realized if one remembers that upon its success probably depends the question whether Germany and the other disarmed countries will or will not remain in the League. As for the other signatories to the Treaty of Versailles, their honor and their words are in the balance. They pledged disarmament in that treaty. France may wish to have it known that her signature at Versailles has no greater value than a dicer's oath; the others do not and will not. The same is true of the signatories to the Kellogg Pact. Did they mean what they said when they signed that document, or did they not? If France insists on maintaining armaments which overawe the rest of Europe, the other great Powers have still another reason for making it clear

to France that they can no longer stand for any such policy, especially as it is, economically speaking, a rule or ruin policy. The world has a right to demand of France that it shall keep its word and conduct its relationships with other peoples upon the principle that it has forsworn war forever; not that, having taken a solemn oath to abstain from war, it shall go on conducting its international affairs as if it had never heard of the Kellogg Pact. Certainly it would not do a whit differently, if it had never signed the pact, than it is doing now. Why did the French sign the pact and praise it to the skies if it meant nothing to them and only encouraged them to continue to take counsel of their fears, to continue to arm and to hold a pistol at the heads of all the Powers in demanding the special terms and concessions which are deemed necessary for French safety—as if no agreement to abolish war existed?

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia has just urged that Congress pass at once the Capper resolution introduced two years ago, making it possible for the President to use non-forcible sanctions or disciplinary measures against any adhering nation which violates the Kellogg Pact. This

resolution would permit both an economic boycott and the placing of an embargo upon shipments to any violator who goes to war. All of this has to do with the future. One cannot, however, but feel that something like a moral embargo must ere long come to pass if France should menace the whole future of the world and deliberately block the way to that disarmament which is one of the most vital steps toward recovery. Certainly something like this must have been in the mind of Noel Baker, parliamentary secretary to Foreign Secretary Henderson, when he told the Socialist Workmen's International at Vienna on July 28: "We shall proclaim every government which opposes disarmament a deadly enemy of mankind"—a remarkable statement from so responsible an official. As already quoted in *The Nation*, J. L. Garvin, the veteran editor of the *Sunday Observer*, declares that America and England will have to take separate action against French policy within three months. It is impossible to believe that in this most dire crisis in the world's history one nation will be permitted, through the incredible obstinacy, shortsightedness, and self-will of politicians temporarily in power, to block the rehabilitation of the world.

President Hoover's Record

VIII. Hoover and Power^{*}

By AMOS PINCHOT

II

TO understand the power situation, one should hold in mind that the power-and-light industry—and here it closely resembles the bootlegging industry—is essentially a racket whose immense profits depend on the power people's ability to block the enforcement of law. It is for this reason that the power interests have intrenched themselves in both State and national politics, and especially in the federal administration at Washington.

When Mr. Hoover became President, the three most important members of the Cabinet, from the point of view of the water-power companies, were the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, and the Attorney General. At that time the Secretary of War had a peculiar importance since he also was ex officio chairman of the Federal Power Commission. In power strategy the Secretary of State is rated as a trump card. He is supposed to be thoroughly posted on water-power questions and to advise the President thereon. He negotiates our treaties with adjoining nations for the allocation of water in streams that cross our international boundary lines. He will negotiate the pending treaties with Canada for division of water in the St. Lawrence, Niagara, and St. Mary's rivers, and with Mexico for the Colorado and Rio Grande. As for the Attorney General, his influence in the power situation is especially vital. It is his duty to prosecute violators of the Federal Power Act and to move in the district courts for the forfeiture of licenses and the sale of the property of power companies that infringe the law.

True to his preelection record, Mr. Hoover intrusted the portfolio of war, which carried with it the chairmanship of the Federal Power Commission, to the late James W. Good, who was counsel for the Alabama Power Company, a subsidiary of the Southeastern Power Company, one of the strongest, most grasping, and politically most aggressive of the great utility combinations.

Last year, after the Federal Power Commission was reorganized and enlarged to five members by the Couzens bill, Mr. Hoover chose as its new chairman George Otis Smith who, as director of the Geological Survey, supported Secretary of the Interior Ballinger during the Taft Administration when he canceled the power-site withdrawals made by his predecessor, Secretary Garfield, and turned the immense power resources of the federal domain over to private exploitation. The day after Mr. Smith took office he dismissed from the staff of the Federal Power Commission Charles A. Russell, its solicitor, and William B. King, its chief accountant, who had offended the power companies by showing up their padded investment accounts, as well as by interfering with their attempt to destroy the Federal Power Act, in which, as we shall see, they were later aided by Mr. Hoover himself. The fact that these dismissals took place within twenty-four hours after Mr. Smith became chairman is generally accepted as proof that he was acting under instructions from the President.

In the appointment of the remaining members of the new commission, Mr. Hoover followed the same line by choosing negative men either with a laissez faire attitude or with a pro-utility bias, as in the case of Colonel Marcel Garsaud, a Louisiana Democrat, locally identified with the Public Service Corporation of New Orleans, a subsidiary

^{*} Part I of Mr. Pinchot's article appeared in last week's issue. The ninth article in our series of ten on President Hoover's record will be Hoover as Politician, by Paul Y. Anderson, and will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

of the Electric Bond and Share Company. It is true that the Senate confirmed these appointments. Upon further inquiry, however, into the records of the new commissioners, it uncovered facts which resulted in a resolution requesting the President to withdraw their names, which Mr. Hoover has, so far, refused to do.

As Secretary of State Mr. Hoover appointed Henry L. Stimson of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam, and Roberts, one of the large utility law firms of New York. Mr. Winthrop was a signer of the brief presented to Congress in an effort to block Senator Walsh's proposed investigation of the power companies. Mr. Roberts has been a director of the Niagara-Hudson Power Company, the Pennsylvania-Ohio Edison Company, the American and Foreign Power Corporation, and the American Superpower Company, and vice-president and director of Bonbright and Company. Incidentally, Mr. Stimson's firm is counsel for the Georgia Power Company, which is controlled by the Southeastern Power Company. Moreover, the Federal Trade Commission developed the fact that Josiah T. Newcomb, head of the utility lobby, employed the Stimson firm to come to Washington and remonstrate with an important Western Senator who was attacking the power companies. Mr. Stimson, like Mr. Hoover, has endeared himself to the power interests by minimizing the importance of water power as a national industrial factor, thus discounting the need of federal regulation, and also by denouncing the Ontario publicly owned hydroelectric system. The National Electric Light Association has reprinted his speeches as part of their propaganda.

As Attorney General Mr. Hoover chose William D. Mitchell, a Minnesota lawyer, formerly of Butler and Mitchell, one of the most prominent utility law firms of the Northwest. Mr. Mitchell's former partner is now Justice Pierce Butler, who divides with Justice Van Devanter the reputation of being the most reactionary member of the Supreme Court. As Solicitor General of the Department of Justice, next in command to Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Hoover appointed Thomas D. Thacher, formerly of the firm of Simpson, Thacher, and Bartlett, counsel for the Electric Bond and Share Company and probably for more power companies than any other law firm in New York.

Another appointment of considerable value to the power people is the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. As titular leader of the party and spokesman of the President, the national chairman is said to be influential in shaping the policies of the organization. This post Mr. Hoover gave to Claudius H. Huston, head of the Tennessee River Improvement Association, a lobbying agency mainly devoted to fighting the Norris Muscle Shoals bill.

In the record of Mr. Hoover's connection with the power companies, his interposition in 1930 in favor of the Electric Bond and Share Company and the great power and financial interests behind it, in the so-called New River test case, is by all odds the most interesting chapter. Strangely enough, it is a chapter which is comparatively unknown to the public. The salient facts in this remarkable episode are briefly as follows:

For some years the New River Development Company and its successor, the Appalachian Electric Power Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company, have been trying to obtain from the Federal Power Commission two rulings which, though seemingly harmless, would never-

theless smash the Federal Power Act, cripple federal regulation, and ultimately place the power companies exclusively within State regulation, which, as shown in my former article, is in effect no regulation at all, since the State commissions are controlled in almost every part of the country by the utility interests. In a recent article Professor William Mosher, director of the School of Public Affairs of the University of Syracuse, describes the almost complete failure of State regulation from the public's point of view, and concludes: "It can hardly be said that regulation has been tried and found wanting. It may rather be said that it has not yet been tried."

To be mildly technical at this point, let me say that the Federal Power Act provides that every water-power development on streams controlled by the federal government must be made under license from the Federal Power Commission, which is authorized by the act to issue just two kinds of licenses. One is the ordinary, or "standard," license, under which the development is subject to all the regulatory provisions of the act. The other is the so-called "minor part" license, which exempts the company from federal regulation and leaves it in the hands of the State commissions. As shown by the bills introduced as well as by debates and correspondence prior to the passage of the act, and also by the terms of the act itself, the intention of Section 10, which deals with minor-part licenses, is perfectly clear. It is to exempt small plants of a few hundred horsepower, and additions, such as transmission lines, water conduits, etc., from the somewhat technical and complicated provisions of the Power Act. The minor-part-license clause was included both as a convenience to the power companies and to save the government from having to step in and regulate inconsequential projects and improvements.

When the Appalachian Electric Power Company applied for a minor-part license for its proposed development on the New River near Radford, Virginia, it was not primarily interested in the New River plant. Its real object was to establish a precedent which would eventually exempt all important developments from federal regulation. The New River project had not the slightest resemblance to the sort of thing contemplated in Section 10 of the Power Act. It called for the construction of an 80,000-horse-power plant, a dam 115 feet high, and a 20-mile reservoir that would flood about 4,000 acres. However, if enough pressure could be brought to bear on the Federal Power Commission to make it rule that this New River plant could operate under a minor-part license, and thus escape federal regulation, there was no reason why all plants on all streams at present under control of the federal government should not receive a similar license and enjoy a similar exemption. And in such event the power people would find themselves solely under State control, where they would be as happy as Brer Rabbit in his traditional briar patch.

Considering the nature of the proposed New River plant, the Federal Power Commission had no choice but to turn down the application for a minor-part license and offer the usual standard license. This the Appalachian Electric Power Company promptly rejected, and as its next move requested the commission to refer the matter to the Attorney General for an opinion. However, the commission once more stood by its guns, replying that a "reference of such questions to the Attorney General would not be appropri-

ate," since the commission was in the habit of deciding them itself, on consultation with its own counsel, and for the further reason that the question was one of fact as well as law, and the precedents of the Department of Justice permit the Attorney General to pass in such cases only on questions of law.

As a second string to its bow, the Appalachian Electric Power Company had also applied for a change in the classification of the New River from *navigable* to *non-navigable*. As outside the federal domain the commission has jurisdiction only over power sites on navigable streams, such a reclassification would put the New River development beyond the reach of federal regulation. Thus, by raising the question of navigability, the power people were seeking a new interpretation of the Federal Power Act by which, with the help of a friendly Republican Administration, they could drive through a general reclassification of streams which would, in effect, repeal the Federal Power Act and hamstring the commission.

Now, since the Federal Power Act's definition of navigable waters—that is to say, of waters or streams where power developments must be made under federal license—is the foundation of federal regulation, let us see what Section 3 has to say on the subject:

"Navigable waters" means those parts of streams or other bodies of water over which Congress has jurisdiction under its authority to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, and which *either in their natural or improved condition*, notwithstanding interruptions between the navigable parts of such streams or waters by falls, shallows, or rapids compelling land carriage, are used or *suitable* for use for the transportation of persons or property in interstate or foreign commerce.

The New River, as it happens, is "navigable waters" by both of these tests. It is not only "suitable for navigation," but has actually been used for this purpose. The State of Virginia has appropriated money for improving its channel. Steamboats have been operated on it. It has been classified as "navigable waters" for over a hundred years, declared so by Congress, the Supreme Court of the United States and the Virginia legislature. Consequently, the commission found it impossible to grant the company's request for reclassification, though its acting chairman dissented. And here, in the natural course of events, the matter should have ended.

To anyone familiar with the strange things that go on beneath the surface of high officialdom in Washington it would seem incredible that the power people could have seriously hoped to put through their scheme for the destruction of federal regulation, resting as it did on their applications for a minor-part license and a reclassification of the New River. The power people, however, knew just what they were doing and were by no means reckoning without their host. For at the precise moment when it seemed inevitable that the commission would wind the matter up by finally turning down both applications, a new factor was injected into the situation. This factor was the President of the United States, who, taking one of the most extraordinary steps in the history of Presidential administration, himself wrote to Attorney General Mitchell requesting an opinion both as to the propriety of granting a minor-part license and as to the navigability of the New River.

Mr. Hoover's letter bears the date of July 31, 1930.

On September 22, 1930, Mr. Mitchell replied, transmitting an opinion holding (a) that the New River is not a navigable stream under the terms of the Federal Power Act; and (b) that the Federal Power Commission "may, in its discretion, issue a minor-part license under paragraph 1 of Section 10." Incidentally, on the last page of this opinion Mr. Mitchell questions the constitutionality of the Federal Power Act.

Unluckily for the power interests as well as for Mr. Hoover, the publication of this opinion resulted in the submission to the Power Commission of two briefs in opposition to Mr. Mitchell's conclusions, one from ex-Federal Judge George W. Woodruff, representing the Governor of Pennsylvania, and another from Mr. Judson King, director of the National Popular Government League, signed by a number of disinterested attorneys, including Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, Francis J. Heney of California, Herbert S. Ward, Henry T. Hunt, and others.

The Mitchell-Hoover opinion had put the Federal Power Commission under heavy pressure from both the White House and the Attorney General's office. On the other hand, the opposing briefs, the standing of the persons signing and submitting them, and the consequent publicity soon created a situation where it was clear that the commission could not yield to Mr. Hoover's dictation except at the cost of a major political scandal, especially as the briefs showed that the removal of federal regulation from the proposed New River plant would logically mean a similar removal from other developments now under control of the federal government, as well as the blocking of regulation on about eleven million horse-power yet to be developed. In fact, it would open the way to a raid on the public domain in comparison to which the frustrated oil grabs of Doheny and Sinclair were insignificant in point of money values involved.

From the embarrassing position into which Mr. Hoover's ill-fated move had thrown it, the Federal Power Commission made a none too graceful exit by once more refusing a minor-part license to the Appalachian Electric Power Company, which was acting not only for the Electric Bond and Share Company, but for the power interests in general. But at the same time it partly saved the face of the President, Attorney General Mitchell, and Solicitor General Thacher, who helped Mr. Mitchell draft the opinion, by refusing to pass on the navigability of the river and stating that this question should be referred to the courts. So that the end of the New River case is not yet.

On the whole, from Mr. Hoover's record as Secretary of Commerce and later as President, it may be gathered that he and the utility and power people, who are today the backbone of America's plutocracy, have been playing a game of mutual advantage for exceedingly high stakes. So far our great engineer has been the chief winner. He has received the Presidency, while through no fault of his, but thanks to the opposition of a few staunch men, the Federal Power Act has not yet been destroyed. However, that the power interests will ultimately succeed in breaking down the Power Act, and with it federal regulation, seems fairly certain. They are too rich and too well entrenched at Washington to be permanently checked. In the end federal regulation will go the way of State regulation. It will become the instrument of the power companies.

Feudalism in West Virginia

By HELEN G. NORTON

Charleston, West Virginia, July 31

E. H. GUNNOE of Prenter took his young wife to the Mountain State Hospital at Charleston on July 1, five days before the strike of the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union began. On Sunday a daughter was born to them and died a little while later. When Gunnoe was informed of this he asked that the Prenter camp ambulance be sent to Charleston to bring the corpse back. The mine superintendent refused to let it go, saying that the ambulance now belonged to "future employees" of the company. Gunnoe had worked only one day the week before on account of his wife's illness and had not even indicated that he was on strike. The ambulance had been bought last November by the miners themselves out of their burial fund for \$1,640, because many accidents occur in the mine and there is no ambulance nearer than Charleston, twenty-two miles away.

On Tuesday Gunnoe got a man to go in his car to get the baby's body from the undertaker. When it came, his two boys, seven and nine years old, wanted to see their little sister. He opened the casket and found that the baby had not been prepared for burial—had not even been washed. Presumably the arrangement with the hospital and the undertaker also applied only to "future" employees.

A man from Cedar Grove tells about an eighteen-year-old boy who had quarreled with his family and gone over the mountain to get a job in the mine at Blakely. He didn't ask what pay he was to get. At the end of the week he had earned ninety cents and owed his landlady one dollar. He went out on the mountain the next day, the Fourth of July, and blew his brains out.

The scales of the Coalburg-Kanawha Mining Company at the Coalburg mine broke on April 14 and have not been repaired. The weighboss claims he can guess the weight of a 5,000-pound car of coal within 25 pounds. At Prenter, where the men gained the right to have a checkweighman as the result of a strike in April, the recorded weight per car (the basis on which the men who hand-load the coal are paid) has increased by 1,300 to 1,500 pounds. If a man loads fifty cars in two weeks, this means on the average 70,000 pounds which he had been cheated of previously—amounting, at 34 cents a ton, to \$11.90 per pay slip. And \$11.90 is not to be sneezed at when otherwise you make \$34.60 for two weeks' work. At Tipple Number 5 of the Burnwell mines no scales are used at all, the State law to the contrary notwithstanding. Men are credited by guess for their work. Of another mine, one man said, "They shoot them cars acrost the scales so fast the balance never has a chanst to stop swingin'." A man was fired last year at the "Christian" Collieries Company for showing 1,923 record sheets when cars weighed 6,000 to 6,500 pounds with a union checkweighman to watch the scales. Now the same sized cars, heaped up, are credited to the men at 3,500 to 4,000 pounds. The State law providing for checkweigh-

men is a dead letter. Miners now have to load "bug dust" after the machine has cut the coal, bail out water, and clean up without pay. This may amount to as much as two hours in the day in some workings. They also complain that they are docked excessively for slate and dirt in their loads.

Lester Davidson, a Negro, secretary of the miners local at Mahan, tells his story:

"When the strike come a-Monday I'd been readin' the papers and knowed about it and I didn't go to work. Charlie Hariston, he rooms with me, he was the first to join and I was next. Lewis Williams signed up seventeen Monday night. We held a meetin' and the boys elected Hariston president and me vice-president and Walter Fields, they made him secretary. We got our charter.

"While we was havin' our meetin' Thursday night the superintendent got the law and come down and arrested Hariston and put him in jail. He's still there."

"What was he arrested for?"

"Why, for attendin' the meetin'."

"Yes, I know, but what was the legal charge?"

"Oh! Trespassin'. You see, the comp'ny, hit owns all the land and I reckon the air too, so if hit don't like you, you is trespassin'."

"We got a check for \$50 from the union for supplies for our hongry folks and brung them to my house. So then the superintendent got a warrant out for me for headquarterin' and trespassin'. So I gits out and comes down here to report to the union. They ain't no trains and nobody had a car so I lit out an' walked to Pratts—sixteen miles—an' caught the bus to Charleston. The boys all chipped in an' got enough money for the bus fare.

"What we needs at Mahon to bring the mens out is a march. As soon as the union comes up thar and marches, the men'll lay down their tools an' walk out. They're all afeared their families 'll starve, but I tells 'em we're a-starvin' anyhow.

"When we got that \$50 for relief, we got sixty-seven on the union roll right away. And, lady, you should a seen what we bought for that \$50 at the T. and T. store! We got a l-o-n-g slab of white bacon, we got lard, we got meal, we got potatoes for \$1.20 a sack, we got flour for 69 cents a sack that cos' us \$1.25 at the company store. That 'pluck-me' store the company runs shore do rob us miners.

"The union is our hope an' our salvation and I'll starve like any natch'al man before I'll go back to work."

A woman from Ward who has come in for clothing shows me her husband's pay slip for the two weeks ending June 30. He worked 102 hours at 37½ cents, earning \$38.25. The company deducted \$22 for supplies at the company store, \$4 for rent, \$2.15 for doctor, hospital, and burial funds, and \$2.40 for gas. He already had an overdraft of \$37.79 for weeks when his earnings did not equal his expenses, so he still owes the company \$32.09. If he should die, this debt would be passed on to his son.

Deviti, an Italian, has been very active in the union organization campaign begun a year ago in March—so active, in fact, that the superintendent of the Hugheston Gas Coal Company fired him and gave him five days to get out of his house. Deviti has two small children and is expecting another this month.

On July 8 Deviti went to Cabin Creek to attend the hearing of his eviction case. While he was gone, the case was heard before a justice of the peace at Handley, the decision given to the coal company, and Constable Ottie Davis with a company truck and two State troopers went immediately to take the furniture out of the house and dump it on the public road or the creek bottom, which are the usual repositories of evicted households.

When Mrs. Deviti protested, Constable Davis kicked her and threw her to the floor in the presence of her two children. Deviti came home to find his wife in convulsions. The constable had called the company doctor and retired to the serene atmosphere of the company store. The company doctor offered to give the woman a "pill" to ease her agony, but the Devitis, like all coal-camp families, are distrustful of company doctors. They called in another physician, Dr. James A. Hopkins of Cedar Grove, who later signed a statement that he found her "having convulsions and threatened with a miscarriage." She is still in a dangerous condition.

Life in West Virginia coal camps is unbelievably feudalistic. The company owns the land. Therefore union miners may not walk upon it, even when the boggy, snake-like road through it constitutes the only means of access to the "holler" beyond. Even the railroad right of way is plastered with "No Trespassing" signs. At United there is a chain across the road and men with guards to see that no suspects, not even insurance agents, get by. The union recently arranged to have a meeting on the only piece of private property within range of the Koppers mine, owned by the Mellon interests. When union officials went up to speak they found that in the intervening week this land had also been leased by the coal company. No meeting was held.

The company owns all the houses in the camp. Therefore a union miner may be thrown out of his leaky, ramshackle piano-box on five days' notice, and the courts have even maintained that the usual landlord-tenant relationship does not apply to company-owned houses. Long before the strike a man who joined the union on Sunday would be fired on Monday, given a house notice, have his water and gas turned off, and his wages attached to pay his bill at the company store.

The company owns the doctor, though he is paid by semi-monthly assessments from the men's wages. Therefore a striking miner may not have medical care for his wife in childbirth though he has paid into the fund for years.

The company owns the store. Therefore a discharged or striking miner may not buy sowbelly or beans for his family or gas for his antediluvian car. At Ward the mine closed down several days in April, and the company store was closed too, to all miners who did not have credit. This left many of the people without food, and it was not until the following Sunday (Easter), when all the Ward miners marched to Charleston to petition the governor for help, that arrangements were made to reopen the mine and supply the

people with food on credit. The governor generously gave the miners \$10 out of his own bill-fold.

The company issues its own money. Therefore the miners often do not see real coins from one year's end to the next. Even Andy Mellon pays his miners in tin money with holes in it. This scrip is non-negotiable except as an independent merchant here takes it in at seventy-five cents or less on the dollar. On a movie house in Cedar Grove there is this sign:

	ADMISSION	
	Children	Adults
	15 cents	30 cents
Scrip	20 cents	40 cents

If a miner is single or if several in a family are working, they may earn more than they spend at the company store and receive cash for the difference, but most of the miners are hopelessly in debt to the company. Moreover, it is not "healthy" to trade elsewhere. At union headquarters there is a photostat copy of a typed list circulated among foremen showing how much each miner had traded as scrip with a note, "Give preference to the man who trades at the store." Prices are commonly 40 to 60 per cent higher at the company stores than elsewhere. One operator said, "Our mine isn't paying much but we make out pretty well with our store business."

The company owns the post office in 85 per cent of the camps. Therefore a miner who receives suspicious mail may be discharged. At United, now that the strike is on, people who live outside the camp but have their mail addressed there may not go in to get it.

It is against these intolerable conditions that the miners are striking, though ostensibly the strike is to compel the operators to agree to a conference with the union. Union checkweighmen and the right to trade where they please are the miners' most pressing demands. One mine whose manager has agreed to a conference is working with union permission. "It's the wrong time to strike," people in Charleston tell me. Well, any time is the wrong time to strike as far as I have been able to observe.

At any rate, the miners of West Virginia are striking, and the strike spirit is splendid. Lewis Williams, a frail old fellow with a face like a withered Genitan apple, walks seventeen miles up the creek through enemy territory to sign up new members, and then limps into Charleston to report to headquarters. There are others like him. "We'd sooner starve a-strikin' than starve a-workin'," they say.

Relief is the big problem. Eight thousand miners with large families wholly dependent on the union for food is no joke. Relief trucks are going day and night from the union's warehouse in Charleston, chugging over the mountains, jolting up the "cricks" and "hollers" where anxious crowds await the beans and flour and coffee they bring. The union can furnish only enough to sustain life, and it cannot do that long unless relief continues to come in from the outside and comes more generously than it has done. There is no question that, assured of freedom from starvation, the miners in even the "toughest" companies would walk out to a man. As it is, the union hesitates to call them out. The miners are desperate, and if they cannot curb the coal companies' depredations through union agreements, they may eventually use more violent means.

Decency and Prohibition Enforcement

By NEWTON AIKEN

WHILE the public has been looking for the much-advertised but hopelessly ineffectual Wickersham Commission to provide a formula by which the Hoover Administration might work out the prohibition "experiment" in the constructive manner to which Mr. Hoover pledged himself in the campaign of 1928, federal prohibition policy has been quietly but decisively reshaping itself under the hand of Amos W. W. Woodcock. A modest, studious man with eight years' experience in the prosecution of prohibition offenders as United States Attorney for Maryland, Mr. Woodcock took over the direction of the Prohibition Bureau on July 1, 1930, when it was transferred from its previous location in the Treasury to the Department of Justice. During his first year in office he has been effecting in practice the reform of prohibition enforcement which President Hoover so fondly expected the Wickersham Commission to outline in theory.

It is only fair to the Wickersham Commission to say that it paved the way for Mr. Woodcock's appointment by recommending the transfer of his bureau from its former to its present location; it may also be added that it was Mr. Woodcock's work as an investigator for the commission which first brought him to the front as a prohibition expert. In fairness it may also be noted that the new prohibition director has had the cordial support of his superiors at the Department of Justice in carrying out his policies and that he has enjoyed the collaboration of Howard T. Jones, who was Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's assistant and who now sits at Mr. Woodcock's right hand. But whatever part other individuals or agencies may have had, the primary responsibility for reform has been his and the initiative seems in large measure to have come from his own fund of experience.

Now that Mr. Woodcock has been in office a full year, the principal contours of his program are more or less clearly defined, and it is possible by use of the statistics, for the current publication of which he is responsible, to form some estimate of his accomplishment. A study of these matters is a useful preliminary to any consideration of the supreme enforcement drive, which, according to Mr. Woodcock's own announcement, is now ready to begin with the aid of the 500 new operatives for which the last Congress made provision. Every indication points to the probability that this drive will be in fact as well as in name the greatest offensive ever conducted by enforcement agencies on the prohibition front. Around its success or failure much of the future debate over this issue is almost certain to revolve.

Although Mr. Woodcock has insisted from the beginning that he has nothing to do with the politics of prohibition, nearly everything that he does has potential repercussions of a political character. The political implications seem particularly important in the case of Mr. Woodcock's fundamental policy of forcing federal dry agents to be decent, or as he would phrase it, to keep within the law. This policy, which was the first big innovation for which the new director was responsible, seems much less likely to serve as a

barrier to the bootleg business than as a bulwark against the political darts so often leveled at prohibition in the past through the enforcement agencies. In adopting decency as one of his watchwords, Mr. Woodcock has in fact demonstrated once more that sound sense may often be sound politics—a truth of which too many of our would-be statesmen seem unaware.

Although the policy of decency has expressed itself in many ways, its most important manifestation has been in connection with the operations of federal dry agents on the public highways. Before Mr. Woodcock's appointment, prohibition operatives were notoriously unmindful of the rights of motorists and flagrantly unrestrained in their use of firearms against innocent travelers. Numerous killings of persons wholly unconnected with the liquor traffic were reported and still more numerous interferences with the movements of law-abiding citizens. Mr. Woodcock began his tenure by insisting that his men stop these pernicious and illegal forms of activity. Within less than a month after he took office, he suspended two dry agents for stopping and searching a car in his own State of Maryland on the report of an unknown stranger that it was carrying liquor.

The investigation upon which this disciplinary action was based was completed and the order of suspension issued within twenty-four hours after the complaint of the aggrieved motorist reached the director's desk. This prompt and decisive action, which Mr. Woodcock followed up by requiring all prohibition cars to carry identifying insignia when overhauling suspected automobiles on the road, put the whole dry force on notice that such irresponsible tactics would no longer be tolerated. In the Maryland case Mr. Woodcock laid down the rule that cars should be stopped and searched only when the searchers had probable cause—in the strict legal sense of the term—to believe that the law was being violated. This rule he has continued to emphasize with the result that complaints against dangerous official depredations on the highways have about ceased. The change has hardly improved the efficiency of the dry forces but it has deprived the opponents of prohibition of an important source of critical ammunition for use against the federal enforcement agencies. Since federal enforcement agencies had drawn much of the wet fire, this may easily prove a major political gain.

Of somewhat similar import is the Woodcock policy of concentrating on the commercial fellows, allowing private violators of the law to go their way. The primary purpose and effect of this policy are, of course, administrative, but the ban on federal invasions of private homes and on interference with flask carriers, both of which have on occasion caused public vexation in the past, has some tendency to disarm criticism. The same may be said of the effort to improve the moral and intellectual tone of the dry enforcement army. The results of this particular effort are not very clear as yet, but there are grounds for believing that increased care in the selection and training of men and increased emphasis on dignity and intelligence in actual op-

erations have caused a decline in the corruption and profligacy which were so often in evidence and which under former regimes provided the wets with some of their choicest arguments.

It must be noted, however, that certain of the old practices remain, and that their continued use raises a doubt whether the moral tone of the bureau Mr. Woodcock heads can ever be raised to the level to which he aspires. The use of informers, the practice of wire-tapping, which a dissenting minority of the United States Supreme Court characterized as "dirty business," the operation of under-cover offices around which unpleasant charges of government liquor selling often center—these forms of activity Mr. Woodcock condones. He says that he is personally opposed to the use of informers, but has yielded to the exigencies of practical law enforcement as expounded by men in his bureau, who say that such practices form a necessary part of enforcement. These practices are more in keeping with the police atmosphere from which the dry leader says he wants to get away than with the rarefied air of intellectual investigation to which he hopes to attain. Incidentally, they continue to provide the critics of federal prohibition with arguments which the policy of decency has done so much in other directions to cut off.

Important as the political implications of the policy of decency may be, the ultimate success of the Woodcock regime will depend not upon improvement in the relations between the Prohibition Bureau and the public, but upon the suppression of the liquor traffic. This is an administrative matter, and on the administrative side Mr. Woodcock's big contribution to prohibition policy is his campaign of "steady pressure." He professes to believe that "steady pressure" applied by a force of intelligent and gentlemanly investigators against commercial violators of the law will stop the traffic in intoxicants. In his testimony before a House committee last winter he even went so far as to predict that it would close all the speakeasies.

Any consideration of this belief and of the campaign to which it relates brings us squarely against the fundamental prohibition-enforcement problem. This problem is whether the American traffic in alcohol can be dried up by the use of legal sanctions. It involves first of all the question whether it is possible to catch and prosecute all the violators of a law which a large proportion of the public disregards. There is also involved the question whether if all the violators were at some time or another caught and punished in accordance with Mr. Woodcock's ideal, the manufacture and sale of intoxicants would cease. The importance of the Woodcock regime is that it bids fair for the first time since federal prohibition began to provide a documented answer to both these questions.

For the new policies, even in their first year, have resulted in the application of powerful legal sanctions to an increasing number of prohibition offenders. The much-advertised campaign of "steady pressure" when translated into action means nothing more nor less than jail for more and more people. The record of Mr. Woodcock's first year shows 29,465 Volstead offenders sent to jail from the federal courts. It is the greatest flood of prison sentences that ever flowed from the supposedly pure fountains of federal justice. It represents an increase of 31 per cent over the 22,405 individual jail sentences of the previous fiscal year,

and it is almost twice the number of such sentences in 1928 when Mr. Hoover was pledging himself to enforcement.

Moreover, the flood is still rising. In the first six months of Mr. Woodcock's tenure, federal courts were turning out prison sentences at the rate of about 25,000 a year. But when the fiscal year closed, they were being ground out at the rate of from 35,000 to 40,000 a year. The increase may be due to the addition of 150 dry agents to the Prohibition Bureau's forces after Congress adjourned, or it may be due to the increased efficiency of the old agencies, or to both these causes. In any event there is in this record a reasonably strong indication that with 350 more agents going into action this year, and with Mr. Woodcock still drumming away at his "steady pressure" doctrine, the curve of incarcerations will continue to rise. It would seem that here at last is the man to demonstrate what results the strong-arm theory of enforcement which underlay the Jones five-and-ten law will actually produce in practice.

The great increase in prison sentences is the more significant because of the fact that the aggregate of fines imposed during the prohibition year of 1931 was only \$5,497,566, the smallest figure of any year since 1922. There was also a drop in the number of permanent injunctions in padlock cases from 8,801 in 1930 to 6,449 in Mr. Woodcock's first year. A suggested explanation of the decline in padlocks is the practice under which an increasing number of property-owners voluntarily get rid of prohibition "nuisances" to which the authorities may call attention. But even after taking this explanation into account, the diverging trend between imprisonments on the one hand and other prohibition penalties on the other tends to confirm the impression that the new director is taking the philosophy of the Jones law very much to heart in preparing his cases for trial.

There are many drawbacks that may militate against the success of the Woodcock drive. Many of the most important issues in the prohibition controversy are involved, and opinions will vary in accordance with the shade of moisture or dryness of the individual. But two drawbacks are inherent in the scheme itself, the one real and the other potential. The first arises from the fact that the application of "steady pressure" is by no means uniform. The average jail sentence in 1931 was 226 days, but there were a number of districts in which the duration of the sentence was often less than one-fourth of this figure. In June, for example, the average jail sentence in Connecticut was only 50 days, in the Southern District of New York it was only 10 days, and in Rhode Island the same figure. There must be a wide divergence between the effectiveness of "steady pressure" in such districts and its effectiveness in the Eastern District of Kentucky, where the average sentence in June was 597 days. It is a question whether Mr. Woodcock can ever get sentences up to the sticking-point in such wet States as New York and Connecticut. Yet those States are the ones in which federal effort is most needed to give effectiveness to the prohibitory statutes.

A potential drawback to the Woodcock campaign is the possibility that the increased zeal of federal prosecutors may cause a slackening of activity on the part of the States which are now working to back up the dry regime. This at present is a possibility and nothing more, but in view of the quite evident disposition on the part of the States to let Uncle Sam carry all the financial burdens they can shift to

his shoulders, it is worth taking into account. Mr. Woodcock has made it one of his cardinal purposes to promote State cooperation wherever possible. He says he is thoroughly satisfied with the result, but since he has commented favorably on the help he has received from Maryland and New York, which are notoriously unmindful of prohibition, one is forced to the conclusion that his expressions of satisfaction are but part of his avowed policy of avoiding all criticism of the way in which the States exercise their concurrent prohibition powers. In the dry areas, however, State support is undoubtedly forthcoming. Its diminution might cause a setback to the new federal policy.

Such disadvantages may interfere with the success of the Woodcock regime, but they will not affect its validity as a test of federal prohibition enforcement. If Mr. Woodcock keeps on in the paths he has charted he will do as much as any man can do without the aid of the army, the navy, and the marine corps to give federal prohibition the full and fair test for which its advocates have been clamoring. As to the outcome of the test and as to the desirability of its purposes, that is another story.

In the Driftway

THERE is a certain consolation in reading weather reports, and the instinct of the newspapers that the weather is front-page news is certainly sound. To read that the day before, sweltering still in memory, was the record high temperature for all time is somehow very cheering, even on another hot morning. And when the temperature remains unsympathetically low, the humidity always obliges with an upward burst to account for one's discomfort. Aside from this unfailing daily occupation, however, the Drifter has other ways of combating the burden of the heat. In the first place he keeps all his windows closed; then he drinks water without ice, and lots of it; he throws all constricting clothing out of the window or into a convenient closet; he disconnects the telephone, he cuts the door-bell wire (this innocent amount of sabotage is readily explained and compensated for later to the landlord), and he settles himself down to a book.

THERE are many kinds of solacing hot-weather reading, few more successful than John Muir's "My First Summer in the Sierra." There is in this book a constant sound of rushing water, cool, bright, refreshing; there is wind blowing through fragrant pines; there are acres of fresh flowers. But this is not the only good book for sultry days. The Drifter recalls one summer spent principally in New York, although green pastures urged him elsewhere. He was obliged, therefore, not only to forget the heat but the necessity that kept him in it. He read "The Idiot" and "Crime and Punishment" and "The Brothers Karamazov," and in their restless energy he lost sight of all minor discomforts. He read Ring Lardner's "Round Up" and found energy in it also, not to be despised beside that of Dostoevski. On the whole he found that only the great books kept his attention from the thick murkiness of his surroundings. He has never understood what is com-

monly meant by "summer reading." It takes, not a light and frivolous book, but a serious, solid, meaty one to keep his mind off his own troubles.

* * * * *

THERE is, too, the important question of what to eat in hot weather. Certain misguided persons advise cold food, mostly grass and hay. To this the Drifter is unalterably opposed. After a torrid day, when one's energy is spent largely in complaining and sweating, there is nothing quite so intoxicating as a nice, juicy beefsteak, not too well done. If this is partaken of with fruit on the side, and certain garnishes of potato and coffee, and if one sits absolutely still after eating it and does not pace the floor or dash to the movies or ride through steaming streets in an automobile, the heat will be no more than a pleasant adjunct to the serious business of digestion. All this, of course, is advice for the unfortunate person compelled to spend hot days in a city like New York. There are persons, or so the Drifter has heard, who disport themselves by mountain lakes, where the water is cold enough to take away the breath; there are others who bathe in the ocean, far from crowds and hot-dog stands and roller coasters; there are green fields and swift winds and an almost complete absence of the human race. But for those who do not know these delights, a calm mind, a large book, and a good beefsteak afford a surprisingly adequate substitute.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Socialist Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 29, in an article by Mr. Hallgren, it is stated in describing strike-relief work of the Socialist Party: "They [the Socialist Party] are at great pains to see that only present and former members of the party (many of the latter of whom have gone over to the Communists) benefit by the relief they dispense." May we take this opportunity to deny emphatically such a state of affairs and to deny that anything was said to Mr. Hallgren during his interviews with the administrative committee of the Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party to justify his statement?

I have before me at the date of writing a file of signed receipts showing every delivery of relief materials that has been made by our fund to date. This file discloses that of some thirty deliveries made by our committee beginning June 30, there were only two cases in which relief was delivered into the charge of Socialist Party members. Of these two cases, the first was discontinued after the original delivery, the Socialist group in question at Strabane, Pennsylvania, taking the initiative in the organization of a National Miners' Union relief kitchen. The other case is a minor one involving a group of about a dozen families whose heads are on strike under the National Miners' Union and about half of whom happen to be Socialist Party members. Of the thirty main shipments distributed, twenty-two went to National Miners' Union commissaries, four shipments went to groups of striking miners who still cherish the United Mine Workers' label, and the remainder went to miscellaneous groups, including the Socialist ones I have referred to. Mr. Hallgren was with Colston Warne and William L. Nunn of New York when these gentlemen visited our office and were shown these same records. May we

note that this committee of Nunn, Hallgren, and Warne called our attention to the virtual starvation at Penowa, Pennsylvania, where no other group was delivering relief? The following day a truckload of food was sent into this remote settlement without delay or question. These miners have never heard the word Socialist as far as we know. It is important to note also that not a single piece of propaganda literature has gone out with these shipments, not because we don't believe in propaganda but because we who are on the ground realize, as Mr. Hallgren on a four-day visit cannot, that the great number of miners are neither Socialists nor Communists, nor are they preoccupied with political issues, their full attention being engaged in the necessities of an industrial struggle. We have repeatedly and accurately declared that our committee is sending whatever it receives directly into the strike area with total disregard either for the union or for the political affiliation of miners as long as they are strikers.

Pittsburgh, July 27

SARAH LIMBACH,

Secretary Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party

[With regard to this letter from Miss Limbach, Mr. Hallgren states: "The writer appears to be laboring under the misapprehension that a miner who has joined the National Miners' Union cannot once have been a Socialist. In my inquiries in many coal towns I found any number of Socialists and former Socialists, the latter being for the most part members of the N.M.U., who had benefited by relief distributed through the Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party. The writer, it may be noted, admits that most of the Socialist relief has gone to N.M.U. commissaries. I wish to point out that in the districts where these particular commissaries are functioning I found the former Socialists to be especially numerous. An unprejudiced investigation, I am sure, would show this to be true. I do not understand the writer's reference to my interviews with the administrative committee of the Miners' Relief Fund. Certainly nowhere in my article did I suggest that my observations were based on any statement of policy uttered by the committee in my presence."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Desperate Need

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Maybe you don't know who I am but my husband was killed here in Arnold City in the mine riot on June 23 and I am left with five children. So I would like you to send someone out here to advise what to do and how to go about doing it."

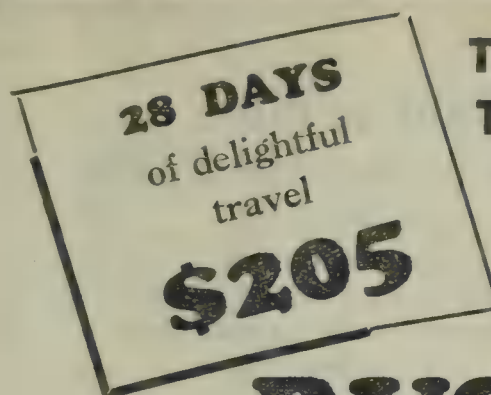
Mrs. Mary Philipovich, who writes this letter to the Prisoners' Relief Fund, is twenty-six years old and expects a baby in a few weeks. Her husband, Mike Philipovich, was a sympathetic storekeeper in Arnold City who had been helping the striking miners with relief. For his sympathy he was shot and killed by deputies in front of his own store.

The five children are all under ten years old, have neither shoes nor stockings, and according to Bob Cruden, who went to see them, are "obviously undernourished."

At least for the next few weeks, until her baby comes and until she herself is well and strong once more, Mary Philipovich must have help. Every dollar sent for her relief will reach her promptly through a representative of the Prisoners' Relief Fund, of which Robert Dunn is chairman. Mark your contribution "for Mary Philipovich" and send it to Prisoners' Relief Fund, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, or to Grace Hutchins, treasurer, at the same address.

New York, July 30

GRACE HUTCHINS



The Greatest
Travel Value

A Trip
to

RUSSIA

Includes Ocean passage in Modern Third Class—TOURIST CLASS SECTION,—fare to Russia via Scandinavia, hotels and meals en route to Russia and DURING 7 DAYS OF TOUR IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

RETURN PASSAGE FROM GERMAN
OR FRENCH PORT INCLUDED.

Sailings during the months of August, September
and October on Finest Ships Afloat.

A variety of other trips at surprisingly low rates
offered in our booklet.

Amalgamated Bank

Travel Department

11-15 Union Square New York City

46,000 Miners are Striking Against Starvation

IN Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and
Kentucky

The American Red Cross has refused
to help them.

They face starvation—their children
cry for bread!

Thousands are being evicted from
company-owned homes!

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE to aid
STRIKING MINERS FIGHTING STARVA-
TION calls upon all sympathizers and friends
of labor to help the miners in their fight
against starvation by sending them funds for
bread, milk and tents!

Make all checks payable to:

JOHN DOS PASSOS, Chairman

**NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO AID
STRIKING MINERS FIGHTING
STARVATION**

799 Broadway, New York City

Books

Night Is Here

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The day of crystal now is done,
Small children sated with the sun
Lie brown on pillows cool and white,
Vast thunderheads stand up from night
And hold the sunset on their towers,
The fields are full of sudden flowers,
Of fireflies, and whippoorwills
Call behind the darkened hills.

Night is here, and sleep holds up
The starry bubbles of her cup
To the lips of men and birds
To hush and drown their songs and words,
Make them forget their pulse and breath
Like the lords of life and death,
Make them friends of nebulae
And brothers of the thoughtless sea.

A Study in Comeliness

Shadows on the Rock. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf.
\$2.50.

NO American writer writes more beautifully than Miss Cather, with more care for the just word, for the pure phrase, for the noble and elevated idea. It is no longer necessary to say that she is in the very front rank of American novelists. There would be plenty of persons to put her securely in first place; but comparisons of this sort are unnecessary to establish her quality. Wherever her place, it is hers and hers alone. She can claim undisputed title to it by virtue of her unceasing labor in the cause of fine writing. She has given herself to it with the ardor of one of her own *religieuses*, and the results have been altogether worthy of her devotion.

Her latest novel is a triumphant series of examples of her talents. Laid in the Quebec of the late seventeenth century, it paints the life of that passionately French colony with broad, smooth strokes. If it centers around the apothecary, Euclide Auclair, and his daughter Cécile, it draws within its strong light many others of the colonists: Jacques, the son of the village prostitute; Count Frontenac, Auclair's patron, proud, reserved, defeated; the old Bishop, spending his body and his soul for Christ; the young Bishop, proud also, and unsure of his powers, reckless, extravagant, broken by life before he leaves it; Pierre Charron, the colonial adventurer of the best type, full of life and strength and gaiety; and the recluse, Jeanne Le Ber, giving the last second of her time, the last ounce of her strength, the very drops of her blood, in undeviating and passionate zeal for God.

With this group and several others only a little less clear, Miss Cather recreates the Quebec of 1700 and the France of the same time. In the apothecary's household are assembled all the virtues that the French can claim. It is a comely household; twelve-year-old Cécile, with her cleanliness, her piety, her skill at cooking and housewifery, her sweet and childish ardors, makes it so; and the apothecary, wise, calm, loyal, makes it so also. In the little shop and the sitting-room behind it dwell order, peace, and love. It is Miss Cather's particular gift that when she writes of these virtues she makes all other

characteristics seem unnecessary. If this is not in fact a comely world, her world is altogether comely and convincing. Cécile, back from a visit to sluttish, disorderly people, reflects on her own cleanly home. "These coppers, big and little, these brooms and clouts and brushes, were tools; and with them one made, not shoes or cabinet work, but life itself. One made a climate within a climate; one made the days, the complexion, the special flavor, the special happiness of each day as it passed; one made life." Miss Cather has made life of the complexion she likes it to be, she has made her own special flavor and happiness and climate. It is not romance, it is surely not realism. It is something more; a kind of undubitable piety and goodness which warm the heart and refresh the mind and occasionally bring tears to the eyes.

Having said all this, I can say that I think a certain quality of coherence and growth has gone out of Miss Cather's writings. She becomes increasingly disparate and episodic. In her best books, which I should say were "The Song of the Lark," "My Antonia," and "A Lost Lady," she builds up her episodes into a tightly knit and meaningful whole, not wholly because they are built around a central character—"Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock" move around central characters—but because Thea and Antonia and Mrs. Forrester actually live their lives before our eyes, because we see them not only accepting life but wrestling with it, trying to mold it to their own desire. They are strong and they do not always succeed; they try to shape their destinies and in the end are shaped by them. This struggle with life is fainter in "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; in "Shadows on the Rock" it has almost disappeared. One feels that the characters in the latter book completed their earthly existence before the tale began and are engaged in shadowy and painless struggles with their past, struggles in which no blood is spilt because the blood has gone out of them into the color of the Quebec sky, into the red of Cécile's curtains drawn tightly over the windows to keep out the wind and the sound of the rain.

My only objection to this sort of soberly splendid landscape painting is that Miss Cather is still in the height of her middle years and it is not time for her to become reminiscent or resigned. Archbishop Latour, at seventy-five, could write: "I am enjoying to the full that period of reflection which is the happiest conclusion to a life of action." If one may say so without being impertinent, Miss Cather is two decades away from such a period. I should like to see from her hand another novel with more edge to it; one that was no less shapely or beautiful or wise, but one in which her characters were presented in process of learning all that she knows about life. But if she will not do it, we may be well content with what we have.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Charming Sir Edmund

The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse. By Evan Charteris. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

BEGIN at the beginning with Edmund Gosse. He was a boy in search of a father. Philip Henry Gosse, the father in the flesh, somehow eluded him and left the lonely, delicate boy out in the fearful dark. Philip Gosse, a widower with an only son, loved the son a bit too well; he must make him over into his own image or reject him. The boy could make no adequate response to the deeply religious, turgid emotions of the full-grown man. The father whom he yearned for would eat him alive; this meant a long, wavering war between father and son that was not to be settled until after

the father's death, and Edmund Gosse's own book, "Father and Son," was written, and Edmund himself a man past middle age.

This warfare was the background of Edmund Gosse's career, from which he learned a complete manual of diplomatic arts. Escape from destruction was to be found not by running away, nor by fighting back directly (for the enemy was too powerful), but by nourishing a talent for persuasive charm. When the time came for young Edmund Gosse to go to London as a clerk in the British Museum, he had already mastered his gifts for tact and a variety of small maneuvers of advance and retreat. Personal charm was an art to be learned above all other arts and to guide the wandering of a sensitive and fearful eye. Young Gosse had also caught something of the fever for adventure that characterized the Victorian mind. He set himself the task of learning foreign languages, particularly the Scandinavian. This was to be fostered as an exotic voyage away from puritanism and the Sunday meeting-house. It was to be used for practical as well as social advantages, an accomplishment that would enable him to make friends in a drawing-room and to advance his position as a clerk. He made himself alert and ripe for opportunity. His search for a father was readily converted into whole-hearted hero-worship, and there were many heroes to be found in London during the 1870's. First of all, there was the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood with Swinburne and Rossetti flaming at its center. An introduction to the circle was like tasting forbidden fruit. But before Gosse could eat his fill, he spent a short vacation abroad which led him into Scandinavia and Copenhagen. Almost at once he became the advance guard of Scandinavian literature in London, publicity man extraordinary representing Brandes, Ibsen and Company to the English-speaking world. It was impossible not to be captivated by the deferential young Englishman who gazed upon literary Copenhagen with something of the same awe with which the ancient Norsemen gazed upon the gods.

Edmund Gosse's early instincts had served him well. He had secured a position as translator on the Board of Trade and was accepted both in London and in Copenhagen as the official spokesman for all of literary Scandinavia. His secure position gave him authority to defend his heroes of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. They accepted him on equal terms and fought for his poetry with the same enthusiasm with which they carried their own work to recognition and victory. But Edmund Gosse's passion for hero-worship remained ungratified. The Pre-Raphaelite group was, after all, a small charmed circle, and Edmund Gosse had discovered that his talent for making friends was no mean gift. Here, on one hand, was romantic young Robert Louis Stevenson and, on the other, Thomas Hardy. Even from the first he had reconciled friendship with Austin Dobson and Algernon Swinburne. He had good reason to suspect that his tastes were as catholic as the wide world itself and that his social poise functioned as an admirable substitute for critical discernment. His appreciation of William Dean Howells and Henry James led to a lecture tour in America. Gosse found himself far more popular than the less trustful Matthew Arnold. On his return from America he was offered the position of Clark Lecturer at Cambridge, for which he supplied the subject of the American lectures, "From Shakespeare to Pope." His record of continuous success was still unbroken; it was not until the lectures appeared in book form and were reviewed by John Churton Collins in October, 1886, that the storm fell upon his shoulders. Poor Gosse was bewildered. Collins was an old friend; he had been a guest at Gosse's literary teas, served as only Gosse knew how to serve them, urbane, graceful, civilized, with Mrs. Gosse a perfect hostess. Collins elaborated upon Gosse's errors, pointed out misstatements of fact, and reprimanded Gosse as he would an indolent and careless schoolboy. Gosse, to put it mildly, was

badly shaken. Friends rushed to his defense; Tennyson roared against Collins at a garden party; Cambridge renewed the invitation for the Clark Lectureship. Despite this loyal support, Gosse's self-confidence was undermined. He became even more delightful, more cautious. Charm had always been his real weapon of defense. He could interpret literature prettily and at length; he could mold himself gracefully to the will of another writer. He had made his important discoveries: Ibsen, Brandes, Saint-Beuve, Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson. He could point out minor flaws and appreciate their merits. All this is on the credit side of his ledger. His gifts were creative rather than critical; sharp analysis baffled him. The attack led by Collins left him naked. One might say that he feared to go beyond the horizons already circumscribed. Meanwhile his popularity increased. In the nineties he was regarded as the benevolent godfather of the *Yellow Book*. At the turn of the century George Moore suggested that Gosse should write down the story of his relationship to his father. Gosse took advantage of Moore's advice. In 1907 the book appeared and its success was instantaneous. At last Gosse had found his medium; attack or praise no longer mattered in the least. Gosse himself was neatly settled in his berth as Librarian of the House of Lords.

The rest of the story told by Evan Charteris in his sympathetic "official" biography is one of gentle decline. Gosse's urbanity flowed serenely onward. Gosse greeted the Georgian poets, worried over the reckless realism (!) of Siegfried Sassoon, and hailed J. C. Squire as a dazzling poetic genius. Perhaps the only discovery of his later years that merits serious attention was his enthusiasm for André Gide. At the close of his life one is reminded of his conversation with Oscar Wilde, duly recorded by Mr. Charteris. Wilde said that he was very glad indeed to meet Gosse. Gosse said: "I was afraid you would be disappointed." Wilde replied: "I am never disappointed in literary men; I think they are perfectly charming. It is their works I find so disappointing."

HORACE GREGORY

"Addressee Not Found"

Epistle to Prometheus. By Babette Deutsch. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.

ONE might prefer to have the modern poet forge his own symbols, but if he must look for a fragment of divinity among the ruins of the Greek pantheon, he can make no happier choice than Prometheus. Shelley wrote: "The only imaginary being resembling in any degree Prometheus is Satan; and Prometheus is, in my judgment, a more poetical character than Satan, because, in addition to courage, and majesty, and firm and patient opposition to omnipotent force, he is susceptible of being described as exempt from the taints of ambition, envy, revenge, and a desire for personal aggrandizement."

Babette Deutsch has not attempted to translate the passionate magnificence of the stealer of fire. She begins by describing him as "the gentle Titan, whom somewhat I confuse with Jahveh," but she is the child of a skeptical generation and has no real faith in him, even as a symbol. He remains a philosophic abstraction; her letter is posted to "a myth, a figment, a ghost that never wore flesh."

"Epistle to Prometheus" is divided into ten sections, each bearing an apposite quotation. Various inheritors of the Promethean fire appear chronologically either in person or by implication. Among them are Homer, Jesus, Boethius, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Lenin, and Gandhi. Miss Deutsch's vers libre, a quick rhetorical instrument, is varied by metrical patterns designed to coincide with the several persons and historical eras of her

poem. Thus Homer is introduced by hexameters, Shakespeare by a sonnet, Voltaire (alas!) by a ballade.

I should like to praise "Epistle to Prometheus" without reservation, for it has a number of rare and excellent virtues. Its sobriety, discipline, ambition, and scholarship seem to me admirable. At the same time I must confess that the poem leaves me imaginatively and emotionally cold. It is a letter that does not reach its destination.

Perhaps it overreaches. The impulse behind the work, as in most long poems of our time, is essentially brief and lyrical. The heart of these verses is in Miss Deutsch's personal declaration:

But now I seek you,
now, having left behind
the early radiance,
not having found
the central sustaining fire;
in this obscure
and middle ground I stand, I ask
respite from time that shreds the song of being
and every knot of being to no sound.

The whole historical apparatus of the poem, the long tracing of the Promethean dynasty down to contemporary protagonists, is seen to be merely the prelude to a subjective quest, a self-exploration for creative fire, a fashionable philosophy of defeatism.

Miss Deutsch, straining for a meaning, continues:

here on this earth, infirm
among the tensions
of panting nebulae that bring forth stars
whose grandfather was Chaos;
here in this wide
and barbarous world I stand . . .

The defect that mars this passage is present even in the structure of the poem. It is what Coleridge identified as "mental bombast," thoughts and images too great for the subject. A theologian might, not unkindly, describe "Epistle to Prometheus" as a work of supererogation.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ

El Greco and "Interpretation"

The Birth of Western Painting. By Arthur Byron and David Talbot Rice. Alfred A. Knopf. \$10.

THE history of art and culture is apparently written in cycles. From century to century it is outlined by scholars courageous enough to sift the researches of the past and to carry out those vast projects of comprehensive chronicle and synthesis which lay out the program for future investigation. Around the beginning of the present century a large group of international students were recasting the cultural history of Europe along broad lines: Boissonnade, Mommsen, Burckhardt, Venturi, Berenson, Pijoan, van Marle. In their wake followed the specialists, conspicuous among whose tasks was the complex one of relating Western art to its Eastern origins and content. Largely through the work of these men (the list of names is again a long one: Errard, Ormonde Dalton, Corrado Ricci, Diehl, Bayet, Michel, and others) the study of the provenience of modern aesthetic ideas and styles has been liberated from the traditional lines of Renaissance archaeology laid down by Vasari and his followers, and a new formulation of the principles of Western art has been made possible. Of these three successive types of historical investigation—the comprehensive, the specialized, and the speculative—"The Birth of Western Painting" belongs to the third.

Broadly stated, the book's purpose is to trace the "interpretational ideal" in Western painting, chiefly Italian and

Spanish, through the work of Duccio and Giotto to its origins in the style and iconography of Byzantine decoration, especially that in the monuments of Mistra and Mount Athos. Thereby the authors present an ulterior thesis: that art ultimately rejects "arbitrary iconography," "the conventions of revived antiquity," and "the prison of naturalism," in order to find in interpretation its own "freedom, absolute and opposed by no ingrained culture." More specifically, the volume claims that this freedom found in El Greco (through his Cretan origin the direct inheritor of Byzantine methods) its last defender before the appearance of the impressionists and Cézanne in the nineteenth century. Continuing the exaltation of El Greco which was begun, at the expense of Velasquez, by Maier-Graefe in "The Spanish Journey" a quarter-century ago, the authors locate him in his racial background as the last representative of those Byzantine interpreters who

. . . in the eighth and ninth centuries . . . discovered a new purpose in art. In the tenth and eleventh they perfected a corresponding technique. In the eleventh and twelfth . . . [they] coalesced in a common impulse toward humanization. In the thirteenth and fourteenth they communicated the purpose, in the guise of a humanized style of painting, to Italy. The Italians then revived the classical technique of reproduction, which so overwhelmed them that, in the sixteenth, they lost the purpose. But in the sixteenth came the last Byzantine, who borrowed of the new freedom, only to further the original aim. Then he died without succession; and not until three centuries later was the aim rediscovered. This is the history of interpretational painting in Europe.

The present volume falls squarely into two parts: Mr. Byron's essay, the boldness and frequent deficiency of whose outline should not blind the reader to its vigor and importance; and Mr. Rice's photographs, one of the best studies in stylistic evolution in recent scholarship. Byron's thesis is its own confession of risk. In some two hundred pages he steps from medieval Greece to Cézanne. The gaps in his presentation are hardly excused by his plea for a corrective ideation. He fails to account for the presence of unquestionable interpretational elements in primitive Italian and Gothic art before the assertion of the Byzantine influence. His summary of political and social motives is clouded by his uncertainty as to the exact nature of an artist's indebtedness to the external conditions of culture and society under which he works. El Greco's roots are too facilely separated from his growth in Italy and Spain, and in order to promote the value of interpretational motives in painting, Mr. Byron indulges in a kind of heckling petulance and generalization which leads him, now to cast loose aspersions on such representatives of Renaissance ideas as Michelangelo, Velasquez, and Rubens, and now to subordinate the entire spiritual evolution of Western art to the ideal of "aesthetic objectivity" achieved in Byzantium.

Nevertheless, he has outlined in its underlying logic one of the major transitions in the history of art. In so doing, he has suggested at least three problems for emphasis by future historians: the formal contribution of Byzantine art to Renaissance styles in Italy; the relation of painters like Duccio and Giotto to their Eastern as well as Gothic ancestors; and, lastly, the thorny matter of El Greco's character and its basic contribution to modern design and color. El Greco today claims more hostile partisans than any other historical painter. With Pijoan claiming him as the spiritual child of Spain, with Waterhouse stressing his Italian derivations, and with August Mayer and the present authors insisting on his Byzantine foundation, his pivotal position must at last be acknowledged. "The Birth of Western Painting" will leave its mark on art studies if it merely promotes those investigations into Western painting to which El Greco provides a salient clue.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The General Strike

The General Strike. By Wilfrid H. Crook. University of North Carolina Press. \$6.

FROM their inception the labor organizations of the world have naturally discussed the policies and tactics of offense and defense. After it was recognized that the strength of the workers lies in collective action, it became inevitable that the discussion should center around what forms of collective action were likely to prove most effective. In that connection the question immediately arose as to what kind of action would be most desirable in extraordinarily critical periods when the interests of the entire working class of a country—or the world—were at stake. The resort to non-payment of taxes and barricade fighting, which the bourgeoisie had used effectively against the monarchical elements, was found inadequate. The workers pay little by way of direct taxes, and modern governments are too well organized with their police and militia to make barricade fighting effective. Moreover, the organized workers may at times want to act as a unit against the employers or capitalists. Hence, the idea of the general strike came into vogue. But that immediately raises the question, For what purpose is the general strike to be used? Wilfrid H. Crook, in his comprehensive and scholarly study of the general strike, points out that there are three kinds—political, economic, and revolutionary. That is, the workers may call a general strike because of political grievances against the government, or because of economic grievances against employers; but in both these cases the aim is "reformistic." Then there is the general strike which sets as its goal the overthrow of the present system. All three have been used from time to time, but the political "reformistic" strike has thus far netted the most tangible results.

Naturally the idea of the general strike was not accepted without much heated debate. Certain Marxian elements opposed it because they feared it might supplant political action. However, after the turn of the century, all the radical groups accepted the idea. The Socialists were inclined to feature the political, and the Syndicalists the economic strike, although the former recognized that under certain circumstances the economic strike is also feasible, if used with caution and only for "reformistic" purposes. Although the Syndicalists featured the economic strike, it was in countries of Socialist influence, as in Sweden, Holland, and England, that it was used most extensively.

Previous to the war the question of a general strike as a war preventive was debated, with the moderate radicals and the German Socialists particularly doubting its practicability. No clear-cut decision was arrived at and no attempt was made to use this weapon either at the outbreak of hostilities or during the war.

What about the effectiveness of the general strike? Thus far, for various reasons, it has not proved very effective. The proper technique has not yet been devised for calling and conducting such a strike. Besides, the success of a general strike, particularly for revolutionary purposes in a modern capitalistic nation, would depend not only upon the support it received from the workers, but also upon the extent to which it could win over the middle classes, and the degree to which it could infuse national armed forces with a spirit of class consciousness. Naturally the capitalistic forces have not stood idly by during a general strike. Even in the case of "reformistic" general strikes the governments and the capitalistic interests have taken advantage of all the patriotic sentiments to organize the middle classes against the strike, and in cooperation with the military forces they have used them to man the essential services.

As the author indicates, under present conditions more general strikes are inevitable, and their success will depend on the ability for planning and leading the strikes, as well as the degree to which the movement can win over large groups of middle-class and military elements. While much has been written on the general strike, this is the first thorough and scholarly study of the subject. It is well documented and contains an excellent bibliography. The book may be considered the authoritative work on the subject.

DAVID J. SAPOSS

New York's Palmy Days

Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Volume V (1843-50); Volume VI (1850-57); Volume VII (1857-65). Columbia University Press. \$26.25.

DR. ODELL has reached the end of his seventh volume of "Annals of the New York Stage." An arithmetical count indicates that in about 4,900 closely packed and generous-sized pages he has taken his narrative from speculative beginnings, and has brought his day-by-day account through the troublous war year of 1865. One does not look for style in such a reference book. The torrents of dates and play titles and casts—so generously indexed in each book—scarcely invite variety of treatment. But it is surprising how light and exuberant is the spirit of Dr. Odell, as he puts himself in the place of each generation and reviews every imaginable form of entertainment, from classic repertory to circus, giving due proportion and credit to distinctive players and famous productions. Though ostensibly a reference book, unique in its scholarly concern for seemingly unimportant dates, there are pages in these volumes that show a refreshing enthusiasm. Right through the many years of arduous labor Dr. Odell has never faltered. And the seven monuments now on the shelf are fine examples, not only of calm determination, but of artistic printing of the highest order.

We are concerned here, in this small review, with the years 1843-65, detailed in three volumes. We see emerge into eminence a roster of actors traditionally constituting "the palmy days of the New York theater." The old-timers declare that never shall we see such days again. This statement we may wink at. But there is no doubt that actor families were then in the vigor of their very best qualities. The romantic Wallacks, the genial Jeffersons, the tragically morose Booths were in the ascendant, while Edwin Forrest roared at Macready until there was a riot at Astor Place, the handiwork largely of foolish petulance. For once, also, in our theater history, rowdy politics took the occasion of Macready's snobbishness to fulminate on soap-boxes against the condescension of certain foreigners.

Dr. Odell's panorama shows us actors rising into prominence and reaching years of retirement. Popular favor is never loyal for too many seasons. New York has always been greedy for change in entertainment. In the present three volumes there are no longer mentioned the names of George Frederick Cooke and Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, once the idols of favor. In these new pages, too, giant figures are about to depart ("are we so soon forgot when we are gone!")—J. B. Booth the elder, eccentric, electric, is perfectly willing that his son Edwin usurp the throne; Manager Simpson, a theatrical sport of the glorious Park Theater days (where on a visit Fanny Kemble's youthful beauty bloomed to perfection), retires after thirty-eight years' devotion to the stage, and the old Park's brilliancy flickers as other theaters farther up Broadway blaze new glories. Even Fanny Kemble, grown matronly now, gives readings and her Juliet is a memory. There come upon the

scene such figures as Lester Wallack, Laura Keane, Dion Boucicault, and Matilda Heron. Before we reach the last page of the seventh volume, we glimpse Tony Pastor singing on low variety stages, and Augustin Daly writing as dramatic critic on a local paper. The old order gives place to new. Dr. Odell sees the goal toward which he is working—how many volumes ahead we do not know.

I have always felt, as I followed his narrative, that its most valuable aspects were in the lowly arts which have always regaled New Yorkers. Those are fully noted. Dr. Odell is eminently just in his apportionment of record. Music lovers will find full inventory of concerts, the opera, and the Philharmonic. So meticulous is he that the arch of a brow, the curl of a lip, even the grace of leg shows and living pictures arrest his attention. The latest volumes before me present feeling descriptions of Jenny Lind and Patti, give due credit to Negro minstrelsy, and enlarge upon the mad frenzy which stirred audiences in the fifties over "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Though an advocate of the classical repertory, Dr. Odell interprets his task as being one of fair recording. He has scanned all the local papers—I ache for the sheer physical strain of it—and draws from the brown and crumbling columns strange happenings. And he chuckles amidst the dust whenever he finds our modern life forestalled. For example, in the forties the New York hotels advertised "Free and Easies," which must have put our tangos and fox trots to shame! Maybe, after all, much of the staidness of our elders and their elders was fictitious!

One is not supposed to read consecutively such a reference work as "Annals of the New York Stage." I have perhaps done more of it than is good for the mind. But to test such a narrative is the only way of understanding its thoroughness and all-inclusiveness. Use the index and you have an infinity of biographies; look under the entries for Bulwer-Lytton and Scott and Dickens, and you can measure what literary tastes were rampant among the reading public of the forties and fifties, and follow how well John Brougham, W. E. Burton, and Boucicault dramatized and mounted such works as "Night and Morning," "The Heart of Midlothian," and "David Copperfield." This was the era also of "The Count of Monte Cristo." Dr. Odell is generous in his quotations from critical opinions of the time. To some extent one has an anthology of newspaper dramatic criticism in these pages through many generations. In comparison with Joseph N. Ireland, who was New York's first theater historian, Dr. Odell is more scholarly, though maybe not quite so first hand; and of course Ireland ended about 1866. In contrast with T. Allston Brown, Dr. Odell is accurate to the hour instead of within a day or so. No one will wish to do over again what Dr. Odell has done, for there is no need. These seven volumes show New York always to have been a little theatrically crazy. So far, Dr. Odell's narrative gives ample evidence that in the "palmy days" audiences knew their classics well and were delighted in seeing many actors in the same role; that these audiences welcomed visitors from abroad, if for no other reason than to encourage the "home" player that he was not so bad after all. When E. L. Davenport went to London with "our little Mowatt," he roared against the careless ways of the English stage. When Charlotte Cushman was soundly berated for her crudeness by Macready, the home papers waved the flag and joined the Forrest ranks of super-Americans. Such tempo of moods and temper does not escape Dr. Odell.

With all his dates and casts piled toweringly on each side of him, I have wondered that this conscientious recorder has found time and space for so much comment as he makes. Of course such a reference work as this imposes its own limitations. By its very bulk and size it dims its high lights. But curiously, a mechanical index, by the number of references it gives to par-

ticular names and topics, draws the eye to the important happenings. In each volume keep your gaze upon the index and you will not go far wrong as to the popular acceptances during the years (to wit, two hundred and fifty in the seven volumes) of Manhattan's frenzied playgoing.

MONTROSE J. MOSES

Books in Brief

The Five-Year Plan of the Soviet Union. A Political Interpretation. By G. T. Grinko. International Publishers. \$3.50.

The author of this book held important offices in the Ukraine, where he won standing as a leader in economic and industrial planning, before being transferred to the vice-presidency of the State Planning Commission of the Soviet Republic. His book, as one would expect, is a stout and aggressive defense of the Five-Year Plan in all its aspects, with quite as much of economics as of politics in its "interpretation." What is said is, of course, a compound of record and prediction, the review covering such topics as the prospects of industrial development, Socialist rationalization and the workers, agricultural progress, the rise of a worker-peasant bloc, transportation by rail, water, and air, housing and city planning, the problem of skilled personnel and the cultural uplift of the masses, and the question of economic equilibrium during the critical five-year period. Such excess of accomplishment as there has been thus far Mr. Grinko attributes primarily to the cautious conservatism of the original plan, but he also emphasizes the enthusiastic response of the workers, the "superior utilization" of capital in continuous production with a consequent lowering of production costs, and the exposure and suppression of some counter-revolutionary sabotage. It is his conviction that there will be no return to capitalism, but that Russia is moving steadily toward the Socialist goal. The book is a powerful piece of argument and propaganda interspersed with sharp thrusts at capitalist pretensions.

The Life of the Empress Eugénie. By Robert Sencourt. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

After a surfeit of biographies in the ironical and disparaging vein, refreshment may be found in the sympathetic study of Eugenia de Montijo. Mr. Sencourt is an avowed champion of the Empress, and documentarily exact withal. While his advocacy softens as far as possible the hard and selfish traits in her character, his honesty does not deny or conceal them. His narrative moves with spirit, and he stages the dramatic scenes effectively. If he does not quite succeed in making his heroine lovable, it is not because of his want of zeal, for he has thrown every favorable light on her motives and acts.

India and the Simon Report. By C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

The value of Mr. Andrews's analyses of things lies not in a treatment of technical aspects of India's problem but in a presentation of the psychological, the "spiritual." In this field no one surpasses him. His remarks on the Simon Commission's report are to the effect that it did not satisfy India because it failed to meet the question of restoring India's moral freedom almost lost through long subjection to foreign domination, and the question of reestablishing in India and throughout the Empire racial equality between white and black. Whether or not he is right in thinking these problems paramount in the Indian situation might be questioned by many Englishmen; but certainly only the ostrich-minded believe that India and Britain can be reconciled without solving them.

Francis Joseph I. The Downfall of an Empire. By Karl Tschuppik. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

Mr. Tschuppik's vividly written book is, of course, a history of Austria-Hungary from 1848 to 1916 as well as a biography of the emperor, since by no possibility can the two be separated. Its chief characteristic, aside from its frequent correction of what the author regards as the mistaken interpretations of Austrian history by other historians, is its careful exposition of the conflicting racial, political, and social elements with which the government of the emperor had to deal, the conflict between changing class interests and the growth of democratic ideas on the one hand and the reforms that were planned or instituted on the other, and the dogged adherence of Francis Joseph, who "never read a book" and to whom the whole notion of progress was alien, to the traditional Hapsburg policy of personal government. One gathers that the generation to which the author belongs, and whose views he represents, found it possible to love Austria while recognizing that its form must be changed, and that the long continuance of the monarchy was due to the existence of positive merits as well as to the force of use and wont. The appraisal of the ideas and work of Francis Joseph's chief ministers, and the examination of the political relations between Austria-Hungary and Germany and Russia, are particularly worthy of attention. As a contribution to a study of the remoter historical causes of the World War the book is of first-rate importance. The translation from the German by C. J. S. Sprigge has been excellently done.

Gabriel the Archangel. By Federico Nardelli and Arthur Livingston. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

A lambent lightning of mockery flickers continually in this biography of the self-constituted superman, Gabriele d'Annunzio. The authors maintain a posture of respect before the poet and the mold of mellifluous prose, but their account of his deeds and his Casanovian amorality is couched in words with double edges. They are like courtiers who bend low to hide their smiles. They describe his dazzling flight as artist and patriot, but the position they accord him in the angelic hierarchy is anything but celestial. Amusing and acidly flattering, this is the first full-length portrait of d'Annunzio in English.

The Unfinished Symphony. By David Ewen. Modern Classics Publishers. \$2.50.

In this "story-life" of Franz Schubert, an intense spotlight of sentimentality makes every shadow black with the misery of an unjust fate. One is not allowed to see that most of the composer's disappointments and sorrows had their roots in his own amiable impracticality. The author has not twisted facts to suit his fiction, and the idealized portrait will do very well for those readers, young or old, whose admiration for art is disturbed by criticism of the artist.

The World Crisis. By Winston Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

Of all the records left by the wielders of war power, Churchill's, by its candor and objectivity, its spirited writing, and its perception of the true direction of events, stands far above the rest. Having been First Lord of the Admiralty, his emphasis is on the naval part of the war. Sea fights were few and inconclusive; but the task of destroying the raiders, maintaining the Mediterranean and North Sea blockade, protecting the transport and provisioning of the Allied armies in France, and finally of destroying the U-boats was remarkably well handled. His defense of the Dardanelles campaign and his explanation of the defeat are impressive in their logic. His analysis of operations in France is remarkable for its clearness.

Consider

... TEPOZTLAN

A place where the whole population plays one day in three the year round.

... where nobody is ever hungry and stomach ache is the ranking disease.

... where there is no unemployment, no dole, no breadlines.

... where a lawyer would starve to death because there is no legal work.

... where there is not a radio, a pair of silk stockings or a motion picture theatre.

... where a Freudian complex is unthinkable.

... where they never heard of a sales quota, but find a market or want for everything that is produced.

TEPOZTLAN isn't in Utopia—You will find it across the border in Mexico, part of the delectable potpourri of travel, history, economics, archaeology, religion, play and human nature which is

STUART CHASE'S New Book

MEXICO

By the co-author of *YOUR MONEY'S WORTH*

In Collaboration with Marian Tyler

Illustrations by DIEGO RIVERA

60th Thousand : MACMILLAN : \$3.00

The new book by "one of the greatest masters of English prose now living."—Saturday Review.

Lytton Strachey's PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE

"Mr. Strachey at his best."

—Laurence Stallings.

"The best of these portraits are little masterpieces."—Henry Hazlitt.

\$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

383 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



FILMS



An Hour's Panorama of World Events

—EMBASSY—

NEWS REEL THEATRE

25c

—TIMES SQUARE—

Continuous—10 A.M.—Midnight
Change of Program Weekly
Refrigerated—Midnight Show Saturday

25c

Amkino Presents A Stirring Drama Depicting
The Power And Greatness Of The Soviet5 YEAR
PLAN

EXTRA ATTRACTION

The First Russian Cartoon
With Sound And MusicR
K
O

CAMEO

42nd St.
& B'wayPopular Prices
Week of Aug. 7th

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT



PLAYS TO SEE

- ‡Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Series—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
 *Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
 †Once in a Life Time—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
 *Precedent—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
 *Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
 ‡Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way & 43 St.
 ‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
 *The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
 *The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
 ‡The Third Little Show—Music Box—45 St. W. of B'way.
 ‡Zeigfeld Follies—Zeigfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

- Five-Year Plan—Cameo—42 St. and B'way.
 News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
 Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave., 49 and B'way.
 Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien—Little Carnegie, 57 St. E. of 7 Ave.

THE NATION'S Index

Vol. CXXXII

(Jan.-June, 1931)

is now ready. One copy will be sent to each library on the subscription list of *The Nation*. Other subscribers who wish a copy should send their request to the Subscription Department.

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street - - New York City

There is one explanation, however, that he fails to give us—of the Allied step that most needs defense, the occupation of Saloniki. The present edition concentrates in one volume, with minor revisions, the work previously issued in four.

A History of Later Latin Literature from the Middle of the Fourth to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By F. A. Wright and T. A. Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. \$4.75.

The authors of this work are well aware that a complete history of their subject cannot be written in 400 pages—that Aquinas, for instance, cannot be disposed of in four pages and Augustine in nine, or that a description of the styles and a synopsis of the stories of these men cannot even begin to suggest the character of their thought. But they have proceeded blithely nevertheless; have done all they could; and, since they have written well, have produced an invaluable handbook on their period. Mr. Wright, famous as a translator of late Latin poetry, seems to be the author here of many fine verse translations, and in general it may be said that the sections on belles-lettres are more satisfactory than the sections on philosophy. Nowhere else is there at present so readable an account of that Europe which between Ambrose and Milton spoke, thought, and read one language.

Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes: Slaves of Passion. By Lily B. Campbell. The Macmillan Company. \$5.50.

Miss Campbell treats the tragedies of Shakespeare as studies not of action but of passion, and ransacks the medical and philosophical literature of the sixteenth century in order to discover what Shakespeare might have read as well as known about "the passions." She decides that Shakespeare was familiar with this literature and that he built up his tragic heroes with its aid. Hamlet, for instance, he made a slave of grief, describing him in this condition as any sixteenth-century student of psychology might have done. Lear's passion is wrath in old age, Othello's jealousy, and Macbeth's fear. The book is interesting and up to a point convincing. Miss Campbell may be pardoned for finding more intention of a particular sort in Shakespeare than anyone else will; in the course of her researches she has thrown light upon many neglected passages in Shakespeare, and has given a plausible account of his general view of human nature.

Contributors to This Issue

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

HELEN G. NORTON, instructor in journalism at Brookwood Labor College, is at present handling publicity for the West Virginia Mine Workers.

NEWTON AIKEN is on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is professor of English at Wells College.

HORACE GREGORY has just published a translation of Catullus.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ is the author of a volume of poems, "Intellectual Things."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is one of the editors of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.

DAVID J. SAPOSS is the author of "Labor Government in Post-War France."

MONTROSE J. MOSES is the author of "The Fabulous Forrest: The Record of an American Actor."

FRIEDRICH SCHEU is the Vienna correspondent of the *London Daily Herald*.

How They Win Elections in Hungary

By FRIEDRICH SCHEU

Vienna, July 6

ON Sunday, July 28, the first of the three days on which the elections for the Hungarian parliament were held, I traveled by car with another journalist and a Hungarian Socialist deputy through southern Hungary. Police armed with rifles were prominent in every town. From time to time our car was stopped by the police and we were peremptorily asked who we were and why we were there. We answered that we were visitors from abroad on our way to the town of Bekes Szaba. Bekes Szaba was described to me by our Hungarian guides as a typical constituency with the "open ballot." Only 46 constituencies in the large cities vote by secret ballot. In the 199 rural constituencies the vote is open. We had come to see how elections were conducted in a country where a parliament is maintained for show purposes, but where the government has no real intention to let the will of the people prevail. The people of Bekes Szaba are small peasants and agricultural workers with traditionally Socialist leanings.

It was rather remarkable that a vote took place at all at Bekes Szaba. If you want to stand as a candidate in Hungary, you have to present a candidature paper signed by 10 per cent of the electorate. This means that you have to procure the signatures of several thousand persons who are not afraid to support the opposition party and let the local aristocrats know it. The local lord is either himself the government candidate or a close friend of the candidate. The election date was purposely fixed so that very short notice could be given, and there was only about a week for the collection of the signatures. Collecting signatures or holding meetings before the dissolution of the old parliament was forbidden. All campaigning during the week immediately preceding the election was also forbidden "for reasons of public order." Propaganda by posters was forbidden—posters might contain the names of the candidates only.

In a number of towns which we passed through we saw posters bearing the names of government and opposition candidates. Nevertheless, in several of these towns the government candidate was returned unopposed. We learned that in these towns the election officials had, one or two days before the poll, found errors in the opposition signature lists. No government signature list was found to have such errors. The opposition maintains that an enormous number of government signatures were faked. In several places it is maintained that the government lists contained more names than there were voters in the whole constituency. Prominent opposition leaders found their names in the government signature lists. There is no appeal against the decision of the election commissioners declaring an opposition candidature void. The Hungarian Premier, Count Bethlen, secured the unopposed return of about sixty of his supporters in this fashion.

On reaching Bekes Szaba we were stopped at the entrance of the city by a man who informed us that he was

a detective. He gave us orders to proceed to the Town Hall immediately. The approach of the foreign journalists had been telegraphed by the Minister of the Interior to the Bekes Szaba police. We later found that we had been preceded by similar telegrams wherever we went in Hungary. County presidents, local judges, and election commissioners were busy relaying every one of our moves to one another. I have not met this procedure in countries where governments have a good conscience on election day.

Six Socialist organizers had been arrested at Bekes Szaba. They were released as soon as the news of our arrival was received. The arrest had been a mistake, we were politely told by the police. At Szarvas all bicycles belonging to Socialists had been confiscated in the morning, so as to make campaigning difficult. We never learned whether this had also been a "mistake."

Votes are cast by open verbal declaration. But you cannot just walk into your polling station and say whom you want to vote for. Voters must enter by "groups" sorted according to the candidate they "belong to." A group of twenty Socialist voters and a group of twenty government voters are alternately led from their "meeting places" to the polling station. If there are not sufficient Socialist voters waiting, then another twenty government voters are led in instead. I found that the Socialist meeting places had generally been fixed by the election commissioners at points far away from the polling station, and in several cases in spots where the sun scorched the unsheltered voters. Often, on the way to the polls, one or two of the Socialists were arrested, and the whole crowd was then sent back as a punishment for being "less than twenty." In several cases I could verify the opposition charge that more than twenty government voters were let in each time. In other cases, the Socialist turn never came at all.

Inside the polling stations the peasants and workers were shouted at like a herd of unruly sheep by the commissioners. I could not understand the words of the commissioners, but it was easy to see how they must have frightened such simple and illiterate peasants. I saw Socialist voters rejected for various reasons. On account of the absence of unemployment insurance many persons received some sort of public help during the past winter, if it was only a sack of potatoes. All such people were rejected. Others were belittled at for not understanding the Hungarian language—many of the Bekes peasants being Slovaks.

At four o'clock, to my surprise, the voting was declared closed by the commissioners in the working-class wards which we were visiting. I learned that the commissioners were permitted to end their work if there were "no more voters waiting." On coming outside, I found the streets crowded with Socialist voters who had been kept waiting for many hours at their meeting places, while only groups of government voters had been allowed in. These people were now tricked out of their vote altogether. They were promptly dispersed by the mounted police. At Szarvas we

were met by a crowd who complained that machine-guns had been pointed at them when they refused to disperse without having voted. In the well-to-do districts, where the government is certain of its majority, the voting was not ended, but continued until late in the evening.

I took photographs of voters being dispersed. A detective tried to place himself in front of my camera, but otherwise I was not molested. But a Hungarian Jewish journalist, who also took photographs, was at once arrested and his films were destroyed. The election commissioner himself came out into the street in all his glory to shout at the man, and what he said was translated to me as, "You dirty Jew, if you come here again you will be beaten up." Later on he was released. I have reason to believe that he would not have been released if foreigners had not been present.

I saw similar scenes on that day and the next in a number of towns in various parts of Hungary. Under the circumstances I am not surprised at the election victory of the government, but rather at the courage of the many peasants and workers who voted for the opposition, or at least attempted to vote, in spite of all odds. The spirit of the people, whose rights are not only suppressed but mocked at, is admirable. But I could picture what would happen if one day those peasants were to get the chance of taking their revenge on the local lords, the judges, and the election commissioners. Count Bethlen is building a nation of revolutionaries.

It is exceedingly difficult for the opposition to check the counting of the votes. Even votes cast for an opposition candidate may be put down by the election commissioner as having been for the government. In a certain polling station at Szarvas, where the peasant watchers were not allowed to make notes of the vote in writing, they checked the count in the following manner. One of them counted up to ten on his fingers. When he reached ten he nudged his neighbor, who held up one finger. Whenever a hundred was reached, the man who counted the tens in turn nudged his neighbor, who counted the hundreds on his fingers. When the count was finished, they found that the number of Socialist votes registered by the commissioners

was considerably smaller than that which they had counted. They had been cheated.

The herds of lean, shabbily clothed, and taciturn opposition voters which appeared before the commissioners were passive but stubborn. Each man and woman clearly and loudly gave the name of the Socialist candidate to the commissioner, though each knew what it would mean to him or her in future months. When one of these voters next comes to ask for city relief, or for tax instalments, he will be told by the officials what it means to have voted for the opposition.

No Socialists and no representatives of the liberal parties were elected in any of the 199 open-vote constituencies, although there is little doubt that many would have won, even under the open-vote system, if all voters had been allowed to vote. Count Bethlen himself has publicly said that the reason for maintaining the open vote is that the country might otherwise fall a prey to radicalism. Of the forty-five seats in districts in which there was secret voting, the Socialists won fourteen, other opposition parties twelve, and the government nineteen.

Murder and mutilation of political opponents are characteristic of the young days of a white terrorist regime. The singular technique that was used for engineering the recent Rumanian and Hungarian elections is the newer method of keeping reactionists in power. A significant result in Rumania and in Bulgaria was the large poll of the Communists, which is evident from the figures even as they appear in the government records. In Hungary, where no Communist candidatures were allowed, the more moderate Socialists profited from the revolutionary sentiment among the poorer classes. But it would be a great mistake to believe that in Hungary or elsewhere the spirit of moderation is engendered in the hearts of the people by the methods of the so-called parliamentary governments of Southeastern Europe. These governments have apparently learned nothing from the fate of the old regime in Russia. The agrarian world crisis is at present sapping their foundations. It is difficult to believe that the end of these governments will be peaceful, bloodless, and democratic. The specter of bolshevism is looming large on the horizon.

□ OPEN SHELF □

Henry George's Books
Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men. —sent free.
None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City
SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

—ATHEISM—

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.
Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism
307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

CURIOUS BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Esoterica.
Send for Catalogue
The Falstaff Press
Dept. N., 489 Fifth Ave., New York

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

Francis W. Parker School
San Diego, California

A Private Progressive Day School
Nursery School thru Junior High

Address: 4201 Randolph Street
San Diego, Calif.

Ethel Dummer Mintzer, *Director*
Irene F. Thuli, *Principal*

BEACON HILL SCHOOL,
Harting, Petersfield, England
Bertrand and Dora Russell. Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

□ EDUCATIONAL □

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Native teachers. Private lessons. 75c short courses 9 to 9 daily. 22nd year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

FIVE LANGUAGES IN ONE

French-Spanish-German-Italian-English. Containing 5,000 practical words attractively arranged. Limited supply. Special \$1. Order today. Universal Institute, 1263 Lexington Ave., New York.

COLLEGE education through private instruction. Lessons in languages and science; English, French, Spanish, German, Latin, etc.; chemistry, biology, physics, mathematics, etc. Preparation for examinations. Box 299, c/o The Nation.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH SPANISH - ITALIAN - GERMAN

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers. **UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES**
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1931

No. 3450

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	169
EDITORIALS:	
Prussia's Good Sense Victorious.....	172
Disarmament Both Hot and Cold.....	173
Our Police Failure.....	173
A Mental Moratorium.....	174
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. IX. HOOVER THE POLI- TICIAN. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	175
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	177
RUSSIA'S RACE AGAINST TIME. By Louis Fischer.....	178
ARE MILITARISTS FEEBLE-MINDED? By Edward Alsworth Ross	181
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	183
CORRESPONDENCE	183
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
Song. By Evan Shipman.....	186
Mr. Huxley Settles Down. By Henry Hazlitt.....	186
The Enemy's Secret Code. By C. Hartley Grattan.....	186
Music in America. By Ray C. B. Brown.....	187
Tully Rounds It Out. By Fred T. Marsh.....	188
Man Makes a World. By George E. G. Catlin.....	188
The Autobiography of a State. By Eda Lou Walton.....	189
Southern Labor's Challenge. By Louis Stanley.....	189
Changing Japan. By Younghill Kang.....	190
Books in Brief.....	191
Films: Out of Their Own Mouths. By Alexander Bakshy.....	192
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Youth at the Gateway of India. By J. R. Glorney Bolton.....	193
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	194

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

HAS WILLIAM GREEN changed his color and become Red? The question inevitably suggests itself after reading the remarks of the head of the ultra-conservative Federation of Labor to the Massachusetts branch assembled in its forty-sixth convention, in which Mr. Green demanded that President Hoover either call at once a conference of economists to remedy employment conditions or to admit that "the present economic structure of the country is an absolute failure." More than that, he warned his hearers that "there will be a rebellion of the army of unemployed which will upset our present political system unless industry and government cooperate with labor." We submit that this is playing with fire, that this is putting the most dangerous kind of suggestions into the minds of the masses, that these words will be retailed eagerly all over the United States by every red of whatever hue. In our alarm we solemnly call upon the Daughters of the American Revolution and upon Matthew Woll and Ralph M. Easley, proprietors of the Civic Federation, to do something about it right off, and to rebuke Mr. Green properly for his incredible recklessness and irresponsibility and his disloyalty in threatening the President of the United States. Since Mr. Woll is vice-president of the Federation of Labor he ought to feel especially shocked by this wicked apostasy of his lifelong associate. For ourselves, we hope that this was a momentary

slip due to the great heat. If not, and if Mr. Green has really taken to preaching rebellion and revolt, then, indeed, does treason stalk abroad in the land. Indeed, we have no doubt that it was the news of Mr. Green's utterances that induced 400 women and children to march upon Philippi—*absit omen!*—West Virginia, carrying banners reading "Children are hungry, must be fed" and demanding the release of 33 members of the United Mine Workers of America who are in jail for violating a judicial injunction while their wives and children starve.

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS is another traitor. He has again made a public speech that times are not going to be any better, but much worse next winter, and has demanded that the President call Congress in session not later than October 1, so that it may immediately pass moneys for a federal relief to the unemployed. Now Senator Couzens is obviously no parlor pink, nor editor of a liberal weekly, nor a down-and-out, since he is one of our great millionaires. Perhaps it is the fact that he has espoused the platform of the wicked *Nation* that induced President Hoover to send in hot haste for Julius H. Barnes and Silas Strawn, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, to discuss the unemployment situation with them and to take steps to head off any possible action by Congress. Mr. Strawn sees the danger clearly. He declared on leaving the White House "that the fear of dole legislation was very real, and that unless some concrete plan was ready before December, when the next regular session of Congress opens, there would be demands for 'more socialistic legislation of one kind or another than was ever conceived of in England or Germany'" —thus runs a dispatch in the *New York Times*. We submit that the first step to take is to get rid of men like William Green and Senator Couzens, and to lock them up somewhere to end their unpatriotic and dangerous talk, and the next thing is to prepare legislation at once which will show us how and when a dole can be not a dole. Last week Mr. Hoover was sure that a "coordination relief policy" under the lead of the United States Government was all that was required; now, it is a heading-off policy which we seem to require.

FROM THE STANDPOINT of the Fish committee and all our other anti-Soviet alarmists, our detailed foreign-trade figures must continue to be a source of painful embarrassment. In June of this year, for example, our exports to Soviet Russia in Europe amounted in value to \$12,600,000, an increase of 43 per cent over our exports to Russia in June a year ago. This was not only the largest increase in our exports to any nation, if we except that in our exports to China; it was the *only* increase in exports to any of the leading nations. It compared with a decrease of 36 per cent in our total exports in the same month. Incidentally, our exports to Russia in June were higher, probably for the first time on record, than our exports to Germany; they were exceeded only by those to Canada and to Great Britain. All this in spite of the fact that our State Depart-

ment, in a time when our foreign trade is at the lowest level in years, has done everything possible to alienate Russian trade and drive it to other countries. What about Russian imports—always referred to in Washington as Bolshevik “dumping”—about which there has been such a terrific alarm and hullabaloo? They amounted, in June of this year, to \$1,400,000, little more than half of their total in June a year ago, only about one-ninth as large as our sales to Russia, and lower than the imports from any one of twenty-two other countries.

THE DEVELOPMENTS in the first few days after the reopening of the German banks proved to be more reassuring than most informed observers had had the courage to hope for. Instead of the “run” that was feared, there was an excess of deposits over withdrawals. This evidence of confidence in itself acted to create more confidence, and the failure of the Prussian referendum removed still another cause of concern. But the immediate German financial situation is far from a solution. Foreign-exchange operations are subject to restrictions on all sides, the problem of the Boerse and of the savings banks has not been solved, and industrial and commercial failures can only follow if the discount rate is long maintained at its present appallingly high level. It is to be hoped that the next development will be a slight lowering of this. Meanwhile the Wiggin committee has begun its study of the German financial situation. In England the break of sterling exchange immediately after the announcement of the \$250,000,000 credit from the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was disquieting; its cause is still a mystery to most European and American bankers, and it seems likely that the situation was in some way mishandled. Apparently the British Treasury imagined that no part of the new credit would have to be used. This was not in itself an extravagant hope, but it is customary, when stabilizing credits of this type are arranged, for the authorities to stand ready to buy all exchange offers at some fixed rate definitely above the gold point, and the Bank of England apparently was slow in making this arrangement.

IN ITS REPORT on official lawlessness the Wickersham Commission has seen fit to suppress that section dealing with the Mooney-Billings case. It was explained by the commissioners that certain legal technicalities prevented them from publicly discussing the case. For example, “this Commission,” they said, “was not appointed to sit in review upon the judgment of the courts of any State.” This may justify the Commission’s action, but is it not true that almost all official lawlessness can be justified by one legal quibble or another? Moreover, we are curious to know why, if its position is correct, the Commission appended a special account of the Mooney-Billings case to its general report in sending the latter document to the White House. Why did this report emerge from the White House, not from the Wickersham Commission, with the special account deleted? No hesitancy in condemning other kinds of official lawlessness is shown in the report. It states unblinkingly that “the third degree is widely and brutally employed in New York City,” and offers substantial evidence in support of this sweeping assertion. Moreover, the Commission’s investigators found that foreign-born, Communists, Negroes, and similar groups were the chief sufferers from the police tortures, and

not the professional criminals as is popularly supposed. Chicago’s record in this respect was found to be even worse than that of New York. The correction of this evil would do much more to curb radicalism than could possibly be accomplished by the deportation of all the alien radicals in the United States.

ONLY 97,139 IMMIGRANT ALIENS were admitted to the United States during the last fiscal year, which ended June 30—the lowest number since the Civil War, and a falling off of 144,561. This decrease was not all, of course, due to the bad times abroad, but in large measure to the extra-legal functions exercised by our consular officers abroad, under the direction of President Hoover, in withholding visas from persons who were in every way eligible to enter under the existing law, but were denied because the President did not wish to add to American unemployment—another vicious example of the Executive’s interpreting and modifying statutes to suit his own taste. The decrease in immigration may be measured by the fact that in 1924, 706,896 aliens were admitted. Moreover, 61,882 immigrant aliens left the country to return to their native land, so that the net increase was only 35,257, a small enough figure surely to satisfy the most ardent nationalists and the most eager believers in the theory that all our troubles will be ended, and every citizen be happy, content, and 100 per cent satisfied with the United States if only foreign immigration is shut off. Deportations, too, reached a high-water mark, 18,142 aliens having been returned, an increase of 1,511 over the previous year. It is gratifying to note that the Wickersham Commission has demanded that Congress set up an independent court in which all charges made by the Immigration Bureau against aliens shall be impartially heard and determined. Of course it is an outrage that the Immigration Bureau officials should be investigators, prosecutors, judges, and a final court of appeals in deportation cases, and take their orders from men of the type of William N. Doak.

THREE NEGROES HAD TO DIE before Chicago awakened to the fact that we are in the midst of a grave crisis. Last spring a member of *The Nation* staff visited that city and found its officials and civic leaders wholly indifferent to the seriousness of the unemployment problem. They continued to treat the situation lightly until the restlessness among the unemployed resulted in a riot among the Negroes on the South Side. These people had banded together to put a stop to the eviction from their homes of many families who no longer can pay rent. They were met by a riot squad of police who, according to eye-witnesses, opened fire upon the crowd without warning or cause. Three men fell dead. Immediately the city was aroused. Mayor Cermak hastened home from his vacation. He called upon Governor Emmerson to have the State militia ready for further trouble. His police department blamed the Communists and threatened to arrest all known radical leaders in the city in the event of renewed rioting. Fifteen hundred policemen were sent into the Negro district. But apparently the three men did not die in vain. Mayor Cermak has demanded that the evictions cease. The newspapers have dropped their usually calloused attitude, and are asking that something be done for the unemployed. Reading between the lines of their editorials one notes a

fear, as the Federated Press put it, "that white workers will react as the Negroes have." Pressure from various conservative quarters is being brought to bear on the city administration, and as a result there is now some hope that the municipality will adopt a dole system for the coming winter.

THAT ACADEMIC FREEDOM at Ohio State University "has been destroyed" by the dismissal of Professor Herbert A. Miller is the conclusion of a committee appointed by the American Association of University Professors to investigate the dismissal. The committee's report completely vindicates Professor Miller of the charges brought against him by the university's board of trustees. But the report does not stop there. It goes on to declare that the attitude of the trustees in this case "is directly opposed to sound public policy, to good educational practice, and to long-established university ideals." Until the trustees correct their attitude, the report continues, they "cannot assert that freedom of speech prevails at Ohio State University." Lastly, the committee calls for the reinstatement of Professor Miller as a token of good faith on the part of the university authorities. We hope that until this is done members of the Association of University Professors will refrain from accepting appointments at Ohio State.

ENCOURAGING NEWS has come to us from Haiti. According to the United Press, an agreement has been reached whereby three of the government departments now under American control are on October 1 to be turned over to Haitian officials. This suggests that Washington is moving more rapidly toward complete withdrawal than had earlier been indicated. The three departments involved are the public-works office, the department of agriculture and industrial education, and the sanitary service. A few Americans are to be retained, but they will stay on only in an advisory capacity. After October 1 Americans will still be in charge of the finance and customs offices, and of the native police. Another satisfying feature of the new agreement is the section abrogating the accord of August, 1918, under which the Haitian Government had obligated itself to communicate all projected laws bearing on the 1916 treaty to the American commissioner before they could be presented to the legislature. Other important changes in Haitian-American relations of a like nature were incorporated in the agreement, while a promise was made that the question of the control of the native police, now under the command of the United States marines, would be taken up in the near future.

THOSE WHO HAVE FEARED that the Spanish Republic is now only in the "Kerensky stage" of its revolution may not be entirely wrong. There has been a constant drift toward the left ever since Alfonso packed up and hastily departed his fatherland. This tendency has been apparent among the people for some time, but lately it has become equally noticeable among the political leaders. The parliamentary commission which is writing the new constitution has decided, for example, to ask the Cortes to expel all religious orders and to confiscate all church property. Urged on by the Radical Socialist minority in the Cortes, the commission is preparing a bill to accomplish this purpose. As the church is the largest single property-owner in the country, it would be a simple step from the

confiscation of its wealth to the sequestration of the wealth of other large property-owners. Revolutions in countries that have no effectively organized and disciplined moderate parties usually move that way. Meanwhile there is talk of a split in the present coalition government, the economic situation worsens, the peseta continues to fall, and strikes and strike disorders continue to spread. The immediate future of republicanism in Spain appears none too bright.

FORTY THOUSAND WORKERS' HOUSES are to be built in a year under the provision of the British Government Housing Act, which became a law on July 29. The houses are designed for agricultural laborers and are to be rented at a rate of about eighty-four cents a week, and they are to be financed by an advance of \$10,000,000 by the government to the municipalities. Nor will the latter sum be in any way an extravagance, since it is estimated that 100,000 men now on the dole will be employed in the construction of the dwellings, and some \$25,000,000 will be saved to the government thereby. This scheme, offering as it does relief to several needy groups at the same time, is so simple and so effective that one wonders why our own government does not adopt a similar plan. We have not, it is true, hundreds of thousands of men living on government unemployment insurance. But it is altogether likely that many millions of dollars will be asked from and perhaps appropriated by Congress for relief during the coming winter. This will not, of course, be a dole. Perish the thought in a ruggedly individualistic American civilization. It will be given for public works, or simply for soup kitchens and other means of ameliorating intolerable conditions. Somehow the British scheme, whereby workers are given a place to live by the labor of other workers out of a job, seems a little closer to the realities.

IN AN UTTERLY CHANGING WORLD there is always Great Britain. What other country would in this day and generation have reinstated so delightful an institution as the Dunmow Flitch trial, established in 1445 to award a flitch, or side, of bacon to any couple which could prove before a jury of six maids and six bachelors that they had lived happily for one year and a day. That would seem to indicate that marriage was not always blissful in the fifteenth century, when life was simple and there were no modern improvements and no movies and few theaters, and no one had ever advocated that dreadful emancipation of women which has done so much to undermine the morale of all human kind. The jury was reconstituted this year, and last week awarded two flitches and a half to three couples who claimed the award. The second couple was composed of a motor mechanic, whose hobby is wireless, and his spouse. The judge was greatly interested. "You know," he said, "Adam, too, went in for wireless. Yes, he exchanged his spare part for a loud-speaker." After that witticism the verdict of the jury was unanimous, but because their marriage had occurred at the Registry Office only and was without benefit of clergy, this happy couple received only half a flitch. Incredible as it may seem, the third pair of applicants were able to prove that though married they were laughing and happy every minute of the day, so the verdict was unqualified in their case. Will not somebody offer a Dunmow Flitch on this side of the water?

Prussia's Good Sense Victorious

THE good sense of the Prussian people has triumphed. They have unmistakably shown that they prefer the stability of the present government to the uncertainty of some new and untried order. They would rather have the level-headed Otto Braun as their premier than someone taken from the extreme right or left. They have refused to jeopardize the existence of the German republic at this critical moment despite the almost overwhelming temptation to take drastic action. No other people in the western world today are as sorely beset with hardships and suffering as are the Germans; no other nation is faced with such grave economic problems. Yet when they were put to the test the Prussians showed that notwithstanding their terrible trial they could exercise a magnificent measure of self-control. That is the major significance of the vote of August 9. The proposal to dissolve the Prussian Diet, which was advanced by the Steel Helmits and other right extremists and supported by the extremists of the left, was not merely defeated; it was defeated overwhelmingly.

The action of the Prussians should earn for Germany not only the applause but the confidence of the world. And it is this confidence which Germany must have lest it succumb to the menacing economic situation. Without it even the splendid self-control revealed in the voting may not suffice to carry the country through the present crisis. Witness only the disturbances that took place on the day of the voting. The number of dead in Berlin alone is estimated at thirteen or fourteen. The rioting clearly does not represent the sentiment of the majority in Germany, but it is symptomatic of a feeling of unrest directly attributable to the economic distress. It is this distress that must be overcome, and that soon, or the restlessness will surely grow. The Prussian people have said to France in particular, but also to the rest of the world, we shall remain cool and calm, we shall do all we possibly can to keep our extremists in check, but we need your aid, or at least your confidence, in our endeavors to correct and remove the conditions which have led to these excesses.

France was alarmed by the referendum, or in any event its politicians declared they were alarmed. "Paris Anxious" and "Paris Sees Danger," the headlines said the day before the voting. The nationalist press of France pretended to see in a possible victory for the German Nationalists a serious threat to the security of France. Visions of the peace treaties being torn up, and of a militant Germany planning a war of revenge, were flashed before French readers. But the French politicians were needlessly alarmed. The Prussian referendum was solely a domestic affair. It had no direct significance for France or any other country, and even indirectly, had the extremists won, it would have meant no more than that the Germans were determined to have the crime committed at Versailles rectified a little sooner than will otherwise be the case. The Germans are not threatening the security of France; they are not planning a war of revenge. Anyone familiar with popular and official sentiment in Germany today knows this well enough. Moreover, whether Paris and its satellites like it or not, it is obvious that the

end of reparations is all but at hand, and that the Treaty of Versailles must soon or late be radically altered, no matter what faction happens to be in power in Germany or Prussia.

It is unfortunate that the voting in the referendum was not by parties. Since it was not, there is no way in which we can estimate the relative strength of the various extremist groups. Berlin dispatches say the outcome showed the strength of the Nationalists and National Socialists to be declining, and an analysis of the returns appears to bear this out. It must be considered an encouraging sign. Yet it is not clear what influence the last moment decision of the Communists to participate had on the voting. For eight weeks the Communists bitterly opposed the referendum on the ground that it was a "social-fascist" device aimed especially at their campaign for a social revolution. Then a fortnight before the voting the left radicals suddenly presented the Prussian Government with a set of impossible demands, declaring that their rejection would mean Communist support for the Nationalist referendum. Premier Braun calmly replied that he did not intend "to make the question of public order a subject of political barter." His decision was not only sensible and statesmanlike, but it was politically wise as well, for apparently the Communist rank and file did not follow their leaders to the polls. This is strongly indicated in the returns from Berlin, where the Communists are particularly strong. The division among the left radicals and the slump in the voting strength of the Nationalists we believe to be of more importance than the fact that the extremists were able to roll up almost 10,000,000 votes for their proposal. It is true that the crisis has not yet been passed, and that political stability has not yet been permanently assured. But the victory of the moderates is a more valuable guaranty of stability than any Germany has yet been able to offer to the world.

The extremists have had their day, and have been found wanting. They will undoubtedly carry on their propaganda, but their efforts will be weakened by the knowledge that they lack the popular support which they might otherwise have pretended to. This is one of the merits of the German initiative and referendum. Under that system the people themselves can initiate legislation, reject legislation adopted by their representatives, or bring about changes in the personnel of their government. All that is needed is a petition signed by 10 per cent of the qualified voters, upon presentation of which the government is legally bound to hold a referendum. The question then goes to the people as a whole, and is carried if 50 per cent of the qualified voters cast affirmative ballots. Some such system would be a splendid thing for the United States. Then we could, for example, challenge the contention of the Hoover Administration that the American people are opposed to government help for the unemployed, or are opposed to unemployment insurance. The Germans have not only the good sense to reject the dangerous appeals of their extremists, but they have the courage and the wisdom to give these extremists an opportunity to test their strength by the ballot box.

Disarmament Both Hot and Cold

JUST when Mr. Hoover has been so ardent in publicly stating that there must be disarmament, and linking his every action for the rescuing of Europe with disarmament, comes the disheartening announcement of Secretary Adams, with, it is stated in the dispatches, the consent of President Hoover, that the navy adopted a "new policy" for a fleet that "in every important respect will conform to the provisions of the London Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments." In other words, we are to build up to the British strength just when the times are bad and Mr. Hoover has been berating every bureau chief for not having cut rigidly his estimates for the next fiscal year; and so we are to have two new aircraft carriers, six fleet-submarines, one flying-deck 10,000-ton cruiser, one London-treaty six-inch gun cruiser of about 10,000 tons, one destroyer, one destroyer-leader, and complete airplane equipment for the aircraft carrier *Ranger* now under construction, the whole to cost \$129,385,000. It is officially announced that the purpose of the Administration is "to create, maintain, and operate a navy second to none and in conformity to treaty provisions," that the program will be approved by the bureau of the budget and the President, and will give employment to thousands of men, a large part going in wages "to skilled mechanics and other workers in the shipbuilding and ordnance trades."

The last argument for this expenditure is similar to that made by Ramsay MacDonald when excusing the building of cruisers by the first British Labor Government. It cannot be justified on that ground. The real reason is, we suppose, the stupid old one that the President thinks we must have something more to "bargain with" when we enter the disarmament conference next February. It is that incredibly mad military and naval mind at work again of which Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin speaks in the article printed elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. The plan, of course, will have no such effect as is intended. In the first place, it is too obvious, too transparent, and too openly stated. In the second place, it will stir up all the admirals, the Navy League, and the professional imperialists in Great Britain. In the third place, wherever it is read under the sun, it will cast doubt upon the sincerity of the disarmament position of Herbert Hoover. It will be said of us abroad that we are no more sincere in our advocacy of genuine disarmament than are the French. At home it ought to be clear that money spent upon any such program in this time of acute national distress, when the President himself has said that we must rigidly reduce our expenditures, would be nothing less than a criminal waste of public funds. Fortunately, it is yet to be authorized by Congress, and we hope that Congress will take the bit in its teeth under pressure from public opinion and will refuse to be misled by the specious argument that this throwing away of money upon armaments that will be worth nothing five or ten years from now should be sanctioned in order to give employment.

We confess that Mr. Hoover's policy in this matter

leaves us gasping. Perhaps it is to be explained by the charge made in the new "Mirrors of Washington" that Mr. Hoover is greatly influenced by the last person who is with him. How can he again make an appeal to an international body, as he did in his address to the International Chamber of Commerce last May, in behalf of disarmament? If Mr. Hoover were a true statesman and a true Quaker, he would now be saying to Europe: "Gentlemen, we ask you to disarm. If you do not, we are going ahead on our own. We are not afraid. For more than one hundred years of its existence when it was poor, weak, struggling, torn by internal dissension which finally led to a bloody civil war, and when it was creating homes for its people in the once trackless wilderness, this country had no fleet, and its army never exceeded 25,000 men save in war times. It was undisturbed, and never attacked, although its thousands of miles of coasts were for generations absolutely defenseless, and could have been taken at any time by the French, British, or Russian navies. It is now going back to its historic American policy with all the more courage and cheerfulness because it demonstrated during the World War that it had the most magnificent resources in men, materials, and wealth of any country in the world. It considers itself unassailable today. It proposes to devote its wealth in this emergency to reconstructing its economy and to keeping alive and content the millions of unemployed and starving men, women, and children within its borders. It will leave to others the un-Christian policy of squandering its national wealth on plans to kill, which can have only one outcome if persisted in—the destruction of the present economic system, and the establishment of a totally different one." If Mr. Hoover could say this the whole country, yes, the whole world, would rise and acclaim him.

Our Police Failure

ANOTHER chapter of the Wickersham Commission's findings just published deals with the police of the country, and in no uncertain terms. The report is all the more striking in the completeness of its denunciation since it comes from no muckracking daily, but from a sober and conservative board of inquiry appointed by the President of the United States. It declares that there is a "general failure" of the police because of political corruption and alliances with criminals, inefficiency, frequent changes of the head of the police, usually for political reasons, incompetent personnel, bad training, and inadequate equipment. This is, of course, precisely what everybody at all familiar with the police situation expected to learn. The facts are there, and they have been available to everybody for decades. Now the question is once more what are we going to do about it.

The truth about our police work is not only that it is subject in our large cities to the all-corrupting influence of the political machines whatever their political names or tags, but that it has grown up haphazard and without adequate relation to the modern development of crime and criminals. Many of the functions of the police have nothing to do with crime detection—such, for example, as patrolling parks and regulating traffic. The officers of each force, and its crime detectors, are recruited from the lower ranks, from members

who spend their time directing automobiles or pounding the pavement, waiting for something to happen. Even in New York City it is the custom to reward a brave patrolman who has made a fortunate arrest or distinguished himself in hand-to-hand combat with burglars by promoting him to be a detective, as if shooting a burglar or the accidental detection of a crime connoted the possession of the qualities of a good detective.

What the situation calls for is the separation of the regulatory functions of a police force from its activities against criminals, the removal from it of all political influence, and its reorganization so that a career may be possible within its ranks and that men may enlist in its service without necessarily having to begin as patrolmen. The police need good chemists and men of highly trained brain power, capable of taking a broad view of the relations of the police to the whole citizenry, and particularly of such questions as free speech, free assembly, and the more and more complicated relationships, political and civic, of the individual to the community. It is infinitely more important that the officials at the head of the police should have an understanding of their own responsibility to the law than that there should be an up-to-date riot squad with sawed-off shot guns and tear-gas bombs. If we have a criticism to offer of the Wickersham report it is that, so far as the published excerpts are concerned, it has laid no stress upon the grievous fact that the police not only arrogate to themselves the right to say who shall and who shall not observe the laws, but do not hesitate themselves to violate them whenever it suits their convenience. Few policemen respect the individual right of sanctity, never to be violated without a search warrant, or hesitate to take or to threaten lawless measures themselves, or to disregard and to defy upon occasion the Constitution of the United States itself. To our mind this is the greatest of the evils connected with our police, for they cannot hope really to enforce the laws unless they themselves respect and obey them.

Naturally the police should be taken out of politics, and at least a fraction of the major offices should be opened to men of the highest education and of the best possible standards, without regard to their previous occupations. The Wickersham Commission is quite correct in stressing the evil of the constantly changing police heads. On the other hand, it is not easy to get good police heads within the ranks when the forces are as corrupt and ignorant as most of them are. Of course, taking a man like Grover Whalen in New York from civil life does not necessarily mean the choice of the right kind of Commissioner. As long as we have political mayors we shall have ignorant or political chiefs of police. Until we have professional mayors of the German type, or mayors wholly free from political influences like the British, we shall have political chiefs of police with all the evils the Wickersham Commission stresses. At best the police problem is enormously difficult. The mere putting of men into close grips with the criminal world tends to corrupt them—first pity, then endure, and then embrace, that is the rule here as well as in other walks of life. It is of the utmost importance that a new policy be attempted in order that our police shall be like the English policemen—the best friends of the community as well as its servitors and defenders, and, above all, beyond suspicion themselves.

A Mental Moratorium

IN recent months foreign observers, such as André Maurois, have professed to discover that the business depression has caused Americans once more to turn to the things of the spirit. In 1928 and 1929, they say, we were interested only in money-making, but since evil days have fallen upon us there are signs of an intellectual awakening. One would like to believe that this diagnosis is correct, but the evidences of it seem to us somewhat less than glaring. Outside of the economic realm there has been, so far as one can judge from external signs, less serious thinking than at any time in the last decade. Most persons who follow the output of publishers, for example, will agree that there have been fewer serious and genuinely important new fiction and non-fiction books in the last twelve months than for at least five or six years. This seems to be the situation not only in the United States but in most of the countries of Europe. It is a condition not difficult to account for on economic grounds. Most serious books can depend only upon a small audience, and volumes of poetry and fiction that are in any courageous way experimental are for that very reason less sure of an audience and more speculative from the publisher's point of view. The publisher, therefore, not only restricts his total output of books in a time of depression like the present, but is most likely to make his restriction at the expense of the volumes that lack mass appeal.

What is perhaps at first glance more remarkable, is that readers for the most part have justified the recent policy of publishers by purchasing mainly books of a trivial nature. A recent list of the "six best sellers" in fiction reveals only one volume—"The Good Earth" by Pearl S. Buck, ranking fifth in sales—in which leading critics have acknowledged genuine literary merit. The rest are mainly light love fiction, with the exception of a wild west yarn. The six non-fiction best sellers include two books on contract bridge and a book on "Boners." No one would be likely to hold that the list as a whole proves the country to be in a state of intellectual ferment. Certainly several publishers, whose business it is to be exactly informed on such matters, are making their plans on precisely the opposite assumption. Under different firm names, they are planning to publish a list of more frivolous and frothy fiction than they would apparently care to publish under their present respectable and long-established imprints.

The moral is rather plain. It may be true that a country can become too rich for its own intellectual good—that it cannot whole-heartedly pursue the goods of commerce and the goods of the spirit at the same time. But it is unfortunately too much to hope that the sudden advent of hard times will produce an immediate intellectual renaissance. Most people apparently, when they have lost their money, do not care to turn to something that will put any real strain upon their mental or emotional faculties; they prefer rather to read something shallow and "cheerful" that will "take their mind off their troubles." Thinking has always been an arduous and to most of us a painful enterprise, and even when it seems most necessary, we look around for opiates and not for prods.

President Hoover's Record

IX. Hoover the Politician*

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

WHEN a man is President, nothing succeeds so brilliantly as success and nothing fails so abysmally as failure. The office has grown topheavy. Under a succession of Presidents, some of them strong men hungry for power, and some of them weaklings egged on by powerful interests with axes to grind, the executive has encroached upon the legislative branch of the government until today the House of Representatives is a mere partisan mob and the Senate wages an unpopular and perhaps a losing battle to preserve representative government. The President, through his power of appointment, largely determines the character of the judiciary. Hence in the main we live under a sort of White House Pooh-Bahcracy, and hence everything the Pooh Bah does or fails to do is thrown up on a gigantic screen, magnified out of all proportion. Every act of common sense becomes a stroke of genius, and every gesture of common decency stamps him as another Lincoln. His sins and blunders are exaggerated on a somewhat smaller scale, but they are either exaggerated or denied.

This perilously inflated status is a legacy which every President inherits from the long line of his predecessors, and it presents to him a vital political problem. The accepted doctrine is that he can handle it successfully in either of two ways. One is to assume the role of a bold, independent, self-reliant character, such as Roosevelt or Wilson. The other is to follow the routine of practical politics, playing the game with the party leaders as McKinley and Coolidge played it. Obviously, the first course requires more courage and ability, promises higher rewards, and involves greater hazards, while the latter course is safer.

Herbert Hoover has made the fundamental error of attempting to occupy both roles. Publicly he has sought to give the impression of a high-powered executive, impatient with politics and contemptuous of politicians. Under the surface he has played politics incessantly, and he has elected to play it on a singularly petty and vindictive plane. As associates he recruited a nondescript collection of adventurers, nonentities, and political hoodlums, and he condoned, if he did not actually instigate, a series of enterprises worthy of the Chicago school of "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John." Still posing as the Scientist in Politics, he put at the head of the Republican National Committee Claudius Huston, an obscure promoter, who subsequently was exposed not only as a power lobbyist, but as one who had used lobby funds intrusted to him in his private stock speculations. Still pretending to despise politicians, the Great Engineer took for his party generalissimo Bob Lucas, a tinpot Louisville boss, newly graduated from a machine notorious for its roughhouse tactics.

The effort to present two faces, one to the public and the other to the politicians, could have but one outcome. The politicians immediately discovered that he did not know

the ropes, and the public presently realized that the Miracle Man was an illusion. As a matter of fact, Hoover is constitutionally unsuited to either role—which means that he is constitutionally unsuited to the Presidency. That he possesses certain virtues and abilities is not to be denied. He is an industrious man, with an excellent penchant for routine, and is extraordinarily well informed on a variety of subjects. Put him on a straight administrative job where he has absolute authority, and he can perform brilliantly. Thus situated, and free of vexations, he is likely to be extremely affable and entertaining. But he is peculiarly a fair-weather performer. By temperament an autocrat, opposition enrages him and fills him with a sense of personal injury. Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson were autocrats, but they were fighters. Hoover is irascible and flabby. To borrow from the language of the prize ring, "he likes to pass it out, but he can't take it." The moment he is hit he starts backing up. Often a mere threat will cause him to retreat.

Take the celebrated instance of Hiram Johnson and the diplomatic dinner. That Hoover and Hiram hate each other like poison is common knowledge. On the afternoon preceding the dinner the list of invited guests was handed out at the White House, and the reporters discovered that Johnson was the only member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee whose name was missing. The omission, if intentional, was very pointed indeed, and properly was a juicy piece of news. Questioned, Secretary George Akerson assured the reporters it was intentional. He said the President had a right to select his own dinner guests, and that he did not choose to invite Senator Johnson. Some of the more cautious journalists telephoned Akerson at home that night and received the same answer. The next morning the story was in all the papers. Much commotion ensued at the White House, and presently the astounded correspondents were officially informed that the failure to invite Hiram was not intentional, and that the President had sent him a note apologizing for the "inadvertence." It was further explained that instructions had been given to delete the name of Nelson Johnson, a State Department attaché, from the guest list, and that Senator Johnson's name had been deleted by mistake instead. The brightness of this afterthought may be judged from the fact that the correspondents were able promptly to ascertain that Nelson Johnson hadn't been invited either. Throughout the incident the doughty Hiram never opened his mouth or lifted his hand. It wasn't necessary—the enemy had surrendered before a return shot was fired.

It is doubtful whether any President has been so easily cowed. Threats of reprisal have caused him to make any number of important appointments which were thoroughly distasteful to him. Thus, after he had definitely decided not to reappoint Robinson and Sykes, comprising the "anti-trust" faction of the Radio Commission, a brief call by Senator Jim Couzens was sufficient to change his mind. A

* The ninth of a series of articles on President Hoover's record. The tenth and last, on Hoover as Business President, by William Hard, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

similar hasty reversal preceded the reappointment of Eastman to the Interstate Commerce Commission, Couzens and Senator George Moses cracking the whip in that instance. Intimations of political reprisals caused him to put Richard J. Hopkins and Albert B. Watson on the federal bench after Attorney General Mitchell had reported unfavorably on their qualifications. When the President uttered his famous warning against "Congressional extravagance," and, by the transparent device of totaling the figures contained in all the appropriation bills which had been dropped in the hopper, proceeded to prove that the Treasury was about to be "raided" to the tune of five billion dollars, Senator Carter Glass retorted with a scathing denunciation containing the word "dishonest." Poor Jim Watson was in the midst of a labored speech justifying the Presidential strictures when a second statement arrived, explaining that the first had been misunderstood, and that Mr. Hoover had not intended to criticize Congress but only those wicked interests which were seeking to impose on its generosity. Jim's subsequent remarks in the cloakroom are still quoted with awe and admiration by those who heard them. To sum up, virtually all Hoover's essays at playing the Strong Man have run the same course. They begin with bluster and end in tears.

His efforts to play practical politics have fared no better. He does not understand the game, and seems totally unable to think his way through a situation in advance. Moreover, he is dreadfully handicapped by the personal hostility of most of his own party leaders. They believe that his attitude of superiority toward politics is a pose, and that his real distaste for it arises from his knowledge of his own ineptitude. A practical politician can get along with few abilities and fewer virtues, but certain qualities are essential. I do not recall a successful party boss of whom it was not said that "his word is as good as his bond," and that "he takes care of his friends." An equally obvious requisite is that instinct which causes its possessor to be known as "a good judge of men"—meaning that he bestows his confidence wisely. Concerning Mr. Hoover's word, I am decidedly unwilling to express the opinion that he would deliberately deceive anyone. The fact is that his temperament is so unstable and his judgment is so easily affected by outward circumstances that what he says in good faith today may not hold good tomorrow. He changes his mind oftener than he changes his shirt and with equal facility, and it is not always possible to follow the changes as rapidly as they occur. This trait is the cause of frequent embarrassment to his followers. After a singularly humiliating experience one Republican Senator bluntly announced that in future he would not undertake to pledge the President's word to his colleagues on any subject. Unfortunately, the question of his loyalty to his friends is not open to charitable interpretation. The list of "Hoover Boys" thrown to the wolves when their usefulness ended is sufficiently long and impressive to support the charge of ingratitude. From Colonel William Donovan down to and past poor Claudius Huston the story has been the same—Mr. Hoover's Presidential trail is strewn with the political bones of those who outlived their usefulness, until it is jocosely said in Washington that the only Hoover appointees who feel secure are those who have life jobs and Lawrence Richey. In the realm of practical politics there is no more damaging accusation. Treachery to one's friends is the unforgivable political sin.

Much praise has been uttered and written about Hoover's judgment of men, and I incline to the belief that it is merited within certain categories, but his choice of political aids and advisers has been uniformly unwise, and has involved him in endless difficulty. McNary of Oregon is by all odds the shrewdest member of the Republican Old Guard in the Senate. His judgment is sound and his information in advance of roll calls is uncannily accurate. Yet when McNary warned Hoover that the nomination of Judge Parker for the Supreme Court would be rejected and urged him to withdraw his name, Hoover elected to rest on the contrary assurance of the ineffably fatuous Fess, and so plunged on to one of the major political disasters of his Administration. Similarly, as his political "contact man" with Congress, Hoover chose Walter Newton, a Minnesota Congressman whose standing with the House leaders was indifferent and who was thoroughly unpopular in the Senate. To this strategist is attributed the ghastly blunder of permitting Joe Dixon's letter urging the appointment of Parker as "a master political stroke" to get into the file of papers which went to the Senate. Its discovery there undoubtedly caused Parker's defeat. Hoover's reasons for making Huston chairman of the National Committee are indiscernible to this day. Few of the party leaders knew him, and the rank and file of workers had never heard of him. When his record was bared by the Caraway committee, contributions to the party virtually ceased. Yet when he departed in disgrace the same inscrutable logic prompted Hoover to replace him with Fess and Lucas—and soon the country was being entertained with the story of Lucas's undercover plot to defeat the senior Republican Senator from Nebraska by circulating Ku Klux Klan literature against him!

In view of the foregoing, it is natural to inquire how Hoover could succeed in becoming President. The methods by which he developed into "Presidential timber" are best described by reverting to the language of the sports' page. He was a "built-up" candidate. The Hoover "build-up" consisted of the most elaborate and prolonged publicity campaign ever undertaken in behalf of a political aspirant in this country. He got his first great "break" in the war, and his inclusion in Harding's Cabinet enabled him to keep going. Not an opportunity was overlooked to get on the front page—or the second—or the sixteenth. His speaking engagements were carefully chosen to that end, and with the additional view to establishing "good contacts," especially with organizations of business men. He called numerous conferences and attended dozens called by others. Whenever a spectacular—and not too difficult—job was to be performed, whether in connection with a new industry such as radio, or in dramatizing flood relief, Hoover was quick to volunteer. Already the Great Engineer and the Man Who Saved Belgium, he managed to become the Great Organizer, the Great Executive, and the Scientist in Government. The ballyhoo never abated. Records kept by a reliable clipping bureau disclose that during the last two years of the Coolidge Administration the Secretary of Commerce received more space in the daily newspapers than the President of the United States—something which had never occurred before. Looking around now, it is rather difficult to recall the concrete accomplishments of those busy years, but one thing undoubtedly was accomplished: Herbert Hoover was "built up" in the public mind to a stage where, with the use

of an undisclosed sum of money in the Southern States, he was able to enter the Republican National Convention at Kansas City a heavy favorite. Bill Vare's anxiety to be with the winner produced the necessary additional delegates.

A Presidential nomination is not easy to win, especially when the candidate is distrusted by most of the party leaders. The Republican bosses have never regarded Hoover as a real party man. They have never forgotten that he got his start in politics under a Democratic Administration, and that in 1920 he was a candidate for both the Republican and Democratic nominations. At bottom most of them still regard him as an opportunist who managed to land at the top of the winning side. Considering his history and background and the mystery which enveloped and still envelops a long period of his life, surveying all the obstacles which he confronted, one is drawn to the conclusion that his successful campaign for the Republican nomination was his greatest

achievement. It was surely his greatest political achievement. Intelligently planned and skillfully carried out, it made him President, since nothing could have prevented a Republican victory in the election. It is Hoover's misfortune that the sort of politics which enabled him to attain the office is of little value in the exercise of its functions, especially in these times. Smug speeches no longer satisfy the business men—they cannot forget the red ink on their balance sheets—and all the White House gumshoe men cannot cover up the bread lines. No matter how many newspaper owners are invited to the White House or the Rapidan, the public still learns the truth. The situation can only be remedied by applying politics of the kind which is spelled with a capital P. That kind of Politics is reserved for men of imagination, wisdom, unselfishness, and courage. There is no ground for supposing that the jinxed and unhappy man in the White House will ever be that kind of Politician.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

MISERY makes strange bedfellows. Herbert Hoover and *The Nation*, Inc., Nicholas Murray Butler and Karl Marx, G.M.B.H., Bishop Manning and Universal Religion Limited—surely the world was never quite so entertaining as it is today. We may not be able to get enough to eat this winter but we shall have plenty of laughs, so what is the difference?

I have left all my books in Veere. I shall have to quote from memory, and quoting from memory is like trusting a French time-table. But it was Ulrich von Hutten and the year was either 1522 or 1523. The place was the island of Ufnau in the Lake of Zurich.

What a spot to die in! God knows, it is bad enough to have to live in Zurich, but imagine dying there! For poor Ulrich was dying and dying under very uncomfortable circumstances. He owned nothing but the clothes on his back. Zwingli paid his doctor's bills. Everything he had ever tried to do had gone wrong. The idea of a united German empire, for which he had fought so valiantly, was further removed from realization than ever. The Reformation was rapidly degenerating into a free-for-all fight between half a dozen arrogant theologians, each one the author of a new and infallible set of doctrines. On all sides, murder and futile bloodshed and such slaughter of the innocents as the world had not seen since the days of Bethlehem.

And yet that poor knight-errant of the goose quill, just before he gave up the ghost, smiled happily and wrote: "It is a joy to be alive today . . . on every side the spirit of man is awakening."

When I was born we "knew" everything. Today we dare not even "suspect." The Czar of all the Russias and Little Father to all the Russians lies dead at the bottom of a well. The All-highest Kriegsherr is obliged to ask permission of some obscure Dutch governor of an unknown Dutch province every time he wants to go to town to have his hair cut or his teeth filled. His Most Catholic Majesty is shooing away the dirty-postcard vendors in front of the

Hotel Meurice every time he walks to the Paris General Delivery to inquire whether there is perchance any mail from Madrid. The Rumanian potentates, male and female, are going through the last phases of domestic indecency and royal exhibitionism before their final westward voyage on board the Bucharest-Vienna express.

Hapsburg Grand Dukes appear in lower East Side police courts to tell inquisitive shysters what they have done with certain ancestral heirlooms which were not theirs to sell or pawn. A little bald-headed man living on a penny's worth of rice a day and garbed in a solitary cloak of his own weaving telephones His Majesty's most august representative and suggests that the latter drop in sometime and see him to "discuss matters of grave importance and prevent another outbreak of violence." Reputations that seemed as tight and as solid as the shining porphyry slab that covers the mortal remains of the defunct Corsican are rapidly being carted away to the dump heap of defunct statuary hidden somewhere in a forgotten nook of the great Versailles mausoleum.

Manners, morals, and customs which seemed possessed of the granite strength of the ancient Mosaic tenets have become mere questionable expressions of doubtful religious prejudices. The patient Mexican peon is burning down churches. The navy of yesterday is the prime minister of today, and Paris cafes, which for more than a century have catered to the exile-trade from half a dozen European empires, have had to be converted into American bars, lest they tumble into the hands of the commissioners of bankruptcy.

The difference between the year 1914 and the year 1931 is much greater than the difference between 1931 and the ever memorable day of Constantine's pious, though practical, conversion to the faith of the Nazarene prophet. And yet, old Ulrich was right. "It is a joy to be alive today, for everywhere the spirit of man is awakening."

Oswald Spengler would hardly agree with all this. He spent ten years sitting uncomfortably in a badly lighted and

badly ventilated little room where with shivering fingers he predicted the imminent downfall of Western civilization. That book, to my way of thinking, is the finest piece of work that has come out of a European inkstand these last hundred years. But I flatly disagree with its general conclusions and with the stark despair that radiates in such brilliant confusion from every page. Perhaps I see things a little too simply. The habit of reducing every problem of life to a convenient little picture may have something to do with this. Spinoza and Montaigne and even long-nosed Erasmus may desert me during these troublesome times. But as a humble pupil of Wilhelm Busch, I can never become an open and avowed pessimist. And all the terrible headlines of all the front pages of all the newspapers in the world won't be able to convince me that this is not by far the most marvelous and interesting period of history through which mankind has ever passed on its queer peregrination through space and eternity.

We all live by fairy stories. The only successful statesmen and the only successful founders of new religions are those who have recognized this fact. The Truth for which the late Saul of Tarsus searched so diligently that he upset a whole empire in doing so does not exist. Momentary approximations of the truth have been duly registered by the keepers of our historical seismographic stations. But the fairy story and not the truth shall set us free.

Every one of us has his own fairy story. And I have mine. It bids me believe that nothing is ever wasted in this universe of ours, that nothing is ever lost, that nothing can ever be lost. As it was in the beginning, so it is now and ever shall be!

The sum total of energy with which we started out shall be returned intact on the Day of Judgment (if any). That energy, however, assumes queer forms and shapes and manifests itself in such absurd physical shapes as my beloved dog Noodle (Lord bless him, and how he hates this treeless city, but then there is the Empire State Building!) and the giraffe of Mr. Barnum's menagerie. It manifests itself in the philosophy of life of Herbert Hoover and of Albert Einstein. It appears one day in the guise of a Romanov hanging party, and the next one it is garbed in the dreary brown of a Stalin shooting squad. But it is ever present. It is ever active. It is self-sustaining. Not an iota or atom or electron can be added to it or subtracted.

To say that civilization is hell-bent for perdition is sheer nonsense. Civilization is merrily galloping toward a great and profound change and that is all. No vital civilization ever came to an end. It continued in some other form.

Wherever I go these days I find glum faces and hear people loudly bewailing the "crisis."

There is no crisis.

There is merely a revolution.

A revolution which lives faithfully up to its original definition: "a fundamental reconstruction of the whole fabric of society."

Ten years ago the Daughters of the American Revolution would have sicked the police on us for such a statement. Today the dear ladies must listen to these same words emanating from the sacred lips of the Great White Father of F Street, Washington, D. C.

Galileo Galilei observed that "the world do move." I hereby offer an amendment to that famous saying. The world not only moves. It moves darned fast.

Russia's Race Against Time

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 19

THE final sowing figures for the entire Soviet Union are now available. The total area planted this spring amounts to 97,032,300 hectares, which is 9.9 per cent more than the area planted in the same period last year. About one-fourth of the whole, or 25,454,900 hectares, has been devoted to wheat. It is especially significant that 88 per cent of this wheat acreage belong to the collective and state farms, a circumstance that insures quicker and better harvesting, lower costs, and direct sale to the government for city-feeding and export purposes.

Sowing increases over 1930 equal 7.3 per cent in wheat, 35 per cent in flax, 30.7 per cent in sugar beets, 32.5 per cent in sunflower seeds (used here for their oil), 22.8 per cent in hemp, 76.7 per cent in vegetables, and, last because not least, 50.5 per cent in cotton. For a number of years the Soviet Union purchased approximately \$50,000,000 worth of cotton annually in the United States. Two years ago Russian cotton imports began to fall until now the Bolsheviks are altogether independent of outside supplies except for small quantities of special Egyptian and Persian staples. In fact, the U. S. S. R. recently exported limited quantities of cotton to England. The Soviet Government,

to be sure, would refrain from exporting cotton if it considered only the expanded and unsatisfied textile requirements of the country. It would perhaps even import some. But Moscow possesses so little foreign currency and has obtained so few foreign credits that it is forced to deprive the domestic market of indispensable commodities in order to obtain the valuta for acquiring foreign machinery.

Since its inception the Soviet Government has received very limited credits in Western countries at extremely high interest rates, not less, though it sounds fantastic, than 25 per cent, on the average, above the normal rates. This difficulty partially explains the rapid pace at which the Bolsheviks are industrializing the country and raising its agrarian productivity. To depend on foreign nations is so expensive and uncertain that the Communists see themselves compelled to attain economic self-sufficiency at the earliest possible moment. Every step toward freedom from foreign sources of supply is therefore heralded by the press as a "Socialist victory." The papers note at least one every day. Now it is iodine which the U. S. S. R. need no longer import, now 50,000-horse-power turbines, now some agricultural implement, now cotton-ginning equipment. These achievements cause privations because they require added

exertion, but they hasten the process of national industrialization and modernization.

The great stimulus toward Soviet mechanization, however, is not the shortage of credits but the shortage of labor. This is today the supreme concern of bolshevism. The man power available at present is simply insufficient for the construction tasks which the government has undertaken. In most countries the obvious solution would be a reduction in the number of tasks. Not so with the Communists. They do exactly the reverse.

The situation in the coal industry is the most recent illustration. The Donetz Basin in South Russia, where most of the U. S. S. R.'s coal is produced, is working badly, officials complain. It exceeded last year's output but did not fulfil the program fixed by the Five-Year Plan. This failure is due, in the main, to the fluidity of labor and labor's lack of skill. Steps are of course being taken to remove these faults, but the Bolsheviks go to the root of the problem and seek its solution in the complete mechanization of the coal industry of the entire country. Accordingly, a decree issued on July 7 by Prime Minister Molotov for the government, Stalin as secretary of the Communist Party, and Sergo Ordjonikidze, chairman of the Supreme Economic Council, instructs the Coal Trust "to mechanize 50 per cent of the bigger mines by 1932 and to carry out complete mechanization by 1933." In two years, therefore, Russia will stand far ahead of America, Germany, and England in the mechanization of mines. The last shall be first, in this case, because it is last. Russia's present backwardness, in other words, is the best guaranty of rapid advance. The Bolsheviks believe that it would be more difficult to train enough men to mine coal cheaply by the old pick-and-shovel and pony method than to introduce machinery and teach fewer hands to operate it. The scarcity and inefficiency of labor force the Bolsheviks to adopt radical cures which not only make trying work easier but accelerate production. Russia enjoys the advantage of having undertaken industrialization in an era when the tools therefor are available in other countries. But whereas those countries would have to destroy property and overcome considerable inertia and more conservatism in order to apply the newest methods and equipment, the Soviets in many instances either build on virgin soil or discard things too obsolete to preserve. Moreover, no economic traditions exist here.

The mechanization of the Donetz Basin will ultimately raise coal production and thus in turn form the basis of further industrialization in other fields. The process is endless and grows like a rolling snowball. Observers have prophesied, ever since large-scale industrialization started in 1927, that the Bolsheviks had bitten off more than they could swallow and would soon suffer the consequences. Some even predicted the total collapse of the system. But a few of us who have been here for years realized that although the pace of industrialization seemed rapid in 1927, it would be much more rapid in 1928, and that a speed judged to be insane in 1929 would be regarded as slow in 1930.

Many students of Soviet affairs err in interpreting the rapid tempo of Russian industrialization. Asked to explain why the Bolsheviks should make the population submit to sacrifices in order to industrialize quickly when they can do it more slowly with less discomfort, their easiest answer is the fear of foreign attack. Russia, they say, must become

economically self-sufficient at the earliest possible moment so as to be in a position to repel invasion. The prospect of a repetition of the foreign military intervention of 1918-20 is indeed a constant nightmare to the Russian people. They will work harder if they are told that the development of their country strengthens its defenses, as of course it does. Because this motive has a popular appeal, the Communists frequently employ it to explain the fast pace of construction activities. And because it is simple, many foreigners grasp it and go no farther. But while the defense element is a factor in the situation, its role is relatively small. The real explanations must be sought in the realm of economics.

The secret of the terrific speed at which Soviet industrialization is proceeding lies, in the first place, in Russia's demand for a higher standard of living. The wish to enjoy a greater measure of comfort and happiness was stimulated by the war. Furthermore, the liberation of the downtrodden classes from domination by the Russian aristocracy and plutocracy taught the poor a new self-respect which immediately translated itself into insistence on better education and better living conditions. The Bolsheviks encouraged these tendencies. It was inconceivable that the proletariat and peasantry should not obtain material benefits from the revolution which made them the rulers of the country and expelled their former masters. The absence of such gains would have constituted a denial of the revolution. But the improvement could only be effected by giving the people more goods, more houses, more entertainment. This required the building of factories and a rise in agrarian production. The peasants had to grow more in order to buy more, and new factories were needed to satisfy the swollen demand for commodities. If at this stage—in 1923 and 1924—the capitalist world had helped Russia with credits and loans, Moscow would have placed less stress on self-sufficiency and bought considerable goods abroad, a procedure which would naturally have retarded domestic industrialization. Looking back, the Bolsheviks now regard the capitalist financial boycott as a blessing in disguise. They are much farther today as a result of it.

Quick-time industrialization, moreover, was necessary to create employment for the vast amount of surplus labor in the villages. For more than a century Russia has witnessed a constant flow of peasants from the rural districts to the cities. Although the Bolsheviks gave land to the peasantry and guaranteed it against debts, mortgages, and the pressure of usurers, the Soviet system nevertheless obstructed the enrichment of the farmer as an individual and thereby created a still greater exodus to urban centers where the mujik expected better pay and easier work. To satisfy the demand of the newcomers for jobs required industrial development on a grandiose scale.

In 1927, before the Five-Year Plan began, the Communists discovered that their policy vis-a-vis the villages had reduced agrarian production to such an extent as to compel the government to put the city population on rations. For a variety of reasons, and after many bitter conflicts in the party, the Bolsheviks decided that the only solution of their friction with the peasants was the socialization of agriculture: concretely, the establishment of collective and state farms. But while collectivization is theoretically possible and beneficial without machinery, in practice, tractors, grain elevators, and modern equipment not only hastened

the process of collectivization but increased the output of collectives once they were organized. The beginnings of industrialization which preceded collectivization enabled the Bolsheviks to initiate socialism in the villages without fear of letting the new collectives go entirely machine-hungry. And as soon as collectivization began to sweep the country, the present wildfire tempo of industrialization started. The collectives clamor for mechanical equipment and for consumption goods, and the Bolsheviks must at least try to satisfy this demand partially, since without collectivization the government faces the alternative of reverting to capitalism or of starving the cities and dropping out of the grain-exporting column.

Today, after only two harvests, the collectives are giving the government grain for export—which opens possibilities of bigger purchases of foreign machinery and consequently of speedier industrialization. The collectives, likewise, are yielding larger industrial crops, such as cotton, flax, hemp, and sugar beets—which enables factories previously deprived of raw materials to raise their production.

Thus, the early stages of industrialization between 1927 and 1929 made collectivization possible. Now collectivization, in its turn, makes further industrialization possible. Further industrialization should mean richer crops, and these again should mean more industrialization. Soviet industrialization never was a mere Bolshevik whim. It was a national necessity. At present it has ceased to be only a policy. The Communists are being driven by the forces they have released. They cannot stop and do not wish to. All signs indicate that the pace of Russia's industrialization will become fiercer in the next few years, unless the physical and nervous strain becomes intolerable.

I repeat, the great Bolshevik problem today is the labor supply. The flow of labor from the villages to the cities has been sharply reduced by collectivization. Moreover, the peasant prefers to stay at home and escape the sacrifices accepted by the urban worker to help along the Five-Year Plan. One would think that since the exodus of extra farmhands from the villages created an impulse toward industrialization, the drying-up of that flow would moderate industrialization. But this would be "wooden logic." Actually, the very opposite happens. For instead of slackening construction, the answer to the peasants' refusal to seek employment in cities is further mechanization of industry, and mechanization and intensification on the land so as to accomplish the same amount of work with fewer workingmen. But mechanization and intensification are of course synonyms for industrialization.

Obviously, however, the system cannot get along without men, and the shortage of labor as well as its causes are a serious concern to the Soviet Government. Stalin dealt with the problem in his recent speech to Russian industrialists, and phases of the question occupy a vast amount of space in the newspapers. "You will find few plants," Stalin said, "where 30 to 40 per cent of the workers do not quit during half a year or even a quarter." In a speech a few weeks ago, Quibishev, a member of the Politburo, declared that the number of miners in the Donetz Basin with only from one to two years' experience had risen in recent years from 5 to 40 per cent. In the Lubertsi Agricultural Machine Factory outside of Moscow 5,335 workers were taken on in the first six months of 1931 while 3,974 left their jobs.

In June alone 1,589 men accepted employment in the same plant and 914 went away. This, of course, does not resemble "forced labor." Labor that is "serf" or "slave" would be tied to its place of employment, whereas these and other figures, and Stalin's and Quibishev's complaints, plainly indicate that the "fluidity" or casualness of labor has assumed alarming proportions. Radical reforms are necessary. "We must not tolerate the fluidity of labor in industry any longer," Stalin states. "To get rid of it we must pay wages on a new basis and make the working staff of a plant more or less permanent." How? The concrete measures suggested by him and others include compensation on piece-work principles throughout industry, improvement of the political and economic status of engineers and mechanics and the freeing of them from unwarranted suspicions which have in the past paralyzed their initiative, enthusiasm, and usefulness,* and changes in the system of management which would make one man directly and individually responsible for the operation of a smaller production unit.

These innovations reach deeper than the uninitiated may suppose at first glance. It is expected that the same steps will attract more peasants and members of collectives to the city jobs previously shunned by them because of the low wages and poor housing conditions they offered.

According to the papers, the benefits of the recent reforms are already in evidence. The productivity of men and plants is rising, they say. But the problem will not be solved, in my opinion, until two things happen. First, an engineer's or director's mistake must not involve his arrest by the G. P. U. Errors are universal and need not be malicious. There are wreckers and saboteurs in Soviet industry; foreign specialists testify to this fact. But their number is small compared to that of the loyal engineers who have a right to expect the government's trust, and who will work better when the fear of administrative punishment is removed. Terror was never a means of managing factories.

In the second place, the proletariat's demand for more consumption goods and better homes must be satisfied. The peasant will not leave his village to earn paper rubles which he cannot spend because the stores are empty. And with literally hundreds of thousands of jobs going begging, the worker will move from one spot to the other until he lands a place that offers him a good cooperative apartment and a shop well stocked with food, clothing, tobacco, and, for many of them, vodka. The government knows this as well as I do. It would be unfair to imply that efforts are not being made to give the workers better living conditions. Under the guidance of Kaganovich, a member of the Politburo, Moscow is being rebuilt. Socialist cities are going up in Stalingrad, Nijni-Novgorod, Novorossisk, Magnitogorsk, Kuznestroi, and elsewhere. Postishev, an important secretary of the Communist party, censured Bolsheviks at Archangel the other day for their "insufficient attention to the cultural and material requirements of the longshoremen." Moscow is alive to the situation. But before labor scarcity and fluidity disappear much more remains to be done in the matter of raising *real* wages. Agitation and proper organization can contribute toward higher individual productivity. The final solution awaits the liquidation of the food and goods shortages.

* See Mr. Fischer's article *Servants of the Soviet* in *The Nation* of November 26, 1930.—EDITOR THE NATION.

One word of caution. Stalin's advocacy of piece work, of the division of mammoth trusts into more manageable units, of personal instead of collective responsibility by factory directors, and his obeisance to the bourgeois specialist will be interpreted abroad as a move toward capitalism. The employment of capitalist methods of production is as little proof of a tendency toward capitalism as the use of the capitalist automobile or capitalist engineers by the Soviet state. Ownership, purpose, and control determine the character of the Russian economic system. There can be no return to private capitalism in a country where there are no private

capitalists in the cities and where the rural small holder is fast being submerged by collectivization. And the fast-growing proletariat is the best guaranty against private ownership. It was to create a larger proletariat which would counterbalance the capitalist elements in the cities and villages that the Bolsheviks advocated industrialization from the very beginning of their regime. Industrialization is the historic function of bolshevism—essentially a westernizing movement. And when once industrialization began, economic possibilities and political motives drove the speed up to the present high rate.

Are Militarists Feeble-Minded?*

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THE Western peoples are in a strange phase. The most civilized nations are more fearful of one another than ever before, and each of the great peoples regards every other great people as more treacherous and cruel than Apache Indians. The peoples of non-Christian Asia are by no means so mistrustful of one another as the Christian peoples of Europe. To judge by their actions, you would conclude that no people attaches the slightest importance to the fact that its neighbor or rival is civilized, educated, and Christian. At a time when the regional tensions within nations like France, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy are weaker than ever before, when highways, railroads, schools, newspapers, and radio have made each of them one people as never before and the shadow of civil war seems to have passed away forever, each nation goes in fear of other nations and suspects them of the most monstrous designs.

About this strange international situation there are several significant features:

1. The little peoples enjoy more sense of security than the great peoples. If the motives and intentions of the Powers were really as unscrupulous and ruthless as many picture them, how could Swedes, Norwegians, Swiss, Belgians, Dutch, Portuguese, Greeks, or Czechs enjoy a night's rest? There is nothing to restrain one of their powerful neighbors from sending its air fleet and blotting out their chief cities over night. You would suppose that the citizens of these small and weak states would live in constant terror. As a matter of fact they seem to go about their business with a serene mind.

2. There is an immense amount of touring and travel among the great peoples, and as these tourists go about they discover no fundamental repugnance, no natural hostility between themselves and the people they travel among. The German travelers are not shocked to discover what manner of folk the English, French, and Americans are. Nor do Americans going about in Japan find any reason to attribute to the Japanese sly and sinister intentions. In other words, the causes of mutual antipathy and suspicion are not in the peoples but in their respective governments. It is the governments that set their peoples against one another and not the peoples that set their governments against one another.

3. It is easy to understand such inveterate hatreds as

one finds between roaming tribes and settled peoples, between predatory groups and the industrious peoples they prey on, between piratical folk and trading peoples, between cannibal tribes and their victims, between civilized peoples and slave-raiders, between free peoples and slave-holders. But between the mutually fearful peoples of today there is no ground whatever for reciprocal hatred and hostility. Does anyone pretend, now that the cloud of false war propaganda has lifted, that there is any such difference in the planes of civilization in the belligerent countries as should make them wish to destroy each other by every means within their power?

4. In original nature the Christian religion is one of the gentlest and most humane religions the world has ever seen—far more so than Islam, for example; yet it is precisely the Christian nations which most fear one another and arm against one another. In Asia neighbors may have common boundaries for centuries, yet never arrive at a dispute which brings on wholesale bloodshed.

Such facts lead one to the conclusion that the roots of the mutual international suspicion which begets militant attitudes, armament rivalry, and war-breeding gestures are not in peoples at all or in cultures, but in governments. They are not in the governments of small, non-imperial peoples like the Swiss, Danes, and Norwegians, but in the governments of what are called the "Powers." What distinguishes these governments is readiness to use force outside their boundaries in order to bring under control backward peoples, particularly those which have within their territory valuable natural resources or mineral deposits. It is *imperialism* then, which is the chief troubler and vexer of the friendly relations which should normally prevail among the great peoples of Western civilization.

It is an error to suppose that the clutching policies of governments are really held in check by their people. In the conduct of foreign affairs the people may be brought to believe in or approve almost anything which the government or the dominant class wishes them to believe or approve. Scrutiny of the record of our Department of State shows it to be swayed by about the same influences as sway the corresponding departments of other governments, that is, its attitudes abroad reflect the wishes of the element interested in the export trade, of groups which have gained concessions to valuable things in weaker countries, of capitalists who

* An address given before the World Federation of Educational Associations at Denver, July 28, 1931.—EDITOR THE NATION.

have put money into properties or securities in countries not in a position to defy us. All the profit resulting from foreign trade, or investments, or concessions accrues to small groups of citizens, but all the cost of protecting them, of coercing independent nations, as well as the risk of war with other imperialistic Powers likewise alert in asserting and furthering the interests of similar groups of their own citizens, is borne by the entire body of people. It is a "heads I win, tails you lose" proposition. In no governmental sphere are the resources, even the lives, of the home-staying citizens so shamelessly and cynically risked or sacrificed as in the secret subserviency of foreign policy to the desires of little groups of great capitalists looking for easy money outside their homeland. If people who do not wish to be led like sheep into the shambles of modern warfare do not cease to put their trust in the wisdom, foresight, and purity of motive of their respective governments, they are doomed.

You will be told that the above goes for Japan and Great Britain and Germany and Soviet Russia, for every powerful government on earth, in fact, save only that of the United States. However, the pretense that this government has always played the role of a little innocent lamb can be maintained only with difficulty. To quote Professor Sloane, formerly president of the American Historical Association:

Our own history since independence is an unbroken record of expansion and imperialism. Our contiguous territories have been acquired by compulsion, whether of war, or purchase, or occupation, or exchange. We have taken advantage of others' dire necessity in the case of Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia, and Mexico. To rectify our frontier we compelled the Gadsden purchase within the writer's lifetime. As to our non-contiguous possessions, we hold them by the right of conquest or revolution, saving our consciences with such cash indemnity as we ourselves have chosen to pay. . . . In no single instance of virtual annexation or protectorate have we consulted by popular vote either the desires of those inhabiting the respective territories annexed or the Hague Tribunal. In every case we have had one single plea and one only—self-interest.

A former chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs has pointed out that ". . . either our army or navy or both of them have been employed in forty-eight wars and warlike operations during seventy-nine years of the period from 1775-1927." The American government has landed troops on foreign soil on more than a hundred occasions during the last 115 years.

Out of the feelings fomented between the great peoples by governments and by certain financial groups has grown that monstrosity we may call "the military mind." This type of mind insists that:

1. *War is inevitable.* In 1928 Assistant Secretary of War Robbins said to the West Point graduating class: "Unhappily, in 10,000 years of recorded history we have made but small advance toward universal peace. It is something to be hoped for and prayed for but not something to be expected for many generations to come." Well, if warfare increases in deadliness and destructiveness at the rate the military experts expect, we shall not have "many generations" to make up our minds about it. The next world war is likely to overwhelm the participants in one common ruin.

The head of the American Legion declares, "None of us wants war. As far as that goes none of us wants hurricanes"—implying that human wills have no more to do with the outbreak of wars than they have to do with the genesis of hurricanes!

2. *War is beneficial.* Dean Theodore J. Hoover of Stanford University, brother of President Hoover, insists: "The human race develops by war and succeeds in war in proportion to its use of metal. Races perish in peace. Culture is increased by the invention of new weapons. The pacifist errs in assuming that peace is desirable." If he believes this he ought to favor junking our Supreme Court and letting Illinois and Missouri fight out the issue of the polluting of the waters of the Mississippi by turning the sewage of Chicago into its tributary the Illinois River! What a pity, too, that Colorado and Kansas were not permitted to come to blows over the dispute as to the diversion of too much of the water of the Arkansas River to irrigate the fields of citizens of Colorado! For "the human race develops by war," Dean Hoover says, and of course we all want to "develop."

"The fact becomes plain," says Rear Admiral Fiske, retired, "to anyone who will consult the records that without the stimulus given by wars, the sciences and the arts and engineering, medicine, and surgery would hardly have been even started." Then we ought to welcome earthquakes, mine explosions, bridge collapses, Johnstown floods, and like catastrophes which put engineers, doctors, and surgeons on their mettle. If not enough of them happen of themselves, let us provide disasters artificially. What a pity that the digging of the Panama Canal, the building of Boulder Dam, Mississippi flood control, the harnessing of rivers to create electrical energy, the erection of skyscrapers, the building of ocean liners do not provide sufficient stimulus for "the sciences and the arts and engineering"!

3. *Preparedness to fight is the best guaranty of peace.* "The way to secure peace," says the Briton Winston Churchill, "is to be so much stronger than your enemy that he will not dare attack you." Now if this prescription is good for England, it should be good for England's neighbors; but if they should all follow it, they would be engaged in the impossible enterprise of each trying to make itself stronger than any of the others. One of our generals said to a New York audience: "If we had now or could get together . . . more tanks, airplanes, and munitions than any other country, and faster than any other country, we could lay our cards on the table and say, 'There is our hand, can you beat it?' and there would be no war." What does the gallant officer suppose other countries would be doing as they watched us assembling in frantic haste more lethal machinery than any of them had?

The militarist takes great credit to himself for never asking one penny for offense; he is only pleading that his country "put itself in a posture of defense." And who but a Communist or a "traitor in the pay of Moscow" can object to his country being prepared to protect itself if wantonly attacked? However, in the demands militarists all over the world are making upon their respective governments, every man, every gun is for "defense," not one for aggression! But if all the armies and fleets are for defense, against whom are we arming? In each particular case the shouters for stronger defense assume that the military heads

of other nations are lying when they profess to be concerned only with national defense. But if we suspect them of lying, why shouldn't they equally suspect us of lying?

The militarist considers universal compulsory training of our young men in time of peace "the most important lesson of the war." Now a few years of universal military training would give us ten million soldiers. What defensive need have we for such myriads? If a nation so unget-at-able by land as ours shows itself apprehensive, what nation would dare reckon its need of soldiers less than that of the United States? So we should be leading the way to world-wide militarization in all nations, and for so doing should earn the hate Germany drew upon herself by incessantly "forcing the pace" of military and naval preparedness. So head-feeble are the militarists that never yet have I met with one who had given the slightest thought to the effect of our adoption of compulsory military training upon the "preparedness" policies of the rest of the world.

In the Driftway

DESPITE an interest in the modern girl, superheterodyne radio sets, and the quantum theory, the Drifter still delights in simple things. That is why he shares not at all the snobbery of many sophisticates toward those droves of blissful idiots who enrich the owners of our various Coney Islands. He has always, for that matter, flattered himself upon his ability to derive enjoyment without inquiring too minutely into its cosmic significance.

* * * * *

IT takes a little too much, however, to give the simplest American a thrill. If you really want to taste the fruits of simple pleasure, you must take yourself to some such land as France, and once there flee from Paris to the provinces. The Drifter, one day in Gascony, plunged head-long into the joys of a country fair. In a hamlet which donated even its sidewalks to the parking needs of mysterious auto trucks, every square, including the inevitable Place de la République, offered entertainment in a rich diversity. From miles around people had flocked to this magnetic area, coming in noisy little cars, high two-wheeled peasant carts, or, many of them, in diminutive wagons drawn by dusty little donkeys. Indeed, one of the chief satisfactions of this festival, it appeared, was the chance it gave to compare modes of locomotion; for invariably before returning homeward each family strolled back and forth in all the side alleys, chatting pleasantly, and not without occasional witticisms, about the dilapidated cushions of this pocket auto or the bright paint of that fine cart belonging—to M'sieur Belotier of Roc Rouge, did you say?

* * * * *

ALL the French are children. The young ones are the best-dressed children in the world, though of the old, at least in rural Gascony, nothing should be said on that score. But they all know how to have a happy time. The balloons that burst in a single day make you wonder what would happen to the rubber industry were it not for these French fairs. But balloons are reserved for the younger

set, while the older boys and girls are charmed by the multitudinous slot-machines. And for those who approach, even here, the edge of urban sophistication, there is the "Statue de Liberté Fortune-Teller," the "Américain Luna Parck Hop La!" (these typographical errors are not the Drifter's), and the row of look-for-a-sou miniature cinemas revealing the secrets of "les Bandits de Chicago" along with the adventures of "les Mademoiselles d'Hollywood." Yet for those who crave more practical tilts with life, there are the vendors of cloth, watering pots, neckties, onions, jackplanes, harness, magic china cement, shoestrings, native pottery, sweet buns, cider, potted plants, bérêts Basques, peanuts, donkey-packs, baskets *du pays*, and an infinite choice of candies that melt in the mouth—if they have not already melted before reaching it.

* * * * *

IF he had wanted to, the Drifter could have ridden on the *chevaux-de-bois*, selecting either Fendlair, Coco, Mignon, or Jim for steed, to the tune of Dvorak's "Humoresque" or Fanny Brice's favorite, "My Man." But this opportunity of a lifetime he blithely passed up, together with the "Majestic Lottery," "Boule Chinoise," the great speculating wheel "Au Grand Jeu de Bohème—Adieu, Ma Belle Marchandise!" and even "le Thermomètre d'Amour." What captivated the Drifter was the "Luges Sport," a contraption devised with devilish ingenuity, by which, on sleds going over a bumpy track and stopping gently (as a rule) on upgrade, you might speed down a declivity all of thirty feet for the ridiculous fee of ten centimes, two-fifths of a cent, per ride. It isn't every day that one lets go his *amour propre* to be a child in Gascony.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Caustic Menorah

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial paragraph in your issue dated July 29 speaks of "the cynical *Menorah Journal*." That is a strange adjective to apply to a publication noted for sincerity and seriousness in its discussion of Jewish and general questions. At any rate it was not the *Menorah Journal* speaking editorially that made the remark you quote. The quotation is from a columnist in the *Journal*, who writes his personal views under the nom de plume of "An Elder of Zion." And in fairness to the Elder it should be noted that your quotation omits (without indicating that there is any omission) a most important qualifying clause, which I put in italics in the following corrected sentence: "Now, *if we are to believe the recently adopted new Z. O. A. [Zionist Organization of America] program*, a Zionist is a man who invests his money in Palestine and runs home to West End Avenue to wait for his eight-percents to start rolling in."

I imagine the Elder—the old fellow is far from a cynic, however mordant his pen—had in mind something of what your paragrapher well goes on to suggest, namely, the need of facing the whole issue of Zionism once more—of facing it with most thoroughgoing thought and plain talk, without regard for political Zionist organizations and American corporations aiming to develop Jewish interests in Palestine through private investments. Deeper than that, indeed, is the question with which

your paragrapher concludes, though Zionism is of course bound up with it: "What is Judaism?"

In every issue of the *Menorah Journal* these matters are discussed—often caustically, but not cynically.

New York, July 27

HENRY HURWITZ,
Editor the *Menorah Journal*

[We are glad to substitute the adjective "caustic" for "cynical" as applied to the *Menorah*, though we meant no insult by the latter term, the word cynical being sometimes equivalent to "intelligent." The responsibility of a magazine for an anonymous column, appearing as a monthly feature and written by one of the editors whose name appears on the masthead of the journal, is a nice question in editorial ethics. For the typographical omission we apologize. In any case we must express our belief once more that the caustic comment of the editor of the *Menorah Journal* and his Elder in Zion are among the most realistic and stimulating discussions of Zionist problems we have met—sometimes we should even call them intelligently cynical.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Successful Conference

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I like to read *The Nation*, I like to write for it, I like to agree with it (when I can) and still more to disagree with it when it grumblingly misinterprets public events. *The Nation* has described the London conference as a failure. This was a slight error. The London conference was a great success and bridged one of the most dangerous chasms which the world has ever faced.

Germany, the embarrassed debtor, had steadily become more and more hard up. Whether because of excessive reparations or for other reasons, the acuteness of her plight had become so plain to the world that Mr. Hoover had been able to persuade the difficult Republican and more difficult Democratic leaders of Congress that Germany must be given a respite, and had thereupon forced through the one-year moratorium on reparations. But the delay of Paris had seriously weakened the effect of this act, lately hailed by *The Nation* as "Mr. Hoover's great action." Hence the panicky flight from the mark began.

Has not *The Nation* an ounce of credit to give Mr. Hoover for foreseeing that such a storm might break? Why otherwise were Messrs. Stimson and Mellon in Europe at just the critical moment? Prior to the London conference there had been talk of a \$500,000,000 long-time loan, but France had declared that she would participate therein only if she got "political appeasements," which meant such demands on Germany as her leaders dared not grant even if they were willing to do so. Therefore a long-time loan was impossible, since it could not be obtained if France declined to participate. Mr. Hoover's problem was not only to write a prescription which would not require the approval of the Senate, but one which France, as well as the other European nations, would have to swallow—and with apparent enthusiasm—whether they liked it or not. This meant that he was obliged to make a proposal so moderate, so fair, so simple that the world could comprehend it, that no one could dare to refuse to accept it.

Instead of proposing a new loan—which could not have been obtained—he asked only that the governments join in requesting holders of the billion and a quarter dollars' worth of short-time German maturities to extend forbearance until a far-reaching, constructive plan could be worked out by the Bank for International Settlements. Here was a request so moderate that neither decent men nor decent governments could

—the eyes of the world being on them—refuse to grant it. Even a child could comprehend what Mr. Hoover proposed.

So it was that the seven-power conference asked the citizens and banks not only of their own countries but of the entire world not to press for collection of German claims. This was all they did. Was it, as you seem to claim, an empty gesture? By no means. They made a mere request; but the world's opinion being behind that request, it has had more than the force of law. Though not backed by armies or courts or sovereigns or senates (and that is one of its great merits), it justifies any steps Germany may take by moratorium or otherwise to prevent the continued flight from the mark and to compel extension of credits until panic may subside and a real and far-reaching plan is evolved. And this has been the effect of the conference.

Why, then, is *The Nation* disgruntled? Why does it call the London conference a failure? Did it want the London conference to get tangled in the barbed wire of politics while trying to work out a new loan? Did it want Hitlerism or communism in Germany? Does not *The Nation* realize how easy it would have been for that conference to have tabled the whole matter with nothing but the appointment of so-called experts to spend months in diagnosing the condition of the patient while the patient gasped for breath? Chancellor Brüning, far from returning to Berlin "empty-handed," as *The Nation* declares, went back to Germany enabled as a result of the London conference to take such measures that within less than two weeks thereafter the banks have reopened, and today (August 6) deposits are far exceeding withdrawals.

Hence the seven-power conference, by Mr. Hoover's appeal to the decencies of mankind, has definitely accomplished an immense result. While it may be an overstatement to claim that it has lifted the clouds which overhang this frightened world, the outcome of the London discussions, if followed up in a like spirit by the committee of the Bank of International Settlements, may well prove the most notable forward step toward real world peace and security achieved since Armistice Day.

New York, August 6

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

[We regret that the information in our possession and our interpretation of what has happened in Germany make it impossible for us to agree with Mr. Rosenberg.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Miners Need Legal Aid

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Why Must the Miners Starve" is the story of the Pennsylvania-Ohio miners told by Mauritz A. Hallgren in *The Nation* of July 29, and it is, indeed, a moving one. After reading that article, can anyone wonder why the miners have been forced to go on strike? Some of the things mentioned by Mr. Hallgren on police terror dovetail into the findings of an investigating committee headed by Theodore Dreiser which has studied this mine field. Mr. Hallgren, for example, said:

[Strikers] are forced daily to face a silent reign of terror. . . . In the picket lines [they] must walk meekly and silently if they do not want the hickory club of a deputy sheriff brought down on their heads. (A goodly number of the notorious Coal and Iron Police have been lately rehired as deputy sheriffs in western Pennsylvania).

The Dreiser committee's report supplements this by showing that to date three miners have been killed, one while defending his wife from bullets on his own porch, and another who was only sixteen years old; that over 1,000 miners have been herded into jail; that efforts have been made to destroy

the strike by arresting the most active workers; that 35 miners have been severely wounded; that more than 2,000 men, women, and children have been gassed, clubbed, and ridden down by horses of the State police; and that over 3,000 families have had eviction notices served on them.

In defending these victimized miners the International Labor Defense has an enormous job on its hands. Funds are urgently needed. Send your contribution to Miners' Defense Fund, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

J. LOUIS ENGDAHL,

General Secretary International Labor Defense
New York, July 27

Challenge to *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an excellent editorial paragraph in your issue of July 29, you say: "And that we may consider ourselves fortunate then if we still have our capitalist social organizations unaltered?" My criticism is based on your evident lack of any defined goal in your social and economic theory. You seem to come to the point of consummation and then flop. In my opinion we may consider ourselves damned if after continued suffering we do find our capitalist social order unaltered. Many of us who did not agree with you in supporting the Democratic candidate for President held our peace even though we considered it a compromise. Attempts at patching up or "civilizing" our capitalist system to obtain a measure of success are as shortsighted as was support of Al Smith and doomed to as great a failure.

Surely we have evidence enough to convince the intelligent that our profit-seeking system is the cause of our social troubles. Also, we have evidence of the success of the Communist system in Russia, and of the inevitable conflict between these two systems. I wonder if, when the conflict between these two systems becomes more intense, you will give your support to those who are crying "beasts of Russia," "baby-killers," etc., or if you will define your principles as Romain Rolland has. There can be no compromise.

Minneapolis, July 30

J. W. BAKER

A Workers' Theater

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several dramatic groups in New York City—namely, the Young Circle League of the Workmen's Circle, the Young People's Socialist League, the Rand School, various groups of the Socialist Party and the labor unions, several Negro dramatic groups of Harlem, Brookwood Labor College—have banded together to form the Workers' Theater in order to carry out a twofold purpose. The first is to reach a working-class audience that is unapproachable by the commercial theater; and to impart to that audience a definite message of a class-conscious social ideal. The second is to produce plays with the aid of those young men and women who as amateurs are anxious to express their social philosophy in a true dramatic form.

With these objects we are in need of all sorts and types of labor plays. Will those people who possess or who know of such plays please communicate with me at 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York.

We should also like to hear from other labor dramatic groups throughout the country.

New York, July 25

SAMUEL ROTHENBERG

Criticism and Facts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* comes to our library regularly. I appreciate your courtesy in sending me a marked copy of the issue of June 24 containing the editorial paragraph on the granting of master's degrees by the College of Puget Sound. I do not know where you got your information, but I judge it came from the press.

Since you have offered your criticism, possibly you would appreciate having the facts. The two subjects you mention were offered, but both of them were rejected by our committee on graduate work. The two candidates were required to re-write their theses. One was able to do so before commencement and received his degree. The other will need to take another year. By this you will notice that the College of Puget Sound is not so worthy of blame as your paragraph implied.

EDWARD H. TODD,

President College of Puget Sound

Tacoma, Washington, July 28

The Polish Corridor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to draw the attention of your readers to one of the most serious sins of omission in the calculations concerning the financial adjustment of Germany. Even if President Hoover's generous and wise plan had not suffered from French sabotage, it would merely have postponed the catastrophe for another year, unless the principal causes of the German and general European plight were removed. One of these causes, if not the most decisive one, is the Polish Corridor involving the division of Upper Silesia. Ever since Germany's impossible eastern frontier was devised by an Allied commission under control of the French General Staff, experts have been pointing out the fact that the Corridor, with all its political, economic, and financial implications, will not allow Germany to recover, or Germany and Poland ever to live in peace. No amount of credit to the Reich's treasury will be able to fill the open gap on her eastern frontier. The Corridor problem must be settled before the economists and financiers can expect Germany to pay her debts.

Seefeld, Tyrol, July 19

OTTO E. LESSING

William Vaughn Moody

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been told that there are many letters in existence, not yet published, written by the poet-dramatist William Vaughn Moody—my brother—whose untimely death in 1910 was considered a distinct calamity in the field of American letters.

I greatly desire to trace these letters for possible use in one or the other of two books on my brother's life ("Early Years" and "Later Years") now in hand. If original letters are sent, I will copy and return them promptly by registered mail. I shall also be very grateful for copies of letters, and for reminiscences or any data that may add color and interest to my books.

JULIA MOODY SCHMALZ

Mountain Lakes, N. J., July 17

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

Books and Films

Song

By EVAN SHIPMAN

Water, do you reach to the stars?
Death, do you reach to the stars?
Singing water soon will I know
Whether the winds that with your current blow
Caress at length Death's bars.

For cause, O facile bars, let down.
Water where darker waters drown
Take me where the wind and little light
Shudder around this swooning death at night;
Not death, but as the star's light tortuously, down, down.

Mr. Huxley Settles Down

Music at Night, and Other Essays. By Aldous Huxley. New York: The Fountain Press. Edition limited to 842 copies, each copy signed by the author. \$10.

ALDOUS HUXLEY is Settling Down. He has sown his intellectual wild oats and has made up his mind to do something Constructive. So, at least, one is driven to conclude from his recent volumes of essays. True, he still has the reputation of being a blastingly cynical young man. One would think, judging by most of the references to him that still find their way into print, that his own point of view was that of the restless, standardless, rudderless, drinking, fornicating characters he seems so fond of depicting in his fiction. But if we assume that his attitude toward his characters was ever merely that of amused cynicism, it seems gradually to have become that of the moralist. He is less a twentieth-century Congreve than a twentieth-century Hogarth; his characters, in the light of his recent books, become just so many horrible examples, so many warnings. An attitude long implicit in his fiction, for example, and made explicit in previous essays, is expanded once more in the present volume in the essay called *Obstacle Race*. The thesis of this essay is simply that life loses its zest when the obstacles are removed, and that the cause of so much contemporary boredom is that the ancient hurdles, set up by the old conventions and taboos, have been rapidly disappearing. Science, he holds, must take the place of religion and superstition in this respect: "If the science is genuinely scientific, it will prescribe the setting up, here and there, of quite fantastic obstacles. . . . 'Here,' it will say, 'you must plant an irrational prohibition, here a preposterous taboo, here a whole series of frankly anti-biological impediments.'" Now one may agree entirely with Mr. Huxley on the need of obstacles, without thereby agreeing at all that such obstacles must be either artificial or irrational. In deploring the tedium that soon follows from "flat racing," Mr. Huxley, there is more than one reason for believing, is thinking mainly of the gradual disappearance, or at least the gradual lowering, of impediments in the realm of sex. But it seems to me that there are entirely rational arguments, and that it is therefore not necessary to set up anything but thoroughly rational obstacles, against, for example, sexual promiscuity. And I believe Mr. Huxley would think so too, if he merely took the trouble to make himself consistent. For one should not, as he does, at one moment indorse D. H. Lawrence's attitude toward sex, and then at another hold that it may be necessary once more for

us to consider the sexual act as intrinsically sinful if we want to restore our full enjoyment of it. Nor does this position seem consistent with the kind of confession of personal tastes that appears in the essay called *Squeak and Gibber*:

One of the stock arguments in favor of Platonic and Christian immortality is this: if there were no future life, or at any rate no belief in a future life, men would be justified in behaving like animals and, being justified, would all incontinently start taking the advice of Horace and the Preacher to do nothing but swill, guzzle, and copulate. Even a man of Dostoevski's intelligence oracularly affirms that "all things would be permitted" if there were no such thing as immortality. These moralists seem to forget that there are many human beings who simply don't want to pass their lives eating, drinking, and being merry, or, alternatively, like Russian heroes, raping, murdering, and morally torturing their friends. The deadly tedium of the Horatian and the nauseating unpleasantness of the Dostoevskian life would be quite enough, survival or no survival, to keep me at any rate (in these matters one can only speak for oneself) unswervingly in the narrow way of domestic duty and intellectual labor. For the narrow way commands an incomparably wider and, so far as I am concerned, an incomparably fairer prospect than the primrose path; fulfilled domestic duties are a source of happiness, and intellectual labor is rewarded by the most intense delights.

Such inconsistencies, it must be confessed, are comparatively rare in Mr. Huxley's work; perhaps most of those that make their appearance are the result of the fact that his own position has been gradually shifting; and when one's philosophy shifts like this, it has a way of doing so, not as a whole, but in fragments, with a good deal of backing and filling. Thus Mr. Huxley's present position seems curiously poised between the sheer derision of a Mencken and the almost entirely serious attitude of a Laski or a Lippmann; on any given subject he is likely to break out in either direction. Thus on his serious and "responsible" side he can deliver terrific blows at the cult of lowbrowism reflected in such writers as Hemingway, or at the "new romanticism" which worships collectivism and the machine; while he can still achieve his old cynical effects by juxtaposing, for example, physiology and mysticism: "Mme Guyon's ecstasies were most frequent and most spiritually significant in the fourth month of her pregnancies."

Mr. Huxley, in short, can still play with ideas, but the game takes on an increasing sobriety.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Enemy's Secret Code

The American Black Chamber. By Herbert O. Yardley. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.

MAJOR YARDLEY'S book is having an extraordinary and deserved success which can only be partly a *succès de scandale*. The fact that the truth of what he tells has been aspersed by high authorities at Washington certainly heightens the interest of his narrative, but on any grounds his book is one of the most entertaining of the many "now it can be told" volumes that have appeared off and on since 1919.

The government bureau of which he writes was a part of the Military Intelligence Division of the United States army. It came into being in 1917 and was discontinued in 1929 by Secretary of State Stimson, whose department financed the work after the war. Stimson's action was based on moral dis-

approval of the work done. Yardley and his assistants undertook to decipher all coded dispatches submitted to them, as well as any other documents or papers, together with papers suspected of carrying messages in secret inks, and the like. They also constructed codes and performed other related tasks. In this way they served the Department of State, the army, the navy, and the Department of Justice. Yardley seems to hold the army men in highest esteem and to think little of the diplomats, especially Walter Hines Page.

The interest of "The American Black Chamber" is many-sided. It has all the interest of Poe's "Gold Bug" and similar ratiocinative yarns. It should fascinate crossword puzzlers, anagrammers, and similar folk. It has meat for detective- and spy-story readers. But to me it is most important for the sidelights it gives on diplomatic practice. The essence of diplomacy has been and still, alas, continues to be, in spite of Woodrow Wilson, secrecy. One of the many devices resorted to by diplomats in their assiduous pursuit of secrecy is the use of codes. Their fellow-patriots, the spies and "secret agents," also use codes and secret inks. But just as national states have dignified diplomats into gentlemen and spies into heroes, so they have decorated with medals and more intangible honors the men who devote themselves to solving the codes and bringing the secret writings to the light of day. Yardley remarks that his work was largely destructive, for he spent most of his time for sixteen years prying into the secrets of enemies and friends of this country by destroying the secrecy they sought through codes. "We solved," he writes, "over forty-five thousand cryptograms from 1917 to 1929, and at one time or another we broke the codes of Argentine, Brazil, Chile, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, England, France, Germany, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Russia, San Salvador, Santo Domingo, Soviet Union, and Spain."

Yardley's period of greatest activity was during the war and the peace conference, and his last spurt was during the Washington disarmament conference. His stories of the struggles his bureau had with the German cryptographers and chemists is highly diverting. As one might expect, the Germans had the edge on the Allies when it came to secret inks, because of their great proficiency in chemistry. They also were exceedingly expert in devising codes. But with astonishing celerity each group canceled the edge of the other and the final issue was perilously near a stalemate. It is impossible to reproduce Yardley's stories here, and I cannot say that any of them strike me as especially significant. They are wonderful examples of human ingenuity, but that is all.

On the other hand Yardley's account of his work after the war is full of significance. By prying into the dispatches of England and Japan he and his helpers were able materially to assist the American diplomats at the Washington conference, and by publishing some of the documents he deciphered Major Yardley has performed a service to history. It appears that neither England nor Japan came to the conference with any great sincerity of purpose, but that to them the whole affair was simply one more chance to dicker and trade and avoid discussing fundamentals as far as possible. And it was Yardley's work that let the Americans know that Japan would eventually, after a fight, accept the famous ten-six ratio.

The career that Yardley made for himself might be adduced as proof of the maxim that one's hobby is sometimes more important than one's vocation. For when he was a subordinate clerk in the State Department he became interested in cryptography and spent his time puzzling over coded dispatches without benefit of the keys provided to the authorized decoders. He pursued his researches with all the avidity of the true amateur and his book shows that nothing remotely connected with the science escaped his notice. He tells us that Edgar Allan Poe knew next to nothing about cryptography and

that Voltaire's opinions on the subject were nonsense. The study of cryptography was already highly developed in Europe long before the outbreak of the war, but no one in America could pretend to expertness. Yardley therefore started his researches from scratch, and it is immensely to his credit that after sixteen years of labor he retired at the top of his profession. He had "cipher brains." If we may generalize from his case, it appears that a cryptographer must possess powers of imagination and analysis to an unusual degree. He must also be exceedingly patient and ingenious. And he must be methodical. Even when Yardley seems to attribute his success to inspiration it is perfectly clear that the true explanation is that his vast stores of information suddenly "precipitated." It is amusing to observe that his mental processes were closely related to those of mathematicians and scientific workers generally.

As to the morality of much of Yardley's type of work there is room for at least two opinions. Either one can take Stimson's dogmatic view that it is wrong or one can hold that as long as diplomacy remains secret it is right—that it is necessary and will continue to be so as long as the national state with its dubious ambitions lasts. The destruction of Yardley's bureau leaves this country pretty much at the mercy of the more realistic foreign governments that still support cryptographers. The existence of these men is an open secret. Every Foreign Office knows that its dispatches are scrutinized by both friends and enemies, and the wonder is that diplomats ever take the risk of committing their secrets to the tender mercies of foreign cryptographers. Certainly without a man like Yardley in service America is just a tender lamb among the wolves. The American State Department is at once the most autocratic and the most bungling of all the government departments. Such successes as it does chalk up are attributable not to skill and resourcefulness but to the economic strength of the country it represents to the world.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Music in America

Our American Music: Three Hundred Years of It. By John Tasker Howard. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$6.

AT once a history, a critical commentary, and a biographical dictionary, Mr. Howard's stout volume is the most nearly complete work on the subject of American music that we now possess. Although it was his original intention to write only about the music that has been composed in this country, he was inevitably drawn into the current of musical activities. No reader will regret this, for some of the liveliest pages are those describing scenes and personalities, and these passages offset the dryness of occasional stretches that have the brevity of a catalogue.

Structurally, this valuable reference book is divided into three parts: Euterpe in the Wilderness (1620-1800), Euterpe Clears the Forest (1800-1860), and Euterpe Builds Her American Home (1860 to the present). The style varies from a prosaic flatness in factual sections to a genial humor when the author lets himself go. Considering the large amount of material presented and the days of labor which must have gone into its selection and arrangement, one is struck with admiration at Mr. Howard's high spirits in the actual writing. Dull he undeniably is at times, but that is when he is buried in data.

Reminding us that the new is ever old, he discloses our first modernist composer in the person of William Billings of Boston, who wrote in 1778 a completely discordant piece entitled "Jargon," prefacing it with a manifesto which might, with a few changes, be applied to the music of George Antheil. Coming down to 1853, we meet another forerunner, not a

mere composer this time, but a conductor-composer who knew all the tricks of showmanship. Louis Antoine Jullien directed classical symphonies with a jeweled baton held in a white-gloved hand, and wrote a "Firemen's Quadrille" which called for a burst of artificial flames from the ceiling of the concert hall, and the irruption of three companies of firemen dragging dripping hose.

With entertaining matter of this kind Mr. Howard enlivens a record that has its very staid and decorous moments. He has schemed, not in vain, to spare his readers all the tedium he can. He fills the dual role of a conscientious compiler and a considerate cicerone. Save on those occasions when he gives up in despair and reels off names of men and opuses in a monotone, he essays judgments on the artistic output he passes in review. That his comments are more often kindly approbative than keenly critical is not surprising.

With his estimates of composers one need not be in accord, as, for example, when he assigns eleven pages to Ethelbert Nevin and only three to Arthur Foote. Many a reader too will note the omissions from the chapter on contemporary composers. Without any particular racking of memory, I can think of at least ten whose names are missing. But the overlooking of a few in so large a field was well-nigh unavoidable. Absolute perfection in a work of such laborious detail would have been little short of a miracle.

RAY C. B. BROWN

Tully Rounds It Out

Blood on the Moon. By Jim Tully. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

THIS is the fifth and, according to his preface, the last volume of Jim Tully's rambling autobiography. Coming after "Beggars of Life," "Circus Parade," "Shanty Irish," and "Shadows of Men," it rounds out the best and most complete series of studies of a passing phase of the American underworld that we have had. Jack London was on the road only a few months. Edward Dahlberg, who in "Bottom Dogs" wrote a powerful book, did not touch on any of the professional aspects of underworld life. His protagonist was only a waif. Harry Kemp was the roving poet as self-conscious about seeing "life" as the bumming college student. Josiah Flynt, to whom Tully gives the palm, I do not know. But except for Flynt, Tully alone knew the life as a bona fide part of it, as road kid, hobo worker, itinerant pugilist, and finally as struggling writer. It took Tully ten years to get his first book published. He is still growing. He writes better with each volume. Only Tully knows how much guts it has taken to develop his writing gifts to the point where he can produce such a book as this. There never was a tramp of any kind with some smattering of education, I suppose, who did not plan to write a book about himself some day. Tully was willing to struggle ten years in order to arrive.

Of course he sees the world through pink spectacles—in spite of the sordidly realistic parts of his books; of course he is a romantic egotist; of course he is an Irish sentimentalist; and of course he is an unmitigated story-teller—in a double sense. But he is at the same time essentially a passionately sincere story-teller with an imagination controlled, if by nothing else, by a fine sense for the value in his material.

In some respects this last volume, although it is less ambitious, is the best of the series. It is more than well written—it contains a generous amount of that enchantment which is always to be found in the Tully autobiographies. In form it consists of a series of stories, ranging the years chronologically, about Tully's early life from the orphan-home days to the beginning of his literary career. Its part in the series is to pick up loose threads left over from the four other books and

fill in some of the gaps. I cannot imagine anyone who has a sound head and a decent heart reading Book II unmoved or without admiration. In these last hundred and fifty pages the author has achieved a fitting climax to his work.

The days that Tully writes of have passed. The whole aspect of the road and of the shifting underworld has changed and is continuing to change with increasing rapidity. That is one reason why this work of his is a valuable contribution. Meanwhile, one's curiosity grows as to the nature and quality of the future books of a different order which Jim Tully promises us.

FRED T. MARSH

Man Makes a World

Modern Civilization on Trial. By C. Delisle Burns. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

DR. DELISLE BURNS has, to an unusual degree, the gift of lucid exposition. This gift is used with excellent effect in this, one of his best books. It was Professor Alfred Zimmern who declared that all pre-war political theory would have to be rewritten. Dr. Delisle Burns gives point to that remark. His theory does not float in the air. It is related to what he terms "modernity" and to the "new industrial revolution," with its large-scale methods of production and its new demands upon intelligence. He confronts us with a tiny, buzzing world—our world—which it is possible to circumnavigate by air in ten days; where a number equal to the entire population of the United States visits the picture theaters in that country every week, and where, even in Japan, the yearly attendance at the cinema is twice the population of the country; where in many an African district gramophones are to be found in almost every large hut; where radio sends a message round the globe in a few seconds. He insists that these facts are of as much significance for political theory as the propositions and ideals of Plato and Aristotle.

Inevitably the customs and demands of European-American civilization impinge upon the habits of primitive peoples, impinge upon the traditions of the Orient. Dr. Delisle Burns devotes two chapters to discussing the resultant problems. He quotes André Gide's description of a gang of hostages in French Congo, taken because an African village had failed to supply the requisite number of porters for forced labor demanded by the administration, "escorted by guards armed with five-thonged whips, a line of fifteen women and two men, tied by the necks with the same rope." The arrival of civilization appears to wear much the same aspect in 1927 as it did in the sixteenth-century Peru of Pizarro. The degradation of the industrial revolution of the West has been reproduced and emphasized in the East and especially in factories controlled by Oriental employers. To this extent the world does not change. Slowly, however, the new technological forces, when intelligently directed, are making their influence felt. The notion slowly makes headway that social institutions and social health or lack of it are not in the nature of things, like the climate, but are capable of being controlled and improved. The cinema gives peasant populations sight of other methods of life than their own. For good and for evil it is an immense dissolvent force. In India villagers are instructed in agricultural methods by radio. The result is a change in the entire outlook on civilization. As that very distinguished Chinese, Dr. Hu Shih, has said, "For me that civilization is materialistic which is limited by matter and incapable of transcending it. . . . Moral technology is highly spiritual because it seeks, through human ingenuity and intelligence, to relieve human energy from the unnecessary hardships of life and to provide for it the necessary conditions for the enjoyment of life."

The effect, however, of the new technology and of the related spirit of modernity is not solely, or even primarily, upon remote civilizations and peoples. The chief issue is within our own borders. The characteristic quality of these new influences is mobility. There are, on the other side, forces with which Dr. Delisle Burns has as little sympathy, which stand for immobility. This spirit results in South Africa in refusal to allow a native to travel more than a few miles without a permit. In Europe "politicians and business men are attempting to modernize the old village pump; the majority still believe in the old pump; and an antiquated history and an absolute sentimentalism are decorating it. . . . But what we want is a new water supply." Dr. Delisle Burns's outlook is broadly that of H. G. Wells, but with talk of an international aristocracy with its own tradition—a samurai—and with most of the discussion of the revision of democracy left out. Dr. Delisle Burns admits that the insurgence of nationalism and the rise of dictatorships are modern-enough phenomena. He points out, however, that dictatorships have arisen exclusively in the more backward parts of Europe and that, by the actual measurable tests of advance in health and literacy, the lands under dictatorship do not compare well with democracies. To put it bluntly, dictators, despite their noise, do not "deliver the goods." They do, however, stand for the forces of localism, insulation, and immobility. Aldous Huxley, speaking for the modern spirit, has rediscovered the Fall, but not Salvation. Dr. Delisle Burns, also speaking for this spirit, brushes aside alike the pensive Huxleys and the activist Mussolinis. He provides us, with singular charm and persuasiveness, with an announcement of practical salvation, into which all men of good-will can enter. He has the courage to undertake the long overdue criticism of polite and classical standards. "What is in a decline is not the modern world, but traditional criticism." He argues that our world, steadily becoming smaller, is one in which cooperation is now imperative. The machines are on his side. This is an extraordinarily competent exposition of political modernism, full of good things, which those who may disagree with internationalism can least afford to neglect.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

The Autobiography of a State

Vermont Verse. Edited by Walter John Coates and Frederick Tupper.

Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads. Edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown.

Vermonters: A Book of Biographies. Edited by Walter H. Crockett.

Vermont Prose. Edited by Arthur Wallace Peach and Harold G. Rugg. Brattleboro, Vermont: Stephen Daye Press. Each \$1.50.

THIS four-volume series of anthologies has been printed as a major project of the Committee of Traditions and Ideals organized in 1929 under the Vermont Commission on Country Life. The attempt of the editors and the advisory board of literary artists is to present the "musings and thought of a State."

Such a project is worth while as social history and as a background for the social criticism of literature, but writings so collected are likely to prove of very little artistic merit. The only one of these books which will be read and highly valued by many readers is the collection of "Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads." This particular volume adds many new examples to our collection of American balladry. Among these there are new versions of old ballads and a few completely new broadsides and songs which have grown up as a result of

events occurring within the State of Vermont itself. The work of collecting has been done by a great many ardent students of old songs, but all the collectors have worked under the same general system and the results are authentic. The book is a fine one.

The "Biographies" will prove more interesting to Vermonters than to the general reader. Only a few famous names are included: the inevitable Calvin Coolidge, and Robert Frost, of course. The most interesting and illuminating material is to be found in the biographies of such pioneers as Ethan Allen and Walter H. Crockett. Here is vivid history.

Vermont prose has little greatness until it draws upon the writings of such a visitor as Rudyard Kipling, who spent a winter in Vermont after his marriage to a Vermont woman. Nor is Vermont poetry very exciting save for the genius of Robert Frost, but "that has made all the difference."

EDA LOU WALTON

Southern Labor's Challenge

When Southern Labor Stirs. By Tom Tippet. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

THE recounting of the stories of the first great strikes in the South during its present period of rapid industrialization facilitates the understanding of the labor problem in that new industrial empire. Tom Tippet is one of the few persons who have passed through the strategic struggles at Elizabethton, Gastonia, Marion, and Danville. He is that envied reporter who has been sufficiently on the inside to acquire a realistic approach to the strikes he describes and sufficiently on the outside to be able to make an appraisal of them not shot full of prejudice. Now he has set down his observations, and enlivened the text with a generous number of illustrations.

Except for the strike at Gastonia, North Carolina, the revolts of Southern wage-earners have been officially under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor. At Gastonia the fight was led by the National Textile Workers, which incidentally is not "a union affiliated with the Communist Party" as Mr. Tippet describes it, though it is under Communist control. At Elizabethton, Tennessee, the A. F. of L. was invited by the workers to take charge after the strike had occurred. At Marion, North Carolina, the mill operatives called in an organizer of the A. F. of L. union, the United Textile Workers, to conduct an organization campaign for them, and soon the U. T. W. found itself with an unwelcome strike on its hands. At Danville, Virginia, the United Textile Workers, upon the request of the discontented employees, had an opportunity to prepare the ground for the kind of battle it preferred by months of agitation. Yet all these strikes were failures. Employers did not distinguish between Communists with their class-struggle philosophy and adherents of the A. F. of L. with their preachments of class collaboration. Judges imprisoned strikers, policemen and troops beat them up and shot them, and middle-class elements maltreated them, no matter what the political beliefs of their leaders. This is one lesson of the Southern rebellions that Mr. Tippet points out.

There is another moral to be drawn from the recent industrial disputes below Mason and Dixon's line. Victory will not come to the workers without adequate mobilization of all labor's resources before, during, and after strikes. Danville saw the most careful plans laid before the outbreak of hostilities, but the insufficient relief that the trade-union movement and its friends could summon finally defeated the strikers. At Gastonia the red hysteria nullified the efforts of all the Communists' ramifying publicity, defense, and relief auxiliaries. At Elizabethton and Marion the United Textile Workers could

not cope with the financial burden thrust upon them, and when the strikes were liquidated nothing was done to preserve the morale and organization to prepare for a better fight. The same thing seems to be occurring in Danville. Standing out from the distressing account of the deficiency of the American Federation of Labor in militancy and farsightedness is the glorious work of the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief and other groups.

Mr. Tippet's narrative might have been more rousing and more colorful had he been less restrained in his criticisms, but his soberness makes his analysis all the more challenging to the organized labor movement, which is thus called upon to meet its responsibilities in the South with intelligence, idealism, and hard cash.

LOUIS STANLEY

Changing Japan

Economic Aspects of the History of Civilization of Japan. By Yosoburo Takekoshi. The Macmillan Company. Three volumes. \$16.50.

Japan's Economic Position. By John E. Orchard, with the Collaboration of Dorothy Johnson Orchard. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$5.

Realism in Romantic Japan. By Miriam Beard. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

FROM ancient times to the present the Japanese have been exceptionally clever in adapting foreign civilizations to their needs, and peculiarly successful, through every change, in preserving a Japanese national spirit. Chinese and Korean cultures first furnished the borrowed elements; now Western civilization is offering models to Japan. An instinct for change native to the race is shown in all three of the works listed here.

Yosoburo Takekoshi is the Japanese author of three volumes of economic history. This work could never have been written by a foreigner, even granting he knew the language for source materials and had become well acquainted with the scene during one lifetime. For there is a wealth of intangible racial material present. The author was well equipped for the task by previous experience in historical research. (At the age of thirty-one he published "2,500 Years of History.") Writing in English, at the age of fifty-three and out of a rich background of Japanese life, Mr. Takekoshi not only knows the history of Japan thoroughly, but also the history of other countries on which he makes comparative remarks. These volumes were written, or rather compiled, from the original archives, by enormous financial backing, numerous workers, and competent assistance of every kind.

It is history from the economic viewpoint. The first cause of history, says the author, is an economic one. Thus the work is divided into seven political epochs, showing the economic evolution of Japan. Mr. Takekoshi begins Japanese history—as do all sober historians—by dating from 300 A.D. and deriving from Chinese and Korean sources. The first period (to 956) marks the rise of the imperial family to central power. The second period, extending into the twelfth century, treats of the modification of Chinese codes, of the destructive effects of civil wars upon the social institutions of Japan, and of the development of a feudal system. The third period (to 1350), one of comparative peace and social stability under the feudal system, is shown to culminate in the power of a military class. The fourth period (1350-1550), the time of the opening up of the country to foreign trade with the Portuguese, the Chinese, and the Koreans, the author has likened to the period of the merchant guilds in Europe. The fifth period (1567-98) covers the life of the rude military leader, Hideyoshi, who uni-

fied the country, made reforms in the free-trade policy, and took a land census. (Hideyoshi invaded Korea and was repulsed by the use of a primitive submarine, invented by Koreans at this time.) The sixth period, lasting 270 years, includes the collapse of the Shogunate and the rise of the agricultural classes. The seventh period, or the *Meiji* (from 1867 to modern times), the author scarcely touches.

Since this work is so important—never before has Japanese history been presented with such authority to the West—it is unfortunate that it was written under the auspices of the most powerful statesmen of Japan and by a man himself a defeated political candidate. His object in writing the book was a patriotic one, that of educating Europe to appreciate Japan. Thus the good things and the bright side of Japanese civilization are held up to the light exclusively, and the dark terrible things, such as are to be found certainly in any race's history, are uniformly covered up. The author does not mention the forcible transportation of Korean artists and craftsmen during the sixteenth century, which was very important to Japan economically. Nor the savagery of the mound of ears and noses brought back from an invading expedition and commemorated in a lasting monument. The Chinese and Korean names, it must also be added, are given no consistent spelling, some being rendered into Japanese, while others are not, so that the reader is confused.

Professor Orchard in his book deals with Japan since the modernization by Western influence. He discusses the question of population in Japan, which has been increasing at the rate of 900,000 annually since the fall of the Shogunate, and he suggests birth control as a possible solution, citing the views of several Japanese as favorable. But in my opinion his views are utopian, and he does not understand Japan if he considers that at present a possibility under state sanction. He does not think that Japan can be a rival to the great Occidental Powers owing to an important lack of fuel and iron. He is unfortunate when he touches the Korean and Manchurian situations, for he has gained his information through propagandist papers in Japan, without investigation, and relies entirely on them. He too uses the Japanese names for Chinese and Korean places. Professor Orchard, with his wife as collaborator, prepared his study under the auspices of the University Council for Research in the Social Sciences of Columbia University. He has traveled extensively, doing an enormous amount of research and making a great many statistics. But of necessity he has used books and periodicals published in English almost exclusively as source material, so that it seems likely that anybody as industrious as Mr. Orchard could have written this book in America without going to the Orient. It is to his credit however that he seems to have utilized virtually everything published in English and has reduced it to compact form in this book.

Miss Beard has also read extensively on Japan in English translation and has a substantial knowledge of Western civilization obtained from the standard books, on which she draws in her running account. She shows a keen appreciation of Japanese art, geisha dancing, the *No* dramas, the tea ceremony. She desires to look on the bright, optimistic, prepossessing side of Japan, and is interested primarily in feeling its aesthetic and artistic spirit.

To sum up these three books, Professor Orchard's makes a very good summary and will be found helpful to the student. Miss Beard's book is not for the student, but will be found entertaining by travelers who contemplate going to Japan. Mr. Takekoshi's book is the most important and the most authoritative, but is not for the lay reader, because nobody wants to be bored. The English is perfectly correct, but is very dry. This argues that something is lacking, for history is not of necessity boring.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Books in Brief

A Modern History of the English People, 1880-1922. By R. H. Gretton. The Dial Press. \$5.

The issuance in one volume of Mr. Gretton's three-volume history may be expected to give new life and continuing interest to a unique work whose first two parts, published in 1912 and 1914 respectively, may well have been somewhat forgotten before the third appeared. Mr. Gretton's theory of history may be gathered from his statement that while a review of English life in the forty years which he covers "is neither misleading nor frivolous if it finds the vogue of a music-hall song sometimes more significant of national temper than an imperial conference, or gives as much space, on occasion, to a sensational crime as to international relations," the songs and the crimes were nevertheless "taking place in a world changing steadily, not because of them, but because free trade and protection had come to grips again, because the great dominions were changing their status, because the Great War was looming, because the Irish Free State was in the throes of birth." He accordingly undertakes to reconcile the two points of view by dumping into his pages the contents of his notebooks and arranging them in a narrative as kaleidoscopic as the material in a daily newspaper. The result, whatever an orthodox historian may think of it, is probably fairly near the actual history of which the English people have been conscious. Some of the personal characterizations of the great or near-great are penetrating and clever. The detailed narrative really ends with 1919, the following three years being disposed of in about eleven pages.

Memoirs of Garibaldi. Edited by Alexandre Dumas. Translated with an Introduction by R. S. Garnett. D. Appleton and Company. \$5.

It was as a filibuster in South American revolutions that Garibaldi got the experience that was to enable him to become the "Liberator" of Italy. The record of these adventures which he excised from his autobiography in soberer after-years was preserved in the earlier version now restored to us by Mr. Garnett's devotion. It is an astonishing record of an astonishing man, sentimental, wildly romantic, a hero not too proud to boast or to have a good cry. Dumas's editing has given it a high fever of melodrama, but the book makes exciting reading and is an important document for the history of the events of the period.

Stories of the South, Old and New. Edited by Addison Hibbard. The University of North Carolina Press. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

Here are twenty-seven stories of the South. Mr. Hibbard's aim has been not so much to provide an anthology of the best short stories by Southern writers, as to collect into one volume a group of tales written during the last one hundred years which should together touch upon every aspect of Southern life. His anthology is not of Southern writers but of the South. Consequently there are some extraordinary omissions and a few unfortunate choices. But the volume is an interesting one. Some of the stories are old favorites—O. Henry's *A Municipal Report*, Cable's *Jean-ah Poquelin*, Irvin Cobb's *Words and Music*. Joel Chandler Harris, Lafcadio Hearn, Thomas Nelson Page are all here. But the more recent writers are given the largest share of space—Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Lucy Furman, Paul Green, DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Lyle Saxon, and many others. Negro writers are Benjamin Brawley, Charles C. Chestnutt, and Paul Dunbar. In the opinion of one reader, George Madden Martin and

the late Pernet Patterson carry off highest honors—the first with a story which involves a lynching, and the second with a tale which should be included in all future anthologies of the best American short stories—*Buttin' Blood*.

The Bitter Orange Tree. By Panait Istrati. Translated by Rosalind Zoglin. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

This story of a beautiful girl who, after arousing rivalry in the youthful breasts of two Hungarians, falls into a ditch and is discovered years after by the two youths selling apples and oranges in a brothel, has some qualities to admire, among them the exuberant lyricism of the style. The improbabilities that end finally with the drowning of the beautiful girl in the Danube are less commendable. Some episodes, especially the berrying expedition, have a certain distinction independent of the main story.

Last and First Men: A Story of the Near and Far Future. By W. Olaf Stapledon. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

This is surely the most ambitious scientific romance ever projected into the future. In it the story of humanity is traced for the next two billion years. An invasion from Mars followed by a flight to Venus and, a few million years later, a final migration to Neptune are all described in their technical details. No less than eighteen races of men, each a new species evolved from its predecessor, succeed one another as civilizations rise and fall by the hundreds. Mr. Stapledon's myth is not light reading. But it is a stimulating and absorbing story written in the true spirit of a scientific age.

This Our Exile. By David Burnham. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

In spite of an irritating lumpiness in the characters, in spite of the unashamed and open imitation of Ernest Hemingway's sentences, mannerisms, and persons, in spite of the heavy talk and the smugness and the reversion to type of the author's favorites, this first novel about a rich, Catholic family that loses its faith and general purpose in life when the father dies has its good points. The mother, whose letter of interference and explanation ends the book, is a well-rounded character. There are graphic accounts of death and the despairs and griefs that attend death.

The Navajo Indians. By Mary Roberts Coolidge and Dane Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

This is another of the succession of excellent books dealing with the aboriginal Americans the appearance of which in the past year or so is of itself testimony to the liveliness of public interest in this field. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have chosen the largest and perhaps most interesting tribe in the United States for their study, and as the study has been first-hand, as well as sustained by full survey of the records and of previous work, their volume is one of the best that has appeared. It is particularly valuable to the inquisitive public which throngs yearly through the Indian country, skirting or crossing the Navajo reservation, witnessing dances, purchasing blankets and silver—the two outstanding artistic products of the Navajo nation. The history of these arts of weaver and silversmith, both relatively recent in development, as well as the methods and meanings of the products, is made clear; but the authors have gone far beyond any mere purveying to a collector's interest and have given a fine interpretation of the whole tribal spirit and tradition. There is also an intelligent discussion of the Indian's relation to the government and to other interracial forces, and a by no means pessimistic forecast of the future of this gifted native people. The volume is illustrated with splendid reproductions of photographs taken by the authors.

NOW IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION . .

**The epic novel of hu-
manity under the Soviets
by New Russia's foremost
novelist **BORIS PILNYAK****

★ A classic of proletarian literature that reaches through every stratum of Russian life . . . probing like a scientist the problems of Today's human beings in building Tomorrow's state. "An epic of Labor . . . a realistic allegory of man's conquest over nature." *Saturday Review of Literature* . . . All shops \$2.50 COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION

**THE VOLGA FALLS
TO THE CASPIAN SEA**

Labor Fights For Bread

Coal miners strike by thousands, march on cities demanding food; textile workers strike against pay cuts, send many hundreds to jail via picket lines; breadlines, soup kitchens, flop-houses close, yet employment sags and wage cuts grow more numerous. Not for 40 years has the question been so vital, "What will Labor do?"

But 40 years ago there was no Federated Press keeping 100 correspondents watching hot spots in U.S.A., U.S.S.R., China, Germany, Mexico, Austria, England, for labor news to be boiled down for the busy reader who wants to know of labor's struggles in a few minutes a week, in

Labor's News

The Newsmagazine of the Labor Movement

LABOR'S NEWS,
112 East 19th Street,
New York City

**SIX MONTHS'
TRIAL - - \$1**

Enclosed is \$1. Send me Labor's News for 6 months on trial.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Films

Out of Their Own Mouths

Connie Bennett and Lew Cody are painting Paris pink. Lew keeps the joy joints working overtime. Connie gets tired waiting for Lew to keep a date with the preacher and leaves him flat. Joel McRea is an artist. He's painting old Mother Eve and needs a good model bad. Connie, down to her last dime, asks for the job. Covered with blushes she poses. P. S.—She gets the job. Joel works fast on the painting. And faster on Connie. Two weeks later she's fixing his breakfasts for him.

THUS begins the account of "The Common Law," the recent "smash" at the Mayfair, in a full-page advertisement in *Variety*. The advertisement is prefaced with an apologetic "Pardon my vernacular," said the salesman to the exhibitor. But the apology is quite unnecessary: the vernacular fits the story like a glove. I wish I had space to let the reader taste the full flavor of this exciting narrative. That thrilling scene, however, when Connie "covered with blushes" poses before the artist, deserves another quotation. As the advertisement informs us, "by the time she walks into that studio and proves that the French models have nothing on her, she owes the customers nothing. They really ought to pay another admission to see the rest of the picture."

"Sales talk," you will say. Precisely. But pictures are made to be sold, and what the salesman says out loud the producer has previously thought out in the seclusion of his office. These confidences to the trade are a valuable testimony of what Hollywood sets out to achieve in its films. Another advertisement from the same firm, listing "sales angles on 'The Common Law,'" throws further light on the nature of attractions considered essential for the success of a film. Here are some of these "sales angles": "Constance Bennett as an artist's model in gay Paree." "Her philosophy of life and love crystallized in the phrase: 'I don't care what people say, as long as you say you love me!'" "Men called her the perfect woman" is a sales angle to interest both men and women." "Magnificent production. Exemplified by the gorgeous sequence of the 4-Arts Ball in which over 500 players take part." "Constance Bennett's reputation as the best-dressed woman on the screen, plus the gorgeous clothes designed for her in this production . . . are naturals for merchandise tie-ups, fashion shows, etc."

Poor Miss Constance Bennett. An attractive woman and a capable actress, as she demonstrated in one of her early pictures, "The Son of the Gods," she has been turned into a characterless dummy wound up every time to go through the same set of flat and maudlin emotions. But what can one do, when business demands "glorification of love" as love and glorification are understood in Hollywood?

One more example of this profound understanding may be quoted from an advertisement of another producing company: "Morals for Women." A startling insight into the code of a kept woman. A provocative theme to excite the curiosity of the movie-going public."

I am sorry to say that there is quite a quantity of such hokum, though of the Russian variety, in that otherwise superior picture, "A Jew at War" (Cameo). Its war scenes and its portrayal of life in a small Jewish town are impressive, if somewhat sketchy. The German picture "The Immortal Vagabond" (Warner's), with a skillfully grafted English dialogue, also deserves attention for its acting, Tyrolean background, and sensitive direction.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Youth at the Gateway of India

By J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

Bombay, July 1

LORD IRWIN was leaving the shores of India. The guns boomed across the lovely harbor. Troops, massed in thousands, princes, and half the dignitaries of India watched the little launch that was taking the great ex-Viceroy from the Gateway of India into mid-stream, where the S. S. Viceroy of India awaited him. The Viceroy's last words before stepping into the launch—"in all your thinking, in all your speaking, and in all your doing, may God be with you"—still ring in the ear. From another Viceroy those words would have spelled hypocrisy; and there is nothing to match the hypocrisy of English public men: conceive, if you can, of a British prime minister who is too audacious in thought and action to be invited to address the annual conference of free churches.

And those words, sincere though I believed them to be, did not convince everyone. For, just as there is an old India and a new India, so there is an old Anglo-India and a new Anglo-India. The old Anglo-India has been described and condemned in the American press a thousand times. Its snobbery and middle-class flunkeydom, its sadistic persecution of men whose only crime is their youth—these features are known to the American public. They are known also to India, which explains half the present conflict. Pandit Motilal Nehru was only one of thousands of Indians who, personally resenting the arrogance of Englishmen, joined with the Nationalists.

Old Anglo-India is not yet dead. A generation of Englishmen who arrived in India before the war avoided the call of active service and made staggering fortunes, while more patriotic and often far abler men risked their life for "a bob a day." Now most of them, after ten years of lavish and very tedious entertaining in the land they professed to love, have lost their money in the slump; and, of course, they are bitter. They look upon the advocacy of Indian reform almost as a betrayal.

And they do not like the young men. There is a new generation, and it has new ideals. It looked upon Lord Irwin—the Lord Irwin who stood behind the frigid Indian Civil Service he could not completely dominate—as its leader. "The trouble with Lord Irwin," said a prominent representative of the older generation in Bombay, "is that he thinks a Christian can govern India." He little guessed how his remark angered his younger listeners, some of whom happened to be agnostics.

There is a change in the dynasty of ideals. It is easier for the young than for the old to recognize new ideals. The old wish the *ancien régime* to continue. It is more comfortable and, for the European, more privileged and select. But the younger men have entirely different views. To begin with, many of them are better educated. After the war Englishmen realized that America did the right thing in encouraging her best type of citizen to enter business. It is now so normal for a public-school man fresh from Oxford to enter business that it passes without comment.

But before the war it was not a common feature of English life. And the pre-war business man in India meets a younger assistant who, while thoroughly efficient in his work, is yet prepared to bring a trained mind to bear upon the political problems of India. And since he is better educated, since he is something of a post-war Socialist, he is also less desirous of show, privilege, and rank. And by his character they judged Lord Irwin as Viceroy.

Before Lord Irwin left, more than one hundred Europeans in Bombay—all of them under the age of thirty-five—decided to send a letter to him thanking him for what he had done. They knew that conditions would change fundamentally. The old generation that speaks so barrenly and pontifically through the European Association would soon be gone. The younger men—such as the men who sent their letter to Lord Irwin—would remain. Englishmen would no longer be the governing class. They would become, instead, a group of foreigners. Yet the signatories to the letter to Lord Irwin maintained that the Viceroy had done the right thing. They declared that "the burden which your patient statecraft places upon our shoulders is one which no adventurous Englishman would wish to cast down. Whatever seeming loss there may be in privilege and prestige, there is no loss whatever in the opportunities of individual service and personal influence."

There was another and even more imposing ceremony at the Gateway of India when the "great of the land" greeted the incoming Viceroy and Lady Willingdon. The Willingdons knew their part. The Viceroy-elect "looked every inch a soldier." Lady Willingdon was delighted. Want of courage, I am told, prevented a distinguished journalist from cabling: "The Countess of Willingdon gave herself a hearty welcome." Socially, indeed, the return of the Willingdons was an event. There will be many brilliant functions; and—unless the democratic habits of Canada go with the Willingdons to Delhi and Simla—the flunkeydom of Anglo-India will assert itself once more. One of the well-known ladies of Bombay, overjoyed by the news of Lord Willingdon's appointment, declared: "So kind and sympathetic—so different from the Irwins."

And that, unfortunately, is true. The Willingdons are essentially different from the Irwins. Lord Irwin looked out of place at the Gateway of India because he has no sympathy with show and ceremony. He likes to work without ostentation. This demand for an ostentatious viceregal handicaps the British Government every time it has to look for a new viceroy. It is an open secret that Lord Willingdon was by no means Ramsay MacDonald's first choice. He chose Lord Gorell, and a very high influence prevented the appointment. He chose Lord Thomson, and Lord Thomson perished with the R-101. He chose Lord Sankey—the Lord Chancellor who did so much to bring the Round Table Conference to a successful conclusion—and Lord Sankey refused because he could not have endured the social functions of the viceregal office. Sometimes great

ability and love of show go together; Lord Curzon was a great viceroy and a great showman. But this combination is rare, and the young men in India view the return of a showman-viceroy with profound misgiving. Their only hope is that Lord Willingdon, showman though he is, will realize that the days of show in India are over. Modern India wants no show. She has heard of the working of democratic America and pseudo-socialistic England. She has seen a Mahatma win the loyalty of the masses not by a regal show of power, but by the apostolic simplicity of his mission and daily life. Briefly, she believes that show exists not for the benefit of Indians, but for the satisfaction of middle-class Europeans who are never likely to be received in London society and so resolve to make the best of the opportunities which, hitherto, the helplessness of Indian opinion has provided for them.

The test of the Englishman's authority in India—old and new—is not show, but character. Lord Irwin, who reduced public ceremony to a minimum, left behind him the record of great character, and that is why his departure marked something more than a change of viceroys. It brought to the young men of the new Anglo-India a loss of leadership which they will hardly know how to replace. Perhaps American journalists are still sending to New York, Chicago, and Boston their views of the flunkeydom of Anglo-India. They are views which I share fully. But they have misread the signs of the times if they cannot detect the revolt of the young Englishman and his demand for a more intelligent, more sympathetic, and more self-sacrificing European leadership.

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is the author of a life of Rembrandt, "R. V. R."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of "Roads to Social Peace" and "World Drift."

EVAN SHIPMAN is a young poet who has contributed to *transition*, *Scribner's*, and other periodicals.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

RAY C. B. BROWN was for many years managing editor of *Musical America*.

FRED T. MARSH writes occasional book reviews for *The Nation*.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

LOUIS STANLEY is associate editor of the *New Leader*.

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, and a member of the department of English of New York University, has written the story of his life in "Under the Grass Roof."

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON is on the staff of the *Times of India*.

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

BEACON HILL SCHOOL,
Harting, Petersfield, England
Bertrand and Dora Russell. Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

EDGEWOOD

A Boarding and Day School for Boys and Girls. From Kindergarten to College. Separate dormitory Building for the older boys. Twenty-acre campus, athletic field, skating, skiing, and all sports. Riding school near. Teachers' Training Class.

Illustrated catalogue describes activities and progressive aims.

E. E. LANGLEY, Principal
202 Rock Ridge, Greenwich, Conn.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Native teachers
Private lessons. 75c short courses 9 to 9 daily. 22nd year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
111 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

**CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH
SPANISH - ITALIAN - GERMAN**

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE



First Rochdale Cooperative House—Manhattan
Safe investment—rent actual cost
Seven years' successful operation. 3 rooms, kitchen, bath, fireplace, cross ventilation. Christopher St. Station, 7th Ave. Subway.

Tel. Walker 5-7394 64 Barrow St.
Apartments can be seen any day after 1 P. M.

□ APTS. FOR RENT □

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

65th STREET, 7 and 9 WEST—"Just Off Central Park West." Attractive, light apartments in an accessible location near Central Park. 1 ROOM and Private Bath from \$45 monthly (some with wood-burning fireplaces); 2 ROOMS with Private Bath and Kitchenette from \$65. Also 4 ROOMS at \$100. Woodburning fireplace. Apply Mr. Worthington, 7 West 65th Street, N. Y. C.

RIVERDALE

2½ and 5 room apartments. Beautiful park surroundings. Excellent values. Elevator. Refrigeration. 3900 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway or phone Wickersham 2-6200.

FOR RENT—One room, bath, studio apartments in charming quiet well-kept house near Sheridan Sq.—large garden, fountain, trees; electrical cooking, fireplaces, cupboards—\$45-\$50. Some with electrolux \$57. 74 Charles St. Watkins 9-6222.

REAL ESTATE FOR RENT

FOR RENT—a 56 acre estate; one 8 room house; all improvements; one 5 room bungalow; all improvements; garage, magnificent views; suitable for two families; reasonable rent. Arnold Krimont, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. Tel. Croton 777.

FOR SALE

LEAVING for Soviet Union. Sell completely furnished 2 room bath, kitchenette, apartment. Linen, silverware, radio, phonograph, records. Books optional. Rent \$50. Southern exposure. Living room 28 x 24. Tel. End 2-6942 before 10 A.M. or write Deutsch, 214 W. 72nd St.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

CULTURED American Jewess, 30, enjoying golf, music, books, would establish apartment with congenial young woman, having same interests. Has complete furnishings; piano; radio; library. Choice of locations. Box 476, c/o *The Nation*.

□ APTS. FOR RENT □

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

44th STREET, 141 EAST—"The Woolsey." Housekeeping apartments in a modern elevator building convenient to business, shopping and amusement districts. Attractive layouts. Compact Kitchenettes with Electrolux refrigerators. 24 hour switchboard service. 1 ROOM from \$70. 2 ROOMS from \$80. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. **SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION.** See Mr. Bayly.

109th STREET, 309 WEST—"The Edgerton." A step from *Riverside Drive*. Housekeeping apartments. Half block from Broadway. 5th Avenue bus and subway 1 block away. Convenient to Columbia University. Very desirable apartments. Complete kitchenettes with mechanical refrigerators. 1 ROOM from \$65. 2 ROOMS from \$75. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. **SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION.** See Mr. Lewis.

45th STREET, 325 WEST—"The Whitby." A modern elevator building, conveniently located just off Times Square. Housekeeping apartments with full hotel service available. 1 ROOM, Kitchenette from \$70. 2 ROOMS, Kitchenette from \$80. 3 ROOMS, Kitchen from \$90. 4 ROOMS, Kitchen from \$135. All apartments have mechanical refrigeration. **SPECIAL SUMMER RATES.** For example:—1 ROOM tastefully furnished, kitchenette and private bath, mechanical refrigeration—from \$22. weekly with full hotel service! See Mr. Funk.

ROOMS

WILL rent part of delightful apartment, Washington Sq. Section. An exceptionally large room and alcove. Furnished in massive walnut. References exchanged. Call Tompkins Sq. 6-6893, for appointment, any evening.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1931

No. 3451

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	195
EDITORIALS:	
Cuba Revolts Again.....	197
Destroy and Prosper.....	198
Mr. Hoover Wobbles on the Dole.....	199
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION By Hendrik Willem van Loon.	200
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. X. HOOVER AS INDIVIDUALIST. By William Hard.....	201
VANZETTI AND THE QUEST FOR TRUTH. By Gardner Jackson	204
BRIAND THE UNACCOUNTABLE. By Robert Dell.....	205
WELL, I QUIT MY JOB AT THE DAM. By Victor Castle.....	207
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	208
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	208
BOOKS:	
Oh More Than Cruel Love. By Virginia Moore.....	209
Mexico and Middletown. By Carleton Beals.....	209
Our Royal Court. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	210
"Bad" Boys. By Cuthbert Wright.....	211
Three Pleasant Novels. By Fred T. Marsh.....	211
Human Culture. By Harold Ward.....	211
Problems of Population. By Joseph J. Spengler.....	212
Books in Brief.....	212

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN a bold prophet who even a few months ago would have ventured to predict that before the summer was over we would be regulating industry in the United States by martial law. Yet that is the situation today in Oklahoma and Texas. In the former state there has been virtually a complete shutdown of the oil wells since Governor Murray called out the troops. On August 12 the Texas Legislature rushed through an act to restrict oil production in Texas, and before a week was out Governor Sterling had troops in the East Texas oil fields. This at present is the most important oil field in the United States; it has recently been producing more than 700,000 barrels of oil a day. Now under the order of the Texas Railroad Commission this will be cut down for the time being to less than 300,000 barrels a day, a restriction which may greatly affect the price of crude oil. Thus, confronted with a collapse in oil prices, individual States are putting into effect dramatically and drastically proration measures that the Federal Government might long ago have worked out in a milder and more orderly form.

THE INDISCRETIONS of the wayward assistant secretaries in Washington are really becoming appalling. Apparently they have little loyalty either to the philosophy or the policies of the Hoover Administration. There is, for example, the statement of Ferry K. Heath, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in Charge of Public Buildings, in which he declares that the Treasury has had enough of

hiring private architects to design public works. Why? Because the past year's experience has proved that the government's own architects are better. In order to speed the President's emergency building program, Mr. Heath explains, the Treasury let out a large number of designing contracts which otherwise would have been handled by the government staff. For some inexplicable reason, the private firms could not compete in speed and efficiency with the government's own construction. Now this may all be true, but how does it look for an undersecretary to confute in the public prints the President's confirmed belief that private agencies are invariably preferable for such work—provided they are given adequate remuneration? Were Mr. Heath alone in his misbehavior, it might be dismissed as an inadvertence. But there is also the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, R. W. Dunlap, who has been justifying wage cuts in private industry—in a speech which he delivered only a few days after President Hoover had repudiated Secretary Lamont for his letter to the same effect. We are all for getting to the bottom of this reprehensible insubordination and commend these instances to the Republican National Committee as evidence of another conspiracy to discredit the Administration.

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE we publish a letter written by a worker at Boulder Dam, where fourteen hundred men are now on strike. That this letter in no way exaggerates the conditions of work and life there is indicated by the press dispatches and official statements that have appeared in the few days since it was written. While Secretary Doak and other members of Mr. Hoover's cabinet have been asserting frequently and belligerently that there must be no reduction of wages, the Six Companies, Inc., in charge of the work at Boulder Dam under government contract, recently reduced the wages of shovellers from five dollars to four dollars a day. The workers contend that heat prostrations have caused thirteen deaths, and that medical aid is practically not obtainable. Official figures show that a maximum average temperature of 120 degrees has prevailed at the dam during the past month. The men made idle when work was recently suspended at the dam, according to Associated Press dispatches dated August 12, faced hunger within a few days unless construction was resumed. Officials at Las Vegas say they will be unable to feed these men when the town's scanty funds are exhausted. On August 11 two hundred striking workmen were ordered from the government reservation embracing the Hoover Dam site and Boulder City, and were compelled to move their camp five miles west of the city into the desert hills. Such is civilization in America's New Mexico in 1931.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT labor trials in American history, ranking, some believe, with the trials of the Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania and the Chicago anarchists, opened on August 17 in the usually quiet little court-house in Harlan, Kentucky. Twenty-eight men, most of them former members of the United Mine Workers of

America, are charged with first-degree murder as the result of the killing of a mine guard. In Kentucky the penalty for murder is death. According to lawyers and others who have interested themselves in the case, the real crime of the defendants lies in the fact that they had attempted to organize a local of the United Mine Workers. Their efforts were followed by several days of guerilla warfare between miners and company guards, during which four persons were killed. Thus far the United Mine Workers have refused to come to the aid of their members who are on trial, the defense being left instead to other and more radical organizations. As a further result of the desertion of these men by the U. M. W. A., says the Federated Press, both the Industrial Workers of the World and the National Miners' Union are making deep inroads among the miners of the Kentucky fields. Some sixty to seventy other persons are under arrest in Harlan, charged with criminal syndicalism and similarly grave offenses. They include a clergyman who had spoken sympathetically of the hungry miners, the chief of police of Evarts, Kentucky, and two investigators for the American Civil Liberties Union. The latter two, Arnold Johnson and Mrs. Jessie Wakefield, were recently arrested after several attempts had been made to intimidate them into leaving Kentucky.

THE CHORUS OF PROTEST against the proposal to increase railroad freight rates has been growing daily. Representatives of seven large industries, who appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission, declared the bulk of their shipments would have to be diverted to motor trucks if the requested increase were granted. The utilities commissions of South and North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas demanded immediate dismissal of the railroads' petition on the ground that the Interstate Commerce Commission was without authority to raise rates "on the mere showing of a financial emergency." The National Grange, representing 800,000 farmers, joined in this demand. Governors Ely of Massachusetts and Cross of Connecticut have sent representatives to Washington to argue that a rate increase at this time would prove "a serious handicap to New England business." On the other hand, the Railway Brotherhoods, though they first took a neutral stand, have finally declared themselves in favor of an increase. Their joint statement said nothing about wages, but their gesture was doubtless based on the very real fear that wages will be cut if the railroads' petition is denied. Should this occur the Brotherhoods must either meekly accept the wage reduction, which they have been vigorously fighting for several months, or else bring the country face to face with a nationwide strike. Thus to all appearances the Interstate Commerce Commission must decide whether it wishes to take a chance of hampering business still further by approving the requested increase, or whether it prefers to risk a railway strike by refusing its approval.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT of New York has called an extra session of the Legislature as a result of a decision of the highest court of his State that the resolution of last winter empowering the Hofstadter investigating committee to conduct an inquiry into the official conduct of the city of New York was limited by the failure of the Governor to sign that resolution. In order that the Com-

mittee shall have the right to grant immunity to all witnesses called before it this procedure must be followed now. As a result there is much fluttering of the political doves, the proceeding being judged purely from the point of view of the Governor's presidential candidacy, when it was only a simple duty which any Executive would have performed unless he wished to hamper the ability of a legislative committee to achieve the ends for which it was created. Some say that this will help the Governor's presidential boom by showing his independence of Tammany; others that it will cost him Tammany's precious support after the first ballot in the presidential convention. As between the two, it would be far better tactics for the Governor to oppose Tammany than to seem to be its ally or protegee. But we are sure that the Governor considered neither matter, but only his plain duty. There was really no alternative for an honest Executive.

AGAIN SENATOR BORAH has said the needed word. In an address at Boise, Idaho, to the Service Clubs, he frankly declared that the French idea of security "carried beyond its present limits," "can mean nothing less than the destruction of Germany, Austria and Hungary, and that the world will not consent to see brought about." The Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations pointed out that France "is protected by every conceivable form of guarantee." It is a member of the League of Nations. Under the Locarno Pact, England has pledged itself to go to France's aid if Germany attacks and Germany itself has signed a hundred-year pledge of peace with France. More than that, as Senator Borah pointed out, France has what practically amounts to military alliances with Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Poland, Roumania, and Bulgaria; her army numbers 560,000 to Germany's 95,000, and the latter is without guns, tanks or airplanes. France is strong and rich while Germany, Hungary, and Austria are down and out—on the verge of ruin. And still France maintains that she is in danger, and that she cannot and will not disarm until everybody else, especially the United States, guarantees her safety! Have the French really lost their courage and been conquered by craven fear? Are they convinced that the Germans are such supermen that unarmed they menace France? Or are they merely the victims of their conscienceless and scheming politicians who keep up the fear of Germany for their selfish and nationalistic ends?

GANDHI'S REFUSAL finally to go to the London Round-table Conference on India we profoundly regret. Not that we have any defence for the failure of the Government of India to live up to its obligations if, as the Indians insist, it has violated the solemn truce entered into with the Nationalist Congress. But when such vast issues are at stake we cannot see why one additional injustice could not be borne a few months longer—perhaps to be rectified. The Round-table without Gandhi will be no Round-table at all. Indeed, we cannot see how it can be held without him, and we shall hope that Gandhi will yet reconsider and go. It is most regrettable that the rigidity of English officialdom could not have been softened to the extent of allowing Lord Irwin to remain as Viceroy a few months after the expiration of his term. Had he been there in place of Lord Willingdon this break would hardly have

occurred. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that the English speaker on India at the Institute of Politics at Williams-town, like his predecessor last year, blamed the United States for all of England's woes in India. If only the United States were not pro-Indian and anti-British, said he, India would still be contentedly at England's heel! With mentalities like that loose in the world it is no wonder that Great Britain is in straits with her overseas subjects.

"IF PREACHING SERMONS about the needs of the poor and offering prayers for the under-privileged classes constitute socialism, I'll have to plead guilty"—thus the Rev. A. Lawrence Berry, who has just been ousted from his first pulpit, at West Brook, Connecticut, for "radicalism." Graduated from the Yale Divinity School in June, Mr. Berry soon discovered that his Congregationalist employers did not come to church to hear about the "downtrodden masses" or of the "oppression of the poor by the rich and the afflictions brought upon the country by the millionaires." The idea! Why could he not have known that people go to church to be soothed and not to be stirred, so that they may go ahead comfortably in their own righteousness, in their duty well done, and not be vexed on the Sabbath by being told about the bad plight of others or to hear the rich denounced as malefactors. Couldn't Mr. Berry have realized that most of the churches of today are like this? That members no more wish to be ill at ease than did their prototypes when the Upstart of Galilee began to make good people uncomfortable? We suggest that Congressman Fish call his committee together at once to investigate this case and see just how many young radicals like this are being turned out of the Yale Divinity School. Pray how could this school have come into being—and how could Yale University survive—were it not for the rich, the godly, and the church-going?

OUT OF PERHAPS 300,000 manuscripts and foreign books submitted to American publishers every year, according to John Macrae, Jr., of the publishing firm of E. P. Dutton and Company, only about 10,000 are published. And out of those 10,000 only about one in fifty survives more than two years. One may draw whatever moral from this one pleases. Considering the appallingly low quality of the average book that is actually published, it leaves one to speculate, on the assumption that the judgment of publishers is reasonably good, on how unspeakably bad must be the average manuscript. And that only one in fifty of the published books reveals any survival powers may indicate statistically how bad are the other forty-nine books—or it may indicate something about readers. After all, even one in fifty means two hundred more books a year added to the cultural load on posterity's back; posterity must keep jettisoning and forgetting the poorest in sheer self-defense. Thus even if the average quality of the books were two or ten times as high as it is, we should have to get rid of all but the best. Mr. Macrae announces that his own firm is going to try the experiment of republishing books that have already been out five years or more and for which a quiet demand still exists. It is a good experiment. Why should we have to read new and mediocre biographies of Voltaire, Goethe, Beethoven, Lincoln, and Napoleon every year, for example, when better old biographies exist?

Cuba Revolts Again

PERHAPS never in modern history was there a country so sorely in need of a wise and sound revolution as is Cuba today. Its people are hungry, its domestic economy is near the breaking point. But more significant than these, it is saddled with an absolutely ruthless dictatorship, with the iron and bloody rule of a personally ambitious man, which, more than anything else, has brought Cuba to its present miserable estate, for General Gerardo Machado y Morales has been complete dictator. With the help of his well-fed army, of which he now boasts while the peasants starve, he managed for years to suppress all military and revolutionary opposition. Through his control of the police he stamped out labor and liberal opposition; the murder of more than one labor leader and liberal editor has been traced directly to the doorstep of his police administration. By skilful manipulation of the state lottery he kept the politicians silent and the three political parties unanimously obedient to his every whim and wish; they rewrote the constitution at his command and reelected him to office despite his pledge that he would not seek a second term. These things Machado could not have done without financial assistance, and to obtain that very necessary help he, the chief of a supposedly independent state, more than once degraded himself to the point of licking the boots of New York bankers. Some of them responded with American dollars, more than a billion of which are now "invested" in Cuba. In consequence a few American bankers and investors have at times profited, the Machado dictatorship has waxed fat, while poverty was slowly spreading among the Cuban people.

It is this tremendous poverty, due in large part to the sugar situation, which has led to the present attempt to overthrow Machado's dictatorial rule. If the Menocal-Mendieta insurrection fails, because of the capture of its leaders or for some other reason, it is almost certain there will be other uprisings in the future, for the Cuban situation will remain intolerable until Machado is deposed. We earnestly wish that Cuba could have a genuine revolution. We no less than the Cuban National Confederation of Labor want to see a real democracy established there. But, unhappily, the weakness of the labor and liberal movements strongly suggests that the time has not yet come for a lasting democratic revolution. For the time being at least the insurrections will be led by military men. Hence the presidency will doubtless fall, should Machado be gotten rid of, to a political general, or some one like General Mario Menocal. We certainly cannot be counted among those who believe in government by political generals, but we nevertheless feel that any new government in Cuba could only be a distinct improvement over the harsh rule of Machado. This would have been especially true of former President Menocal, if we may judge by his past record and by the present program of his party, but fate was against him.

But while studying the developments in Cuba, it is important to bear in mind that the news from Washington also needs watching. Already there is talk of intervention. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts has demanded that the United States "order" the Cubans "to put their house in order and conduct their government decently, honestly and

fairly." Other persons are discussing our "obligations" under the Platt Amendment, and still others are pointing to the precedents for armed intervention established by Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. The State Department has denied that it is thinking in terms of intervention. So far so good. But we wish the Department would declare flatly and unequivocally that the United States will not intervene. It should make it clear to the people of this country that the rebellion against Machado is purely and simply a domestic affair of the Cubans. Washington is here not merely concerned with the question of justice for a small nation, which in itself should be sufficient to persuade the United States to keep its military forces out of Cuba, but with the friendship of all the rest of Latin America. Mr. Hoover has shown upon several occasions that he counts upon this friendship to improve trade relations with our neighbors to the south. Armed intervention in Nicaragua four years ago aroused the whole of Central and South America against us. Any suspicion that we are even as much as contemplating similar action in Cuba may bring another and perhaps a worse storm. The State Department should make its position clear. It should declare that it will not intervene in any revolt of the Cubans against their monstrous dictator.

Destroy and Prosper

THE United States Department of Agriculture has estimated that the 1931 cotton crop will reach 15,584,000 bales, 1,652,000 bales larger than the 1930 crop, and about 1,500,000 bales larger than the average of previous private estimates. Cotton has collapsed to around 7 cents a pound, the lowest price in the last twenty-five years, and the Federal Farm Board has made the amazing proposal to the Governors of fourteen cotton-producing States that they "induce immediate plowing under of every third row of cotton now growing." Fortunately, at least half of the Governors to whom the Farm Board telegraphed had the courage and good sense to reject its proposal instantly.

That it would have been possible to carry out such a plan even with the maximum of official cooperation and pressure is extremely doubtful. For the plan to succeed as the Farm Board intends, it would be necessary not only for each State voluntarily to destroy the same proportional amount of cotton as all the others, but for each individual cotton planter to do so. It is doubtful if such a plan could be carried out even by martial law. For just as it is to each individual State's interest to secure a maximum production of cotton itself and have all the rest cut down, so it is to each individual planter's interest to secure a maximum production while every other planter plows under part of his yield.

Even conceding that it were possible to put such a plan into effect it would be little short of criminal. This does not mean that the members of the Farm Board who suggested the plan had themselves any criminal intent; they are merely well-intentioned men whose economic beliefs are simple, naive, and tragically muddle-headed. Why is cotton down? Because there is an over-supply. Therefore we need simply destroy the surplus, and everything will be well.

That is the essence of the Farm Board's economics. But if it works for cotton, it should work for everything else. It is not merely cotton that is down, but nearly all basic agricultural staples and raw materials. Wheat, copper, silver, oil, rubber, coffee, sugar are all at prices lower than the world has seen in years. Therefore let the nations of the world take hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat, thousands of tons of sugar, rubber, and copper, and millions of barrels of oil and dump them all into the sea. Then prices will go up, prosperity will return with a rush, we shall all be jubilant and a Republican victory will be assured.

Surely even the Farm Board might begin to suspect a slight flaw in this logic. Even Mr. Hoover, who through his silence had given at least his tacit approval to the Farm Board's suggestion, might begin to suspect it. Indeed, when he was Secretary of Commerce, and when it was other countries that were carrying out analogous schemes, Mr. Hoover saw the flaw very clearly. No one was more eloquent than he in exposing the iniquity of the Stevenson rubber restriction plan carried out under the aegis of Great Britain; no one objected more strenuously than he to the coffee valorization plan of Brazil. No one would be more prompt now to condemn any other nation which deliberately sought to destroy a part of some basic commodity that we import. Indeed, it is almost safe to say that if any other group of producers in the country were to enter into an agreement now that each member of the group should deliberately destroy a proportional part of his stocks, Mr. Hoover's Department of Justice would instantly prosecute such a group for a flagrant violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Overlooking individuals, what lies behind the suggestion of the Farm Board, as we have said, is the naive and appallingly widespread belief that the present world crisis is the result of a general "over-production." That this belief should exist in a period when there is probably more want and distress in the world than in a generation is amazing. Are the American people, who are at least better off on the whole than any other, too-well clothed, too-well fed, too-well housed? The question answers itself. The present crisis is the result, not of a general overproduction, but ultimately of an unbalanced production, and more immediately of a collapse in demand, a collapse in purchasing power, a collapse in methods of distribution. The way out is not to destroy supply, but to restore demand. Two moves in that direction would help the cotton growers immediately, as they would help every other producer: the restoration of the chief sore spot, Germany, to economic health, and the reduction of tariffs, particularly our own. Only by selling us imports can foreign nations secure the purchasing power to take our exports.

Meanwhile we may regard the immediate situation in cotton more calmly. A 15,584,000 bale cotton crop would be large, but it would not be record-breaking: there were larger crops in 1925 and 1926, when cotton was at a much higher level. It is true that we have a record-breaking carry-over, but that again is the result of collapsed demand, not of record-breaking crops. The Government's August cotton crop estimates, moreover, have been badly mistaken in the past, and can be again. Perhaps the weather and the boll-weevil between them will do more to reduce the crop in the next few months than the Farm Board and all the Southern Governors could possibly do.

Mr. Hoover Wobbles on the Dole

THE President begins to weaken in his attitude toward unemployment relief—of that there can be no doubt. Almost immediately following Senator Couzens's demand for an immediate extra session of Congress and Federal aid for the starving, Senator Fess, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, announced, after a long interview with the President, that Mr. Hoover would have a "concrete program for relief of the unemployment situation when Congress meets." The President, it appears, is making "a most thorough study of the unemployment situation" (*another study!*); he has "set all agencies of the government at work to ascertain the actual situation," and "within a month" will know "exactly what will be required of the government next winter,"—this a week after his announcing that the Government's function could only be that of a coordinator of all relief agencies. Both the President and Senator Fess are still opposed to an extra session, but the Federal Government "must and will" take decisive steps to prevent starvation next winter. Indeed, the Senator opines that, with the prospect of a vast over-supply of foodstuffs next winter, it would be "unthinkable" for the Government to stand idly by while hundreds of thousands starved.

Precisely. That is exactly what the many individuals, organizations, and journals with *The Nation's* point of view on this question, have been saying for months past. Now that Mr. Hoover has come to this position there can be little doubt that if he really obtains and faces the facts, he will see that there will be no possibility of succoring the needy except by grants from the Federal Treasury. We are aware that both he and Mr. Fess are still "unalterably opposed" to the dole—but then he was always unalterably opposed to anything like a moratorium to Europe; it is never astonishing in a Presidential year to find a candidate altering "unalterably opposed" into "alterably opposed." What are two letters of the alphabet to a politician? We have read, too, of Mr. Hoover's rejoicing because the directors of 227 community chests or councils have reported to Washington their "complete confidence" that they will be able "wholly" to undertake the burden of local relief. Before we can share Mr. Hoover's happiness we should like to know something about these 227 communities. Are they large or small? Upon what do they base their "complete confidence"? What does the word "wholly" mean? And how can they tell now what will be the unemployment in their communities in December? Mr. Hoover admits it is worse.

We are the less impressed by the report of the 227 community chests because there lies before us the June Relief Bulletin of the Russell Sage Foundation. "Outdoor relief expenditures in the larger cities," it reads, "which rose to an unprecedented height at the end of the past winter and declined in both April and May, underwent further decline in June. In part the reduction has been due to normal seasonal contraction of relief operations, but there is evidence that *depletion of special emergency funds* accounts for much of the decline." Mr. Hoover is trusting, indeed, if he believes that private charity will everywhere be able to repeat next winter what it did last, and then be

able to add sufficient to carry all the additional unemployed. Take Chicago and Philadelphia, for example. In June, available relief expenditures were less than one-third of those in May, and *less than one-fifth of those in March*. Will any sane person contend that there was only one-fifth of the suffering in July that there was in March?

We have deliberately used the phrase in regard to Mr. Hoover "if he faces the facts," because he is steadily refusing to do so. How else can one view his giving to the Washington correspondents with his own hands the absolutely misleading statement issued by Secretary Doak on August 4? As he handed it out Mr. Hoover declared that the reorganized Federal Employment Service "shows a large measure of accomplishment." The headlines the next day announced that a total of 638,689 people had been provided with jobs by the Government "cooperative employment service." The correspondents were amazed by this great success—until they came to analyze it. Then what did they find? Why, that the Federal Employment Service had placed only 281,769 persons in jobs between April 1 and July 31, and that of those placed in jobs probably 95 per cent were farm laborers! More than that, the President and his worthy Secretary of Labor forgot to add that in the same period of 1928, when there was no crisis, the Federal Employment Service placed no less than 559,000 farm workers, or at least 250,000 more! Moreover it now appears that despite this 1931 record employment was off two per cent in July and wages 4.8 per cent from June.

But this was only part of the flim-flam worked upon the correspondents by the President. A further examination of the facts shows that the "cooperative employment service," credit for whose work Mr. Hoover and Mr. Doak annex so glibly, consists of the employment agencies of the several States, many of them long established, which would have functioned even if the Federal Government had never moved. Now, the only connection between the Federal Government and these agencies which lends a shadow of justification to Mr. Hoover's claim of a federal achievement, is the fact that a number of "State directors," chiefly jobless labor friends of Mr. Doak, have been constituted liaison officers, without even an office force to enable them to achieve something. They are today doing nothing but getting in the way of State officials, patting them on the back if the spirit moves, and forwarding information to the Department of Labor. On the basis of these tenuous performances and the arduous effort involved in totalling up the achievements of the States, the President actually tried to assume at least partial credit for the 356,920 persons whose jobs are *entirely* due to the States. Was there ever such colossal impudence?

We believe that the President's wobbling and shuffling will go on until he finally takes the only possible course to keep numbers of American citizens from utter starvation. It is quite significant that Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania demanded in Detroit on August 13, that there be immediate planning "for relief by the only agency that *can* complete the job, and that is Uncle Sam." Americans shall not die for lack of food in the midst of plenty.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



MONSIEUR ETIENNE DE SILHOUETTE had a bright idea. He would coin a new phrase and fashionable society would take it up and all would be well with the world.

Monsieur Etienne de Silhouette was in a very difficult position. Fashionable society had called upon him in its hour of

need. Fashionable society was going broke. It was going broke so fast and so thoroughly that fashionable society had noticed it, and when fashionable society notices anything at all, it is time for the world to sit up and take notice.

The world sat up and took notice while Monsieur Etienne de Silhouette put on his best pair of blue clocked silk stockings to give notice to His Majesty the King that he was willing to accept the dignity which His Majesty's mistress had so kindly bestowed upon him.

When he drove back to Paris, a great sigh of relief went up among the card-tables of Versailles and snuff-boxes moved gaily from hand to hand. Pompadour was almost civil to France. (What sublime gall! "France, come here! France, bring me my knitting!" and the descendant of Holy Louis actually ran and fetched!) And everybody was happy.

Except Monsieur de Silhouette. For he was a stern man and an honest man, but he had no sense of humor and so he had believed what the King and the Pompadour had told him—that it was up to him to save the French Monarchy from bankruptcy.

Silhouette, a Ledger on Legs, studied the budget of the Kingdom as he had studied the returns of his subordinates when he was collector of internal revenue. He quickly detected the leak and reported to His Majesty that he knew the remedy. His Majesty bade him go ahead.

Silhouette went ahead. If the country was to be thrifty, why not begin right at home? And why not teach thrift to the little playmates of His Majesty, who could afford it better than the peasantry on their estates?

A new slogan was invented: "It is smart to be thrifty." A new law was passed, cutting all royal pensions in half, and another law threatening to tax the land of the nobility. Then, as a final gesture of thrift, "Would their Royal Highnesses and their Serene Highnesses and their just plain, ordinary Highnesses kindly sell their extra plate to help the State get a little cash?"

It was the greatest joke ever perpetrated upon the French people. Thriving through thrift! The country went Silhouette-mad. People gave Silhouette dinners where they served nothing but dry bread and drier water. The black and white artists who patronized the country fairs and who would cut you a "spitting image" of yourself for one hundredth the price of an oil painting, called their cheap

little portraits Silhouette pictures. "Don't forget, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is smart to be thrifty! Have your thrift picture taken! Have your Silhouette picture taken!"

Silhouette, the honest but dumb financier, who thought he could save his nation by preaching that thrift like charity began in the parlor, lasted exactly eight months. Then he was allowed to retire to his country-place, where he spent the remaining few years of his life going to mass and writing a number of very dull volumes on subjects of a vaguely philosophical nature.

But seventy years after his death he enjoyed a short moment of posthumous glory. The covers of the Dictionary of the Academy were opened wide to receive a distinguished newcomer. The word "silhouette" was officially admitted as an active member of the French language. It meant "the portrait of a person in profile, showing only the outline!"

So much for the first great hero of smartish thrift and thrifty smartness. If you ever drive through Brie-sur-Marne, you may still see where he lies buried. But you won't notice any monument.



There exists an amiable notion that history teaches nothing and that therefore the hours spent upon historical studies are so much waste of time. Or as Henry of Dearborn expressed himself so eloquently, "History is bunk." He was right, but he might just as well have argued that the tables of multiplication teach nothing. It merely depends

on how you use them. Perhaps history teaches too much.

The financial wonder-man of Louis XV has been completely overlooked by the biography-distillers of the last decade. Surely he deserved the obligatory 350 pages (frontispiece and twelve illustrations, \$3 net) and he deserved them a great deal more than many of the other recipients of these post-sepulchral honors. For he was one of the most illuminating object lessons of the recent past. He honestly tried to save France by a thrift-campaign among the wealthier classes. They in turn called him a parsimonious prig and a muddle-headed meddler and hired every cartoonist in Paris to lampoon their enemy out of existence. Then they went back to their little dinner-parties and to their beloved backgammon.

Backgammon remained all the rage. Some of His Majesty's attendants by the next reign got to be quite good at the game. It is a pity that the most brilliant party was never finished. Just before the last throw of the dice, the players had their heads cut off.

Monsieur Sanson tried to finish it with his assistant. But the boy was nervous and upset the table. He tried to excuse himself. "Sh," said the amiable executioner. "I know all about it. We had a very busy and tiring day."

President Hoover's Record

X. Hoover as Individualist

By WILLIAM HARD

MR. HOOVER entered the Presidency as a professed economic individualist—amid widespread approval and applause. In the circumstances created—or, rather, revealed—by the depression he has declined to proceed to any deliberate drastic open revision of his individualistic philosophy. He is charged now with lack of leadership. His dilemma is—and, indeed, long has been—that the only practicable, the only thinkable, leadership seems to be in the collectivist direction.

He shares this dilemma with most of the rest of our statesmen. Senator Borah, for instance, denounces "bureaus." He denounces the inevitable organs of the apparently irresistible collectivist advance. He denounces them; and from time to time in the Senate he reluctantly but repeatedly votes to bring some more of them into existence. He illustrates vividly our basic contemporary American paradox.

We are individualistic in thought, ingrowingly. We are collectivistic in action, expandingly.

I am obliged to look upon this paradox as forgivable. I am not unconscious of having myself contributed some few small notes to the alarms that have been rung against bureaucracy, while simultaneously contributing some few small bricks to the building of the bureaucratic edifice. I am unable (though it would be pleasant) to view the behavior of Mr. Borah and of Mr. Hoover in this matter with superciliousness.

It is only in association with the circumstances of the depression that I have begun belatedly to reflect that there must be a frailty somewhere in a philosophic system which expresses itself continuously toward one end in aspirational oratory and continuously toward the precisely opposite end in ultimate achieved conduct. Not being in public office, I can indulge myself in such reflections with a superior immunity.

Mr. Hoover's individualistic thesis is that there should be a recoil from governmentalism, and especially from federal governmentalism, and—more generally—from all collectivism sustained by governmentalism.

Let us observe that recoil in action.

An aggravated and extremely expensive instance of federal governmentalism has long existed in our federal subsidies to local highways and to local waterways.

Mr. Hoover, in his first regular report to the Congress on the state of the Union, in 1929, recommended a serious consideration of the advisability of enlarging the subsidies to local highways. He simultaneously recommended outrightly an enlargement of the subsidies to local waterways.

The railroads were naturally resentful. Better highways mean more trucks and buses, and better waterways mean more tugs and barges. The railroads relied on the incessant singing of the individualistic theme-song: "The Government should not compete—or facilitate competition—with its citizens and tax-payers." They relied in vain.

The Administration has steadily pursued an advocacy of increasing federal assistance to highway and waterway developments.

Helpful to trucks and buses and to tugs and barges, the Administration has been even more directly helpful to airplanes and to ocean-ships. The federal subsidies to airplane development are accomplished through frank overpayments for the carriage of the mails. The subsidies to ocean-ship development are accomplished both by that method and by the method of construction-loans out of the Federal Treasury at non-commercially low rates of interest. Mr. Hoover has not striven to curtail these subsidies. He has striven—and successfully—to expand them.

Nor has he hesitated to invent at least two new species of federal subsidy.

He has advocated appropriations by the Federal Government for assistance to local county health units through the United States Public Health Service.

He has offered to deprive the Federal Treasury, during this current fiscal year, and during the next ensuing fiscal year, and (in part) during nine fiscal years thereafter, of some \$250,000,000 due to it from European Governments in order, as he has said, "to help free the recuperative forces already in motion in the United States from retarding influences from abroad." The "retarding influence" instantly imminent was the potential incapacity of Germany to meet its obligations to American investors and depositors in German governmental and industrial and financial institutions. The "Hoover Moratorium" had its internationalistic aroma. It also had its economic anatomy. In that latter aspect it was nothing but an indirect preventive federal subsidy to the foreign-investment element in our population.

So much for subsidies. Now for regulation.

How many regulatory "fettters" have been struck from the limbs of the American business community under Mr. Hoover? Of course, none. The Republican Party must be credited with one stupendous betrayal of our Chambers of Commerce. It orates to them every four years against "bureaus"—and then, in office, rivets a few more bureaus upon them.

Under Mr. Hoover the perfectly permanent character of the bureau for the allocating and policing of the waves of the ether has become assured. Whatever dreams Mr. Hoover may have had, as Secretary of Commerce, of a "self-governing radio industry" have been dissipated in presidential awakening. The Federal Radio Commission is now an accepted fixture in our federal bureaucratic display.

We also, with Mr. Hoover's complicity, and by act of June 10, 1930, have now a new bureaucratic bourgeoisie in the field of agricultural perishable products. The inter-state traders in such products must now be licensed by the Department of Agriculture. They must be careful not to provoke the Secretary of Agriculture by oppressive practices into rescinding their licenses. They must meditate upon a

higher and nobler individualism than that of unrestrained free will.

So must the operators of inter-state buses. Mr. Hoover says so. "The bus regulation measure," he remarked to the Congress last year, "should be completed."

He similarly—but much more importantly—has asked the Congress to impose more regulation upon the operators of electric power companies. There has been irony in the reception of that request.

Almost two years ago Mr. Hoover said to the Congress:

"It is desirable that the authority of the Federal Power Commission should be extended to certain phases of power regulation." . . .

The invitation thus conveyed by the President to the Congress was at any rate an opening. Through it a progressive Senate could have rushed to drive a larger coach, hauled by more and bigger horses, than the President perhaps wished. The irony is that the Senate has been so preoccupied with battling the power interests at Muscle Shoals that it has had virtually no strength left with which to battle them through competent and effective federal regulation of them in all their inter-state activities and aspects throughout the country. The Senate bill for the quelling of power companies federally in the whole inter-state arena is still in the chrysalis stage. The President is able on this point to regard himself—if he so chooses—as a pioneering collectivistic regulator far in the van of progressive actual action.

We then approach, after federal regulation, federal ownership and operation.

The federal departments manufacturing commodities for their own use or for the use of other departments continue to manufacture them.

The Department of Commerce, for instance, through its Bureau of Mines, continues to manufacture helium for the Navy Department. In the course of the last twenty-four months the President's Budget Bureau has secured some \$400,000 from the Congress for enlarging the helium plants whereby the Bureau of Mines has virtually extinguished the commercial future of the country's private helium industry. Senator Norris could not do much more.

On western waterways, deepened to navigability by federal finance, the federally owned and operated tugs and barges of the War Department's Inland Waterways Corporation are still engaged, as the Secretary of War puts it, "in demonstrating that the development of our waterways is a sound business undertaking that promises cheaper freight rates for the people whose taxes have paid for their improvement."

At Muscle Shoals Mr. Hoover has fought the proponents of public operation with results which constitute a stand-still. At Boulder Dam he has helped to accomplish results which constitute motion—and which constitute also an acceptance of much public participation in the project.

The power plant at Boulder Dam—now Hoover Dam—will be operated jointly by a local private enterprise and a local public authority. The power produced will go in part to the local private enterprise but in much larger part to local public authorities in various guises. Back of them the original financing of the whole Hoover Dam effort will have been achieved—not in times of war, as in the instance of Muscle Shoals, but in times of peace!—by a Federal

Government beneficently interested in cheap water and cheap power for its children of the Far Southwest.

If this mixed outcome gives little satisfaction to our fiercer "forward-lookers," it gives less to our languishing laudators of times gone by.

I now arrive, however, at a development which far transcends the meager limits which must be assigned in this country at this time to public ownership and operation as a political prospect. I allude to certain prospective diminutions of individualistic competition between privately owned and operated business units.

What has been Mr. Hoover's attitude in relation to this problem? It has not been toward the multiplying of competitive massacres. It has been toward the mitigating of them.

Mr. Hoover has not urged more railroad units and more struggle between them for the partition of revenue. He has urged railroad consolidations.

He has not urged more banks. He has urged congressional consideration of more bank branches and more bank chains—under, of course, proper public surveillance.

He has given a sanction of non-interference to the Chadbourne sugar scheme. That scheme involves restraints upon sugar exports by many countries. It involves restraints upon sugar plantings as well as upon sugar exports by Cuba, our international sugar ward. It involves extensive financial operations by the Cuban governmental treasury, toward which we have a frequently proclaimed solemn international responsibility. The Chadbourne sugar scheme, as a total, is undoubtedly all time's farthest reach toward a governmentally sustained international capitalistic collectivism. It draws from the Hoover Administration a full tacit consent.

In the meantime, within our national confines, our Federal Farm Board, advocated and initiated by Mr. Hoover, has flown a flag not altogether dissimilar to Mr. Chadbourne's.

I realize that some farmers are hostile to the Federal Farm Board because it manifestly cannot cure the whole world of a worldwide instant depression of prices. They are against the Board for what it is unable to do. I am more impressed by the gentlemen who are against the Board for what it does do.

It finances collective groups of farmers—called co-operatives—to get business which otherwise would go to individualistic private traders. These traders in Chicago have formed a militant society to exterminate the Federal Farm Board. In Philadelphia their grief has aroused Senator David A. Reed to declare that in the next session of the Congress he will move to wipe the Board off the statute-books.

I cannot believe that a grief so profound is caused by a Board which is no menace to individualism as we have known it. The Board is in truth a devastating menace to that individualism in the agricultural products marketing industry. It embodies a principle which could in time pave the whole route from harvest-field to retail-store with co-operatives in place of individualistic competitive enterprises.

In the wake of the administrative energies of the Federal Farm Board we observe the statistical and moral energies of the Federal Oil Conservation Board.

Oil men of the West wish to curtail their disastrously

excessive oil output by collective "allocation" and by collective "proration." They cannot do so without incurring a possible visitation from the Department of Justice. The Department of Justice represents individualistic law. The Federal Oil Conservation Board represents collectivistic economic equity. It proceeds to appoint a committee which proceeds to publish statistics "allocating" to each oil state its sensible quota of production. It proceeds of its own motion to advise the oil States to enter, among themselves, into an "inter-state compact" under which they may be able to restrict themselves to their "allocations" and to "prorate" those allocations among their individual producers.

In other words, the Federal Oil Conservation Board proposes to organize the oil production of the United States on a collectively controlled basis through the statistical and moral intervention of the Federal Government and through the coercive intervention of the oil-State local governments.

If Mr. Chadbourne could give his time to it, this oil project would appropriately crown his sugar project.

And now the Federal Timber Conservation Board is beginning to emulate the Federal Oil Conservation Board's adventures. It, too, has started to publish committee reports on expected consumption and on suitable output. It, too, has started to adumbrate the coming eclipse of economic soloists by economic orchestras.

Wholly consistently, Mr. Hoover has suggested to the Congress that in respect of the bituminous coal industry there should be a legislative pondering upon the question whether or not a strict complete retention of the statutes against co-operative control of output is now wise. Some operators have responded by suggesting that the Federal Government should supervise the co-operative control undertaken.

Those operators are clear-sighted. They know very well that governmental sanction to private co-operative control implies, as a corollary, governmental direct or indirect protection of the consumer.

Mr. Hoover, in his tacit or expressed patronage of all these steps toward a checking of ruthless and ruinous individualism in privately owned and operated industries, has been both a collectivist and, in ultimate inevitable outcome, a governmentalistic collectivist.

I have now spoken of Mr. Hoover's attitude toward federal subsidies, toward federal regulation, toward federal ownership and operation, toward federal assistance to co-operative endeavors in private business. Throughout he has exhibited a collectivistic tinge. Throughout, whenever any positive new move can be attributed to him, it has been toward the collectivistic end of the economic spectrum.

What I could willingly imagine now would be a Mr. Hoover stepping buoyantly to a microphone and saying:

"Fellow-countrymen:

"The depression has waked up a lot of people. I want to tell you that it can even wake up Presidents.

"I have been preaching a dogma—and breaching it. This has been very confusing to you. It has also been very confusing to me.

"I have now destroyed the plates of my book on *American Individualism*. I wish to announce that I am now an individualist in chief principle but a strong collectivist in supplementary practice.

"I perceive now that some considerable collectivism is

needed in order to make a core of individualism survive and thrive. I not only perceive this, but I shall say it.

"Along with most of my critics I have been philosophizing the past and backing into the future. I thus have seemed often to be irresolute and inconsistent.

"I have advocated great subsidies to ship-constructors and have been frightened by smaller ones to crop-growers in drought regions.

"I have advocated federal financial assistance to local health units and have been scandalized by suggested federal financial assistance to local employment exchanges.

"I have gone farther than any of my predecessors in the White House toward advocating public works as alternatives to private pay-rolls in depressions but have hesitated to pursue that novelty to the gigantic scope required by the situation.

"I have been the very first President to cause the Federal Government to express a vigorous opinion in favor of the maintenance of private hourly and weekly wage-levels for the employed during depressions, but I have shied away from the parallel innovation of causing the Federal Government to exert a vigorous pressure toward the formation of private wage-insurance funds to be expended for the unemployed during depressions.

"Exactly like the journalist who has implored me to make this speech, I have sinned greatly against a coherent acceptance of economic fate.

"My fault! My fault! My grievous fault!

"You never before saw a lapse by a President from the doctrine of presidential infallibility, but you see one now.

"I shall now cease to philosophize only the past and shall strive also to philosophize the future.

"Watch me, and you will be surprised to see how much better I shall go when I go into the future face forward."

So I imagine him broadcasting, and it takes almost as much imagination on my part as it would take audacity on his.

It all, in any case, is only a perhaps reprehensibly frivolous way of trying to express two concluding contentions:

One. Whether illustrated by reactionaries who are against unemployment insurance because they would rather see the unemployed man die exclaiming "I die to preserve individualism," or illustrated by radicals who are against chain stores because they think that there ought to be as many separate individual managements as there are stores in this whole country, our dominant thought in Washington is a brake upon our national progress instead of an engine of propulsion for it.

Two. We greatly need in our national public life a political philosopher who, without surrendering his hold upon the tenable advantages of individualism, can nevertheless specifically survey and comprehensively declare the points of desirable occupancy in the new American collectivistic frontier.

I think that only such a philosopher could in 1932 strive for the Presidency against Mr. Hoover on terms that would make the contest anything more than a possible exchange of one President whom we charge with "lack of leadership" for another President whom we would then equally unconstructively but equally discontentedly charge all over again with "lack of leadership."

Vanzetti and the Quest for Truth

By GARDNER JACKSON

IT may seem fantastic and, therefore, quite unconvincing to compare the words of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, executed as a murderer by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts just four years ago (August 23, 1927), and those of Herbert Hoover, President of the United States. Nevertheless, so striking is the contrast that the comparison is inevitable to anyone familiar with the utterances of both.

Vanzetti was writing from his prison cell in Charlestown Prison, Mass., after more than six years' incarceration. President Hoover was writing from the White House after a year and a half of occupancy. Vanzetti was writing to Alice Stone Blackwell of Boston whom he addressed as "Dear Comrade Blackwell." President Hoover was writing to President-emeritus W. O. Thompson of Ohio State University, whom he addressed as "My dear President Thompson."

President Hoover wrote (under date of Dec. 30, 1929): "You aptly penetrate the vital question of public action—the discovery and promulgation of truth. . . . We can and must . . . greatly increase the production of truth . . . the grave interest of 120,000,000 people is involved in government policies. . . . The truth is hard to discover; it must be distilled through the common judgment of skilled men and women from accurately and patiently collected facts and knowledge of forces before the extraction of the essence of wisdom. The materials themselves are hard to come by; it takes time and patience. . . . So you will know why . . . more and more temporary committees, commissions, conferences, researches—that they are not for executive action (for which they are anathema) but are one of the sound processes for the search, production, and distribution of truth."

Vanzetti, not yet even imagining an Advisory Committee headed by the President of Harvard University to investigate his and Sacco's predicament, wrote (under date of Nov. 12, 1926): "It is now customary to speak of objectiveness—as of a great thing. Relatively understood, it is a good thing, absolutely it is trash. A human being can perceive, understand, judge from and with his being and he can only be objective according to the very nature of his being, in respect to each and all the questions and problems of life. Nothing is worse than a false belief of self-goodness or greatness. It is that which permitted Nero to kill his mother without remorse. . . . The convinced of the most bad belief may wrong everything and everyone, convinced to be objective."

"Therefore, I will only try to be just and honest to each of my topics—this is the only possible and real objectiveness. Yet, if I will treat anything in a wrong erroneous way, by ignorance, I will be unjust and dishonest, *che fatto*, in spite of all my good will. The truth, then, is what matters. But in this regard, too, alas to one who is too sure of possessing it, especially if more than relatively absolutely. . . ."

President Hoover from the White House was informing his friend that the attacks on his administration were

merely in the nature of harassments against the crusade for truth. Vanzetti from his prison block was telling his gentle New England spinster comrade (unknown to him virtually except by correspondence) that he could only try to be honest, never claiming infallibility for himself or his friends.

The contrast is surely not far-fetched—the long-time prisoner approaching electrocution with searchings of his mind and conscience for the facts, and the President of the United States using the phrase, "hair shirt," in his letter to Dr. Thompson as a protest against the bringing of "objectiveness" to bear upon his own administration.

So, we cannot escape considering the works of the President's commissions in the digging for truth. And, naturally, the first of President Hoover's commissions to command attention is the Wickersham Commission. How fared that body of America's best minds in the definitions provided by Vanzetti and President Hoover?

As a newspaper man in Washington of quite recent residence I must confess to deep disgust at some aspects of the Wickersham Commission work. To consider the case of Sacco and Vanzetti alone, it would seem reasonable to expect that a gathering of minds such as made up the Wickersham body would go to the record of that seven-and-a-half-year case for evidence concerning the administration of justice in America. Yet all that appears in any of the reports is a veiled reference to it in the report on unfair prosecutions submitted by Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School. For the rest, this country appears not to have had a world-troubling Sacco-Vanzetti case so far as the two years of study by the Commissioners and their experts show.

Not that any reference by the Wickersham Commission to the Sacco-Vanzetti case would help to pacify the souls of the two Italians, but simply that this finest group of minds was ostensibly seeking the truth of law administration in this country without regard to policy.

Granted that a number of the reports issued by the Wickersham Commission were of utter integrity—such, for example, as Reuben Oppenheimer's scholarly and devastating study of the United States deportation practices, or Dr. Miriam Van Waters's analysis of the treatment of juvenile delinquents in this country, or Dr. Frank Tannenbaum's account of prison conditions in America—the vital and terribly depressing fact is that this group of America's choicest minds was willing to sacrifice truth for policy in instances where policy was acute. Consider, in this connection, the suppression by the Commission of the 600-page report on the Mooney-Billings case turned in by Walter H. Pollak and Carl Stern to the Commission sub-committee on legal lawlessness headed by Judge William S. Kenyon. Here was the arduous work of experts hired by the Commission and paid for out of the taxpayers's pocketbooks simply pigeonholed because the assembly of fact-seeking minds knew what a controversial issue the case was and what hob a report on it would play. The argument that the Commission had no authority to make recommendations in any given case was

entirely beside the point—nobody even suggested that the Commission should recommend disposition of that case. All that was in order, and all that Mr. Pollak and Mr. Stern did, was to study the record of the Mooney-Billings case for evidence of legal lawlessness. That they found plenty is indicated by the 600-page report they made (apparently for oblivion).

No purpose can be served by going on with instances relating to the Wickersham Commission (whose chief sin, as one member, Monte Lemann of New Orleans, has been at pains to point out, was absence of genuine research—search for facts at first hand).

The purpose may be helped by referring briefly to other committees and commissions whose members have discovered that the dispassionate (so far as one can be dispassionate, as Vanzetti says) search and turning up of facts is not what the present administration really wants—nor any other administration within recent years. The President's Emergency Employment Committee is a classic example to all newspaper men in Washington. Hardly a single recom-

mendation made by the aggregation of experts connected with that committee was acted upon favorably by the White House. Yet not one of that committee objected publicly.

The sum and substance of my contrast between Vanzetti in his prison cell and President Hoover in the White House is that Vanzetti was genuinely eager to discover truth and that the execution of him and Sacco was caused by the very attitude which dominates the governmental commissions at crucial points.

There is no question at all, judging by correspondence I have had with various members of various commissions, that the crucial issues are recognized by these members. The issue turns on the "guts" of these commissioners and their experts. The showing thus far in the Hoover Administration is that a pitifully small number of the summoned seekers for facts have the courage to announce what they find and stick by it. As long as this country has a collection of its best minds soft-peddling controversial and unpleasant facts in its presumed honest facing of and search for facts, so long will there be Sacco-Vanzetti and Mooney-Billings cases.

Briand the Unaccountable

By ROBERT DELL

ONE evening nearly a quarter of a century ago, when Clemenceau was Prime Minister for the first time, he was chatting in his private room at the Ministry of the Interior with two or three of his colleagues in the Cabinet, and the conversation turned on two absent Ministers, Barthou and Briand. Clemenceau pronounced himself as follows: "The difference between Barthou and Briand, you see, is this: Barthou has principles—successive principles—and Briand has none at all."

At first sight this may seem a rather surprising judgment, for Briand has had more "successive principles" than Barthou, who has always been a man of the Center, inclining, like all men of the Center, now to the Right, now to the Left, according to circumstances. Briand, on the other hand, has almost boxed the political compass twice over. Starting from the extreme Left as a revolutionary Socialist, he began, soon after his first election to Parliament, moving gradually away from that position, and in less than ten years had become the hope of the Conservatives. In 1900 he was preaching the revolutionary general strike; in 1910 he was suppressing a railway strike by methods of doubtful legality. The workmen of St. Etienne sent him to Parliament in 1902 as an apostle of the class war; ten years later he had become the apostle of the "policy of appeasement," that is, in fact, of the formation of a great Center party excluding the Socialists on one side and the Extreme Right on the other—a fore-runner of Poincaré's "National Block." The attempt failed—no doubt it was premature—but Briand completed the work that Clemenceau had begun of destroying the coalition of the Left and disintegrating the Radical party, which has not fully recovered to this day. He brought to perfection the system of governing by shifting majorities, composed now of one combination of parliamentary groups, now of another.

In 1913 the man who a dozen years before had advo-

cated the general strike in the event of a war introduced the Three-year Service Bill; he boasted of the fact recently in the Chamber. In February, 1917, Briand signed a secret treaty with Russia, without the knowledge of the other Allied Governments, by which France and Russia undertook to support each other's requirements at the Peace Conference whenever it should be held; notably Russia pledged herself to support the permanent separation of the Rhineland from Germany, and France pledged herself to hand over the whole of Poland to the Czar, and to regard the Polish question as one of Russian internal politics. A few months later Briand was trying to make peace by negotiation—it is true that the Russian revolution had occurred in the interval. Since the end of the war he has been moving back towards the Left, and, had circumstances been propitious, he might well have ended where he began—in the Socialist party. But circumstances have compelled him, if he wished to stay in office, to balance himself skilfully on a tight-rope and once more to govern with shifting majorities. Where he is now it would be difficult to say; and it is doubtful whether he knows himself.

Here, one would say, are "successive principles," if you like. Yet Clemenceau, who had not a little psychological insight, was right. It is not a case of successive principles, but of successive tendencies, or rather of conflicting tendencies which successively get the upper hand. Temperamentally, Briand is on the Left. He would gladly have stayed in the Socialist party had the Socialist party allowed him to remain in it and at the same time be a member of an anti-Socialist Cabinet. He would probably have preferred always to govern with a majority of the Left, but it is not his fault that there is not always a majority of the Left to govern with. The important thing is that he should govern, not necessarily out of mere vulgar office-seeking, but rather because he believes it to be in the nature of things.

In some respects Briand resembles Lloyd George—are they not both Bretons?—but there are great differences between them. Both have more perception and understanding than knowledge. Clemenceau's well-known saying is profoundly true: "Poincaré knows everything and understands nothing; Briand knows nothing and understands everything." But Lloyd George knows how to get information and how to use it; Briand does not take the trouble to get it. He leaves other people to do his work. One of his private secretaries said to me years ago: "It is difficult to get Briand to sign a letter, and quite impossible to get him to read one before he signs it." It is doubtful whether Briand could ever have been Foreign Minister had he not always had Philippe Berthelot behind him. And it has more than once been revealed that he left so much in Berthelot's hands that the latter even took action committing the French Government without consulting his nominal chief. That is not at all like Lloyd George. Lloyd George and Briand are both brilliant orators, but Briand is the greater artist of the two. A famous French actor, after listening to one of Briand's speeches in the Chamber, said: "He has filled me with despair. I can't touch him."

But Briand gives the impression that he does not prepare his speeches. One can often see when he is speaking that he is talking to fill up the time while he is thinking what to say next. And he often says things that he certainly would not say had he reflected. A few months ago he told an astonished Chamber that all alliances were incompatible with the Covenant of the League of Nations. The sentence did not appear in the report of his speech in the "Journal Officiel." He is too much influenced by the circumstances of the moment and the atmosphere in which he speaks. In the Senate on March 28, the enthusiastic reception given to a speech attacking his policy led him to take what was undoubtedly a much stronger line about the Austro-German customs union proposal than he had intended to take, to talk in a threatening manner of the military strength of France, and in effect to promise to stop the proposed customs union at any cost.

Briand is a man of brilliant intelligence. But is he really a statesman? He seems to me to live politically from hand to mouth. A statesman may be unprincipled, but he must have political principles of some sort, clear conceptions of what he is aiming at, and long views. Briand throws off brilliant suggestions, but he rarely seems able to work them out. When at Geneva in 1929, he threw out the suggestion of "European Union," it is doubtful whether he had any clear conception of what it involved, and it is certain that it has landed him in an impossible position. When he, or somebody else, had to put his idea in a concrete form, it became, as Paul-Boncour remarked with pleasure and Léon Blum with regret, little more than the Protocol of 1924 refurbished and restricted to Europe. Its only practical result up to now has been the Austro-German proposal, and the secret of Briand's extreme annoyance at that proposal is that he understands this. He is far too intelligent not to recognize that Germany and Austria have stolen his thunder, and are trying to take the first step towards the economic unity that he tried to avoid because he knows that France would be the last country in Europe to accept it.

Briand has had mishaps of this sort before. He calls himself the author of Locarno, but the authors of the

Locarno Treaty were Lord D'Abernon in the first place and Stresemann in the second; and Briand agreed to it only after months of resistance. Briand's friends claim for him part authorship at least of the Kellogg Pact, yet what he proposed was a quasi-alliance between France and the United States, and Kellogg's counter-proposal was a blow that filled Briand and the Quai d'Orsay with consternation. It was American diplomacy that scored on that occasion. Statesmen, if they can help it, do not let themselves in for discomfitures of this sort.

Briand's great mistake during the last five years has been the belief that he is indispensable, which has made him cling to office at all costs. He has been led into that mistake to a great extent by one of his chief failings, that of overrating his power of getting what he wants by "wangling." Undoubtedly he has a remarkable capacity for "wangling" things out of unwilling people; but it is not unlimited. When he was leaving Geneva in September, 1926, after the meeting with Stresemann at Thoiry, somebody on the railway platform said to him, "Poincaré has his eye on you." "Yes," replied Briand, "as the lion has his eye on his tamer." Alas! In a few weeks the tamer was inside the lion. Briand should have resigned when his colleagues in the Poincaré Cabinet turned down the arrangements that he had made with Stresemann at Thoiry. He would have been violently attacked in France and would have been in the shade for some time, but soon or late he would have returned to office with real power. He has gone on making the same mistake by accepting office in successive Nationalist and Conservative Governments in which he has been a sort of hostage. He has had to adapt his policy to that of his colleagues and of the Government majority in the Chamber, and has been used as a screen to conceal from the world the real character and aims of French foreign policy.

It was because he had got himself into an impossible position that he tried to escape from the Quai d'Orsay to the Elysée. How he and his friends could have been so confident as they were that Briand would be elected President of the Republic passes my understanding. My opinion from the first, which I expressed in the *Manchester Guardian*, was that his election was at least very uncertain. Apart from the fact that the electors of the National Assembly always prefer—with some reason—a dignified nonentity to a prominent politician, it seemed to me likely that in a secret ballot Briand would get the votes of no senators and very few deputies outside the Opposition of the Left, whose candidate he really was. It is probable that the large majority of his own colleagues in the Government voted for Doumer, who was bound, as President of the Senate, to poll the great majority of the senators. Briand has now made the crowning mistake, in spite of the advice of most of his best friends, of withdrawing the resignation of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs which he handed in after his defeat in the presidential election. Had he maintained it, he could have become the leader of the Left, and might well have returned to power with a large majority in the Chamber after the general election next April. As it is, he is the prisoner of the Center and the Right, and will be kept in check more than ever. Throughout his political career he has taken the line of least resistance and acted on the maxim "*reculer pour mieux sauter*," often with unsatisfactory results. It may be that this time he will find that the mistake is irreparable.

Well, I Quit My Job at the Dam

By VICTOR CASTLE

[The following letter was written by a worker at Boulder Dam to Fred H. Moore, a Los Angeles attorney.]
Las Vegas, Nevada, August 8.

WELL, the first thing the four of us did when we pulled in to Las Vegas was to find Mr. Wells, the attorney representing the I. W. W. We learned from him that all of the vagrancy cases against them had been dismissed. He told us he had wired you to that effect. Wells was very much amused over the fact that the I. W. W. boys had been charged with vagrancy notwithstanding that they actually had more money on their persons than most of the people coming into Las Vegas. Of course you and I know that the real reason they were arrested was that their attempt to organize the workers was a thorn in the flesh of the "Six Companies." . . .

The life of Las Vegas all centers around the courthouse park, the little stretch of green grass in front of the depot, and the main street, where one finds a solid lineup of gambling houses and drinking joints. Then, of course, there is the unforgettable "skidway," where, for approximately a square block, the flotsam and jetsam are herded together for the purpose of satisfying the sex appetites of the men who are building the Hoover Dam. Many a young worker is going to remember the Hoover Dam, not as a triumph of engineering skill, but as the place where he contracted a venereal disease. Prices here are relatively low, including sex satisfaction. While sitting at a restaurant table we were approached by a girl who advised us that at the "Blue Heaven" and "Ye Bull Pen Inn" and a number of other places, a more choice quality of feminine companionship could be found, younger I suppose, but at a correspondingly higher price. We did not avail ourselves of this privilege. Curiosity did take us down the "skidway" and there women and girls of all kinds and ages vied with each other to attract attention.

There are just two endurable spots in town—the courthouse lawn, and the depot lawn. The City Fathers of Las Vegas are entitled to at least one vote of thanks, for they never turn the water off, and so the grass is constantly sprinkled. Men, women, and children sleep on the lawn at all hours of day and night, and sometimes an exhausted sleeper gets a good soaking. If he is not particular about his wardrobe he welcomes the water as a relief from the heat. Here, in these parks, you can find workers from every section of the United States—lured across the desert by the hope of work. The temperature reached its peak of 120 in the shade around 2.30 p.m. Our first night we slept on the lawn, with hundreds of others, at the courthouse. I say slept out of courtesy; as a fact it was so hot all night we woke up the next morning more exhausted than we were the night before.

The second day the four of us hit the highway again in our car and headed for the dam site. First we drove to Boulder City, which is thirty-two miles from Las Vegas. This city is being built and will be under the immediate

control of the "Six Companies"; it will be the construction center for all the work. Judging superficially, the quarters that will be occupied by the workers, when houses under construction are completed, will not be bad. These buildings reminded me of the barracks which were built at the cantonments. However, it is too early to judge of these places, and at best it will be many months before Boulder City will or can be occupied.

From Boulder City we drove on some four or five miles to Williamsville, better known locally as "Rag City." On a large rock which we passed as we neared the entrance to this section some honest person had painted "HELL HOLE." This is the refuge of men with families who have come seeking employment. There is not a green thing in sight. Here are probably some three to four hundred families living in tents rigged up out of every known kind of wood, rag, and tin from cans. These "homes" are scattered around on bare hillsides, where the only vegetation is dwarfed specimens of cactus and mesquite. All water has to be hauled in from the outside. Las Vegas water is sold at fifteen cents for two gallons, or five gallons for a quarter. Local enterprise has dug a hole in the sand something like a block from the river, where the Colorado (which is Spanish for red, and the river is well-named) River waters seep through. Here is where those who don't (and most of them can't) buy Las Vegas water dip their supply from. The water is almost the color and texture of rich cocoa. "Rag City" boasts no sanitary facilities, other than two old-fashioned out-houses which are patronized by everybody.

We next went to one of the Lewis Construction Camps, known as "Camp B." There I got a job, working in the dining room as a waiter. I went to work about 12.30 p.m. and worked until 7.30 p.m. The following morning I worked from 5.30 a.m. until 2 p.m. For this I got \$2 besides my meals, being allowed fifty cents per meal. Then I quit. I could have got this job for a month at \$60 a month with board and room. The board is good. The "room" consists of a cot with filthy blankets placed in a tent with three other cots. The tent is utterly unprotected by any shade, mercilessly exposed to the sun and without any double roof. I tried to sleep between 7.30, when I quit, and 5.30 when I went to work again, but it was simply impossible—the tent was unbearable. I preferred the outdoors and found a lumber pile where I stretched out. I did not sleep, I dozed, for I was tired but with a temperature which never dropped below 130 during the night sleep was out of the question. By morning I felt burned to a crisp.

As I understand the situation, Anderson Brothers have a contract for the feeding and housing of men with the "Six Companies." They also run the commissary. The men are furnished script books with which they can buy supplies, with the profit going to the Anderson Brothers.

In the mess hall where I worked, four waiters served 350 men. We no sooner got the tables cleared and the set-up out again when another gang of workers came along. We had to hustle every minute. There can be no legitimate

complaint about the food, either as to quality or quantity, and I would say that it was well chosen to suit climatic conditions. But the men, when they came in from the job, were so exhausted from the heat it was impossible for them to eat a substantial meal. Possibly the best indication I can give of the temperature is found in the fact that practically no one works in anything other than a pair of trousers and shoes. It was quite a sight to see a hundred or more men trying to eat, all stripped to their waists, with rivulets of sweat running down their faces and backs. While I was there two men were brought in who had passed out completely. One, a commissary clerk, collapsed in his tent after he finished his work and had convulsions. There was no doctor. Buckets of ice water were thrown on him. This was the only medical service he got, and we, the workers, gave it to him. He was taken into town later in a machine owned by a worker; we don't know whether he lived or not. From his condition I doubt it. The other man went under on the job. We threw more ice water on him. It was the only thing we knew to do, and the only thing we could do without medical advice or aid.

I heard all sorts of stories about men being blown up by premature explosions at the tunnel. The responsibility for this is variously laid to the faulty powder and improper mining methods. I am told that down at the dam site there is no medical or surgical help available, no hospital facilities, no first-aid equipment, no stretchers, no ambulances, nothing to protect the lives of workers.

So I quit. I would rather mootch on the main stem than work in a temperature around 140 for \$2 a day, and my meals, and then have to pay \$1.50 a month for insurance—particularly when the insurance companies specifically exempt the greatest element of danger, heat prostration.

I am willing to concede that the work is just getting under way. But the fact is that the United States government is permitting the "Six Companies" to "get away with murder" on a grand scale. So anything that you, or anyone else, can do to bring these facts to the attention of the country at large, ought to be done. The people of Las Vegas, and the workers individually, are powerless to meet the organized greed of the "Six Companies" which has the tacit endorsement or acquiescence of the Federal Government.

In the Driftway

ONE of the impressive arguments of the last generation, when people wanted to prove the bounteous providence of nature, was the travel record made by a drop of water—the Drifter believes it was always called, affectionately, a little drop of water. Starting far off in the Indian Ocean, but lifted by the sun's fond rays into the cerulean sky, the little drop of water was carried, or not infrequently wafted, on the wings of the gentle winds to the slopes of the soaring Andes, where, cooled by the dark woodlands that stretched their eager arms aloft, it was precipitated as rain. Something of a come-down, to be sure; but That is Life. And anyway, after lingering joyously in a mountain lake—probably a clear mountain lake—the little drop roved adventurously down through valleys and across plains, finding at last a welcome from its trillions of com-

panions in the vast Pacific. Still a long way from home; but there is no need to trace this odyssey more, save to concede that on the universal rounds there was every opportunity to be frozen into an iceberg, stand poised for a second on the tip of a geyser, or dilute a demi-tasse.

* * * * *

YET the cold truth is that nature continues to be somewhat less bounteous than a reasonable man might desire; and even with water it can be niggardly with a certain grim humor. Those lines of the "Ancient Mariner," "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," possess a poignancy dimmed only by enforced repetition in a schooling that made even death at sea by thirst seem often a mild fate. And not so long ago the Drifter came upon an item in the foreign press that made him drop the paper—a little drop, at least—and stare off over the wilderness of the imagination. "The Norwegian steamer Vigdis left Cardiff on Saturday, with a cargo of 835,200 gallons of Cardiff drinking water for supplying the twenty vessels engaged in whaling in the Antarctic. This is the largest quantity of fresh water ever shipped from Cardiff, and it is to be carried about 7,000 miles." Where, oh where are the film solons of Hollywood? Pursuing their unromantic piffle, when these things be? The Drifter hoped there was no storm off the Vigdis's bows. He turned to the daily reports of muddle and mess with a sigh, yet somehow with a lift of spirit. While men are able to carry water round the world in ships, and think no more of it than a few lines on page twenty-three, the human race has not been scuttled.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is the distinguished author, satirist and cartoonist.

WILLIAM HARD is one of the most distinguished of Washington correspondents, nationally known for his writings and radio talks.

GARDNER JACKSON is an independent Washington journalist well known for his work in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti.

ROBERT DELL has for many years been a contributor to *The Nation*, the *Manchester Guardian* and other periodicals on conditions in France.

VIRGINIA MOORE is the author of a book of poems, "Sweet Water and Bitter."

CARLETON BEALS, author of "The Mexican Maze," is at present in Mexico where he is collecting material for a biography of Porfirio Diaz.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

FRED T. MARSH writes occasional book reviews for *The Nation*.

HAROLD WARD has written articles on scientific subjects for various periodicals.

JOSEPH J. SPENGLER is in the department of economics at the University of Arizona.

Books

Oh More Than Cruel Love

By VIRGINIA MOORE

Oh more than cruel love do studious books,
Talk, laughter, silence, work done swift and fair,
Plain food, long sleep, sharp drafts of living air,
Unbodied music and the bodied looks
From friend to friend, a flock of shadowy rooks
Soaring at night like hopes upflying there
Compose the mind, out of the bosom tear
Regrets thrust inward, huge and pitiless hooks.

Yet say I calmly on a night like this
Without a moon or even a poor star,
Or nights when moon and many planets are:
Love with its promise, true or false, of bliss,
Love that escapes or falls to ash like fire
Is all that I lack wholly or desire.

Mexico and Middletown

Mexico: A Study of Two Americas. By Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

STUART CHASE learned more about Mexico in five months than most members of the resident American colony learn in thirty years. He traveled more widely, he studied more deeply, he met more varied groups of Mexicans; in short, he learned more about Mexican life and customs, about Mexican art, business, and politics than the conventional golf-club swingers at the Churubusco Country Club, who sit over tea and talk about bridge, servants, and the dirty "Yellowbellies," will ever know. Not only that, but Chase came with a well-filled mind, an enthusiasm for observing the most out-of-the-way details, with the approach of a trained economist, and with vision devoid of customary "American" prejudices. As a result he has written a fine and generous book about Mexico. Chase, himself, gives the clue to why he has the edge on the average American resident, whose closer and more permanent contacts should make it possible for him to know Mexico much better: Mexico's maize civilization is not primarily an acquisitive civilization, but one based upon leisure, creative work with the hands, religious festivals, and many other activities in which the element of profit does not enter. Most American residents are highly developed specimens of our own acquisitive civilization, who regard any individual or any nation not primarily dedicated to money-making as suffering from paranoia. In his closing chapter Chase undertakes to give advice to Mexico, to the American colony, and to Middletown, a task somewhat presumptuous, were it not that he speaks with so much wisdom and fairness. For the American colony, he has three words: "Díaz is dead." Chase is mistaken. For the American colony Díaz will never be dead, because he represents the masterly culmination of four centuries of acquisitive conquest. But Chase's words reveal why he came to know Mexico so well in five months.

I wish that Chase might have come to Mexico before Mr. Morrow made it popular, that he might have been here during the years of idealism and experimentation, instead of now, when the revolution he so much admires is dying, is practically dead;

before Plutarco Elías Calles, whom Chase lauds so much, had turned into an incompetent banker, a manufacturer, and a wealthy *hacendado*; before the so-called revolution had been shaped into a machine to enrich its political survivors and to crush all independent popular expression. Chase arrived in a twilight period and has not quite recognized the fact. Not that he does not see the handwriting on the wall; but in political matters his book is not quite realistic.

Yet he shows such sympathetic understanding of Indian values that he is never far from a true comprehension of all that is basically Mexican. His sentences leap up and down through history and back and forth across nations, opening up vistas that few other modern writers would be equipped to give. Not, perhaps, that he has contributed very much that is new to our knowledge of Mexico, but he has seized upon what is significant and has illuminated it by comparison and by subjection to his own philosophy of life. He has oversimplified pre-conquest history and has stated rather dogmatically his ideas on the structure of the Aztec state concerning points which are still open to controversy. And for a short summary of the Conquest, I find Anita Brenner's chapter in "Idols Behind Altars" more brilliant and more accurate.

Mr. Robert Redfield's excellent, intensive scientific study of Tepoztlán fortunately has formed the basis for most of Chase's conclusions about the Indian. To Redfield's careful work, Chase has added supplementary observations from other towns and has given the whole significance for us by comparison with Middletown. I wish that he had also correlated for us some of the reactions of the two representative populations with regard to such manifestations as patriotism, sex, marriage, and death.

Chase does not sentimentalize the Indian or his way of life, though he is skilful in picking out what is sane and beautiful in his existence. Chase himself admits that he could not live very long in Tepoztlán, and thus does not expose himself to the criticism of a certain Mexican politician in the educational department, who made a speech at the University of California, eulogizing the Indian and declaring that he himself would prefer to wear leather-thong *guarachas*—and then went out and bought a Locomobile in which to visit the schools of the State. Tepoztlán happens to be one of the happiest native villages in Mexico. Chase does not recognize enough, I fear, that the Mexican fiestas and playtime are rooted in a deep and ignorant fanaticism and contribute to the Indian's enslavement to the Spanish-Aztec church; that they are, in part, the reflex to elementary hunger and lack of other forms of organized play.

Not all villages are so happy. Recently, on a month's horseback trip through the Mixtecan Indian region of Guerrero and Oaxaca, I discovered an abject poverty startling even for Mexico. The maximum wage, except for a few more fortunate citizens, is seven cents a day; which means that even though corn may be grown in addition for tortillas, the people are mostly in dirty rags, that small-pox and fatal measles are endemic, that infant mortality is incredibly high, and that during certain months of the year in some villages it is impossible to get anything real to eat; the inhabitants live on roots and berries. The mail carrier from Tlapa to Ometepepec recently died of starvation on the road. Under such conditions of life there can be no individual stamina, no illumination of the spirit, and the Indian turns to chronic drunkenness (making his own *mescal*) and to Church festivities for temporary escape. In other words, it is fatal to generalize about conditions of life in a country so startlingly varied as is Mexico. In the broader sense, of course, Chase has seen the problem clearly: "We are not quarreling with the machine as such, nor are we senti-

mentally satisfied with machineless men. Between . . . and bolting industrialism raw as Middletown has bolted it, they had best hold hard to their basic pattern."

Nor can I quite agree with Chase's dictum that Mexico has been declining for four hundred years, and that in 1917, with the promulgation of the Querétaro constitution, Mexico was suddenly reborn, even if it is the status of the Indian which is in point; any more than I would admit that England was necessarily declining under Roman, Danish and Norman rule. Certainly the Indian renaissance had been at work in Mexico, even before the achievement of independence; and the reform movement of Juárez attempted most of the social changes inherent in the movement against Porfirio Díaz; indeed a full-blooded Indian arrived at the Presidency; and it cannot be said today that the Indian is closer to control of the state than he was then. Nor was Mexico necessarily declining even under the dictatorship of Díaz, whatever his repressions. To take that point of view is to simplify history to a social creed.

But quite apart from any minor modifications or reservations one might make, Chase's book is an admirable piece of popularizing, which cannot be recommended too highly as a most readable interpretation of Mexico, which places its emphasis, not upon the finances, the industries, the methods of exploiting Mexico's wealth, but upon the Mexican people, upon the basic Indian population, how it lives and works and plays, its aspirations, its struggles, its defeats and victories. Every reader, as he follows along these magic bypaths, will recognize, especially in this hour of depression, that we, in our feverish industrialism, have lost many of the most valuable and richest secrets life holds. This is a warm human book.

CARLETON BEALS

Our Royal Court

Washington Merry-Go-Round. Anonymous. Horace Liveright. \$3.

The Mirrors of 1932. Anonymous. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.50.

WE Americans at bottom are a nation of royalists. True, we do not want a king to rule us, and we profess to believe, sincerely I think, in at least the principles of democratic government. But we sorely miss the pageantry, the tinsel and trumpets, and all the other dazzling but inconsequential elegances one ordinarily identifies with royalty. We the people are sovereign, but some primitive appetite within us craves a tangible symbol of our sovereignty, of our collective egoism. Though we eschew kings, we must have a visible king-head. And so we proceed to deify the one individual among us who most nearly personifies our national sovereignty; we tenderly, though perhaps unconsciously, place a halo over the President of the United States. He is our king. We read into his character many qualities that are not there; we weave legends about him, and concoct myths to sustain us in our moments of doubt. When we rebel against this monarch we do not depose him, nor do we seek to remove the conditions which created him; we merely change his name.

But a king must have a royal court. In a republic such as ours there is no hereditary nobility to draw upon; we must do the best we can with the democratic material that lies most conveniently at hand. Hence our royal court consists, and must consist, of the job-holders and social hangers-on who inhabit the city of Washington. Not all of us can live within bowing and scraping distance of the White House, but our politically elite, and a few other socially important personages, do reside within that charmed area. And they are forever making the most of their good fortune. That their performance

is often petty and tawdry, when not actually shot through with sham and cheap posturing, is no fault of these royal actors. It is the fault of a democracy that somehow cannot make noble lords and ladies out of otherwise successful politicians and their socially ambitious wives.

But the performance that goes on daily in Washington is by no means a total loss. For those who can appreciate good entertainment it affords the greatest, most gorgeous show on earth. And here, between the covers of "Washington Merry-Go-Round," a half dozen young writers have got together in skilful fashion the intimate and revealing details that make up this amusing public circus. "Washington Merry-Go-Round" tells who the players are, why they have come, and where they have come from. It portrays (betrays, one might almost say) their petty social activities, their provincial worship of form and precedence, their social, diplomatic, and matrimonial wars ("... as in all one-industry villages these feuds are waged so earnestly that before they are over they line up on one side or the other almost every one in town. . .'), and their manner of playing politics. No one who is anybody in Washington is neglected. They are all included from the President down. The professionally polite folk, led by "a half dozen middle-aged or aging ladies who absolutely dominate the social stage," are trotted out in an act entitled "Boiled Bosoms." The diplomats are paraded before us in all their "starched futility." The nice young men of the State Department come in with their pink peppermints—and papa's check-book. The inmates of "The Monkey House" on Capitol Hill, the Sons of the Wild Jackass, whose godfather is Senator George Moses, and the Vestal Virgins of the White House secretariat are all permitted to speak their brief but entertaining lines. But no royal court would be complete without its ponderous dukes and well-meaning barons who are forever doing something for the plain people. In "Washington Merry-Go-Round" we find these men given each a chapter to himself. They include such famous individuals as Egg Charley, the Vice-President; Wrong-Horse Harry, the Secretary of State; Little Nemo, the former Ambassador to Mexico, and Andrew Mellon, "the man who stayed too long." Last, but by no means the most insignificant, come the oft-neglected chroniclers of the court, the members of the corps of Washington correspondents. Here we are told, for example, that the *New York Times* "does not pay its Washington Bureau chief a large salary for his news gathering or news writing ability. What it wants and gets from Oulahan is 'front' . . . Oulahan is at his best as a host and as presiding officer at a banquet. . . . He is welcomed everywhere in Washington society. . . . He has a beautiful Georgetown home where he entertains as befits the socially prominent Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*. . . . His writing for the most part is confined to 'policy' stories. Policy stories are neatly turned editorials printed in the news columns, with a news atmosphere about them, but which are actually propaganda for someone or something that the paper favors."

I am only guessing when I say that at least six writers cooperated in the pleasant task of turning out "Washington Merry-Go-Round." It seems inconceivable to me that so many illuminating facts and so many delightful anecdotes could have been assembled by one person, or even by two or three persons. So replete is this book with carefully measured detail that it must be thoroughly read to be appreciated—and enjoyed. A simple review could never do it adequate justice. Not so much can be said of the "The Mirrors of 1932." This latter work is obviously the effort of a man—or woman—with a good memory, a batch of newspaper clippings, and a few afternoons to spare. It could have been written in a day or two; certainly it can be read, and forgotten, in less time than that. Yet it is not without its value. It examines with patience the character and qualifications of the present occupant of the executive

palace in Washington, and finds him wanting. It does the same thing for nine supposed aspirants to his democratic throne (though for some curious reason not clearly brought out it treats Newton D. Baker with maternal gentleness). It is well to know something of these men of whom one or another may some day preside over our political affairs. But the anonymous author would have done better to engage in a bit of research before sitting down to write this book. Too many of its facts and anecdotes have grown thin with retelling.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

"Bad" Boys

Natural History of a Delinquent Career. By Clifford R. Shaw. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

Fifty-five "Bad" Boys. By Samuel W. Hartwell. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

"IN reviewing my life," begins the youthful hero of Mr. Shaw's study, "I now know and, in fact, always knew, without knowing how to avoid it, that it was a pointless, aimless, haphazard sort of existence. I failed miserably to understand life. The critical periods I bungled. The only emotions I felt were the emotions of the hurt."

This strikes one as a remarkable confession on the part of a proletarian little Rousseau condemned to long years in a penitentiary for "rape." They are the untouched words of a youngster still in his teens, and yet of how many men and women, white-collared, responsible, respectable, and unhappy, could they not also be said! In reading Mr. Shaw's "case history," and recalling the first volume in the series, "Jack Roller," one is made conscious of the vast tragedy of wasted human material which our triple system of family, school, and urban environment does so much to foster and increase.

The fifty-five young boys assembled by Dr. Hartwell of the Worcester Child Guidance Clinic had happily not reached the point when they could say that it was too late to understand their lives. Many of them came from supposedly good families, hardly any of them were delinquents in a proper sense of the word, most of them represent a valuable salvage from the standpoint of social relationships. If this be the case, it is primarily owing to the doctor himself, who, if he is as good as his book, must surely be a prince of the sociological church. A key to his technique may be discerned in these lines which contain a lesson for most workers among boys: "Occasionally I see a child I feel I understand so well that I can predict his behavior and responses in any new situation by thinking how I myself would act and feel under similar circumstances." A perusal of his most interesting and moving book will convince the reader that bad homes, often quite "upper middle class"—viciously stupid or cruel parents—are frequently quite as responsible for a youngster's downfall and waste as are the anti-social influences so plentiful outside. The element of loyalty should be absent in such an environment, and the astonishing fact is that on the part of the boy it is often present. Certain pages of direct discourse are so intensely interesting that it is a pity that the doctor does not permit more of his young visitors to tell their own stories in their own way. One of the most striking is that of "Charlie" who always "seemed to expect some definite thing to happen that would suddenly change him, make him feel differently, and solve all his problems." Surely that particular and touching form of infantilism is not limited to the young "Charlies" of this world. Both Catholics and certain psychoanalysts still believe in the miracle apparently, and perhaps it is just as well that they do, at least from the standpoint of therapeutic truth.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Three Pleasant Novels

The Grasshoppers Come. By David Garnett. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.50.

Father Malachy's Miracle. By Bruce Marshall. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Dwarf's Blood. By Edith Olivier. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THESE three English novels, although they stand out superior to the ruck of the season's fiction, belong on one of the pleasant little byways of literature which lead nowhere in particular. They do not evolve from personal experience, from an ideology, from a passion for revelation or even unique expression. Each is a tour de force founded upon a fresh idea—the kind of idea which tempts one to write a book.

Mr. Garnett needs no introduction. The present long short story, an adventure tale about a fallen aviator who feeds on locusts until rescued, attains to perfection within its limits. One does not need to say that Mr. Garnett's modern "Robinson Crusoe" is exquisitely written. In addition it has its moments of glamor and excitement. Just what the author means to say, if anything specific, is elusive; but the shadows of meanings that flit through the prose are what give the little volume its principal charm.

Mr. Marshall's amusing and good-tempered satire tells how a dumpy little Scottish monk, in the true Christian spirit of faith and humility, effects an extraordinary miracle, and describes the results of the miracle as it touched on the public and press, the sporting and scientific worlds, the leaders of the Protestant churches, and on Rome itself. All are convincingly and delightfully indicated in a story which does not attempt to push its conclusions or its satire beyond the point of freshness.

Miss Olivier's novel has a great theme; but in developing it she has not been altogether happy. The story concerns a man whose mother was a dwarf, who suffered all his boyhood and youth from that fact, who escapes and marries happily, only to have his second child born a dwarf. To heighten his agony, the mother appears and reveals herself to the wife. The novel might have developed into a study in ultimate human values. And by all means the father, rather than the dwarfed child and its mother, should have stood out, in his strength and weakness, the central tragic figure. But Miss Olivier has allowed her novel to develop into a plot story thickened with realism and sugared by sentiment.

The first two of these volumes are well worth the reading for intellectual entertainment. They are urbane, deft, and amusing. Although they may say nothing very new or very powerful, they say it very well.

FRED T. MARSH

Human Culture

The Evolution of Culture. By Julius Lippert. Translated and Edited by George Peter Murdock. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

READERS of William Graham Sumner's "Folkways" will find themselves on familiar ground in this partial translation of a great nineteenth century anthropological classic. Julius Lippert, a Bohemian whose life covered the latter part of that century (he died as late as 1909), was one of those versatile, enormously industrious scientists who seem to take all knowledge for their province. Specializing more and more in the social sciences he produced a body of work which was finally incorporated in the two-volume "Evolution of Culture," first

issued in German in 1887. This book has had a wide, though uneven influence in Europe, but in England and America has been comparatively unknown, although Sumner and Keller mentioned it no less than 400 times in their monumental "Science of Society." The small portion (less than half of the original) now translated, with a very able introduction and several appendices, by Professor Murdock, is an excellent handbook on anthropology for readers who are careful to make allowances for later and more accurate research. Lippert's "economic" point of view (one of the reasons for his great popularity in Russia) enabled him to treat of such difficult questions as race, marriage, sex, and religion with considerable insight and without the sentimentality so prevalent in the "English" school dominated by Westermarck; at many points he anticipates the attitude of so important an anthropologist as Robert Briffault—who, indeed, frankly acknowledges Lippert's wholesome influence. The amount of information gathered together is extraordinary; and the author's freedom from many of the errors of sociological thought easily compensates for what must often seem tiresome, obvious, and long-winded in his work. Professor Murdock has performed a valuable service in introducing this book to English readers.

HAROLD WARD

Problems of Population

The Principle of Population. By Francis Place. Edited by Norman E. Himes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.
Population Problems. By Warren S. Thompson. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$3.75.

THE dates of these two volumes practically bracket the period within which current population theory and practice developed. In "The Principle of Population," which originally appeared in 1822, is found the first recommendation of birth control in the English language. The author, a self-educated workingman and one of the most effectively aggressive radicals in nineteenth-century England, sought to show in this work that the truth in the Malthus-Godwin controversy lay in between the extreme views of these writers. Place rejected both Malthus's "moral restraint" and Godwin's optimism, and emphasized that birth control offered the only real solution of the population problem. Shortly after that he helped to organize the international birth-control movement by engineering the distribution of contraceptive handbills and by training a small but sturdy band of disciples. The present edition of Place's work is an exact reproduction of the original and contains a valuable introduction by Norman Himes, the leading authority on the English neo-Malthusian movement.

Dr. Thompson's work is the most comprehensive general text on population yet to appear. Only the history of the birth-control movement and the development and effects of modern sanitation and preventive medicine are neglected. Thompson's data show that, as a result of the full flowering of the contraceptive movement originally fostered by Place, population growth has nearly ended in many countries. Modern man must cope not with overpopulation but with problems arising out of cessation of population growth and possibly with depopulation. Thompson rejects the doctrine of an economic optimum population, finds urban life on the whole to be disadvantageous to man, and sees in the international distribution of population perhaps the leading political problem of the day. He rejects positive eugenics, stating that selection will not be dysgenic so long as multiplication of the unfit is bridled. None can read this valuable work and fail to note the close relation between population growth and distribution and socio-economic welfare.

JOSEPH J. SPENGLER

Books in Brief

God in the Straw Pen. By John Fort. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.

Mr. Fort's new novel resolves itself into a powerfully written study of Methodist evangelism as waged in the up-country of Georgia circa 1830. The finest parts of the book are the series of prose portraits of the many types of hill country people, and the culminating revival scene. The conflict which makes the volume a novel lies between the two itinerant preachers who come to Ryall to conduct an extended revival—Isham Lowe, a noted hell-fire evangelist of "shoutin' Methodism," and young John Semple whom Lowe in the past had "saved," befriended, and inducted into the ministry. John's growing resentment against the older man leads to his throwing off forever the intolerable burden on his spirit of his religious work, but this is not accomplished until he has preached his last sermon—an extraordinary piece of oratory which Mr. Fort has rendered with remarkable understanding. This is an absorbing volume, if only as a poetic study in early Americana.

The Hex Woman. By Raube Walters. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

This story is primarily a straight narrative retailing the lives of three women, triplets, who lived in the Pennsylvania Dutch country during the middle of the last century. None of them ever married, and they always lived together in the home which Aunt Susan had willed them. After years of poverty they take up the practice of witchcraft with great success and become prosperous hexers. But when Elizabeth, the leading spirit of the three, gives birth to a dead child, they lose their prestige. The novel does afford a little insight into the prevalence and workings of this mysterious superstition which, it would seem, is not even yet entirely dead in this region. But even in this respect it is far from satisfactory. The reader is not made to feel the reality of the faith and fear which the witchcraft inspires. And as a study of three women who grow into old age, of their pitiful attempts to find love, of their successes and despairs, of their periods of poverty and affluence, the novel, although sometimes moving, is not especially distinguished.

Torture Garden. By Octave Mirbeau. Translated from the French by Alvah C. Bessie. With a Foreword by James Huneker. Claude Kendall. \$2.50.

Huneker in his Foreword (a few pages reprinted from "Bedouins") calls this novel, first published in France in 1899, when it created a sensation, "the most damnably cruel book in contemporary fiction." The characterization would seem to be justified. In its description of tortures it exhibits a mind tainted by the most frightful intellectual sadism. But to Mirbeau, rebel with a large streak of humanitarianism in his make-up, the *Torture Garden* was a symbol not only of all society but of nature itself.

Cold Blue Moon. By Howard Odum. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

The author of "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" here evokes a picture of ante-bellum Southern life—ghosts, fox-hunting, racing, and the like—through the mind and language of his black Ulysses. The result is one of monotony and flatness; each ghost story receives the same emphasis, the manners related all have a blurred, sentimental, unauthentic Negro air about them. The language of black Ulysses has certain richness, but there might have been more rigorous selection from among the occasionally interesting stories and episodes.

Cost of Government in the United States, 1928-1929. National Industrial Conference Board. \$3.

This summarization of the income, expenditures, and indebtedness of the federal, State, and local governmental units is a continuation of the useful work previously done by the board in this field. While the national income, as estimated by the board, increased by 135 per cent from 1913 to 1928, public expenditures rose by more than 300 per cent to a gross total of \$12,609,000,000. The federal debt, nearly all of it arising out of the war, was reduced from \$22,711,000,000 in 1922 to \$17,318,000,000 in 1928, but meanwhile State and local indebtedness increased from \$7,154,000,000 to \$12,609,000,000, so that the total public debt in the two years was almost exactly the same. Tax collections, which took 6.4 per cent of the national income in 1913, absorbed 11.5 per cent in 1928. The rapid growth of public expenditures, it is plain, is due not alone to the war, but to the expansion of government functions, education, for example, absorbing one-fifth of gross total expenditures in 1928, and highways, thanks largely to the automobile, one-seventh. The most cursory examination of the figures indicates the enormous importance of the wise collection and the efficient administration of public funds, and the National Industrial Conference Board is performing a service not only to business men, but to all responsible citizens, in this series of studies bringing together the outstanding facts of government income and expenditure.

Political Consequences of the Great War. By Ramsay Muir. Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.

Save for its disproportionate emphasis upon things British, this is as good a brief account as there is of the World War settlement and its political consequences. Professor Muir gives a critical summary of the peace terms, traces the development

of democratic institutions in Great Britain and Germany and governmental ups and downs in other states, outlines the new relations between Europe and non-European countries, and discusses at some length the growth of internationalism and the changes within the British Empire and in the relative importance of Britain in the world. Like most British writers, he is hopeful about the League of Nations in spite of its failures and imperfections, but his criticism of parliamentary government does not encourage confidence in the inherent goodness or lasting qualities of that system. The economic and social changes of the period are not included in the survey.

France Under the Bourbon Restoration, 1814-1830. By Frederick B. Artz. Harvard University Press. \$4.50.

There has been no very good treatment in English of the period of the Bourbon restoration, and Professor Artz's book is a useful attempt to supply what was needed. The period, while not brilliant, was important. There was no more liberal state on the continent than France after 1815, and the extended experience of self-government which it then enjoyed for the first time stood out in sharp contrast to the autocratic and oppressive political system of which Metternich was the embodiment. Socially, the period was characterized by the slow emergence of an industrial bourgeoisie from under the influence of the conservative small landed proprietors, with a consequent modification of the conditions of town life. Important movements of liberal Catholicism in religion, of eclecticism and positivism in philosophy, of socialism in economics and government, and of romanticism in literature, painting, and music are the more striking intellectual characteristics of the decade from 1820 to 1830. Of all these and other related matters Professor Artz gives an orderly and instructive account. The bibliography, for a book of moderate compass, is of imposing sweep.

□ APTS. FOR RENT □

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

65th STREET, 7 and 9 WEST—"Just Off Central Park West." Attractive, light apartments in an accessible location near Central Park. 1 ROOM and Private Bath from \$45 monthly (some with wood-burning fireplaces); 2 ROOMS with Private Bath and Kitchenette from \$65. Also 4 ROOMS at \$100. Woodburning fireplace. Apply Mr. Worthington, 7 West 65th Street, N. Y. C.

RIVERDALE

A five room apartment. Beautiful park surroundings. Excellent value. Elevator. Refrigeration. 3900 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway or phone Wickerham 2-6200.

FOR RENT—One room, bath, studio apartments in charming quiet well-kept house near Sheridan Sq.—large garden, fountain, trees; fireplaces, cupboards—\$45-\$50. Some with electrolux \$57. 74 Charles St. Watkins 9-6222.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE



First Rochdale Cooperative House—Manhattan
Safe investment—rent actual cost
Seven years' successful operation.
3 rooms, kitchen, bath, fireplace, cross ventilation.
Christopher St. Station, 7th Ave. Subway.

Tel. Walker 5-7394 64 Barrow St.
Apartments can be seen any day after 1 P. M.

SHARE HOME

YOUNG business couple will share comfortable home in exchange for plain cooking. One hour New York. Miss May, 163-18 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, L. I. Jamaica 6-2108.

□ APTS. FOR RENT □

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

44th STREET, 141 EAST—"The Woolsey." Housekeeping apartments in a modern elevator building convenient to business, shopping and amusement districts. Attractive layouts. Compact Kitchenettes with Electrolux refrigerators. 24 hour switchboard service. 1 ROOM from \$70. 2 ROOMS from \$80. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION. See Mr. Bayly.

109th STREET, 309 WEST—"The Edgerton." A step from Riverside Drive. Housekeeping apartments. Half block from Broadway. 5th Avenue bus and subway 1 block away. Convenient to Columbia University. Very desirable apartments. Complete kitchenettes with mechanical refrigerators. 1 ROOM from \$65. 2 ROOMS from \$75. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION. See Mr. Lewis.

45th STREET, 325 WEST—"The Whitby." A modern elevator building, conveniently located just off Times Square. Housekeeping apartments with full hotel service available. 1 ROOM, Kitchenette from \$70. 2 ROOMS, Kitchenette from \$80. 3 ROOMS, Kitchen from \$90. 4 ROOMS, Kitchen from \$135. All apartments have mechanical refrigeration. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES. For example:—1 ROOM tastefully furnished, kitchenette and private bath, mechanical refrigeration—from \$22. weekly with full hotel service! See Mr. Funk.

ROOM—FURNISHED

SMALL Jewish family will rent beautiful room to gentleman. Two blocks Moshulu Parkway station, Jerome Ave. subway, half block Van Cortlandt Park golf course. Carrick, 3424 Gates Pl., Bronx, N. Y.

□ HELP WANTED □

A LIBERAL organization is looking for an executive secretary with organizing experience, one with contacts among liberals and radicals. Moderate salary to start, with promise of increase. Box 480, c/o The Nation.

HELP WANTED—Male or female: solicitor for miners' relief campaign. One interested in the strike and familiar with the facts, desirable. Box 481, c/o The Nation.

PARTNER WANTED

PARTNER wanted with some money for well established French cleaning store, in the center of the city; preferably intelligent woman. Telephone Caledonia 5-6853.

POSITION WANTED

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, attempting to write book in spare time wants to earn living in employment such as secretary, tutor, or even butler or anything which does not insist on training for advancement or emphasize personal ambition. Box 483, c/o The Nation.

WANTED

PLAY Collaborator wanted. Place to work essential. Box 482, c/o The Nation.

See Other Classified Advertising

on Page ii

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation



SUMMER



SUMMER



TIMBERLAND

In the heart of the Adirondacks

POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.

Limited to a congenial group of eighty

ALL SPORT FACILITIES—EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS

BOOKLET ON REQUEST

*For reservations kindly apply at N. Y. C. office*Esther R. Kessler
Israel H. Kessler33 West 42nd St.
Penn. 6-7663

BODY and SOUL - - and your VACATION!

*From Confucius to Plato to our Broadway philosophy to a LOG TAVERN vacation is seemingly a far and disordered cry. But "body and soul" unities persist.**LOG TAVERN respects your BODY with acres of woodland poetry, a lake all its own set 1500 feet high in the Pocono hills, ten perfect tennis courts, handball, baseball, riding, all water sports, golf, basketball, everything but Greek foot-races for form held in the sands . . . and food Mr. Epicurus would most certainly endorse if he were living in Greenwich Village. . . .**LOG TAVERN respects your SOUL as well with all the above (if you please) with its dramatic and musical entertainment of professional caliber, its concert programs, its poetry reading, its intelligent fellowship of young men and women, its dancing, its play of sun and sky and dream. . . .*

July and August Rate \$37.50

—80 miles to camp—

CAMP LOG TAVERN MILFORD, PA.

HALL JOHNSON CHOIR (45 Voices)

August 30th

Programs
Include:Prof. L. Thermin
Ray Porter Miller
(Sat., Aug. 23)
Heywood Broun
Hall Johnson
Choir
V. F. Calverton
Dr. Margaret
Daniels
Compinski Trio
Dr. Harry Elmer
Barnes

UNITY HOUSE

FOREST PARK, PA.

Camp activities with hotel comforts.
Fine cuisine, supervised by Ben
Shindler. Service, not profit, moti-
vates this enterprise.Weekly rate with pro-
portionate reduction to
union members**\$28**Reduced R.R. Fare—Round Trip, Incl. Bus, \$5.50
Manager: J. HALPERN—Associate Mgr.: MORRIS NOVIKDr. W. E. B.
Du Bois
Bruce Bliven
Walter White
Prof. N. B. Fagin
Benj. Zernach
Dorsha
Tamiris

For booklet

3 W. 16th St.
N. Y. C.

Chelsea 3-2148

PLAY

at CAMP TAMIMENT

Most Complete Playground for Adults

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES: Dancing every night. Dramatic entertainments, vaudeville skits and chamber music by Tamiment String Quartet. GUEST ARTISTS for this week-end, RAQUEL SHANOCK and EMIL WADIMOFF, Russian singers.

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES: 15 Tennis Courts, 6 Concrete Handball Courts, 100 boats and canoes, swimming in a mountain lake, golf. Instruction free in swimming, diving, tennis.

INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITIES: Rand School Sunset Lectures. This week: (Aug. 17-21) V. F. Calverton, "Development of American Literature." Following week: Howard Y. Williams.

CAMP TAMIMENT

Forest Park Pennsylvania
Phone Bushkill 2R2 N. Y. Phone AL 4-6875
Ask for Special Excursion Rate at Hoboken Ticket Office

for the discriminating vacationist



PINE BROOK COUNTRY CLUB

AT NICHOLS, CONN.

A NEW and MODERN Camp Resort

GOLF—TENNIS—WATER SPORTS—RIDING
DANCING—ENTERTAINMENT

Moderate Introductory Rates

Write for Booklet

Mailing Address—NICHOLS, Bridgeport P. O. Box 793, Conn.
N. Y. Rep., Emanuel R. Posnack, 270 Broadway, BARclay 7-5320*In the heart of a woodland country—yet conveniently near*ECHO
LAKE
TAVERN**What Golf! What Tennis!
What Meals! What Fun!
What Price — VACATION!****\$35.00 Weekly**

Write for Booklet

ECHO LAKE TAVERN

WARRENSBURG, N. Y.

City Phone: RAYmond 9-9204

Moe Nudell

Rebecca B. Nudell

The Camp for Moderns

**GRIEN
MANSIONS**
Warrensburg, N. Y.

The

Most

Complete

Audit Camp

In the Adirondacks

Private Golf Course on Premises

Tel. Chestertown 37.
LENA BARISHCity: Chickering 4-1345
DirectorsWrite for booklet
SAM GARLEN

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1931

No. 3452

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	215
EDITORIALS:	
The End of the Labor Government.....	218
Bayonets Control Oil.....	219
The Papacy Wanes.....	219
The Losing Iron Horse.....	220
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	221
"YES, BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE." A Cartoon by Harry S. Bressler	222
FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION? By Francis W. Hirst.....	223
WHAT I BELIEVE. By Robert Briffault.....	225
THE ADMIRALS SEE THE POINT. By H. K. Fleming.....	228
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	230
CORRESPONDENCE	230
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
Pattern of Summer. By Frances M. Frost.....	231
Postscript. By Henry Hazlitt.....	231
When Sin Was Sin. By Arthur Warner.....	231
The King Is Dead. Long Live the King. By Alice Beal Parsons..	232
The Lowbrow's Encyclopedia. By Felix Morrow.....	233
Stresemann. By William MacDonald.....	233
The American Critic. By C. Hartley Grattan.....	234
A Neglected Poet. By Eda Lou Walton.....	234
Books in Brief.....	235
Films: Emasculated Dreiser. By Alexander Bakshy.....	237
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Spain Lets the Military Down. By I. M. Levy.....	238
Einstein's Peace Appeal.....	239
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	239

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE SUDDENNESS with which Mr. Hoover appointed Walter S. Gifford as federal unemployment administrator and a body of well-known men as advisers to deal with the unemployment problem in the coming winter is the clearest proof that his hand was forced by the increasing demand for a dole. Indeed, so great was the President's haste that he actually announced the appointment as one of the advisers to dazzle the country of a Mr. A. O. Smith, of Milwaukee, who has been dead these several years. So far as Mr. Gifford is concerned, no better appointment could have been made from the point of view of executive ability. If any one can tide the country over next winter without federal appropriations, Mr. Gifford probably can. We wish him heartily well, though we frankly do not believe his problem is capable of a wholly satisfactory solution and we are quite opposed to private charity being asked to assume what is the plain duty of the State. We need hardly tell our readers again that we are in accord with Governor Pinchot's demand for an extra session. He reports that experts have discovered in Pennsylvania more than 900,000 unemployed. "Distress," he declares, "in many counties is acute. Many children are suffering from partial starvation. . . . The hospitals are overburdened. . . ." Can Mr. Gifford alleviate conditions like these?

WE KNEW IT! We *knew* that the destroy-to-prosper campaign would go by leaps and bounds, and Governor Huey Long of Louisiana was the one to take the very next logical step. He called a conference at New Orleans of the leading officials of the cotton-growing States to create prosperity throughout the South by passing laws forbidding the growing of a single pound of cotton in 1932. There you have it—solve the problem of over-consumption by cutting it all out. A moratorium for European debts? Well, a holiday for cotton-growers, too. And how they would enjoy it! What a picture it suggests of all the white-goated cotton planters sitting back for a twelve-month in perfect rest and desuetude and all their labor, too, living richly on the proceeds of their financial gains of 1931. Gains of 1931? Yes, most assuredly. Dr., beg pardon, Governor Long says so, declaring that there would be "a complete return to prosperity in the South in two weeks." "The farmers," he insists, "will get more money from this year's crop alone than they will get for this and the next two cotton crops they raise," (without his law). The grounds for his judgment? The very best. He quotes the Bible itself: "The Lord told us to lay off raising these crops one year out of every seven to let the people have time to consume them." Great is the Governor of Louisiana. Alas, his counsel fell on deaf ears. His conference did nothing.

BUT WHILE AWAITING Long's millenium we are confronted with more practical and pressing problems. There is the Farm Board's wheat surplus to consider. Some of this is going to Brazil in exchange for coffee; another portion may be sent to the Chinese famine and flood victims. We are happy to note that the Board is no longer worrying about the insecure credit position of the Chinese Nationalist government, and is now prepared to sell China 15,000,000 bushels of its wheat. To have hesitated, while millions of Chinese were starving, because Nanking might not have been able to repay us, would have been sheer nonsense. We fed the war victims in Belgium and the famine victims of Russia without asking to see the books of their governments or have our money back. We could well afford to be similarly generous to the Chinese and give them as much of our surplus wheat as they need. This would not be a mere act of charity—we should also be helping ourselves. Storage and other charges on surplus grain held by the Farm Board threaten in time to exceed the original price paid for the grain, and by giving the wheat to China we should be relieved of this burden. Moreover, our charity would not constitute competition with the current crop, and the American farmer would benefit by the removal of a surplus the existence of which has so largely depressed grain prices.

IT SEEMS THAT THE LOUDER the Republicans shout their praises of the tariff the worse our foreign trade becomes. Exports in July totaled only \$183,000,000, which was the lowest figure reached for any month since September, 1924, when exports dropped in value to \$156,100,000. Imports did a little better in July as compared

with June, increasing in value by \$1,327,000, but this slight gain was not significant because June imports were at the lowest since September, 1921. The figures for the second quarter of 1931, just issued by the Department of Commerce, tell the story even more clearly. In the period from April to June the value of exports amounted to \$606,000,000, and that of imports to \$540,000,000. This was not only below the preceding quarter and far below the same quarter of last year, when these figures totaled \$946,000,000, and \$843,000,000 respectively, but they represent the lowest point reached in the value of our foreign trade since before 1921. Beginning with this week's issue, *The Nation* is presenting a series of authoritative articles on free trade, which in large measure will analyze the fallacious arguments of the high-tariff advocates. The articles are presented, not in any hope of converting the Republicans, for that is plainly impossible, but in the belief that they will reveal to the public the untenability of the Protection position wherever it is held, and will show how considerable is the responsibility of tariffs for the world's economic collapse.

HUNGER AGAIN HAS BEATEN the miners. Reports from the coal fields of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio say that the strike has been broken. Frank Keeney's strike committee in West Virginia will seek to carry on a while longer, concentrating on a few mines where conditions have been the worst. The workers in the other towns have been ordered back to their jobs. In western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio the National Miners' Union is following somewhat the same procedure. In that area 75 per cent of the 40,000 strikers have returned to the pits. This does not mean that the struggle of the miners for existence has ended. The wages being paid are still at a starvation level; suffering and privation are still to be observed in every mining camp; the need for relief is still as great as it ever was. The breaking of the strike means simply that the miners and the mine unions are completely helpless. They cannot by their own efforts change the economic conditions which have reduced the bituminous industry to chaos. The operators refuse to act. Only the government can help, and until it intervenes hunger or dire want must remain the daily lot of most of the miners and their families.

AT LAST the "undesirable" alien has been cleared of most of the blame for our widespread crime which we have been thoughtlessly and all too eagerly dumping upon him. An inquiry into the facts has revealed that the foreign-born residents "commit considerably fewer crimes than the native-born." So states the Wickersham Commission in the last of its many reports. The aliens, the report continues, "approach the record of the native-born most closely in the commission of crimes involving personal violence," but "in crimes for gain the native-born greatly exceed the foreign-born." Thus is wiped out one of our most cherished national myths. If we cannot blame the foreigners for our shortcomings, who then are we to blame but ourselves? Dr. Edith Abbott of the University of Chicago, who conducted the factual survey, sees it precisely in that light. The myth was largely based, she said, upon "our ready acceptance of the easy theory that our social difficulties are not to be charged to our own mistakes and failures. It is easier to charge our crime record against immigrants than against an

inefficient and corrupt system of police and an outworn system of criminal justice."

THE WIGGIN COMMITTEE accomplished two things: it worked out an arrangement by which Germany's short-term banking debts will remain "frozen" for six months—thus providing a breathing space for Germany in its private obligations, to supplement the year's breathing space in reparations payments—and it has had the courage to point out that neither of these postponements is likely to prove of the slightest value unless "all the governments concerned . . . lose no time in taking the necessary measures" for insuring Germany's solvency. The committee, it is true, does not say directly that reparations are excessive and must be reduced, but the calm and inexorable logic with which it states the financial situation is perhaps even more impressive than such a direct statement would have been. The committee points out first, that "until the situation in Germany improves there can be no general recovery"; secondly, that it is absolutely essential that Germany obtain long-term credits, if only to convert part of its unmanageable volume of short-term credits; thirdly, that such long-term credits can not be obtained without the confidence of investors; fourthly, that this confidence will not exist "so long as [Germany's] obligations, both public and private, are such as to involve . . . a continuous increase in snowball fashion of the foreign debt of Germany." That this report received the signatures of the French and Belgian bankers represented is significant and encouraging. But the element of time is a vital one: the bankers of ten countries have not merely said in effect that Germany's indemnity must be radically reduced, but they have hinted this must happen before the present creditors' agreement expires in February.

OUTWARDLY CALM, Germany nevertheless remains in a precarious position. Unemployment is growing again, the number of jobless having increased 114,000 in the first half of August to 4,104,000. Ambassador von Prittwitz has forecast a total of 7,000,000 unemployed by winter, adding that "the country will not be able to support so large a number." The same view is expressed in reports directly from Berlin, which say that "the number of jobless will jump greatly in September and October." July tax receipts fell \$44,000,000 below the budgetary estimate. It is now forecast that despite the reparations moratorium and the desperate efforts of the Brüning government to economize and to find new sources of revenue Germany will by the end of the current fiscal year next April face a deficit of \$252,000,000. On top of this comes the disheartening prediction from the *Institut für Konjunkturforschung* that "the credit crisis will soon react unfavorably on industry." Meanwhile the Berlin government is doing what it can to relieve the situation. Its latest move consists of an attempt to compel the states and communes to reform their finances and balance their budgets. Unfortunately, this move is meeting stiff resistance from the municipalities, whose own revenues have been falling off.

INDICATIVE OF THE IMPORTANT changes Europe is undergoing is the resignation of Count Stephan Bethlen from the premiership of Hungary. For ten years, while in other countries leading statesmen were rising and

falling, sometimes with amazing rapidity, Bethlen had stood fast at the head of the Hungarian government. He rose into power with the reaction to Bela Kun's dictatorship, had outridden the many post-war storms of his own country and of Europe, had had himself upon occasion to resort to dictatorial measures, only to fall at last. Coming so soon after Hungary had obtained a much-needed loan of \$25,000,000 from a European syndicate headed by French bankers, it is suggested that his resignation is in some way connected with the loan. Many commentators have asserted that the French made his resignation a condition of the loan. Whether or not this is true, France will benefit by the change. Bethlen was frankly Italian-minded; his successor, Count Julius Karolyi, leans heavily toward France. The terms of the Hungarian loan are being closely guarded, but its political conditions are said to be so drastic their publication might cause a serious political upheaval in Hungary. Among other things, Budapest is rumored to have agreed to drop its decade-old campaign for treaty revision, the keystone of Bethlen's foreign policy. If this be so, France has won a temporary victory in its dangerously fanatical struggle to preserve the status quo of Europe.

WE CONGRATULATE Dr. Linus Pauling, who is only thirty years of age, upon his winning of the Langmuir Award. This prize, recently founded by Dr. A. C. Langmuir, an industrial chemist of Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, is bestowed annually "in recognition of the accomplishment, in America, of outstanding chemical research by a young man or woman preferably working in a college or university." The donor intended it as an expression of the gratitude of industry for the valuable contributions it has received from the young scientists of the country. Dr. Pauling is professor of chemistry at the California Institute of Technology. He has already written more than two score papers dealing with his special subjects, crystal structure, the quantum theory of gases, atomic and molecular structures, and the nature of chemical bonds, which have attracted widespread attention. In selecting him to be the first person to receive the Langmuir Award, the jury of the American Chemical Society paid high tribute to his ability. One of its members described Dr. Pauling as a "rising star, who may yet win the Nobel Prize." The young California chemist has the greater part of his life before him. May he prove a worthy successor to Dr. T. W. Richards, Professor A. A. Michelson, and the other great American scientists who have recently left this mundane sphere.

IN BARRING A SCENE showing an infant at its mother's breast, the Board ruled that the breasts of civilized women may not be shown." Yes, thus the New York State Board of Motion Picture Censors, at work on August 5, 1931. The representation of a civilized mother in the act of nourishing her child is either so degrading, or so immoral, or so conducive to immorality, that it must not be shown to the gaze of the twelve million people who live in the Empire State! Could anything be more characteristic of censorship stupidity? Or illustrate more clearly how little we have really progressed from the smug hypocrisy of the Victorian age? A naked savage woman's breasts, be she African or South Sea Islander, can now be safely

and legally revealed. But an American mother's—Heaven forbid! Her civilization, it appears, has made out of one of the most touching and beautiful human relationships something to be hidden as base, unworthy, disgusting. Yes, this in a city where naked women can be seen daily on the stage—with their breasts well emphasized to lure the crowds; in a city where one can buy on every newsstand "art" magazines filled only with nude pictures, breasts and all; where people freely advertise the sale of pornographic pictures. But what's the use? The Anglo-Saxon must, we suppose, remain a dirty-minded hypocrite. So henceforth no screen representation of a mother nursing her child can appear in New York, not even in a scientific film dealing with the story of human life and its evolution.

PERHAPS THE MOST OMINOUS SIGN of the low estate to which the Presidency has fallen comes from Chicago. The President will not even be used to start the machinery at the Century of Progress Exposition there in 1933. The switch will be thrown on this time by the giant star Arcturus. A beam of light coming from there will be directed into a photometer, turned into power, amplified, and used to throw switches in the Hall of Science. Someone, figuring that Arcturus is forty light-years away, has argued that the idea is a very happy one, for the light that will come from there will have started on its journey in 1893, during the World's Columbian Exposition. None the less, whatever the excuse offered for the plan, it can only be regarded in the White House with the gravest misgivings. For the idea may spread. Soon it will be the light from Arcturus that will be used to throw in the first baseball at the beginning of the season, and then, beyond doubt, will come the "Arcturus for President" movement.

SURELY NO BRAVER and finer American woman than Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, who died in Washington on August 18 the widow of a great Senator, the mother of both a Senator and a Governor of a great State, has graced our political life. More than thrice blessed was she for she had daughters, too, to do her honor. But always she preferred to keep herself in the background—the task of succeeding her husband and the opportunity of being the first woman Senator in Washington by election was offered to her before she waived her chance in favor of her son. It is a characteristic American story of simple beginnings in her married life and of a remarkably happy copartnership in which she was always the intellectual ally and aid of her steadily mounting husband. In days of prosperity and adversity her spirit remained untarnished and unafraid. When the wickedly unjust storm of criticism and abuse burst over her noble-spirited husband in 1917 because he had the courage, the patriotism, the loyalty to our institutions to oppose the criminal folly of our entering the World War, she remained calm and serene, justly certain that sound American public opinion would assert itself again. So she lived to see nearly 5,000,000 Americans vote for her "traitor" husband for the Presidency; lived to see his statue unveiled in the Hall of Statuary in Washington the gift of his State; and to experience what perhaps has come to no other American mother: both her sons exalted to high office by the repentant State which a few years before had burned their father in effigy.

The End of the Labor Government

THAT is what the news from London means—the second MacDonald ministry is definitely at an end.

If in the new "national" coalition ministry, which takes its place, Ramsay MacDonald still presides, no one in London seems to believe that this is for more than a few weeks. Whether there will then be a general election, or the Tories will take hold, time will show. The event means, however, far more than the exposure of the deep rift in the Cabinet and Labor Party over the radical measures proposed to balance the British budget, and the question of free trade and protection. It reveals to the whole world the gravity of the British crisis. Never before in time of peace has there been such a coalition of "all the talents." Never in recent history has British finance been in so precarious a situation. How to cut \$600,000,000 out of the budget is the problem. The Conservatives and some of the Cabinet demanded a ten per cent cut in the dole and the trade unions opposed. Between the two the collapse of the Labor Government was inevitable even had there been no other points at issue.

What the next days will bring forth no one knows. The alarmingly fast disappearance of the \$250,000,000 credit allowed to Great Britain by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the Bank of France, tells its own story. But the anxiety of the hour should blind no one to the truth that the fall of the MacDonald Government is a misfortune not alone for Great Britain, but for the whole world. Whatever its shortcomings—and there have been many—the MacDonald Government has achieved extraordinary things in the conduct of foreign affairs. Its viewpoint is precisely what the world has immensely needed in this crisis. That is no rhetorical exaggeration, but an exact statement of fact. One has only to realize what an immeasurable boon it would be to mankind if a government with the policies and principles of the MacDonald Cabinet were to take office in France. That would mean the assumption of power there by men of an international point of view, keenly alive to the social and moral responsibility of each government for the welfare of the whole group of nations; bent, with whole soul, upon disarmament and the abolition of war, and determined to build a far better and juster order of society than that which plunged the world into the catastrophe of August, 1914.

No one can adequately measure the benefit which every civilized nation has derived from the leadership of MacDonald, Henderson, and Snowden. We believe those to be utterly wrong who think that had the Conservatives or Liberals been in power this crisis might not have occurred. When one thinks of the mischief Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, and Stanley Baldwin, with their extreme nationalist beliefs and policies, could have done during the past two years in Europe and in Asia, we have one measure of the worth of MacDonald and his associates. Indeed, one's heart sinks at the prospect that the coming Indian Conference and the Conference for Disarmament in Geneva next February may be guided by Tory imperialists; that in place of the gracious and winning MacDonald there may be found

one as limited in vision, and dull in expression and tame in leadership as Stanley Baldwin. He must be bold, indeed, who would assert that in the present financial situation a Conservative Government would have done better than MacDonald. He has been scrupulous in consulting the leaders of the other parties in every crisis. He has taken the very best advice to be had on the financial side. The gravity of the situation is such as to challenge anybody and everybody and make it necessary that all people in England who can help should get together to find the way out. If a national coalition government can do this it will be eminently justified. It is unnecessary and idle to seek to apportion the blame for the crisis. The fact is that the fate of England does not lie in its own hands. It is intimately tied up with that of Germany, and of other Continental countries. If Germany falls economically it may be impossible to tide England over. Yet how is it possible to go on extending credits indefinitely? England must set its house in order, and there must also be a revision of all the international debts and reparations. It is the eleventh hour, and it is time for statesmen everywhere, and especially in Washington and Paris, to take notice.

We are not under any illusion as to the disappointing record of the MacDonald Government in domestic affairs, and have frequently been tempted to speak out about it more emphatically than we have done. It is undeniable that Mr. MacDonald has alienated the younger men and women of his party; that he has grown steadily more conservative as the months of his holding the premiership have heaped up. There are few radical measures to be laid to the credit of what was to have been a most radical government. MacDonald himself has drifted so far from the radical views of the Independent Labor Party, of which he was for many years happy to be the head, that he resigned from it a year or so ago and repudiated it with contumely. His Cabinet has been weak at a number of places. It has not only not achieved the promised reduction of unemployment; it has had to see the roll of unemployed, which it swore to reduce as soon as elected, increased by a million more unfortunates. Yet granting all this, were we Englishmen and members of the Labor Party, we should say frankly that we considered the achievements of the MacDonald Government in foreign affairs vastly more important than its failures at home, indeed of such transcending importance as to reflect the greatest credit upon MacDonald and his associates. It is an open question, however, whether the logic of events which compelled MacDonald to follow his bent in devoting himself primarily to international matters, will not now result in a cleavage of the Labor Party to make its return to power impossible for years to come. It is quite possible that MacDonald will never again be Prime Minister for the Labor Party; that his career as leader of England will cease with the life of the new national government. None the less, we believe that his administration will go down in history as one of the greatest of British governments, one that nobly did its uttermost to hold the world together and to lead the way out of the morass in which every nation is today mired. Its place is secure on the scroll of fame.

Bayonets Control Oil

THE recent spectacular action of the governors of Oklahoma and Texas in calling out the troops to curb the production of oil in their respective States represents simply an eleventh-hour move, under pressure of a demoralized market, to control a situation that should have been taken under governmental control years ago. As a people we have been wasting all our natural resources flagrantly, but no other waste has been quite so flagrant as that in the oil fields.

In dealing with the problem of petroleum it is important to recognize just how special the problem is. What has first to be recognized is that the action of Texas in restricting oil production and of Oklahoma in shutting down oil production temporarily can in no real sense be compared, for example, with the recent proposal of the Farm Board that the cotton planters plow under every third row of cotton. Both, it is true, aimed at raising the price of a commodity by reducing the supply. But the Farm Board wanted to achieve this by an actual destruction of already created wealth, while Texas and Oklahoma are in no strict sense even curtailing "production." The oil already exists; it is merely underground. What the two Southwestern States are really attempting to do is not to curtail "production," but to stabilize extraction. Unrestricted competition becomes ruinous in the oil fields wherever many competing companies have sunk wells in one "pool." The situation is then precisely analogous to that when several youngsters each have a straw in one ice-cream soda. No matter how necessary the conservation of oil may be, no matter how demoralized the oil market may be at any time, each company must maintain a maximum extraction, for if it relaxes, or chokes the flow, its rivals will draw its oil away from it. The result is that every field is exploited to the utmost; as soon as a new field is brought in, the market is flooded with oil, the price collapses, and low price produces an extravagant wastefulness in use.

In view of all this there has been a great deal of agitation, not all of it, one fears, disinterested, for the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. What is happening in oil, we are told, is merely an example of what happens under a regime of competition; and it is obvious that our first duty is to abolish the law that seeks to maintain that regime. This contention becomes considerably less plausible when we examine the subject more closely, and recognize what problems are special as well as what problems are general in the oil industry. Within the last fortnight, for example, it was announced that five major oil companies, with total assets in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000,000, had agreed on terms of consolidation. Yet if this merger is consummated, it is doubtful whether it will reduce the production of oil to any extent worth talking about. There will be conservation of oil only in those fields, if any, in which any two or more of the merging companies have been extracting oil from the same pool in competition with each other, though not in competition with any other large drillers. The new combination, however, will have to be watched just as closely as any other combination of equal size in any other industry for the fairness of its marketing methods, its business prac-

tices in competition with independent companies, and its relations with the consuming public. Monopoly of marketing, unless accompanied by strict government regulation of prices, is not to be tolerated. And as the market for oil is a world market, as much subject to foreign production and policies as wheat, such government regulation of prices is not at present practicable.

It is also important to recognize that even for companies operating in the same geographical "pool," what is called for is not a mere *permission* to the oil companies to prorate their production among them, but a governmental *compulsion* upon them to do so. Oklahoma and Texas have made a belated beginning. The plan put into effect in Oklahoma, of course, is tolerable only as a temporary measure: the wells were shut down completely by Governor Murray's arbitrary decision, and they were to be kept shut down until oil returned to an arbitrarily set price of \$1 a barrel. In Texas the extraction of oil is prorated according to the decisions of the State's Railroad Commission. As the great bulk of recent oil production has come from the East Texas fields, the new Texas law has already had an important effect on oil prices. But a better system of administration than that provided through armed troops must soon be worked out. Meanwhile the other great oil-producing States, of which the two most important are California and Kansas, continue with production unrestricted. With our constitutional obstacles in the way of Federal regulation of output, we must place our immediate hope for a rationalized and orderly oil production in a larger measure of cooperation among the States.

The Papacy Wanes

WE wonder if those timid Protestant souls who in 1928 believed that the election of Al Smith would mean the installation of the Pope in the White House are taking note of what is going on in the world. If so they ought to be cheered by the news which comes from various directions. For it indicates very clearly that the power of the Papacy is waning and with it that of the Roman Catholic Church itself. What else could have been expected? Could any one believe that a church which still believes in miracles and the superhuman could remain unaffected in a wholly changing world which has seen more than one apparently safely anchored institution swept from its moorings? Or that in an age when the world saw millions slaughtered in a needless, an utterly brutal war and men's faith died within them, any one church could emerge untainted from the catastrophe which besmirched them all?

But we are less concerned for the moment with the wholesale turning away from all churches than with what is happening to the Vatican. Slowly and surely the Roman Catholic Church's great hold upon one country after another is being broken. The collapse of the great Hapsburg Empire broke up its tremendously dominating influence in Vienna. If the church is still powerful there, it naturally suffered profoundly when the empire disappeared, its component parts were distributed by the infamous peace treaties and the whole relationship between Church and State was smashed. Similarly in Mexico it has sustained a dreadful

blow. Even though a peace has been patched up, it can never regain its lost prestige or influence—only last week two churches were burned there. No such edifice can pass through a revolution anywhere and not be affected.

Then there is Spain. While the die is not yet cast, it looks as if there would not only be entire separation of Church and State but as if there would be complete expropriation of church property. The mood of the people is evident from the fact that the needless and stupid vandalism and arson of the mob, which destroyed so wantonly, have not sent those shudders of horror throughout Spain that the clerics hoped and expected. Here Rome has only itself to blame. Farsighted statesmen and observers have long been certain that the kingdom would fall; the doubt was only as to when and how. But the church neither put its house in order, nor reduced the number of the clergy and the monks, nor gave up those extra legal privileges which for so long had exempted the clergy from responsibility for certain criminal acts. It is, however, probably too much to expect any church, whether Protestant or Catholic, to lead the way to revolution.

Then there is the Pope himself. We are firmly of the belief that the signing of the peace with Mussolini was a great tactical mistake. The Pope driving out into Rome in his beautiful and costly motor car is by no means as mysterious or impressive a person as the "prisoner of the Vatican." The fiction that he was god-like, exalted, and apart could then be maintained. Then it was easier to visualize him as the Vicar of God. But a Pope who on occasion drives forth and, yes, who speaks over the radio just like any ordinary celebrity such as a well-known American mayor travelling abroad—why that Pope can never again be as august and awe-inspiring as before he lectured to the world just before—or was it soon after?—Amos an' Andy entertained their millions. The role of the martyr, resignedly and bravely bearing his spiritual burdens and the imprisonment of his body, is the finer and more inspiring.

Finally, there is the present conflict of Rome with Mussolini. We have no knowledge as to what is really behind it all, how deeply it cuts, nor where the burden of the blame rests, nor how it will end. We only know that every such conflict tarnishes the belief that the Vatican is the seat of all wisdom and a partaker in that of the Almighty. We are impressed, too, with the comparative quiet with which Catholics and their press in this country have taken the news of this strife, and of the vandalism and the threat of the Church's disintegration in Spain. We seem to recall no swelling, resounding protests; no passionate processions through our streets bespeaking the intercession of high Heaven, no magnificent mass-meetings in Carnegie Hall or elsewhere to ask that lightnings destroy the idolators and heretics in Spain, once the home of the all-terrifying Inquisition. Is there a growing lukewarmness among Catholics here in America? It seems incredible; yet we heard but the other day a Catholic in our own profession calmly assert that now the Kaiser has gone only the Pope pretends to be the mouthpiece of God. The Pope, he averred, should profit by the Kaiser's fate and abandon all pretence of Divine Right. Strangely enough the Heavens did not fall upon this apostate. If there are regular churchgoers to speak thus now, what will be the attitude of their children and grandchildren toward the church in this most godless of ages?

The Losing Iron Horse

SCORE another dramatic victory for the internal combustion engine. The Interstate Commerce Commission has issued a certificate "of public convenience and necessity" authorizing the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to abandon its Honesdale Branch of some ten or more miles. On its face the announcement appears uninteresting; are not interurban lines going down every day? Is not the motor bus jeopardizing the existence of every trolley line in America? But when one studies this news-item a little more carefully, its significance leaps out. For this Honesdale Branch is nothing less than the pioneer steam engine railroad of the United States, opened to traffic in 1829 with the "Stourbridge Lion," an engine imported from England to haul the new "stone coals" (i. e. anthracite) from the Carbondale mines to where they could go by canal to Philadelphia and New York.

Two brothers, William and Maurice Wurtz, are credited with this extraordinary transport innovation. They had long heard from Indians that stone coal really would burn, so they built the first road to be used, on the suggestion of one John B. Jarvis, by that new-fangled and highly dangerous invention, the British steam locomotive. Others had built tramways for horses and mules and gravity roads, but it was the Stourbridge Lion, imported direct from England, which inaugurated the line on August 8, 1829—it ended exactly 102 years later. Like an old inn abandoned when the stage-coaches disappeared, the Honesdale Branch had fallen into lamentable decay, passing long since beyond the stage of shabby gentility. It no longer had any stone coals to transport; its passenger traffic had all but disappeared thanks to the motor bus and the private motor; the schedule dwindled to nothing. So it passed—the premier steam railway of America with almost none to sing its requiem.

Who can read of this without a shock? In 1905 the railroads were still masters of the situation. The new-fangled self-propelled wagon was a pretty toy for the rich to spend hours in going from one town to another over incredible roads in unbearable dust. A threat? To no one. Did one not spend as much time under the car as in it? Yet here a good quarter of a century later—the steam Iron Horse trembles indeed. Some of his employers declare that every mile of cement road helps to dig his grave. Electrical experts declare that coal as fuel must go; the Pennsylvania will soon use none between New York and Washington. Others assert that it is the same despised private motor car, so long ridiculed, which does the mischief and has struck a deadly blow at all railroad passenger earnings. Railroad presidents themselves say that these earnings will never go up again no matter how prosperous the land—gasoline is too cheap, the roads too good. So the quest for speed is on and the quest for electrical equipment and more and faster trains to compete with the airplane.

Peace be with the Stourbridge Lion! He came, he saw, he conquered. Once men bent down and worshipped. But the world moves on. Who shall say that a hundred years hence men will not smile to see a motor car upon the road as they fly their ways upon their own private wings with all the needed energy in the knapsacks on their backs?

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



HIS Majesty went hunting that day. That was not news, for His Majesty went hunting every day. But His Majesty killed only two deer. That was news, for as a rule His Majesty was more fortunate. His Majesty expressed his regrets duly in his diary. "Dull day. Went hunting. Two deer. Otherwise

nothing of any importance." In this, His Majesty was eminently right. Nothing of any importance had happened. In Paris a mob of half-starved people had attacked the Bastille, had murdered the garrison, and was now busy celebrating the event by a copious flow of bad brandy and worse rhetoric. But the police would attend to that in the morning. The police always did. And His Majesty yawned and went to bed. The courtiers yawned and went to bed. The royal ducks in the royal duck-ponds tucked their heads carefully underneath their little wings and went to bed. But when they woke up, King, courtiers and ducks, they all of them woke up in a new world.

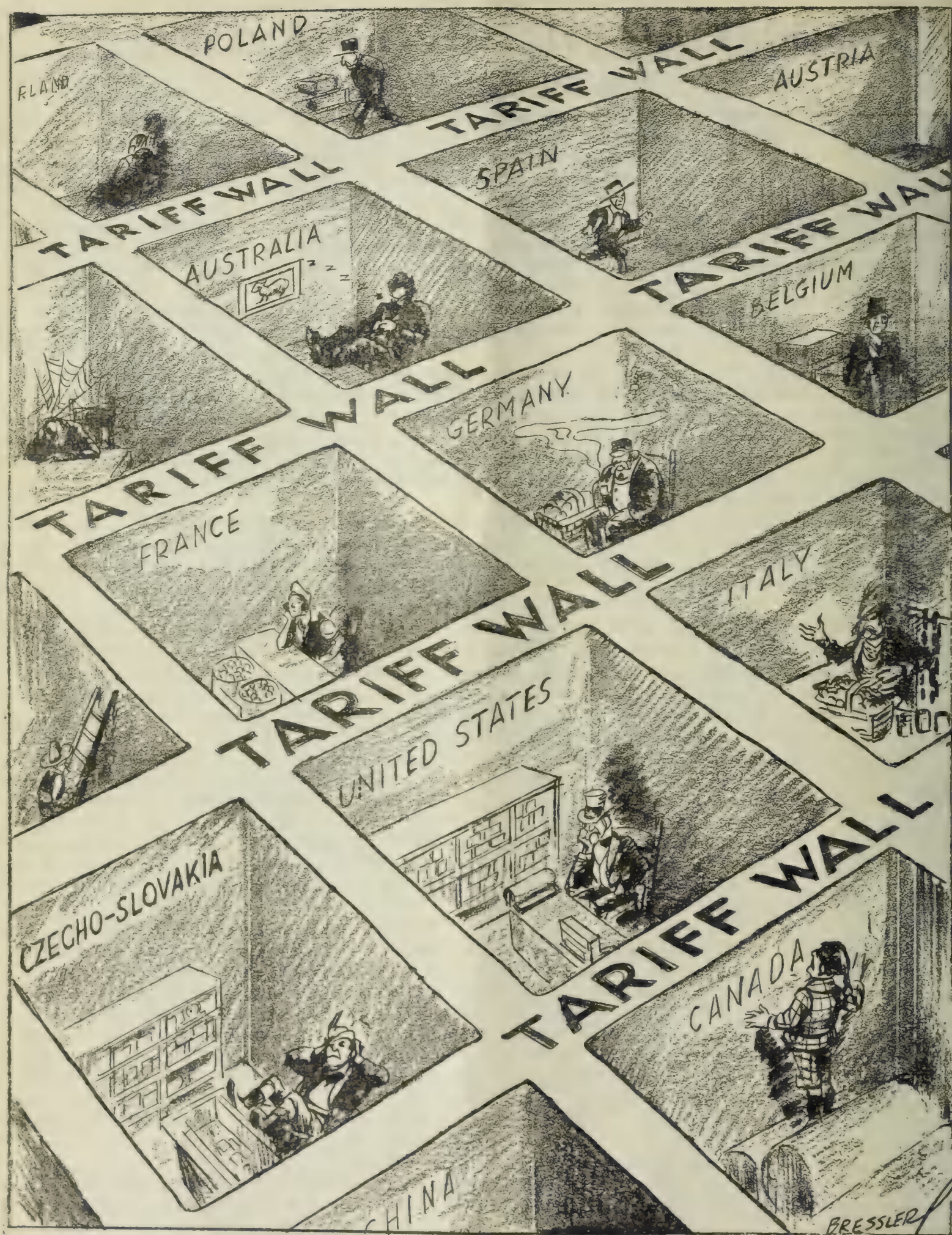
Modern historical investigation is kindly disposed towards unfortunate Louis Capet. He was by no means as dull a man as many of his contemporaries had made him out. He was sluggish, but that came because he ate too much and was then in the habit of falling asleep. That same trick cost Lord North the American colonies, but no one has therefore thought of turning him into a monster of iniquity and cruelty. It is true, Louis had certain other unfortunate qualities. He allowed himself to be ruled by a young wife who wanted a life of excitement. But other and better men than he have done likewise, and they have been forgiven when people caught a glimpse of the lady's charming countenance. And then there was the most serious accusation of all, that the descendant of Holy Louis did not in the least realize what was happening—that he had deliberately closed his eyes to the ominous events of the day and refused to pay any heed to even the most unmistakable signs of the time. That, however, was not the fault of the poor, amiable potentate who started on his final flight for life with six cold broiled chickens and returned with none, so that the road from Paris to Varennes could be traced by the drumsticks and wings that had been carelessly thrown out of the windows of Count Fersen's cumbersome cabriolet. It was the fault of his grandfather's great-grandfather, who had removed his residence from the banks of the Seine to the marshes of Versailles. But if Louis the Magnificent erred when he removed the head of the country from the heart, he sinned in good company. We ourselves have done likewise. And today we pay the penalty.

There is a chapter in the history of America which has never been touched upon except in a sentimental and gene-

alogical sort of way. That is the influence of the Dutch Republic upon the newly founded commonwealth along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. Yet it is no more than natural that the thirteen colonies, when they took their lives (individually and collectively) into their hands and set up shop for themselves, should have paid some attention to the other republics of that day, to get a line, as it were, on the republic business in general. The only "going concern" of the kind was the immensely rich Republic of the United Seven Netherlands. Many of the leaders of the rebellion had been there in search of ready cash and future credit. I leave it to some future Ph.D. to figure out how much the contemporaries of Jefferson and Madison were influenced by what they heard and read about that state of Batavian bliss. But they flattered their Dutch contemporaries by imitating the most unfortunate of all their domestic arrangements when they allowed the capital of the nation to be built at a week's distance from the center of activities.

In the case of the United States and the United Provinces, local jealousies had brought about the disastrous separation of government and state. In the case of Versailles it was the desire of security from the mob. But the results were the same. Those who should have been in constant touch with the needs and desires and aspirations of their fellow-countrymen knew least about them. The captain and the officers were never on the bridge. They merely sailed along in a little vessel of their own that drifted a couple of miles behind the mother craft. From there they signalled their orders to those on board. When an accident happened or a mutiny occurred, they were painfully surprised and genuinely disturbed. "How did this happen?" they would ask with considerable show of annoyance. But they never wanted to hear the answer. For that would have revealed the uncomfortable truth, that a separation of head and heart is apt to be just as fatal to a nation as it would be to an ordinary human being.

Of course nothing will ever be done about it. Nothing very much is ever done about anything until Providence takes a hand, and then as a rule it is too late. Besides, we are still incredibly rich and nothing is likely to happen to us for a long time to come. We will get along for the next 150 years, as we have got along during the past century and a half. But the compromise of 1790, which removed the national capital from the center of the land to the wilderness along the Potomac, will continue to cause friction and misunderstanding until we too shall have gone the way of Rome and Babylon and Samarkand. Then the White House will become another Palace of Versailles or another House in the Woods, an amiable ruin with nice gardens around it and lots of bad pictures and worse statuary and the memory of something that was very charming and very pleasant and totally futile because it had lost touch with reality—because it tried to live away from life and to rule—a thousand miles removed from those governed.



Yes, Business is terrible!

Free Trade or Protection?*

By FRANCIS W. HIRST

London, August 6

UNEMPLOYMENT and the trade depression have brought tariff problems and indeed the whole fiscal question once more into the foreground of political controversy all over the world. In the United States and many other countries, where tariff walls have been raised very high and foreign competition with domestic products, whether of the field or the factory, has been deliberately excluded, it is becoming fashionable to blame the tariff and to point out the advantages, if not of complete freedom of trade, at least of a substantial downward revision of protective duties. In countries like Australia and Brazil the growers of such staples as wool or coffee complain bitterly that the clothing and tools and machinery they have to buy are made artificially dear, while what they have to sell must be sold at market prices. Thus, allowing for freight charges, the Australian pastoralist cannot get more for his wool than it will fetch at the sales in, say, Melbourne or London; but thanks to the Australian tariff he has to pay about seven shillings for a cotton singlet costing five pence in Japan! In Great Britain, on the other hand, where free trade has been maintained (with a few exceptions, such as the safeguarding duties on motor cars, cinema films, clocks and watches, silk goods, etc., introduced by Mr. Baldwin's last administration), the fashion has turned against free trade, and most British manufacturers, with the support of the Conservative Party, are clamoring for a protective tariff on all foreign goods, with a lower tariff or preferential rebate on goods from the British Empire.

In examining the advantages or disadvantages of protecting home producers against foreign producers by means of customs duties, it would be as absurd for a free trader to point out the unpopularity of protection at the present time in many protected countries as it would be for a protectionist to argue that free trade must be a mistake because in a country like England, which has enjoyed free trade for seventy years or more, there is now a very strong movement in favor of protection. But it is legitimate, I think, before entering upon the general argument, for one who still counts himself a convinced disciple of Adam Smith and Richard Cobden to draw attention to the very general belief, expressed by a majority of leading financiers and business men in all civilized countries, that since the war the multiplication of obstacles to international trade and the raising of tariff barriers have greatly augmented a depression, which, after such a massacre of men and such a wholesale destruction of capital, could hardly have been wholly avoided, even if people had been allowed to trade freely together and to exchange their surplus products without official hindrance. And, further, as I am addressing an American audience, I am entitled to emphasize the danger of retaliation, which, indeed, has become evident during the last year. For not only has the new American tariff led to the raising of duties against leading American exports in

countries which have suffered from the exclusion of their own goods, but Canada, the nearest neighbor and, I think, the best customer of the United States, has passed a new tariff which is admittedly a serious blow to American exports.

Every free trader holds that free trade is good for a country whether other countries adopt it or not; but he also maintains that reciprocity is a wiser and more advantageous policy than retaliation, and that the advantages claimed for a high protective tariff, even if real, may be outbalanced by the disadvantages resulting from retaliatory action by other governments, which are ready to engage in commercial war and are apt to forget the Sermon on the Mount, when ruined traders or unemployed workpeople ask them to hit back. I have very little doubt that the Smoot-Hawley tariff is partly responsible for the recent growth of the protectionist movement in Great Britain. Mr. L. S. Amery, the late Colonial Secretary, perhaps the best informed and the most adroit in argument of our protectionist politicians, has been turning special attention to the fiscal policy of the United States. He has been arguing that this policy, in conjunction with the demand for war debts payable in gold, is responsible for the locking up of an unnecessarily large supply of the world's monetary gold in the United States. How, he asks, can we find a remedy for the fall in prices when debt receiving countries refuse goods and demand gold, "however little use gold may be to them, and however badly it is needed for world purposes." Mr. Amery made the mistake of prophesying that the United States was not likely either to alter its debt claims or to lower its tariff. Within a few weeks the first part of his prophecy has been falsified. But I have no doubt that people here are impressed on hearing that British imports from the United States exceed British exports to the United States by about one hundred and twenty millions sterling annually; and many who are incapable either of analyzing statistics or taking a philosophic view of trade are struck by the plausible argument that British Empire purchases from the United States could be reduced, if suitable tariff were imposed, by at least one hundred millions sterling annually. In this way, says Mr. Amery triumphantly, we should not only increase employment at home, but liberate enough gold to stabilize world prices. To those of us who believe that nothing could be more disastrous than a commercial war between the two great English-speaking nations, it seems worth while to point out to our friends in America how much damage might be inflicted by high discriminating duties on American fruit and canned meats and many other products which can be grown or manufactured (less cheaply) in Great Britain, Australia, Canada, or other parts of the Empire. If experience is worth anything at all, and if experience has already taught the losses that may be inflicted by retaliation, those who control American policy should consider whether reciprocity in advance would not be better and more profitable than the prosecution of relentless commercial warfare against good customers.

So much for the general aspects of the tariff contro-

* The first of a series of six articles on free trade. The second, ■ Free Trade and the United States, by Henry Raymond Mussey, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

versy. But before turning to the free-trade argument I would say a word or two on the subject of dumping. Dumping is a term which suggests the throwing of rubbish upon a rubbish heap, and those who desire a protective duty to raise the price of the article they manufacture usually describe all the competing goods which enter our markets as "dumped goods." Just now a good deal of moral indignation is imported into the argument by denunciations of slave labor in Russia. No doubt, in the last year especially, imports of timber, wheat, and oil from Russia have helped to depress the price of these important raw materials; but there is equally little doubt that on the whole cheap wood, cheap oil, and cheap bread are beneficial to a country like ours which is mainly industrial. Indeed, German manufacturers are now finding in the discontent of their workpeople and in the raised cost of production that their trade is suffering severely because, owing to higher taxation of imported grain, bread in Berlin costs nearly three times as much as bread in London. It is also to be observed that Russia is not mainly responsible for the present low prices of its leading exports. Russian wheat constitutes only a moderate fraction of the world's supplies, and Russian oil only a tiny fraction of the world's supply. The withdrawal of Russia from the markets of the world would certainly raise prices, but so would the withdrawal of any other exporting country.

I confess that I have not been able to discover how the use of the word "dumping" adds any serious weight to the argument for protection. It usually means no more than an underselling of competitors, which is the practice of most successful men of business! If it be defined as selling below the cost of production, that is what most big shops and stores do at the end of the season, and what manufacturers do with an otherwise unsalable surplus. But most economists will agree that when a government subsidy or bounty is paid out of taxes or loans in order to enable a particular group of manufacturers or producers to sell abroad at lower prices than they sell at home, a very objectionable and artificial state of things may result. Sugar subsidies and sugar bounties combined with high protective duties in many countries have recently produced a crisis ruinous to cultivators in Cuba and in certain other countries whose soil and climate are best adapted for the purpose. The Stevenson scheme of rubber restriction in Malaya and the coffee-valorization schemes of Brazil have proved equally disastrous; for after raising prices and so stimulating production in other countries they broke down and ended in a slump of rubber and coffee which has brought something like bankruptcy on the populations for whose benefit they were initiated.

There seems then to be no rational substitute for the natural equilibrium of production and consumption, and for those upward and downward movements of prices which attend the unhindered working of the laws of demand and supply. "Look after the consumer and let the producer take care of himself" is the best rule for governments to follow. *Laissez faire* cannot, indeed, be applied *unconditionally*, because governments, national and local, have to take care of the health and happiness of the peoples whom they represent—by laws for the regulation of health and laws to prevent adulteration and other noxious practices, which belong rather to the sphere of police than to the sphere of business. Generally speaking, it is the free air of competition that maintains efficiency in production and secures

the consumer against monopoly prices now that invention has cheapened and accelerated the means of communication and made of the whole world one great commercial community.

This brings me to the central argument for free trade. Its discovery is usually attributed to Adam Smith; but like many other modern discoveries it was foreseen and described by the ingenious speculations of Greek philosophy. I remember a few years ago at a public luncheon in Kansas City I was invited to discourse on tariff policy. I began by expressing my surprise that in a country where protective customs duties were so highly prized for purposes of foreign trade the same policy was not applied internally. If protection is good for the whole American Union, it ought, I argued, to be equally good for the individual States. But no State is allowed to protect itself against the others by a tariff, and the United States is the largest and richest free-trade area in the world. At that time the cost of a bridge connecting Kansas City, Missouri, with the State of Kansas was being supported by tolls, which protected the inhabitants from the competing produce of their neighbors on the other side of the river. Instead of rejoicing in this happy contrivance—which combined revenue with protection—the city had decided upon an issue of bonds for the express purpose of making traffic over the bridge free. I found that this illustration appealed to many of the business men present, who agreed with me that if the removal of bridge tolls would benefit both Missouri and Kansas, the removal of customs might also benefit the export as well as the import trade of the whole nation. Imports and exports, after all, pay for one another; and it is surely bad business to refuse payment. As Mr. Keynes once said (before his recent change of opinion), exports are payments, imports are receipts. All trade is barter, and the maximum of prosperity will be attained when nations and individuals accept the principle of the division of labor with the corresponding principle of the free interchange of surplus products.

These principles, as I have said, were discovered by the philosophy of Greece. In his ideal Republic Plato describes the growth of a primitive society, whose first necessities are food, houses, and clothing. At first a man living in isolation had to procure these for himself; but after joining in a community, he need no longer try to be a Jack-of-all-trades. In the very smallest village men and women would divide their labors instead of dividing their time. Some would grow food, others would spin and weave or make clothing, others would build houses, and so on. After working for a day or a week, they would barter their surplus products or bring them into the common stock for distribution. Here we have the economic justification for cooperative industry, in which men and women find scope for the diversity of their gifts and capacities. One may prefer the open-air life of a farmer, another the indoor life of a weaver, another may like to keep a shop, another to fetch and carry. Naturally, the workman who devotes himself to one occupation succeeds better. "Practice makes perfect."

As the little village community grows in numbers and wealth, there is a natural expansion of wants and services. Carpenters and blacksmiths and shoemakers and other artisans and mechanics are called into existence, until the village attains the size of a town or city. In time the city cannot supply all its own wants; imports are needed; this gives

rise to a merchant class, but they must not go empty-handed, for if they do they will come back empty-handed. Consequently, the city needs a surplus of goods with which to supply its foreign customers. Then for the purposes of exchange there must be a market place and money. So Plato shows us a complete city, with home trade and foreign trade and all the elements of that vast intricate system which, in spite of nationalism and war, penetrates and encompasses the modern world—a system of commercial and financial intercourse so complex that each one of us is dependent for his necessities, his comforts, and his luxuries upon thousands of others, not merely in his own town or village or country but on foreigners in far-away territories, for the things he uses and consumes day by day throughout his life.

But the common-sense moral which every intelligent reader must derive from Plato's charmingly written account of the growth of the city found few practical disciples. For more than two thousand years the science of political economy made no advance. Nay, in practice it went back, just as the art of road-making and of building went back after the sack of Rome and the downfall of the Western Empire. The advantages to human society of the division of labor and the free exchange of surplus products had been amply demonstrated, but commercial jealousies, racial animosities, and the natural pugnacity of mankind obscured plain truths and hindered the diffusion of wisdom and common sense. The fallacies of mercantilism induced medieval rulers to believe that trade regulations and restrictions, devised to encourage the inflow and check the outflow of precious metals, would enrich the state. Almost every government tried to divert trade from its natural channels. Then at last Adam Smith took up the principle of division of labor and used it as a key to unlock the science of political economy. After many years of study and reflection he published in 1776 his masterpiece—"The Wealth of Nations"—which ultimately induced British statesmen, through the persuasive eloquence of Richard Cobden, to repeal the Corn

Laws and to establish a system of free trade with other nations. As he put it:

It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one or the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their own interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for.

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family, can scarcely be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage.

The practical application of this today is obvious. One of America's most important export commodities, cotton, is selling at a price lower than that reached in a generation, and there is consternation at the price of wheat having fallen to the ruinous figure of twenty-five cents a bushel on the farm. At the same time discontent is seething in Berlin and the other great cities of Germany, not merely because of the financial crisis and the trade depression, but also because the German Government, to please the Agricultural Party, has clapped exceptionally heavy duties on imports of grain, so heavy that bread is said to be more than twice as dear in Berlin as in London.

England is practically the only free market for the surplus food and fruit exports of the United States. But there is no free market in the United States for England's surplus, and consequently, owing to retaliation or lack of reciprocity, American farmers are now in desperate straits. Is not the remedy obvious?

What I Believe*

By ROBERT BRIFFAULT

THE view that a man's beliefs concerning the nature of the universe determine all his other beliefs and attitudes of mind was held at one time to be self-evident. It continued to be entertained long after the practice of roasting people alive for holding wrong beliefs had been abandoned. A brilliantly written book appeared not long ago devoted to the thesis, and suggesting that the hypotheses of Professor Einstein must modify our morals.

That thesis is, I think, a relic of theological thought, which has a way of surviving in the minds of people after they have repudiated it. I am uncertain as to the nature of the ether and as to its relation to the propagation of energy, a state of mental perplexity which places me in very good company. But I cannot perceive that the doubt perturbs my outlook upon the problems which really interest me. Whether or not I believe in the ether makes not one jot of

difference to my views on pacifism, pauperism, or passive resistance. I am impressed with the magnitude of the universe and with the consequent relative minuteness of man's abode in it, but a few light-centuries more or less do not materially alter my sense of proportion, my opinions, or my conduct.

It is not my intention to be either flippant or evasive. I am aware that anyone sufficiently interested in my opinions to ask me what I believe really intends, in nine cases out of ten, to put the much more direct question with which Gretchen quizzed Dr. Faust: "Glaubst du an Gott?" As the embarrassed Faust implies in his answer, that is largely a question of previous definition. A parson desirous of pinning me down would use the word "personal." I have devoted considerable attention to the elements of psychology, and I cannot think of any aspect of human personality, such as thought, knowledge, emotion, feeling, will, justice, power, goodness, or a turn for mathematics, which does not pertain

* The third of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. The fourth will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

to the category of means relative to human life. To apply that category to the absolute does not make sense. Nor does any other definition. Undefined descriptions of the universal order, or disorder, scarcely make, as regards the vital questions of human life, a difference greater than does the existence or non-existence of the ether.

Nor can I perceive that those vital questions are affected by my believing, as I do, that the distinction between "matter" and "mind" rests upon an elementary confusion of thought. It is true that many seemingly important consequences as to the nature of life and death depend upon that view, and that nine-tenths of the controversies about materialism, behaviorism, and idealism are reduced thereby to meaningless gibberish. But it leaves my human relations and my motives essentially unaffected. As a young man I used to take a keen interest in metaphysics. I am thankful that I did; I believe it has helped me to think more clearly. But as I have grown older I have come to see that the importance attached to those questions has been exaggerated. Views about the universe are inevitably patterned on human life and human relations. They are necessarily either anthropomorphic or materialistic, and consequently, in each case, absurd. No tolerable description of enduring bliss, for example, has ever been given, because such a condition is outside human experience. And every belief concerning the nature of the universe derives, after all, its sole significance from the influence which the universe may be supposed to exercise upon the life and the world of man. From that world of his, man cannot escape. He is not even capable of conceiving death—an incapacity which has been termed an intuitive faith in immortality. The closer I draw to death, the more I am interested in life, which is the only thing that anyone is really interested in, however much he may persuade himself that he is interested in the universe.

Opinions concerning the constitution of the universe were very important when human life, viewed as a brief period of probation, was accounted unimportant. As the importance attached to human life has become greater, that of the universe has grown less. The inevitable effect of otherworldliness was to dull the edge of man's concern with the human world and to foster acquiescence in its injustice and stupidity. That deplorable attitude is expressed in the most immoral principle that has ever been uttered: "Resist not evil." What moral advance over its predecessors can be claimed for the present age—and despite the survivals of medievalism a good deal can be claimed—has not come about through the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, but through the opposite tendency to resist evil, tooth and nail, without reference to the constitution of the universe, but with growing insight into the constitution of the human world.

Whether man be regarded as the work of God, or of the devil, or of natural selection, or of the continuity of the germ-plasm, the human world has definitely come to be viewed as the work of man. To lay the blame elsewhere is unjust, and to pray for rain or for peace has come to appear foolish. The world of man is, according as we look at it, an amazing and glorious wonder or an atrocious nightmare. In the Middle Ages the atrocities of the human world were set down to the depravity of human nature. The achievements which distinguish my world from that of my cannibal ancestors are the outcome of stupidity. I am convinced, in

spite of all that may be said on the subject of the limitations and fallibility of reason, that the stupidity which causes the atrocities of the human world is not an irremediable part of the nature of man. Many people tried quite lately to make us believe that war is due to an instinct of combativeness innate in human nature, and therefore inevitable. That, I believe, is not true. A highly organized and complicated technique of propaganda, the resources of oratory, the assistance of the police, the cooperation of academic learning, of the churches, of the press are required in order to wheedle the collective combativeness of twentieth-century man into facing a machine-gun. Were it not so, no existing institution which excites his exasperation would be safe for a day. As with war, so with other atrocities of the human world. The propagandas of politicians, professors, the pulpit, and the press do not rely for their success upon human intelligence. They rely upon the intellectual trickery which is concerned with the safeguarding of established institutions by appealing, not to facts, experience, or logic, but to the authority of established traditions. Those traditions and those institutions have for the most part been handed down from a time when savages were imperfectly intelligent. They derive their sanctity from the fact that every established institution supplies persons associated with it with bread and butter and a little over. Were it not for those vested interests and that propaganda, no intelligent person at the present day would, I believe, advocate war, or the organization of industry without reference to human needs, or the deformation of the minds of children by inculcated superstition. Those opinions upon which are based the atrocities of the human world are not dispositions of human nature, but products of education in savage traditions.

The old doctrine that it were better for a man to be dead than to hold erroneous views in astronomy was an odorous herring drawn across the trail of the most fateful issue that bears on the destinies of man's world. What is vital is not what a man believes, but why. Savage humanity held irrational beliefs concerning the methods of obtaining and of cooking a meal. It accounted indispensable to the success of the operation the aid of supernatural agencies acting unnaturally and irrationally. Modern humanity has largely outgrown that primitive irrationality. It believes that natural agencies and common sense are alone effective in providing a dinner. Savage irrationality has accordingly withdrawn from the field and the kitchen, the market place and the factory, and taken refuge in the metaphysical universe. That is why transcendental beliefs are deemed important. In a sense they are. He who holds the irrational beliefs of the savage with reference to the universe is likely to hold equally irrational beliefs on political, social, moral questions. The views of the Pope or of the Methodist Council on astronomy, biology, or metaphysics matter little. Their views on policy, on marriage, on education matter so much that the world's destinies, which hang perilously in the scales, may be determined according as the balance is turned by the weight of rational or of irrational opinions. Before the human race is fitted to cope effectually with the political, social, economic, and moral riddles which it must answer or be torn to pieces, traditional beliefs concerning the constitution of the universe may have first to be set aside, not because the constitution of the universe is of importance, but because the constitution of the human world

depends upon the measure in which the thought of man is able and willing to operate honestly, fearlessly, and in conformity with facts.

One of the most stupid principles, and certainly the most pernicious, of our current tradition is the doctrine that all beliefs that are held sincerely are equally entitled to respect. Nine-tenths of the atrocities which convert the human world from a glorious achievement into a ghastly horror are the result of sincere beliefs of good men and women. Those sincere beliefs have plunged the world into misery and deluged it with blood. I have no respect for them. The principle is, of course, merely a device for the protection of traditional stupidity. Were it once admitted that the only criterion of the respectability of a belief is its validity on rational grounds, the difficult task of safeguarding irrational traditions would become hopeless. Repudiating as I do that protective device, I am intolerant. I am shamelessly intolerant of typhoid, tuberculosis, war, social injustice, superstition. I am likewise liable to become impatient when, in regard to any of those evils, I am asked: "What do you propose to put in its stead?" Fortunately, my conviction that tuberculosis, and militarism, and stock-jobbing, and superstition are not innate and inevitable prevents my intolerance from extending to persons who are afflicted with those infections. That a man is a consumptive, a millionaire, or a Methodist is not his fault. It is the fault of primitive insanitary conditions, bodily and mental.

Believing as I do that human nature is not incurably stupid, militaristic, superstitious, submissive in the face of injustice, I am in the rare and fortunate position of being an optimist. The times are particularly favorable to optimism. The world-wide depression and unrest, the dissolution of the economic system, the political chaos which bodes imminent war, the intellectual chaos that stultifies the greater part of current thought, the disintegration of the family, the impotence of art, the collapse of religion and of morals are so many signs calculated to encourage optimism. They betoken, one and all, the final collapse of the authority of savage traditions, that is to say, of the causes of human stupidity. They do not hold out the promise of any Utopia. Far from it. But they render inevitable a radical change in the working of the forces which have hitherto misshaped the human world.

The situation has never occurred before. The human world has proceeded up to now on the principle that tradition, whatever its origin, is the most respectable sanction for beliefs and conduct. The obsolescence of that age-long foundation amounts to much more than any revolution. It is comparable only with the emergence of the race out of brutishness.

Never was what we believe of greater importance than today. If we believe that savage traditional institutions are immutable and everlasting, these are very appalling times. If we believe that wisdom consists in performing balancing feats on the fence of compromise, these are very perplexing times. If we believe that the logic of human intelligence and of events moves inevitably, like the sun on the map, from right to left, and can never be bidden to stand still, these are very interesting times in which to be alive. Upon the proportion of those beliefs today depends the severity of the birth-pangs amid which a new age shall be born out of the old.

The days in which we are living closely resemble the Day of Judgment: everyone is compelled to take sides, to sort himself out with the sheep or with the goats. The choice of every thinking man and woman is between the thoughts, standards, values, and aims of a world to which history is waving an everlasting farewell and those of a new world where the feet of the younger generation are set upon other paths. Some try hard to elude the behest of the trumpeting angels and the painful necessity of making a choice. They are called liberals. I am not a liberal, because to try to make logic stop short of its extreme conclusions seems to me as futile as to attempt to poise a stone in mid-air. I believe that it is too late for human thought to avert the nemesis which traditional stupidity and the interests vested in maintaining it are calling down upon the semi-civilization of the West. I believe that any form of compromise is today a waste of time and energy.

I know the perils and the penalties of rejecting compromise. To incur those perils seems to many injudicious. That again is a misconception of human nature. The most potent urges that drive man and other forms of life are perilous and prejudicial to the individual. Whenever a human being sets about enjoying himself, he acts injudiciously: his bank account suffers. Love, art, truth are profoundly injudicious. To feel an interest in the fate of unborn generations is injudicious. Yet those injudicious urges are the only ones for which human beings have been prepared to lay down their lives. The reason is that the individual is, biologically speaking, but a by-product of a continuous germ-plasm which does not care a straw about the individual's interests and perils. According as *its* impersonal urges or the interests of *his* bank book are obeyed, two divergent philosophies of life are formulated. The one is prejudicial to the individual; the other is prejudicial to the race.

But it is the race as a whole, and not the individual, which has been developing since savage times, and with that development the two philosophies of life come to diverge less and less. The truth has lately been forced upon the world that for a nation to pursue its own apparent interests without reference to the interests of other nations is a circuitous method of committing suicide. The truth is being also forced upon the judicious individual that the exclusive pursuit of what he deems his interests may in the end prove suicidal. Thus morals are being gradually inculcated, not by moral sermons and mystic exaltations, but by the pressure of facts—a much more effective method.

The process, which has been at work since man emerged out of brutality, will go on whatever beliefs, whatever theories may be in fashion. Truth triumphs in the end, not because of some magic power it wields, but because irrational beliefs and false philosophies are merely a perverse habit which human beings have of kicking against the pricks. The results of such kicking are unpleasant, tedious, and messy. The procedure prolongs the agonies of adaptation. That is why it is better to keep a severe check on our beliefs and opinions; that is why intellectual honesty is the best policy.

The thinker is a conceited person. He is prone to imagine that he fashions the world. All he can do is to shorten the futile and unpleasant process of kicking against the pricks. That, in reality, is the badly paid service which he renders to mankind when he obeys the cry that goes up from a distressed world—the cry for reason and justice.

The Admirals See the Point

By H. K. FLEMING

REPRESENTATIVE BRITTEN now is more than sixty years old and a great patriot. In circles where patriotism is a fine art he is ranked only a little below William B. Shearer, about on a level with William Hale Thompson, but a little above Rear Admiral Fiske and Mrs. Broussard, of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In any event, the Representative's technique in denouncing King George has proved most effective. As chairman of the very powerful House Committee on Naval Affairs he has been in a convenient position to do this; and with a large army of German constituents back home in Illinois, he has found it in the past politically profitable. So bellicose and influential has he been in naval matters that he was able to maneuver the army-navy game to Illinois with the same facility that he was able this month to shift the North Atlantic fleet and the Los Angeles to Long Island.

It was these latter feats that revealed that, patriotically speaking, the Representative moves in circles that are not likely to be approached even by Mr. Shearer and Mr. Thompson. Singularly enough, a pacifist was responsible for it all. Frederick J. Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War, with headquarters in Washington, had been making speeches on Long Island in favor of peace recently. Mr. Britten thereupon discovered that the youth of Long Island was being corrupted. Mr. Libby, he said, was an "international anarchist." His answer was decisive. He went to Admiral Pratt and suggested that the North Atlantic fleet, comprising about thirty-five vessels, and 5,000 men with a pay roll of some \$1,000,000, be transported to Montauk Point, Long Island, to revive the fires of patriotism. The Admiral, who knows his master's voice when he hears it, fell into line, and so at the isolated village of Montauk, far removed from the centers of population and 160 miles from New York City, there gathered Lawrence Richey, secretary to President Hoover; Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; David S. Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, and Rear Admiral Moffett, to watch the taxpayers' vessels sail into Montauk Bay. Another visitor reported was Mr. Ivy Lee.

It was in this distinguished company that Mr. Britten made his remark about Mr. Libby; and there also, although only by chance, was it discovered that Mr. Britten was the owner of three and a half acres of land at Montauk, and that he was a friend of long standing of Carl Fisher, the genius of the Montauk Development Corporation, which had sunk many millions into the venture; \$10,000,000 appears to be a conservative estimate. Mr. Fisher, whose talents had been exercised previously at Miami Beach and the Indianapolis speedway, began to develop Montauk in 1925, but Mr. Britten, on his own admission, did not enter the picture until two or three years after this. The day following the discovery of the three and a half acres, the Representative conceded that he was a stockholder as well as a landholder. He had denied this when questioned at first, but possibly it was a lapse of memory. However, on one point he remained adamant. His financial interest in

the place was purely a coincidence. It was the perfidious Mr. Libby he was after. There was the real reason.

No one who has worshipped at the shrine of Messrs. Thompson, Shearer, and Fiske, and Mrs. Broussard will for a moment doubt that the Representative's gesture was directed toward the youth of Long Island, fifty to a hundred miles away in the interior or down the coast, and not to his own pocketbook. In high naval circles his word is gospel; he crooks his finger and the fleet moves; he expresses a wish, and the Los Angeles sails. The only source of interest for historians is what the Representative chooses to call a "coincidence." It might indeed be termed a series of coincidences. Back in 1927 Montauk was being mentioned as a village that was yet to be heard from. Its bay undoubtedly was magnificent; and should ocean liners make it a port of call, the voyage could be cut by no less than twelve hours.

It was in December of that year that this thought occurred to Clinton Bardo and Laurence Wilder, of the Brown Boveri Corporation, who will be remembered chiefly for their employment of Mr. Shearer to "spike" the Geneva naval conference. Messrs. Bardo and Wilder had organized the Transoceanic Corporation, which was to run a fleet of four-day vessels across the Atlantic provided they could get the United States Shipping Board to accommodate them by a loan of \$100,000,000. Montauk, they decided, would make an ideal port. It was about this time that Mr. Britten secured his land.

Other interests also had not been slow to foresee possibilities of vast profit. W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, reasoned with logic that the Long Island Railroad, one of his subsidiaries, would carry every pound of freight and every passenger to and from Montauk; and we find George LeBoutellier, vice president of both the Pennsylvania and the Long Island Railroad, buying heavily into the stock of the Montauk Development Corporation, later becoming its president. By a "coincidence" Mr. Atterbury's sentiments were expressed to the Representative himself in a letter given to the press by the latter, April 1, 1928. The Transoceanic Corporation's request for \$100,000,000 from the public treasury was then pending before the Shipping Board. As a sort of introduction to the letter Mr. Britten explained that he had been making, to quote the *Herald Tribune*, "investigations to ascertain if any of the great railroads were inclined to cooperate with private ship-owners in the interest of economy in overseas passenger and freight transportation," adding that he looked for "the inauguration of the four-day ships across the ocean." The Atterbury communication synchronized curiously, fortunately, and almost exactly, with what he had been looking for. Mr. Atterbury was willing and ready to cooperate; Mr. Atterbury extolled Montauk. Its bay, he found, was unrivalled. To the Transoceanic project he gave his blessing. Thus the stage was set carefully for a record grab of \$100,000,000, but unfortunately the Shipping Board frigidly dismissed the plan on April 27—on the ground that it was unsound and "financially nebulous."

Equally unfortunately, that other great patriot, Mr. Shearer, then revealed what had been going on backstage. Mr. Shearer sued the Brown Boveri Corporation for a large sum on the ground that his heroic services at the Geneva naval conference had gone unrewarded. As a result Mr. Bardo was called before a Senate Committee and revealed that \$102,000 had also been expended in lobbying and securing publicity for the Transoceanic-Montauk project. Of this sum \$6,750 had gone to Mr. Ivy Lee, also public relations counsellor for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and some \$3,800 to Herbert Hartley, former commander of the *Leviathan*, then being operated by the Shipping Board, who was induced to resign his command and use his influence on the publicity payroll. The commander, in fact, left his ship in January, 1928, and as early as February of the same year was loud in his praises of Montauk. Two months after the Shearer suit, Mr. Hartley also sued the Transoceanic Corporation for \$75,000. He, too, complained that Shearer had "spilled the beans" and therefore his pay had ceased.

Mr. Britten's corporation was now left high and dry. There was no longer a flood of publicity from more than a score of spellbinders on the Transoceanic payroll. There was even danger that Montauk would be forgotten completely. For a time it seemed that the bid of \$16,000,000 made by Paul Chapman and Joseph Sheedy, which won them the vessels of the Shipping Board early in 1929, might result in Montauk's being made a port. Shipping circles were of the opinion that this huge bid, many millions above that of the nearest competitor, was made with this in mind; Mr. Sheedy was reputed to be a former associate of Mr. Fisher's; and enquiries at the Pennsylvania Railroad brought the discreet reply that such an eventuality was probable. But nothing came of it. Nor had anything come of the alleged interest shown by other steamship lines.

What was to be done for this \$10,000,000 development? Land had been exchanging hands there during the days of optimism at from \$20,000 to \$250,000 an acre, if reports are to be believed. It was then that Mr. Britten, the most influential member of the great deflated, came to the rescue. On September 22, 1930, he announced publicly that Montauk Bay had unlimited possibilities, and that "if American steamship owners continue to be indifferent to the fact they will wake up in the near future to find that foreign countries have stepped in and established a base." "Some people throughout the country when they read this statement will contest the practicability of using the bay as a port of entry on the ground that there is not enough deep water," he continued. "As a method of proving that this statement is not based upon theory I will have a practical demonstration enacted by the United States navy. As chairman of the committee of Naval Affairs I will guarantee to the sceptical minds that they will see one of the United States naval fleets using the bay . . . and when they see the huge battleships anchored in the bay they will agree with my contentions."

This month, therefore, the fleet with its \$1,000,000 payroll and its 5,000 men duly arrived to act as a signboard for the Montauk developers. The handful of men who took the trouble to land on that exclusive and isolated spot paid \$2 a meal at the Fisher-Britten hotel, Montauk Manor. Others paid twice what they would have paid in New York at so-called cheaper places down the beach. In nearby Southampton, hotels were asking from \$8 to \$18 a night;

the taxicabs charged up to \$1.25 a mile, and the few hundred sailors who could afford to get into Riverside Drive and Broadway, New York, used Mr. Atterbury's railroad at about \$6 the round trip.

The Representative had wasted no time in getting to work. On the first day of the visit he had impressed upon newspaper correspondents the "possibilities of the bay as a potential deep harbor for commercial shipping"; but as the storm broke he answered criticisms with explanations that were bewildering in their variety. By turns he became petulant and belligerent. "Frederick J. Libby has been making speeches all through here which are destructive in their attitude," he said. "One of the main objects in bringing the fleet was to counteract this propaganda." Some of his other explanations follow:

(1) "Officers don't like it because they are not having their daily tea in Newport. There's not enough doing here."

(2) "This is a good place for the fleet because the climate is better than Newport."

(3) "I think the ships should go where the people can see them, popularizing themselves."

(4) "There is nothing commercial in bringing the fleet here."

(5) "The force has the advantages of a deep water harbor and a land location which while not densely populated is near enough to centers of population so that the public can come and learn something of a navy training program."

(6) "I like dancing and teas and have no complaint against officers having social contacts, but I firmly believe the fleet should have as much cruising time as it can absorb."

But it was after the fleet had steamed out of the harbor that the Representative delivered what he termed his final "statement to the world":

"In December of 1930, after the American Motor Boat Association had announced the twenty-eighth annual motor boat classic was to be raced on Lake Montauk, August 15, I called up Secretary Adams and Chief of Operations, Admiral Pratt, to suggest that Fort Pond Bay (Montauk Bay) be included in the fleet's schedule of summer operations in the triangular area bounded by Newport, London, and Montauk . . . It was later determined by the Navy Department without the slightest political pressure or suggestion from me or anyone else that the fleet's itinerary should include the week of August 10 at Montauk."

This final explanation can be dismissed as frigidly as the Shipping Board dismissed the drive for \$100,000,000 of the public's money. It is intimated here that the visit of the fleet was to be in the nature of a "tie-up" with the motor boat races, but it so happens that these were not announced until October, 1930; and in September, 1930, the Representative had said he would "guarantee" that the fleet would be in Montauk, but for quite a different reason. And if there was no evidence of "political pressure" how is it that the Representative can make his "guarantee" in September and not until December "suggest" to Admiral Pratt that the fleet come to Montauk? How is it that the chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs can shift the taxpayers' fleet about in this manner? There is only one answer. The Navy is afraid of him; and for Naval officials the Representative has apparently the same contempt that he has for the intelligence of the public.

In the Driftway

IN his college days the Drifter managed to pick up a smattering of such economics as was going the rounds then, and he still recalls with pleasure the marginal theory. The marginal theory held that it was always the last unit or units of a commodity that really counted. They were the units that determined the price of all the rest. For example, if A, B, C, and D each wanted to sell E an orange, they could get for each orange only as much as the fourth orange was worth to E. Or, to be more realistic, if the South has some twenty million bales of cotton to sell, the price it can get for each bale will not be any higher than the price at which it is able to get rid of the last five million bales—or even of the very last bale. Now it seems to the Drifter that the marginal theory has a much wider bearing than the text-books used to hint. European critics, for example, have been telling us for years that we spoil our women, that the American husband is a slave to the American wife, and so on. But have any of these foreign critics stopped to ask themselves *why* this condition exists? (Let's assume that it *does* exist, or we can't go on.) As the Drifter sees it, the whole explanation lies in the census figures. These show that in the United States there are still 102.5 men to every 100 women. It is those extra two and five-tenths men, those marginal boys, who are causing all the trouble. They are going around trying to get themselves married, underbidding the rest of us, making all sorts of ridiculous concessions, and in general demoralizing the man market. In England, as everyone knows, the situation is reversed; there are about 109 women there to every 100 men, and so the men can afford to be tyrannical, unchivalrous—in fact, to dictate their own terms. Monogamy may work out ethically, but it surely doesn't work out statistically. Incidentally, the Drifter has just learned what is meant by the phrase: "Not a Chinaman's chance." There are 394.7 Chinese males in this country for every 100 Chinese females.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Justice" in Kentucky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just visited one of the mining regions of Kentucky. In the Harlan County jail I visited with an old friend who is now in the clutches of "the law." Arnold Johnson was previously Sherwood Eddy's secretary and is now preparing for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary. From Dr. Eddy and seminary professors he caught a glimpse of the meaning of religion in economic life and decided to spend his summer doing relief work and other forms of helpful service with the miners of that county, who are on strike against intolerable conditions. Wages are low, employment is irregular or unobtainable, high prices are charged at company stores, underweighing at the scales is not uncommon, and misery is widespread and abysmal. Yet when the miners under these circumstances strike for better treatment, they are looked upon as dangerous characters. They are terrorized by armed strike-

breakers and private guards and sometimes even by officers of the law. Several miners have been shot from ambush, their automobiles have been dynamited, their leaders have been kidnapped, brutally beaten and taken across the State line, with warnings not to return. The miners are therefore in a bitter and reckless mood. Many of them go armed constantly and are prepared for direct action. The conservative United Mine Workers union in this section has largely been supplanted in influence by the I. W. W., and the militant Communist organization with its gospel of class hatred and violence.

Mr. Johnson came into this region as a representative of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Civil Liberties Union, for the purpose of siding with relief work and the effort to secure justice for the miners. He was soon accused of being an organizer for the I. W. W. and warned by "operators, judge, and sheriff" to get out of town. When he refused to be intimidated, he was arrested on a charge of criminal syndicalism, that is, advocacy of the violent overthrow of the Government. The evidence produced in court to prove this charge is utterly ridiculous.

A room which he had formerly occupied was searched and some of his papers seized. I was permitted to examine the literature which was supposed to prove his guilt and made a complete list as follows: a copy of the *Survey*, March 25, 1922; a copy of the *League for Industrial Democracy Monthly*, June 1931; a copy of *The Unemployed*, Spring 1931, published by the League for Industrial Democracy; a copy of "Mr. Justice Langdon Dissents," a new chapter in the Mooney-Billings case, published by the Arbitrator Press; a copy of "National Defense," by Kirby Page; a copy of "Southern Labor in Revolt," with a foreword by Norman Thomas, published by the Intercollegiate Student Council of the League for Industrial Democracy; a copy of "Even Adam Had a Hearing," published by the Committee on Labor Injunctions, organized by the American Civil Liberties Union; a copy of "Gastonia," published by the Conference for the Progressive Labor Organization; page 2 of a mimeograph report of the American Civil Liberties Union, June 4, 1931; two private letters; and a copy of "What do you mean—Free Speech?" published by the American Civil Liberties Union.

The last of these pamphlets contains a passage which was the prosecutor's trump card. Primarily on a basis of having in his possession the following words, Arnold Johnson is behind prison bars as an enemy of society; "Therefore, it is perfectly clear that orderly progress can be achieved only by unlimited free speech. No man should ever be locked up for what he says,—even if he advocates overthrowing the government by violence, or advises the destruction of property. Let him spout any foolishness he likes. The time to lock him up is when he actually starts to do something. If someone who hears him takes his advice and starts something, lock them both up."

No effort was made to prove that Johnson had advocated the violent overthrow of government, nor even that he had circulated literature which advocated the use of violence for this purpose. Solely on the charge that he had in his possession the literature listed above, he is being held for the exorbitant bail of \$10,000, half of which is appearance bail and half peace bail. Excessive bail is one of the weapons being used against the miners.

The domination of the region by the coal operators includes unwavering support from their hired men who are elected as sheriffs and judges. Thousands of men throughout Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and other coal regions are victims of even more flagrant miscarriages of justice than that of which Arnold Johnson is the victim. What do those persons who believe in justice and fairplay propose to do about it?

New York City, August 18

KIRBY PAGE

Books and Films

Pattern of Summer

By FRANCES M. FROST

When dusk revolves about the horizoned earth
That runs to meet the steady
Onflow of stars, the forsythia sap that spiraled
Through naked branches now in a sudden heady
Shower of gold drips groundward.

The secret frail leaves breaking on the tree,
The new nest dark to the cool, inconstant wind,
Moved into summer as inevitably
As into night, and slowly left behind
The closed, tight buds, the clear, delirious bird
Capsized with love, who, hushed and voiceless now,
Broods in the sweet nest heavy on the bough.
And women turn

In the darkness toward their men, the growing child
Stirring within them . . . and those fires which woke
In the holy, furious Spring, now quieted,
Burn deep within the waiting breast receiving
The dark, desired head.

Postscript

The World of Light. A Comedy in Three Acts. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

The Cicadas, and other poems. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

WHEN I reviewed here two weeks ago "Music at Night," Mr. Aldous Huxley's volume of essays, I did not realize that within a few days there would arrive a play and a book of poems by the same author. The incident might give a false idea of Mr. Huxley's productivity, for the lag between composition and publication is not a uniform one, and "The Cicadas," at least, turns out to be merely the "trade" publication of a volume of poems issued two years ago by The Fountain Press in a limited edition under the title of "Arabia Infelix." In the new volume the poems are re-arranged—for the better, I think; for the present book opens with Theater of Varieties, a much more memorable and a much more Huxleyan poem than the rather conventional Arabia Infelix. Mr. Huxley can never be a poet of profound feeling; he writes too much merely with his mind; and though he can occasionally achieve a lovely image, the body of his verse, in sentiment as well as in technique, remains too close to the traditional. His strongest vein is either that of satire, as in the Theater of Varieties just referred to, or, as in The Cicadas, that of biologic and philosophic speculation.

"The World of Light," I believe, is Mr. Huxley's first play. He has approached his task in a humble and workmanlike manner. So far from attempting any technical innovations, he has tried to do everything that would gratify the ghost of the late William Archer, or even a theatrical manager. There are only eight characters; there is one scene throughout; the first act ends with a crucial decision, the second with a crisis, and the third with at least some untying of the knot. Hugo Wenham, fed up with trying to make Cambridge undergraduates understand Plato, and also because he wants to avoid

marrying Enid Deckle, whom he merely likes, suddenly leaves with his friend Bill Hamblin for Guiana. They take an airplane with them, and Hugo's father receives a telegram that the plane has been found wrecked in Haiti. Then his father and Enid begin to receive messages, through a young medium, Hubert Capes, from Hugo's spirit. Guided by these messages, Hubert and Enid become physically as well as spiritually intimate; and Hugo's father writes a book on spiritualism that becomes highly successful. Unfortunately, however, Hugo and Bill have not been killed, and suddenly return in the midst of a seance. Hugo's problem then becomes that of all prior Enoch Ardens.

"The World of Light" is a less remarkable play than one would expect from its brilliant author; it cannot be compared with the best of his novels or short stories. But it is a highly competent play, and, what is always rare and refreshing in drama, it ventures intelligently and wittily into the realm of ideas. Perhaps later, when Mr. Huxley is more accustomed to the medium and less absorbed by the purely technical problems it involves, he will give us something that excels it. Meanwhile his versatile example, and his courage in trying his talents in so many directions—the novel, the short story, the essay, the travel book, the sociological study, and now the drama, can only cause one to lament once more the narrow specialization and unadventurousness of most of our own leading writers. For in his versatility Mr. Huxley is merely following the tradition already established by such British writers as Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and even minor authors like Eden Phillpotts. Here no such tradition exists. Our poets, Frost, Jeffers, Robinson, attend pretty strictly to their poetry; our novelists, Lewis, Faulkner, Willa Cather, Hemingway, keep to their fiction; our one important dramatist, O'Neill, never ventures outside of playwriting. More dangerously than in business and medicine, we have been developing in literature a habit of specialization. Its existence accounts at least partly for the fact that British literature is still richer than our own.

HENRY HAZLITT

When Sin Was Sin

Old Bowery Days. By Alvin F. Harlow. D. Appleton and Company. \$5.

OF course the Bowery had its sylvan period. Mr. Harlow describes it, as he does the street's other phases. But it was not the bucolic period, when our hero was a country lane through Dutch farms, that made the Bowery famous, and Mr. Harlow's admirable chronicle does not reach its most vivid pages until the street becomes the roaring, riotous, flaming highway that it was between 1880 and 1900.

"The liveliest mile on the face of the earth," H. C. Bunner called it then. It was all of that. Probably it was the liveliest mile that ever has been on the face of the earth, and maybe the liveliest mile that ever will be. Every great metropolis has its Wall Street, its Broadway, its Fifth Avenue, its Park Avenue, but there never has been but one Bowery and—one reflects with a little melancholy—there never will be another. For the Bowery was in a peculiar way the creation of its age and its country. It was the urban florescence of a mighty continent in a day when the rest of it was largely one widespread, flaming farm; it was the culmination of the immense vitality, exuberance, and joy of a pioneer nation that suddenly had found itself great; it was the melting pot at its highest temperature, at the moment of its greatest variety, color, and ebullition.

The Bowery was the meridian altitude of that "rugged

individualism" which, with due disrespect to Mr. Hoover, has ever since been on the wane; which has been sinking inevitably to a horizon of mass control and organized uniformity in which men become sober and joyless in order that they may be more efficient.

The Bowery in its heyday was the street of scores of those remarkably individualistic persons in whom the last days of nineteenth-century America were so rich—of Steve Brodie and his famous song, "My Poil Is a Bowery Gail"; of Dry Dollar Sullivan, that lovable friend, exploiter, and corrupter of the poor, who characterized the members of the City Club, with their efforts at reform, as "silk hats and silk stockings with nothing in between"; of that superb ruffian Big Bill Devery, the "finest police chief New York ever had"; of Chuck Connors, the Mayor of Chinatown; of Eat-'em-up Jack McManus, the bouncer of Suicide Hall.

But the Bowery was not only the culmination of "rugged individualism" in America; it was also one of the last, most bizarre products of the gospel of good and evil, which in our day has been superseded by the religion of work. The psychologists have done more to lay the ghost of the Bowery than the City Club. The Bowery flourished in the day when sin was sin; when evil was something you could get your teeth into and enjoy. Now that we have learned that the only difference between good and evil is in the spelling, there is no kick in either. The Bowery knew how to sin lustily, joyously, believably—in unflattering contrast to our tiresome night clubs and insipid gin parties. We are a generation of tired sinners as well as tired radicals. And if sin hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be made potent?

Perhaps our only hope is to enjoy it in retrospect, to relish it vicariously in such fascinating pages as those of Mr. Harlow. Read 'em . . . and laugh . . . and weep.

ARTHUR WARNER

The King Is Dead Long Live the King

The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea. By Boris Pilnyak. Translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.50.

LIKE his great Russian predecessors, Pilnyak essays the true function of the poet. Not content with telling a simple tale, exposing a few superficial eccentricities, dissecting a few emotions, preserving a few lyrical moments, he attempts to weave a net which will catch in its meshes the startling new confession of life that is being made in Russia today. He is most like Dostoevski in his apparent formlessness within his carefully wrought form, in the confused and supposedly profound speeches of his characters, in his symbolism, in his way of seeing people as Dostoevski saw them, almost, one might add, of taking Dostoevski's very own people out of his Russia and putting them in Pilnyak's, the repulsive counter-revolutionary Skudrin being the blood brother of the elder Karamasov. But with these borrowings the resemblance ceases. Pilnyak wholly lacks Dostoevski's marvelous gift of poignancy, of making preposterously incredible people more real to us than our own friends, of conjuring up all the emotions and thoughts that have sustained and harassed man.

He tries magnificently, but the reader stumbles and totters along behind, never more than half implicated in his tale, for his book, like the great monolith at Kolomna that is to turn the Moscow river out of its course, destroying old towns and building up new, destroying old ways of life and creating new, is a "construction." Life is never really breathed into it. If

Pilnyak had Dostoevski's talent for seeming real, it would not so much matter that his main story is as appalling in its implication as it is naive, and that the true symbolism, which Goethe, it will be remembered, described as arising "wherever the particular represents the general, not as dream and shadow, but as a living and instantaneous revelation of the inscrutable," is continually giving way to a childish trick symbolism by which counter-revolutionaries are represented as ugly, diseased, distorted, malicious, or wicked, and true Communists as angels of light. The numerous invocations to geology do not distract our attention from these essential weaknesses of the book as effectually as would a small dash of Dostoevski's magic.

The book's hero is the elderly Professor Pimen Sergeyevich Poletika who has designed the monolith, and whose wife Olga left him fourteen years ago to live with Lazlo. Arriving at the site of construction, he finds that Lazlo is now an engineer there, and that Lazlo's second wife Marya hanged herself the night before. For years Marya, Chief Engineer Sadykov's wife, had been Lazlo's mistress, although he devotedly loved his wife Olga. In permitting himself an emotional foray with a mistress, he is represented as doing only what most men in Russia do. Yet a month before the story begins, Sadykov accuses Lazlo of improper relations with Marya, saying that since he persists in the affair, Communist morality demands that he marry her. Sadly Lazlo agrees that he must leave the wife he has loved for fourteen years, abandon his child, and take his friend's wife away from him. Sadly he tries to conceal his sacrifice from Marya, who perceiving it, kills herself.

On the day of Professor Poletika's visit to the works, all the women, their spirits goaded by the many sexual outrages they themselves have had to endure in a camp where the men greatly outnumber the women, march as a protest to Marya's funeral, and then demand the boycotting of Lazlo by all good Communists. A Communist in Russia boycotted by all good Communists is done for, and Lazlo obligingly takes himself to that exact spot on the flooding meadows where a group of insane and wicked counter-revolutionaries have gathered to blow up the dam, and gives them a revolver with which, in an access of contrition, they kill themselves and him. Meantime the good Professor Poletika, who has "replaced eternity by cheerfulness and construction," retakes to his bosom his wife Olga, and the good engineer Sadykov confesses to Poletika's daughter, the charming Lyubov, that he loves her.

This conclusion gave me a horrid moment of supposing that the conduct of Sadykov toward Lazlo had been actuated more by the desire for Lyubov than by respect for "Communist morality." I even played momentarily with the idea that the whole book was an elaborate and rather clumsy satire on this greatest and probably noblest of all man's efforts to mold his own fate, an idea somewhat buttressed by the fact that Beethoven and Turgenev are invariably used as synonyms for sentimental flabbiness, and Voltaire for an eighteenth century dancing master's ethos. But the approval of the millions of Russians who hail Pilnyak as a greater than Tolstoi effectually negates this idea, as does the dogged honesty of the book itself, which shows through all its elaborate machinery of wicked dealers in the antique and frustrated pre-revolution virgins and goatish engineers who would sell Christ for a handful of silver. But no, not Christ. Reading an old book about the saints, Poletika decided that it was "naive, decrepit and sad. Life will never go back to it. This river of the human spirit is dead. Christianity is done for," forgetting that already the new devotees file past the tomb of Lenin.

There are many ideas in this book, and there is almost no realistic depiction of character; there is much emotion, and little logic. But beside our pretty little confections on the one hand, and our childish playing with horror on the other, it is very much alive.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Lowbrow's Encyclopedia

Man's Own Show: Civilization. By George Dorsey. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

HAD the publishers not assured us that this book bears the final revisions of the late George Dorsey, there might have been some excuse for its sheer badness. Then its disorganization, its incoherence, its complete failure to live up to its pretensions to being a survey of civilization, might have been explained as the faults of a half-finished manuscript which is no more than a set of notes. But one remembers the author's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," which was a similar potpourri, with the same air of "I'm a lowbrow just like you." And one cannot blame the publishers (except for publishing it, which would be naive) for the bad humor and worse taste, the invincible ignorance displayed on every page of the present work. Certainly, the basis of "Man's Own Show," its grotesque burlesque of the historical method, is George Dorsey's.

Dorsey's idea of explaining anything about civilization is to carry it back to the monkeys. If he can find the rudiments of social organization among the primates, that somehow "explains" social organization. Or, another variation, he considers marriage and the family explained by pointing to its biological basis. The method results in such absurdities as this:

"Marriage—by capture, purchase, or decree, or whether monogamous, polyandrous, or polygamous—is marriage; and may or may not be founded on love. Man by nature is a marrying animal and all marriages presuppose an urge called love—desire to possess a mate."

An explanation of marriage by the fact that man is a marrying animal, is like the famous definition of opium as a drug which produces sleep because of its dormitive virtues.

One cannot explain social organization, mating, art, or similar universal categories. Such explanations always lead to such idiocies as the above, or this one about art:

Art is not so simple, for it is human life at its supremest moment of elation, at its acme of perfection. Man can live that kind of life because, I repeat, it is in his nature; he brought the aesthetic germ up with him in his ascent from the apes.

What it is the province of the student of civilization to explain is, for instance, not mating—he can take that for granted—but the historical forms it has taken: why capture at one time, purchase at another, decree at still another time, etc. That is the correct question for the anthropologist or sociologist to ask himself; for then he can correlate the economic modes of production with the social and cultural forms to describe the various social "wholes" in which the historical forms of mating appeared. Any attempt, such as Dorsey's, to explain an institution by its biological basis, simply reduces that institution to its basis, reduces sociology to biology: we are no longer talking about an institution but about a biological fact. So, for instance, Dorsey attempts to explain the family, and his argument that "the family" has always existed and always will is perfectly true, since what he means, at bottom, is that a man can have only one mother. In this sense, however, "the family" is an eternal institution of the animal and insect kingdoms. Dorsey, of course, identifies the biological "family" with the contemporary bourgeois family; and his assertion of its immutability will, no doubt, be a great comfort to his readers, coming as it does from a "scientist."

Such explanations of language, love, and religion, and "the first million years," Dorsey throws together as "Man's Natural Endowment." The second part of this 958-page book is given over to a poor rehash of some Egyptian, Greek, Roman and

Christian history, concluding with three chapters on the sciences. Anyone who wishes to see how invincible ignorance can really be, should read these chapters. The only people Dorsey really feels to be scientists are inventors like Edison and laboratory experimenters "doing" something. The use of abstractions, fictions, and conceptual models, systematizing, deduction, mathematics, the rational aspect of science, Dorsey never came near understanding. Mathematics just wasn't a science for him, for he measured it by the most grotesquely "practical" criteria. He has this to say of Einstein: "The Babylonian year of 365 days is not exact science, but it will be more useful in helping Mr. Einstein to handle his problems of taxation and death than all the mathematical formulas. . . ." For philosophy he has even less respect. It's just pre-science, like religion. Logic is nonsense, for there are no laws of thought, and in the air of metaphysics he "can scarcely breathe." Here is a typical remark: "Plato's Republic is an intellectual achievement of the first order, but no Democratic ass or Republican elephant could live in it, much less a Jefferson or a Lincoln." Only "Science" is worth anything. "It alone permits man to accept his world as he finds it and to use his brain and hand to get as much out of it as he can." This science, without reasoning and hypothesis, without mathematics and system, is just what the man on the street thinks science is.

The third and concluding part, "What Shall We Do To Be Saved," is on a par with the rest. The remedy for the ills of our civilization is "education in honest thinking, backed up by honest living"—all done by "Science." This is a vicious and harmful book, a veritable encyclopedia for the confirmation of vulgar prejudices.

FELIX MORROW

Stresemann

Stresemann. By Antonina Vallentin-Luchaire. Translated by Eric Sutton. Foreword by Dr. Albert Einstein. Richard B. Smith. \$4.

FRAU VALLENTIN-LUCHAIRE'S book is a remarkable piece of interpretative biography, notwithstanding that it verges at times dangerously near to hero worship. Its most striking formal feature is the sharp contrast which it draws between Stresemann's earlier and later life. Stresemann "never outgrew the emotional world of his youth" or the idealism which led him, born optimist that he was, to make "categorical moral demands on humanity." His attitude toward women was that of a prude, he excluded from his range of interest all women except his wife, and in domestic and social matters depended upon his wife for "the practical sense in which he was entirely lacking." His political rise owed a good deal to his oratory, which his colleagues in the Reichstag distrusted, but still more to his extraordinary ability to influence men, yet he did not quickly find his place, and a "deeply rooted mistrust . . . survived his convincing services to his country and did not disappear until his death."

It may be difficult for those who think of Stresemann mainly as an apostle of peace to realize that he began his political life "by enthusiastically supporting the fleet program," preached "the necessity of colonial development," and was "utterly convinced that the destiny of the German people and the stability of the German state could only be guaranteed by a demonstration of physical power." During the World War he swallowed all the official affirmations about German preparedness and efficiency, and was "utterly unprepared" for defeat and political revolution. Helfferich and Lord d'Abernon seem to have had much to do with changing his point of view, and his interview with Barthou in 1922 gave him for the first time a clear idea of rapprochement with France as the only

wise course for Germany. The devious and heartrending course that had to be followed before the externals of reconciliation were reached is traced by Frau Vallentin-Luchaire with understanding, sympathy, and stylistic brilliance, and with a wealth of incident that brings a long list of political notables into the picture.

Germany was bankrupt when Stresemann became Chancellor, and his first task was to win the press and public opinion to an abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr. Soon came the revolt at Munich, and in rapid course the ministries of Marx and Luther, the Dawes plan for reparations, the conclusion of the Locarno treaties, and the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, of all of which Frau Vallentin-Luchaire gives a moving recital. Particularly interesting are her accounts of the efforts of Haguenin to aid a Franco-German rapprochement, the abrupt refusal of Poincaré to receive Stinnes unless the latter were officially accredited by Berlin, the famous interview between Stresemann and Briand at Thoiry, Stresemann's journey to Paris to sign the Kellogg pact and the interview at which Poincaré learned something of the inwardness of the Locarno undertakings, and the long struggle of Stresemann with incurable disease. If the net impression of the book is not to enhance respect for Stresemann's intellectual powers, it will nevertheless deepen regard for his high moral ideals, his immense emotional force, and his complete devotion, once the war had separated him from his past, to the cause of European peace.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The American Critic

Literary Criticism in America. By G. E. De Mille. The Dial Press. \$3.50.

MR. DE MILLE'S book is very competent as far as it goes, but as it stands now, it is a tantalizing piece of work that leaves the reader neither here nor there. For one thing the bulk of the book is given over to retracing familiar ground: it is taken up with Lowell, Poe, Emerson, Henry James, Howells, Huxley and Sherman. The new matter is more restricted: a discussion of the early critics of the *North American Review*, a few pages on E. P. Whipple, an essay on Stedman (very revealing) and isolated paragraphs on various minor writers, together with a brief and very selective bibliography of some of the critics not discussed. This gets us a bit beyond the volume by Norman Foerster, Litt. D. (University of the South), but it is far from covering the whole field.

One thing that perhaps stopped Mr. De Mille from writing a comprehensive study in a difficult field is the fact that he has little patience with "seriousness." Commenting on James's declaration that a novelist should be in some sense a historian, he writes, "Such earnestness is, of course, most praiseworthy, yet it is perhaps a truer sanity that sees in the literary artist more than a little of the circus clown." A man who actually holds such an opinion is simply out of the running for any really balanced treatment of literary problems, and Mr. De Mille's essays lead one to believe that in putting that down in cold type he was, strangely, posing. His work at its best is very "serious" and if the reviewer should call his book "clowning" he would quite properly get angry.

Without being captious, it is possible to point out some inadequacies. In trying to steer a course between Norman Foerster's over-systematization of Lowell and the judgment that Lowell was entirely fragmentary and hence not a worthwhile critic, he gets pretty badly boggled and comes up unexpectedly with the conventional judgment that Lowell was the greatest American critic. In trying to show Howells's inadequacies as a critic (which he does very well) he fails to develop

what is most important about Howells in this department: his influence on the development of American taste. In writing of Henry James, he falls into the usual error of insisting that James could not shake off Boston ideas in some particulars. James actually lived in New England less than ten years, broken into several periods. His ideas on morals were influenced, not primarily by New England associations, but by his father, which is indeed another matter. But in general Mr. De Mille is both accurate and full of sound judgment—in spite of his pose! He has fulfilled his intention of writing a "preliminary survey" very competently. But the field is still open for someone serious enough to get through a "comprehensive" study.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

A Neglected Poet

The Sonnets of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman. Edited with an Introductory Essay by Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

WITTER BYNNER does not claim too much when he says in his very good introduction: "Tuckerman, in his sonnets, seems to me not only the peer of his great contemporaries, but the equal of his most important successors." And this volume, in which are presented three groups of Tuckerman's sonnets written between 1854 and 1872, is a real contribution to American letters. Why Frederick Goddard Tuckerman was forgotten when his contemporaries Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Poe were presented in every history of American literature and every classroom anthology is not difficult to understand. For many years two other American poets, Whitman and Emily Dickinson, were also lost to us. Like these two, Tuckerman is not in the traditional literary manner of his day. He did not, like Whittier, Longfellow, and the others—with the exception of Poe and, to a lesser extent, Emerson—take on the inherited craftsmanship of English letters or the inherited subject matter of English poetry; he spoke for himself and almost entirely to himself. His "Poems" were printed during his lifetime and were known to Tennyson, whom he visited; they were commended by Longfellow and Emerson, who chose for favorites, however, the more usual lyrics. Tuckerman's lyrics, with their flowery phraseology, their elaborate rhythms, are completely in accord with the tradition of his own day; his sonnets are not. Today his sonnets are very much alive; his lyrics will be allowed to die.

Mr. Bynner shows excellent critical judgment in his selection of the seventy-four sonnets presented in this volume; his is the credit for the rediscovery of this American poet. Mr. Louis How knew of the "Poems," but he did not publish them; Witter Bynner, after twenty years of critical consideration, has given Tuckerman to modern readers, who will understand and appreciate him.

Tuckerman's sonnets have to do with a deep personal grief,—the loss of his wife—with the first violent shock to the very foundations of his sensitive mind and with the slow rebuilding of his life through the twenty years that followed; they are introspective, analytical, concrete, and emotional. Tuckerman was a serious-minded man concerned always with his own relationship to the life he must live through, and this concern is the philosophical undercurrent of his thought. But better than this, he was a poet and had a poet's eye and sensibility. He saw the natural scene as it actually existed, not, as did some of his contemporaries, in romantic guise; he felt emotion in terms of homely experience, and here he is allied with Emily Dickinson; he groped toward truth which would be no false message to a people but a personal truth valuable to his own soul. He

withdrew more and more into himself, and his sonnets grew more and more introspective and thoughtful—their form more original and abrupt. And always they had that swift certainty of image, that clarification of intense thought which is poetry. They are not, of course, all equally great sonnets, but in almost every one there is something which is convincing, which indicates that Tuckerman was indeed a poet of attainment, and that we should do well to list him with his contemporaries, and perhaps above them, although he wrote so little.

What other American of this day, save those two left for the twentieth century to discover, wrote lines like these:

The breeze is sharp, the sky is hard and blue,
Blue with white tails of cloud. On such a day,
Upon a neck of sand o'erblown with spray,
We stood in silence the great sea to view
And marked the bathers at their shuddering play
Run in and out with the succeeding wave,
While from our footsteps broke the trembling turf.
Again I hear the drenching of the wave;
The rocks rise dim, with wall and weedy cave;
Her voice is in mine ears, her answer yet:
Again I see, above the froth and fret,
The blue loft standing like eternity—
And white feet flying from the surging surf
And simmering suds of the sea!

or

And yet tonight, when summer-daylight dies,
I crossed the fields against the summer gust
And with me, rising from my feet like dust,
A crowd of flea-like grasshoppers, like flies
Presaging dry and dry continuance; yet
Where they prefigure change, all signals must
Fail in the dry when they forebode the wet . . .
I know not. All tonight seemed mystery:
From the full fields that pressed so heavily,
The burden of the blade, the waste of drouth,
The twinkling of the smallest life that flits—
To where, and all unconsciously, he sits:
My little boy, symbolizing eternity,
Like the god Brahma, with his toe in his mouth.

EDA LOU WALTON

Books in Brief

The Misted Mirror. By Henry Daniel-Rops. Translated from the French with a Preface by R. H. Mottram. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

Two Men in Me. By Henry Daniel-Rops. Translated from the French by Gil Meynier. Thomas S. Rockwell Company. \$2.

The author of these two works of imaginative fiction, both treating of states of spiritual conflict within the ego, is a young man who has become identified with purely post-war literary movements in France. Before the publication of his first novel, "The Misted Mirror," (1928), which was runner-up for the Goncourt prize, he had achieved a considerable reputation as critic among the younger generation. "Two Men in Me" (1930), a volume with an eminently apt title which won the Gringoire prize, is a collection of four stories of that anomalous length which has in the past proved so adaptable to the needs of M. Daniel-Rops's spiritual forebears in French literature. Both the novel and the long short stories exhibit the same qualities of thought and form. In general the impression conveyed is of an author of genuine and original literary talent who has, as yet, in fiction, not quite arrived. But Book I of the novel is a single piece that rises to genius. In this study

of an adolescent whose special problem as a lonely boy is complicated by the war for which he will soon be old enough to enlist, we have a single story worthy to stand beside the best of its kind. The rest of the novel—as the protagonist approaches the age of the author—grows increasingly less interesting and powerful. M. Daniel-Rops remains, however, at all times the literary artist. One recommends, without any reservation, both these fascinating books to the discriminating reader.

The Dream of Fair Women. By Henry Williamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

This is Henry Williamson's first novel, now entirely rewritten. It takes its place as the penultimate volume of his tetralogy "The Flax of Dream." Those who have read "The Beautiful Years," "Dandelion Days," and "The Pathway" will find here the same individual, the same poetic spirit, the same lover of nature in all her varied forms, the same twentieth century romanticist. The present volume like the others, however, is uneven in quality. When Williamson writes of Willie Maddison in his shack, living the life of a hermit, surrounded by birds and beasts he has picked up, absorbed in his creative work and his dreams; and, again, when he writes of the coming of Eve and the love that follows, we know we are in the presence of beauty expressed in superb prose. But the last two parts of the novel which are concerned with Willie's drawn out affair with Eve at a seaside resort, while moving and engrossing, lack real distinction. Perhaps one expects, by comparison with others, too much from one who has written some of the rarest prose passages of our day.

The Recovery of Myself. By Marian King. Yale University Press. \$2.

"A Patient's Experience in a Hospital for Mental Illness" is the sub-title to this autobiographic fragment which carries an introduction by Dr. Adolf Meyer of The Johns Hopkins. The story is not in the least sensational. It is obviously sincere. The chief value of the volume lies in the insight—from the patient's viewpoint—it gives us into the practical application and the workings of modern psychotherapy in an advanced institution. The sceptic toward the new psychology, where generally applied in the realm of therapeutics, will not be disturbed by the success of the mild case which this book presents. He will be inclined to believe that it was chiefly pathological—the case of a healthy, athletic girl thrown out of her stride by a growing indulgence in the veronal habit. But the enthusiast will catch a glimpse of the workings of all the favored methods—the various "tests," the confessional, the whole symbolic formula—naively described by an intelligent young woman who entered the sanatorium a rebel and emerged a whole-hearted convert.

Biology in Human Affairs. Edited by Edward M. East. Whittlesey House. \$3.50.

Wherever the authors of this book restrict themselves to informative description of biological facts they are interesting; at other times they are at best dull, at worst inane. The editor in the introductory chapter is pointlessly aggressive. He even finds several opportunities to make irrelevant comments on the "foolish ideas" of Soviet Russia. The reader may be prepared for 400 pages of tilting at windmills, but he is agreeably surprised to find that the chapters on psychology which follow are modest and direct. These are by far the best in the book, the chapter on Educational Psychology by Lewis M. Terman being especially excellent. One must sympathize with the difficulties of writing a book such as this. A writer who is asked to cover medicine, heredity, physiology, or zoology in ten or twenty pages must become either worthlessly superficial or hopelessly involved. The authors of these chapters have not

The Sex Education of Children:

A BOOK FOR PARENTS

by MARY WARE DENNETT

*Author of "The Sex Side of Life,"
"Who's Obscene?"*

This volume sums up the experience of a lifetime.
No parent can afford to do without it.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

I. Education—Whether or No. II. Fear and Shame. III. The "Sacred" Handicap and the New Reverence. IV. Bravado and Verve. V. Privacy Instead of Modesty. VI. Sex and Humor. VII. Can Wrong Concepts be Righted?

\$1.75 At All Bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Know these interesting subjects.

THE Extension School of Adult Education, New York University, offers a program of organized yet unrestricted study for those who know the importance of being well informed and conversationally interesting. There are no requirements beyond your ambition. Among the courses to be offered are An Approach to Shakespeare—Some Problems of Modern Social Life—What the Modern Writers are Doing—The Modern Poets.

Registration begins on Thursday, September 10th, and continues through Saturday, September 26th.

Apply for Bulletin now. Make plans for early registration. Write Dept. N

RUFUS D. SMITH, Director, University
Extension Division

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Washington Square East New York, N. Y.

succeeded in avoiding the two alternatives. More specific topics such as public health, food supply, and nutrition are handled more satisfactorily. It is surprising to read in a book the keynote of which is "ascertained truth" that "the United States has been, and is, an extraordinarily prosperous nation." This accomplishment is credited to a "small group of trained men of high intelligence, the men who deal masterfully with the problems of science, art, politics, and business." We are apparently to deduce that the less prosperous nations have not been so fortunate as to have among their citizens such samples of intelligent stock as bless our own country. It is hard also to understand why Dr. Fishbein, who is editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, should make such an unsupported statement as that "by the application of our modern knowledge of nutrition it may be possible to make men who are . . . better thinkers than man of today." Nor, so far as the reviewer knows is there any hormone obtained from testes that will "control diseases formerly considered fatal." The bibliography is inadequate.

A Farewell to India. By Edward Thompson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

This is a novel of one man's spiritual struggles as they manifest themselves when he pits himself in his educational work against the many and complicated problems of contemporary India. Robert Alden is principal of a missionary college in provincial India. He has given the best years of his life to working for and with the natives. The breakdown in his health which comes at the end of the novel and necessitates his return to England coincides with his final conviction that India is on the verge of great change, that his own work is over and has probably been futile, that his generation and school of thought are out of it or soon will be, and that the seething conditions in India have got out of hand to an extent where he and those moderates who think with him, both Englishmen and Indians, are of no further use. These and other reflections he works out in long absorbing conversations with his friends, in an attempt to arrive at conclusions which more often than not evade him. The author knows India; whether he understands the contemporary trend himself, to judge from his protagonist, seems doubtful. This is a thoughtful book, and a finely written one.

Unemployment Insurance in Great Britain. By Mary Barnett Gilson. New York: Industrial Relations Counselors. \$5.

The second volume in Industrial Relations Counselors' important series of studies of unemployment insurance is Miss Gilson's encyclopedic work on the British system. Its four hundred pages of text and one hundred pages of appendices embody an enormous mass of information on the history and actual operation of this, the oldest and most comprehensive of modern schemes of unemployment insurance. Miss Gilson marshals her facts with great skill and fairness, and her whole study is marked by the fine scientific temper so necessary in the judgment of a complicated system whose operation is involved in clouds of contemporary controversy. If her conclusions are, on the whole, favorable to the insurance scheme, that result is due to no lack of consideration of all the criticisms, both justifiable and unjustifiable, that are urged against it, but to the weight of the vast mass of facts that she presents and to her constant awareness of the economic as well as the social conditions under which the insurance scheme operates. Her work is indispensable to students of unemployment insurance, and her summary of conditions arising out of British experience deserves the thoughtful attention of every person in any way responsible for the shaping of the present policy in the United States.

Films

Emasculated Dreiser

IF there is anything tragic about the film version of "An American Tragedy" (Criterion), it is the pathetic spectacle of its producers trying to crash the gate of the artistic heaven with the yellow ticket of their profligate trade. I am no Saint Peter, but any person of moderate intelligence could have told these gentlemen that they were wasting their time in imagining that they could change the color of their ticket merely by protesting their fanatical concern for artistic virtue. Alas! this is about all they have done. They had not even the foresight to disguise their cheap finery and loud manners under some borrowed cloak of academic respectability. This alone, of course, would not have placed their creative effort on the level of achievement represented by Theodore Dreiser's penetrating novel, but it would at least have proved their earnest desire to rise to the auspicious occasion.

And the occasion was an auspicious one. Whatever else can be said of Dreiser's opus, it does throb with the pulse of full blooded reality, perhaps even a reality too raw for literary appraisal. An intelligent producer with enough imagination to translate life into cinematic terms would have dug into this mine of human material to unearth and mold into shape the elements that were most vital and meaningful. Not so the producers of "An American Tragedy." All they could see in the story was some paste-board romancing and the hackneyed dramatics of the court room. It is not even that they failed to note the social implications of the tragic murder, as the author has accused them of doing, that makes the film such a humdrum affair. More important is their utter failure to infuse some genuine life into the characters which are paraded before us in all the familiar trappings of Hollywood puppets. Even the much touted court room scene contributes little to relieve the flatness and pointlessness of the film. It leads nowhere, leaves the principal character as nebulous as in the preceding scenes, and only tries to make up for the absence of dramatic climax by a much too liberal display of court room histrionics.

A superior picture, if only by virtue of its two magnificent scenes of evangelistic mummery in a tabernacle, is "The Miracle Woman" (Mayfair). Here, at least, is some excellent and genuine material of life, striking in its unfamiliarity and effectively presented. The director of the film, Frank Capra, can be congratulated on the skilful handling of these scenes; and there is also merit in the story in so far as it attempts to expose the fakery that goes under the name of evangelism. Its romantic motif, however, leaves much to be desired. With all its adumbrations of a blind boy, formerly an aviator, falling in love with the evangelist, and of his rather theatrical penchant for revealing his mind through a ventriloquist dummy, it never succeeds in ringing true and convincing. Nor, it must be added, is Barbara Stanwyck quite successful in conveying the magnetic glamor of personality that contributes so much to the evangelist's power for swaying the multitude. A Nora Bayes would have given an impressive portrait of the character. But then she was hardly the person to fit into the scenes of soft-pedalled romanticism.

To discuss "Bought" (Hollywood) with Constance Bennett in the leading role would be to repeat my previous strictures. The only palliating thing to be said for the picture is that Miss Bennett, though as kittenish as ever, is a little more natural. Nothing need be said about the story.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

FILMS

When

ZOLA thundered "I accuse!"

the whole world stood aghast at the spectacle of an organized military clique combining to send an innocent man to Devil's Island.

Now—at last—the *TRUE* facts of the trial that shook the world!

"The DREYFUS Case"

A vivid dramatization of the French "MOONEY" —
powerfully characterized and brilliantly enacted by an
all English cast headed by CECIL HARDWICKE.

"One of England's three finest actors."—Bernard Shaw.

WARNER THEATRE (Cir. 7-5900) B'way & 52nd St.

Continuous Performances Daily Noon to Midnight
Popular Prices (Special—35c to 2 p. m.)

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

- ‡Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Series—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
- *Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
- †Once in a Life Time—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
- *Precedent—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
- *Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
- ‡Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way & 43 St.
- ‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
- *The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
- ‡The Third Little Show—Music Box—45 St. W. of B'way.
- ‡Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

- The Dreyfus Case—Warner—B'way and 52 St.
- News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
- Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave., 49 and B'way.
- Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien—Little Carnegie, 57 St. E. of 7 Ave.

BOOKS

Is It Too LATE?

Is there time "to stem the tide of discontent, of disorder and of political and economic revolution" now rising in many countries—and how can it be done?

This fateful question is asked in the recent startling address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University entitled "*Progress and Poverty*," based on the great book by *Henry George*. A folder containing this notable address, abridged, and pointing the answer, will be sent free upon request.

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place
New York City

Spain Lets the Military Down

By I. M. LEVY

Madrid, August 6

WHEN, on May 5, the mild-mannered and scholarly Minister of War, Don Manuel Azaña, informed a reporter of the Madrid *'Sol'* that he hoped to be able to effect a saving of some 100,000,000 pesetas to the nation on its annual military expenditures, he was apparently far underestimating his own abilities. Within twenty days of this statement, he had promulgated a reform which promises, not only to divert a minimum of 200,000,000 pesetas a year into more constructive channels, but likewise, to minimize greatly the evils of compulsory service, and produce a vastly more mobile and efficient armed force.

Ever since the loss of her overseas dominions forced her to withdraw large numbers of officers and men from service abroad, Spain has been blessed with an army far out of proportion to her needs, and a commanding force far out of proportion to the needs of her army. The result has been an incredible corruption of the high command, an assumption of arrogance, and even of lawlessness, on the part of the officer class which has incessantly menaced the stability of civil institutions, and the complete devitalization of the rank and file. With the ridiculously small proportion of ten soldiers to every commissioned officer, it was found necessary to create innumerable sinecures to care for the surplus of the latter. With more individuals seeking promotion than there were promotions to be made, competition became intense, leading to the wholesale purchase of rank, either in terms of cash, or in terms of "service" to superiors. With little to do, and ample time in which to do it, the energies of the officials were diverted into the sphere of politics, and into meddling with the affairs of the nation in general. A direct product of this extracurricular activity was the elaborate espionage system recently unearthed by the present incumbent, in which every officer of the army was classified according to his political leanings. The records of these activities have ostensibly been destroyed. With almost 490 millions of pesetas, out of a total appropriation for 1931 of 651 millions, being expended on salaries for officers (pay for the ranks is negligible, amounting to five cents per day per capita, at par value), a mere 161 millions was left for equipment, resulting in cavalry troops sans horses, artillery minus guns, and infantry without the means of loading their rifles. Azaña declares that, at the present moment, there is insufficient material in the entire army to outfit a single division properly, while huge sums are being spent yearly in the maintenance of garrisons which outlived their usefulness with the expulsion of the Moors. In accordance with universal practice, the burden of supporting this massive and utterly inefficient organization was laid directly upon an already sufficiently hard-pressed people, and the system was rendered all the more odious by the bitter realization of the little which it had produced in the past.

Azaña, to curb the tendency of the military to meddle in the affairs of civil government, and to trim down the

number of officials to the point where the tail may be carried by the dog, has offered passage to the reserve, on full pay, to the 258 officials of the high command, and full retirement, on a similar basis, to the 21,996 minor commissioned officers not otherwise eligible for early retirement. The decree authorizing this step, dated April 25, while worded in a somewhat diplomatic manner, carries with it a hint of less agreeable measures to be taken should it fail in its purpose. Diplomacy in its wording was desirable, for military coups have been known to have been attempted before in Spain, under the direction of some disgruntled warrior. But, for the first time, the civil government has been able to do more than merely "suggest" to the army, for so long a law unto itself. The ranks have become conscious of their nationalism. They no longer constitute "the army of the Crown," but "the army of the nation," and Madrid, sensing a greater confidence in them, has, in consequence, experienced a feeling of greater confidence in itself. These vaguely threatened measures, however, will not have to be taken. The latest official figures place the number of generals who have voluntarily placed themselves on the inactive list as 220, and the number of lesser commissioned officers who have followed suit as 15,967.

In addition, the examinations for entrance into the Academia General Militar, the Spanish equivalent of West Point, have been suspended, thus curtailing the further influx of young officers into the army. Obviously, since every individual who has taken advantage of the retirement offered by the reform will draw full pay for life, the economic saving will not be felt for many years to come. But the effect upon the nation in general has been astounding. A feeling of confidence has been engendered in the government which might otherwise not have been acquired for years. The Spaniard, through long and intimate contact with his legislative bodies, has developed a cynicism and suspicion with regard to them that even a government of his own creation could not altogether counteract. But the attempt of the provisional government to "put the army in its place," has won his whole-hearted admiration and support.

Nevertheless, the reform of May 25, affecting the physical composition of the main body of the army, is of even greater importance to the nation, for in this lies the much desired saving of man power and money to the nation. In place of the former sixteen unwieldy and loosely organized divisions, some of them of less than skeleton strength, although listed as of full fighting efficiency, there will be organized eight, far more compact, and far more efficient. It is in the elimination of fifty-three regiments, with the outposts which they garrisoned, and the repeated use of the same materials by succeeding groups of recruits, that the 200,000,000 pesetas is to be saved. It is in the shortening of the term of required service from two years to one, with a reduction of the numbers involved, that the saving of man power is to be achieved. The 223,000 non-commissioned officers and men who formed the army of the Crown, have

now been reduced to 103,349 in the service of the Republic.

The working classes stand firmly behind the proposed changes, for the army has always been disliked by them. It was the symbol of tyranny and oppression to them, the defense of an overbearing and unpopular government. It was something which they had to maintain, albeit under protest. And it was an unpleasant experience through which every able-bodied male member of them had to pass. The fracas of 1921 in the Moroccos crystallized what had formerly been merely dislike into an intense and burning hatred, for the 20,000 men who died in Africa, as a result of Abd-el-Krim's attack, were recruits from the lower classes almost in entirety. But there still exist in Spain a large number who dream of a time when Spain will take her rightful place among the great powers of the world, and who view any abbreviation of the military and naval forces with suspicion and alarm. But these, fortunately, constitute too small a minority to exert any appreciable influence in opposition to the changes. The vast majority of the Spanish, kindly and peace-loving, would exchange all the expensive and, to them, useless outlying territories for a few more school buildings in Aragon, and the proposal to spend perhaps the entire 200,000,000 in eliminating the widespread illiteracy which has held Spain back for centuries, has been met with keen enthusiasm. But even among those who stand behind the reforms with heart and hand, there is a certain scepticism, a certain "wait and see" attitude. Prolonged familiarity with the promises of his governments in the past has led the Spaniard to restrain his exuberance for anything which is no more substantial than the paper upon which it appears. Nevertheless, Azaña is perhaps the one man in the provisional government who does what he promises to do, and the rapidity with which results have been produced seems to bear out this assertion.

Einstein's Peace Appeal

The following letter from Professor Albert Einstein was addressed to the Conference of the War Resisters' International which met at Lyons from August 1 to August 4:

I address myself to you, the delegates of the War Resisters' International, meeting in conference at Lyons, because you represent the movement most certain to end war. If you act wisely and courageously, you can become the most effective body of men and women in the greatest of all human endeavors. Those you represent in fifty-six countries have a potential power far mightier than the sword.

All the nations of the world are talking about disarmament. You must lead them to do more than talk. The people must take this matter out of the hands of statesmen and diplomats. They must grip it in their own hands. Those who think that the danger of war is past are living in a fool's paradise. We have to face today a militarism far more powerful and destructive than the militarism which brought the disaster of the Great War.

This is the achievement of governments. But among the peoples the idea of war resistance spreads. You must challengingly and fearlessly extend this idea. You must lead the people to take disarmament into their own hands and to declare that they will take no part or lot in war or in the preparation of war. You must call upon the workers of all countries unitedly to refuse to become the tool of death-dealing interests. There

are young men in twelve countries who are resisting conscription by refusal to do military service. They are the pioneers of a warless world. Every sincere friend of peace must support them and help to arouse the moral conviction of the world against conscription.

I appeal especially to the intellectuals of the world. I appeal to my fellow-scientists to refuse to cooperate in research for war purposes. I appeal to the preachers to seek truth and renounce national prejudices. I appeal to the men of letters to declare themselves unequivocally. I ask every newspaper which prides itself on supporting peace to encourage the peoples to refuse war service. I ask editors to challenge men of eminence and of influence by asking them bluntly: "Where do you stand? Must you wait for everyone else to disarm before you put down your weapons and hold out the hand of friendship?"

This is no time for temporizing. You are either for war or against war. If you are for war, you must encourage science, finance, industry, religion, and labor to exert their power to make your national armaments as efficient and deadly as they can be made. If you are against war, you must encourage them to resist it to the uttermost. I ask everyone who reads these words to make this great and definite decision.

Let this generation take the greatest step forward ever made in the life of man. Let it contribute to those who follow, the inestimable right of a world in which the barbarity of war has been for ever renounced. We can do it if we will. It requires only that all who hate war shall have the courage to say that they will not have war.

I appeal to all men and women, whether they be eminent or humble, to declare before the World Disarmament Conference meets at Geneva in February, that they will refuse to give any further assistance to war or the preparation of war. I ask them to tell their governments this in writing, and to register their decision by informing me that they have done so.

I shall expect to have thousands of responses to this appeal. They should be addressed to me at the headquarters of the War Resisters' International, 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England. To enable this great effort to be carried through effectively, I have authorized the establishment of the "Einstein War Resisters' International Fund." Contributions to this fund should be sent to the treasurer of the W. R. I., 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author, satirist and cartoonist, is writing regularly for *The Nation*.

HARRY S. BRESSLER is a cartoonist on the *Dayton Daily News*.

FRANCIS W. HIRST, formerly editor of *Common Sense* and *The Economist*, is a distinguished British economist and historian.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT is a writer on philosophy and social anthropology and the author of "The Mothers."

H. K. FLEMING is with the New York bureau of the *Baltimore Sun*.

FRANCES M. FROST is a Vermont poet.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life."

FELIX MORROW is a contributor to the *Menorah Journal* and other periodicals.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

SUMMER

SUMMER

TIMBERLAND

In the heart of the Adirondacks

POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.

Limited to a congenial group of eighty

ALL SPORT FACILITIES—EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS

Special rate beginning Sept. 10th—\$25 per week

For reservations kindly apply at N. Y. C. office

Esther R. Kessler
Israel H. Kessler

33 West 42nd St.
Penn. 6-7663

BOOKLET ON REQUEST

HEAR THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR!

Stay Over for Labor Day Week-end

Announcement Extraordinary

On Sunday evening, August 30th, Unity House presents the Hall Johnson Choir (45 voices). Come in time to hear the famous negro chorus; then stay over for a week to attend the Labor Day fiesta and grand final program, at regular rates.

Manager: J. HALPERN
Associate Mgr.:
MORRIS NOVICK

Camp activities with hotel comforts. Fine cuisine, supervised by Ben Shindler. Service, not profits, motivates this enterprise. Weekly rate with proportionate reduction to union members.

UNITY HOUSE

FOREST PARK, PA.

Write for Booklet
3 W. 16th St., New York City

BODY and SOUL - - - and your VACATION!

From Confucius to Plato to — Broadway philosophy to a LOG TAVERN vacation is seemingly a far and disordered cry. But "body and soul" unities persist.

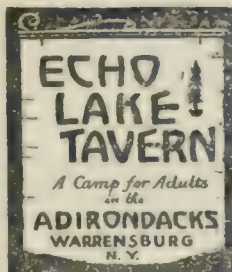
LOG TAVERN respects your BODY with acres of woodland poetry, a lake all its own set 1500 feet high in the Pocono hills, ten perfect tennis courts, handball, baseball, riding, all water sports, golf, basketball, everything but Greek foot-races for form held on the sands . . . and food Mr. Epicurus would most certainly endorse if he were living in Greenwich Village. . . .

LOG TAVERN respects your SOUL as well with all the above (if you please) with its dramatic and musical entertainment of professional caliber, its concert programs, its poetry reading, its intelligent fellowship of young men and women, its dancing, its play of sun and sky and dream. . . .

July and August Rate \$37.50

—80 miles to camp—

CAMP LOG TAVERN MILFORD, PA.



*What Could Be Better!
Indian Summer
in the ADIRONDACKS*

\$25.00 per week (After Sept. 12th)

FREE GOLF

Write for Booklet

ECHO LAKE TAVERN

WARRENSBURG, N. Y.

City Phone: RAYmond 9-9204

Moe Nudell

Rebecca B. Nudell

PLAY

at CAMP TAMIMENT

Most Complete Playground for Adults

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES: Dancing, Dramatics, vaudeville, and chamber music by Tamiment String Quartet. Staff Artists: Vincent Sherman, Beatrice Miller, Joe Pevney, Edith Markowitz, Sylvia Davis.

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES: 15 Tennis Courts, 6 Handball Courts, 100 boats and canoes, swimming, golf, etc. Free Instruction: Swimming, diving, tennis.

INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITIES: Rand School Sunset Lectures. Week End: (Aug. 24-29) Howard Y. Williams, "Politics and the World Situation."

CAMP TAMIMENT

Forest Park

Penna.

Phone Bushkill 2R2

N. Y. Phone ALg. 4-6875

Ask for special Excursion rate at Hoboken Ticket Office

for the discriminating vacationist



PINE BROOK COUNTRY CLUB AT NICHOLS, CONN.

A NEW and MODERN Camp Resort

GOLF—TENNIS—WATER SPORTS—RIDING
DANCING—ENTERTAINMENT

Moderate Introductory Rates

Write for Booklet

Mailing Address—NICHOLS, Bridgeport P. O. Box 793, Conn.
N. Y. Rep., Emanuel R. Posnack, 270 Broadway, BArlay 7-5320

In the heart of a woodland country—yet conveniently

The Camp for Moderns



GRIEN
MANSIONS
Warrensburg, N. Y.

The

Most

Complete

Audit Camp

In the Adirondacks

Private Golf Course on Premises

Tel. Chestertown 37.
LENA BARISH

City: Chickering 4-1345
Directors

Write for booklet
SAM GARLEN

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1931

No. 3453

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	241
EDITORIALS:	
That Terrible British Dole.....	244
A Plan for Coal.....	245
Frank Harris.....	245
On Helping Ourselves.....	246
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	247
THE TRAGIC FALL OF RAMSAY MacDONALD. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	248
FREE TRADE AND THE UNITED STATES. By Henry Raymond Mussey.....	250
MAKING MEXICO JEW CONSCIOUS. By Anita Brenner.....	252
THE BLACK BUGS. By Horace R. Cayton.....	255
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	256
CORRESPONDENCE	257
BOOKS:	
The Logic of the Rose. By Lancelot Dent.....	259
Change and Fixity in the Law. By Morris R. Cohen.....	259
The Sins of a Critic. By Gerald Sykes.....	260
Socialism, Red or White. By Upton Sinclair.....	261
World Cooperation. By William MacDonald.....	262
Mercutio in Mayfair. By Cuthbert Wright.....	262
Beyond the Wasteland. By Eda Lou Walton.....	263
Popularizing Church History. By Felix Morrow.....	264
Fiction Briefs	264
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	266

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT LUDWIG LEWISOHN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN ARTHUR WARNER
NORMAN THOMAS

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE BRITISH FINANCIAL situation is still not as clear in all its aspects as it might be, but it may at least be said with some confidence that the recent "crisis" was a great deal more of a London banking crisis and a great deal less of a British budget crisis than it is commonly supposed to have been, or than most of the statements either from London bankers or from British statesmen would lead one to imagine. Exchange does not collapse nor are foreign short-term balances suddenly withdrawn within weeks or days because of a budget situation that has been visible to the world in its main outlines for many months. Further, if it had really been the British budget deficit that was causing the gravest concern, the fact would have been immediately reflected in the price of British Government bonds in this market. The 5½ per cent. issue of 1937 this year reached a record high quotation of 108¾; the lowest price to which the bonds fell in the recent break was 104⅝, and at the present quotation they are selling on a 4½ per cent. basis, compared, for example, with approximately a 10 per cent. basis for German or Australian government bonds. The precipitating cause of sterling's weakness seems rather to have been the German banking crisis. London bankers had apparently been borrowing heavily from New York and Paris, taking advantage of low rates, to relend at higher rates to Berlin; naturally when their loans to Berlin were

frozen, while their borrowings from New York and Paris fell due, their position was unenviable; gold and balances inevitably flowed out.

THIS IS NOT TO SAY, of course, that the British budget situation is not a serious one, or that measures to balance the budget were unnecessary to reassure the bankers who were being asked to extend a further stabilizing credit of \$400,000,000 when \$250,000,000 had been loaned only a few weeks before. It is not a situation to be viewed with complacency, however, when international bankers are able, if they choose, to wield so much power and influence over the policies of the principal governments of Europe as they are today. *The Nation* does not believe, moreover, that the measures so far proposed in Great Britain either to reduce expenditures or to increase revenues are entirely commendable. We discuss elsewhere in this issue the proposal to reduce the "dole." The apparent conversion of the trades union leaders to a 10 per cent. "revenue" tariff is equally disturbing. Such a tariff, it is obvious, would simply add one more to the barriers that have been damming the flow of world trade.

"ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS"—that is a characterization of the British situation attributed to one of the leading Conservative members of the Cabinet. Well, why is it that it is necessary to sound the call "all hands to the pumps" to keep the British ship of state from foundering economically? It is because some three or four British statesmen on August 1, 1914, put their great nation into a war in which it had no direct interest whatever, because, as it was explained suddenly, there were moral and contractual obligations which compelled England in honor to go to the rescue of France and Belgium. The man who stated that this obligation rested upon his countrymen was the same man who in answer to a question in the House of Commons sometime previously, had denied the existence of any such agreement. We hope that Sir Edward Grey in his retirement is not overlooking this sequence of events; the crisis which has brought about the downfall of the Labor Ministry is the direct outgrowth of the plunge into war in August, 1914. The victors have been claiming ever since 1919 that they won that war. *The Nation* has always denied it because of our belief that the war is not yet ended in its economic consequences and that nobody won it or could win it. With all respect to the desires of the new National Cabinet to balance the budget, that alone will unfortunately not save England any more than it will Germany. No wonder that Bernard Shaw says that until the problem of unemployment is solved and the bankers realize that the world is not going on as it did in the nineteenth century, there is really no use of talking seriously of safeguarding England.

WHAT A RESTLESS, suspicious world we are living in at present! A military mutiny precipitates an abortive revolt in Portugal; the troops of President Carmona

put it down with bloodshed, eighty rebels being killed. The radical members of the Bulgarian parliament shout their defiance of King Boris as he arises to address them. The Japanese arrest two American fliers suspecting that they are in fact American spies. Two dozen Japanese and Koreans are wounded in anti-Japanese riots in Tsingtao. One deputy is killed, two others hurt, in a shooting affray on the floor of the Mexican congress. Five hundred unemployed storm the provincial state house in Fray Bentos, Uruguay, demanding bread. Peru, which has had one insurrection after the other since the dictator Leguia was deposed, remains in a constant state of ferment; dozens of persons are hurt in a battle with the police; another regiment mutinies at Ayacucho, the rebellion being ruthlessly suppressed by loyal troops. Chile inducts a new president, the fourth it has had since Ibanez fell in the revolution of a month ago. A third military mutiny is reported from Ecuador; President Ayora hurriedly resigns; the people rush through the streets of Guayaquil crying "Down with the Government," not knowing who the government is. These fugitive items, culled from news dispatches of the last few days, bring rather sharply to mind a picture of the restless feeling that seems to be sweeping the world as we near the end of the second year of the economic depression. The picture is neither encouraging nor comforting.

WE ARE GLAD that Gandhi has reconsidered his decision not to attend the Round Table Conference, and is now on his way to London. The London negotiations, which will be difficult at best, would have been futile and pointless without Gandhi on hand to represent and advance the interests of the great majority of Indians. How small was the controversy with the Government of India that had earlier persuaded him to remain away can be seen from the quickness with which it was adjusted once the Congress leaders and government officials came together to discuss it. It is reassuring, too, to know that despite the Cabinet crisis, Ramsay MacDonald is to preside over the conference, since it was his sincerity, patience, and tact that helped so much to bring the first meeting to a successful conclusion. Unhappily, under the terms upon which the National Cabinet was organized, the results of the second conference cannot be submitted to the present parliament for approval. They will have to await the election of a new House of Commons, which may be predominantly, if not overwhelmingly, Conservative. Nevertheless, with Conservatives and Liberals as well as Laborites participating in the Round Table Conference, it does not seem likely that a Conservative parliament will overturn the work of that conference.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT deserves high praise for his courage in demanding of the New York State Legislature that it immediately raise the State Income Tax by 50 per cent to provide money for the State to support the unemployed in the coming winter. Himself a rich man, he has taken a course which will cause much growling and grumbling among the well-to-do, most of whom are themselves hard hit by loss of income. He has also set an example to President Hoover by utilizing a special session of the Legislature, called for another purpose, to provide this relief in the month of September, whereas Mr. Hoover,

with incredible obstinacy and short-sightedness, refuses to call Congress together. As for the Governor's message, it is a correct statement of what the duty of the state is toward the individual citizen, for he declares that "modern society, acting through its government, owes the definite obligation to prevent the starvation or the dire want of any of its fellow men and women who try to maintain themselves but cannot." In addition he warns the Legislature that very large additional sums must be looked for during the coming winter if the State is to live up to its obligation, and he has made the excellent suggestion that the sum appropriated by the Legislature be handled by a special commission of three, one to be a woman, to be appointed by him for this emergency. He can be relied upon to make it non-political.

WHEN WE HAVE SAID THIS in praise of Governor Roosevelt's action we have, however, recorded everything that can be said in its favor. For the raising of \$20,000,000 by this increased taxation will be utterly inadequate; this money cannot be described as "very large additional sums". One has only to recall that the State voted \$10,000,000 for public works last winter to make it clear that the \$20,000,000 will last but a little time. More than that, the Governor's assurance that no needy person shall receive money because that would be a dole, is nothing less than childish. He declares that the State through local agencies may give "necessary food, clothing, fuel, and shelter", but "under no circumstances shall any actual money be paid in the form of a dole." What an incredible absurdity! Does the fact that the State takes cash and buys coal and clothing, and pays rent, make these gifts anything less than a dole? What is there about cold cash that makes a sane man like Governor Roosevelt think that giving dollar bills to a starving man or woman is worse for his character than presenting him with a suit of clothes which he might buy for himself were the State to give him the cash? Of all silly hair-splitting, this is the worst that we have seen. But beyond and above this remains the salient fact that \$20,000,000 disbursed through whatever channel may be selected will not keep a fraction of those alive who are in need of it and will be during the coming winter. We are entirely of the opinion of Norman Thomas that the relief asked of the Legislature is "tragically inadequate."

FURTHER AMAZING DETAILS of the independent campaign to defeat Alfred E. Smith in Virginia in 1928 have been brought to light through the persistent efforts of Senator Nye and his investigating committee. The campaign was directed by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., who from the start has defied the committee to inquire into his activities. None the less, the committee has learned that Bishop Cannon maintained eight separate bank accounts during the campaign, that funds were constantly shifted from one account to another in this period, and that several heretofore unreported contributions found their way into the various Cannon funds. Furthermore, Chairman Nye has charged: "When all the information is put together it will reveal not only the shifting, but clearly show actual diversion of campaign money to the private accounts of Bishop Cannon." F. P. Ferguson, president of the Hudson County National Bank, Jersey City, presented the committee with tangible evidence in the form of two cashier's checks

that former Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey had contributed \$10,000 to the Cannon funds. Other bankers testified that a \$5,000 contribution had come from Claudius Huston, who later became chairman of the Republican National Committee. Neither of these donations had been reported as required by law. E. C. Jameson, another contributor, presented a telegram showing that the Republican National Committee had approved the independent campaign against Smith conducted by the Bishop and Bascom Slomp. Jameson asserted, however, that "the committee wouldn't do the financing; I suppose it wasn't considered good ethics." But ethics does not seem to have troubled other persons connected with the anti-Smith campaign.

JULY BROUGHT A FURTHER sharp decrease in railway revenues. Indeed, so low have the earnings dropped that some of the smaller roads, among them the Atlantic Coast Line, were run at a loss during that month. Net operating incomes of fifty-four railroads totaled only \$43,715,000 for the month compared with \$64,722,000 in July, 1930, and \$94,282,000 in July, 1929. Thus their total revenues were 32.4 per cent less than a year ago, and 53.6 per cent lower than the same month of 1929. Many of the larger lines reported even greater proportional decreases. The Pennsylvania, for example, had a net income in July of \$4,113,751, which was 55 per cent less than the \$9,046,611 reported for July a year ago, and this comparatively meager return was apparently made possible only by slashing maintenance and other expenses to the amount of \$5,634,000. Quite naturally the continued poor showing of the railroads has reacted unfavorably upon the investment market. The rail stocks do not move up, or at best only half-heartedly, when the market rallies, and they are among the first to fall when a bear movement develops. A year and a half ago the average price of twenty-five selected railroad stocks was \$136; today the average price of the same stocks is approximately \$56.

THE CONVICTION of Col. Luke Lea, who has been sentenced to serve from six to ten years in a North Carolina State prison, is another tragic outcome of the get-rich-quick episode in our economic history which was terminated so abruptly in 1929. Col. Lea served one term in the United States Senate where his arrival was heralded as indicating the prospect of a great improvement in the personnel of the Senate from the South. Exceptionally fine-looking and able, apparently of some liberal ideals, it seemed as if he had a great career before him. He could not, however, maintain himself. Nor did his excellent record in the army help him as he stood at the bar. The jury found Col. Lea guilty of borrowing \$825,000 from the Central Bank and Trust Company on improper and worthless collateral; of keeping \$214,000 worth of the bank's bonds without making a settlement; of depriving the bank of a profit of \$45,000 on a City of Asheville note issue, besides fraudulently obtaining \$300,000 worth of the bank's certificates of deposit. We are told that if the whole story of the robbing of this and other banks in Asheville with the connivance of the officials were narrated it would present one of the most startling pictures in the history of our rugged individualism, and prove very oddly the desirability of private initiative in business. Finally, it is interesting to note that as the owner of two

prominent newspapers in Tennessee Col. Lea has been busy in instructing many of his fellow-citizens as to how they should vote upon economic and political problems of the day.

WHITE HOUSE press conferences have become a bitter joke in Washington. The President who abolished the "Official Spokesman," and who promised to be frank and straightforward in his relations with the newspapermen, that is, with the public, has coldly turned his back upon these correspondents. The semi-weekly press conferences in the Executive offices, which had become a permanent and to some extent a useful institution, are now omitted with increasing frequency. The correspondents went three weeks in August without being admitted into Mr. Hoover's presence. Even when the conferences are held Mr. Hoover does not answer questions addressed to him, but offers the correspondents instead previously prepared statements which all too often have no bearing on the news of the day. About the only press conference in Washington that has survived this sort of negative censorship is the daily meeting of the reporters with the Secretary of State or one of his assistants. But even this conference is now threatened. Mr. Stimson wishes, according to Clinton Gilbert, correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, to substitute for it "occasional interviews in private . . . with some of the correspondents with whom he is personally acquainted and in whom he has confidence." Does the government belong to the people, to all the people, or is it the private property of the politicians who make up its personnel? Or do these politicians feel so superior to the politicians of other administrations that they need not submit to cross-examination by newspapermen who in the last analysis represent the people?

AS A CRUSADER for peace, we welcome Major General Smedley D. Butler. That much advertised officer is now to retire from the marines, at the early age of fifty, so that he can throw himself into the cause of the American Legion, or as he put it: "I am going to get busy in this Legion business when I get out where I won't get in wrong when I say things." Some choice extracts from a recent address by this charming and cultured gentleman and military statesman we take verbatim from the report in the columns of the *New York Times*:

We don't want any more wars but a man is a damn fool to think there won't be any more of them. I am a peace-loving Quaker but when war breaks out every damn man in my family goes. If we're ready nobody will tackle us. Give us a club and we will face them all. . . . There is no use talking about abolishing war; that's damn foolishness. Take the guns away from men and they will fight just the same. . . . William Penn cheated the Indians out of their land with a handful of beads and a bottle of rum, but you fellows in New England put your pitchforks up against their guns and beat them. If it hadn't been for you in 1776, this country wouldn't be worth five cents an acre. That is the way Americans do the job. It takes a hell of a lot of abuse to get us riled-up, but once we get going, look out for us. . . . No pacifists or Communists are going to govern this country. If they try it there will be seven million men like you rise up and strangle them. Pacifists hell, I'm a pacifist, but I always have a club behind my back.

How's that for an officer and a gentleman?

That Terrible British Dole

JUST how bad is this dreadful English dole, the proposed reduction of which brought about the downfall of the second British Labor government, caused the establishment of the present National Cabinet, and has already led to jubilant dispatches from Washington that the developments in London have made quite remote the prospects of our Congress's voting a dole next winter? In the first place this dole was, on August 18, the only thing which stood between 2,714,359 English men and women and starvation—620,438 more persons wholly unemployed then was the case a year ago, and approximately 1,700,000 more than when the Labor Ministry took office, just five months before the Wall Street collapse. Now, no responsible person in England's public life has from the beginning dared to suggest that the dole be wholly done away with. It has been alleged that it was too high; that it was not sufficiently safeguarded; that abuses had crept into the methods of administration; that it must be made a self-supporting system, etc. But the simple fact remains, as one of the most distinguished of British statesmen put it last winter, "If it were not for the dole, half the financiers in the 'City' would have been hanging from lamp posts before this."

Not even the recent report of the Committee on National Expenditure, headed by Sir George May, suggested the abolition of the dole. It recommended a 20 per cent cut, without apparently stopping to inquire whether such a cut would be bearable by the unfortunates who are compelled to beg their living of the government. It is utterly contrary to the fact to assert that a considerable proportion of the recipients of the dole are malingerers or work-shy. It is true, as Ramsay MacDonald himself once pointed out, that there are included in those receiving the dole many thousands of young people who have through no fault of their own never learned to work regularly, and it is also true that after years of unemployment the older people degenerate psychologically, and also physically. If one visits government unemployment offices in Europe and sees the hopelessness and the steadily increasing discouragement of initiative and vigor one can appreciate what price men pay for lack of occupation.

But how large is this soul-destroying dole? Why, it is only \$4.25 a week for each man, with \$2.25 for his wife, and two shillings, or fifty cents, for every child. Upon this vast sum of \$7.50 a week a family of four people has to exist week in and week out, yes, eat, pay rent, and buy its clothes! This is what is called "destroying men's ambition," "sapping personal initiative," "teaching men to accept support in return for idleness," "corrupting their character," and all the rest of the cant, with which those opposed to the dole fill our ears. Here is the New York *Herald Tribune* declaring for example that "the effect has been demoralizing not only to public finances but to the social and political conscience of the British people. The dole has persuaded millions that the government owes them a living; it has, by discouraging the workers' initiative in seeking new employment, interfered seriously with the fluidity of labor, and it has retarded industrial recovery." It is this \$4.25 per man a week which Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden

wished to cut by 10 per cent, that is to \$3.82½, while the May Expenditure Committee (its members all rich and prosperous and affiliated with great corporations) wished to cut to \$3.40. It would be interesting to know if any one of them could keep body and soul together on such a figure. If the recipient of the dole is young and a girl, she may rejoice to receive five or six shillings a week. Yet to hear the chatter at American dinner-tables, one could readily believe that the dole is of such a size as to enable the beneficiary to attend the movies every night and to hear the opera Saturdays.

Again, few Americans realize that, in order to obtain the dole, the recipient must first prove that he is "genuinely seeking work but unable to obtain suitable employment" and that the worker, when employed, must contribute 14 cents a week to the unemployment fund, while his employer puts in 16 cents and the State 15 cents. That those sums have proved entirely inadequate to bear the burden of this unprecedented, and unprecedentedly long, period of unemployment is but natural—no one could have foreseen it. As a result the Treasury has been compelled to produce large sums to meet the dole deficit, which in turn has increased the national deficit and made it harder and harder for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to calculate what his resources will be for any twelve months. In January last the debt of the unemployment insurance fund was increasing at the rate of nearly five million dollars each week. For the four weeks ending April 25 last, the deficit was \$21,450,000 or \$5,290,000 a week. It is higher now.

Undoubtedly this is a very grave burden upon the British finances. Every outsider must wish, as well as the British and foreign financiers who are being asked to stabilize the pound and grant additional credits to the Bank of England, that it could be cut off altogether. But the fault lies not with the dole itself, as the *Herald Tribune's* shallow or dishonest reasoning suggests, but with the economic crisis responsible for the unemployment. There is hardly a price too high to pay for tiding England over this crisis. And what is the alternative? The abandonment of the dole or its serious decrease, we believe, would menace the safety of England and invite disorder and revolution. Great Britain has not America's means for drawing upon for private charity; nor have her people—or those of any other country, learned to be as generous in giving as our own. To force the bulk of the 2,714,359 British unemployed to come still nearer the edge of starvation will not only be inhuman, it will be playing with dynamite.

Especially in view of the fact that, by the passage of the MacDonald unemployment insurance bill on July 29 last, most, if not all, the abuses of the dole were eradicated, are we of the opinion that just as long as there are any other means of taxation or saving available the British dole must and should be spared. The waste for army and navy could have been cut down or stopped and other resources drawn upon. But not the dole. For the British millions who have learned that the government owes them a living are right. Any government which fails to keep its citizens from starvation will not and should not last overnight.

A Plan for Coal

WHAT shall we do about our coal industry? Let it continue to drift, as the bigger operators apparently would have it? That way lies further anarchy, and perhaps also more bloodshed and violence. The present chaotic conditions within the industry are not only injurious to the industry itself, they are a positive menace to the whole of our economic and social structure. Shall we then attempt to solve the problem simply by seeking to adjust the long-standing quarrel between the operators and miners? Will a wage agreement, however equitable, remove the causes of the industry's illness? Clearly not. Coal is not sick because wages are low. Indeed, the low wages are but a symptom of the ailment. Coal is sick because it is the victim of ruinous competition, because it has an oversupply both of mines and of labor, and because its selfish private management is completely unsocial. Production outstrips demand, and this brings lower prices and, of course, lower wages. But wages are also depressed by the existence of an oversupply of labor.

Many plans designed to correct this situation have been advanced. Many operators believe they can handle the problem if they are let alone; they want to continue the laissez faire policy which has brought the industry to its present state of virtual collapse. Others favor their exemption from the anti-trust section of the Sherman Act. Numerous disinterested and sober students of the industry see in nationalization the only hope of a permanent solution. In Great Britain, whose coal problem is similar to our own, the recently appointed Coal Mines Reorganization Commission has proposed rationalization in place of nationalization. We do not hold the British plan to be perfect beyond criticism. It has more than one defect that would have to be eliminated before it could be applied to the American industry. Nevertheless, we feel that the British plan has sufficient merit to warrant the serious consideration of the Washington Administration. It could at least be used as the starting-point for a series of discussions looking toward a solution of the problem. That is the spirit in which Sir Ernest Gowers, chairman of the commission, presented the plan to the British operators.

In brief, Sir Ernest has recommended "a policy of amalgamation" which would lead to the merging of most of the mining companies in large regional units and "reduce the number of independent concerns producing coal." His program calls for the creation of six great coal areas, each to be dominated by a single company or by a group of companies controlled by a central directorate. Each company or directorate would determine for itself where coal could most economically be produced within its territory, and each would control sales, transportation, and finances. The thousand or more coal companies now operating in Great Britain would be reduced to a mere handful; as many as 100,000 miners would be compelled to seek employment in other industries. Drastic as this appears, it seems upon casual study the best way of eliminating suicidal competition which now has the British industry by the throat. It would also tend to relieve the equally costly competition in wages. In commenting upon the rationalization plan, the London

New Statesman and Nation expressed the hope that "the commission will see the necessity of organizing these new large units as public-utility corporations rather than merely private bodies." Despite our own not altogether happy experience with public utilities, we agree that the public character of the industry must be recognized. But even as public-service corporations the coal companies would have to be most strictly regulated, and this regulatory power would of necessity rest, not with the States, but with the federal government.

One flaw remains in the British plan. Where in a country that has had an average of over a million jobless since 1920 are a hundred thousand discarded miners to find work? If the rationalization scheme were adopted in this country, fully as many as our own miners would be shunted out of the industry. Where would they find new jobs? We, too, have our millions of unemployed. Perhaps the unwanted miners would be no worse off walking the streets of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, or Denver than they are in their miserable coal towns today, but that is a heartless view to take of their plight. In England they have at least the "dole" to fall back upon; our miners would have only the empty Hooverian policy of self-help with which to feed and clothe themselves. Perhaps, however, a government enlightened enough to adopt for the American coal industry a scheme similar to the Gowers plan would also be intelligent enough to take the necessary measures to provide for the workers who would thus be discarded. Meanwhile we earnestly urge the government to begin work upon some sensible plan for bringing order out of the present chaos in the bituminous industry.

Frank Harris

WHAT precisely will be the future place of Frank Harris in English or American letters it is difficult to say. Most of his work seems already forgotten; at least it has been virtually ignored by the younger literary generation, and though this neglect is in large part undeserved, it seems likely that Harris himself, in the end, will be remembered longer than any of his books. His most important work was his own life and personality. That life was a stormy one, and seemed to bring him into contact with almost everyone eminent in literature from the late Victorian Age to our own.

His checkered career was foreshadowed at the age of fifteen, when he won a Cambridge University prize. As he was considered too young to enter the university, the judges gave him the second prize—\$50—and suggested that he wait another year. He replied by taking the money and shipping as a steerage passenger immediately for America. Arrived here, he followed a checkered career; he was bootblack, ditch digger, "sandhog"—until he collected enough money to move on to Chicago, where he became a hotel clerk. According to his own story, while there he met the Spanish daughter of a Southwestern ranchman, and, infatuated, followed her to Texas. He related his experiences in the Wild West of those days in a book published only last year, "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy." He professed to have known Wild Bill Hickok intimately, and to have participated in many hairbreadth adventures; he declared, in fact, that his three

great heroes were Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Wild Bill. Close students of the west described in Harris's book, however, found several important discrepancies in his account, and presumed to doubt some of his alleged experiences. But Harris's career remains full and picturesque enough even if we disregard his supposed western adventures altogether.

It was Thomas Carlyle himself who is supposed to have urged Harris to take up writing in London; it was here, at least, that he finally came into real prominence. For, becoming editor of the *Evening News*, he soon revived it from its moribund state. Later he became editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, then of the *Saturday Review*, and later still of the *Candid Friend*. In America he edited *Pearson's Magazine* for several years. Everywhere his editorship was marked by courage and forthrightness, and by an uncanny ability to surround himself with the right men. It was he who persuaded an almost obscure youngster named George Bernard Shaw to join the staff of the *Saturday Review* as dramatic critic; who hired Max Beerbohm to write essays, H. G. Wells to review books, D. S. MacColl to write on art.

Then Harris turned to a little outside writing on his own account. In 1900 he produced a very skilful novel called "Montes the Matador." In 1908 he caused a sensation with "The Bomb," the outcome of his knowledge of the Chicago labor disputes of the eighties. But though he wrote later some extremely able short stories, his real talents were rather in criticism and portraiture, and many of his liveliest pages are to be found in "The Man Shakespeare," "The Women of Shakespeare," and the several volumes of "Contemporary Portraits." His criticism was hardly what one would call impartial or judicious; his judgments of his contemporaries were marred and distorted by all sorts of crochets, prejudices, personal antagonisms, but they were unflinchingly penetrating and alive. Ten years ago, H. L. Mencken pronounced Harris's "Oscar Wilde" by long odds the best literary biography ever written by an American up to that time. Though Harris died at Nice almost in poverty, obliged at last to write for a chit-chat periodical on the Riviera for miserable pay, he found time virtually to finish his "Life" of Bernard Shaw, with whom he had quarreled for many years. It is expected that the work will be published this fall; and however wrongheaded many of its statements and judgments may prove to be, one can feel with confidence that it will contain many revealing flashes.

To the younger generation Harris is perhaps known principally for his volumes on "My Life and Loves." It is just possible that the autobiography's reputation for scandalous self-revelation, wholly apart from its comparative merit, will keep it alive longer than any of his other books. The work at least sets all of Harris's virtues and defects in a brilliant light. He undoubtedly had genius, but it was a singularly uneven genius. Pages of brilliant observation are followed by pages of appalling banality; the man seemed devoid of self-criticism. If the ordinary reader is most likely to be either thrilled or disgusted by the salacity of "My Life," the more sophisticated reader is apt rather to be amused by the curious naivete and humorlessness with which most of the sexual adventures are recited and soliloquized upon. But the work is fascinating because it sets forth, both consciously and unconsciously, a personality that, while singularly disagreeable to many, was at least one not easily to be forgotten.

On Helping Ourselves

WE are told that we must learn to help ourselves in this grave era of depression. To seek any other way of relieving the suffering and misery we see all about us would be unpatriotic. Indeed, it would, in the words of our foremost self-helper, Herbert Hoover, "break down the initiative and enterprise of the American people." Hence, we must not heed the elaborate economic plans brought forth by otherwise well-meaning economists, for their plans are based on the un-American supposition that we can best help ourselves by helping one another, and that way lies disloyalty. Nor ought we to listen to the soft words of Thomas Campbell, the wheat farmer, who would put all our unemployed in the army. Mr. Campbell thus urges government aid, or social cooperation, which is most assuredly not the Hoover or "American way."

But how are we to go about this business of helping ourselves? By following the advice of Daniel Willard, who said he would "rather steal than starve?" That, alas, would be unwise, for it would likely land us in jail, and in jail there is very little opportunity for anyone to help himself. Or shall we plant gardens and so bow to the wisdom of Henry Ford? Many of the bituminous miners tried that, but just as their vegetables were ripening this summer a goodly number of them found themselves, their families, and their household belongings dumped outside the company "patch", out beyond the barbed-wire fences where they could not reach their gardens. Recently a member of the London Stock Exchange urged that brokers be permitted to advertise their wares. He said business was bad because people were not buying stocks and bonds. Advertising, he argued, would cure all this; the people would buy good securities, and business would recover. Here is at least the germ of a splendid idea. Advertising as a stimulant to prosperity has been publicly blessed by Calvin Coolidge, and has had more than one kind word from Mr. Hoover. Why not persuade our unemployed to help themselves by advertising for jobs? That would show the rest of us whether they really wanted to work or not. And such a scheme might succeed—if only there were jobs enough to go around. Lastly, we might all go into business like the apple-vendors of last fall and winter. Apples are somewhat outmoded today, of course, and so are tangerines and candy bars. But there are other commodities that appeal to pedestrians; ice cream, for example. Only the other day a group of unemployed Chicagoans took to selling ice cream from the curbstones. Their plan worked well until the unpatriotic ice cream dealers of Chicago objected that the curbstone vendors were underselling them. Seemingly the "American way" does not mix with business.

Yet we are not without hope. We should like to have one of our more successful patriots offer a handsome prize, say a bound volume of Mr. Hoover's several speeches on the "American way," for the most practical formula of self-help. That ought surely to bring out many brilliant suggestions. However, until some such contest is held we are strongly inclined to award the palm to Mayor George D. Begole of Denver. He has suggested that the unemployed of Denver help themselves by panning the Colorado streams and abandoned mine dumps for gold!

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



IT happened in Los Angeles, that famous aggregation of six suburbs in search of a city. In Los Angeles all things are possible, for it is the home of Krazy Kat, yet it believes in Smedley D. Butler. And so, although the following seems incredible, those who are familiar with the city of the Little Angils will shout "Amen," for

they will know that I speak the truth.

There came unto this Pueblo (inhabited, alas, no longer by Indians) a certain foreign Professor who (yes, you guessed it the first time!) delivered a lecture. The subject of his lecture, God knows, was harmless enough. The learned Teuton spoke on the history of art, A-R-T, Art, as it is spelled in that blessed part of the land where everything is wholesome and pure and cellophane-wrapped and not a thought in a car-load. Having spoken, he went his way rejoicing to study certain of the less well known dialects which have become extinct in Europe's ancient ghettos but which may occasionally be heard along the shores of the Pacific when Directors and Magnates disagree upon the details of one of their forthcoming productions and talk to each other as if they were close relatives.

A few days later the learned man was invited to visit one of the local newspapers. The owner of the paper wished to congratulate the speaker upon the success of his brilliant discourse. Lecturers are human, like the rest of us. A little praise, as that holy man Paul of Tarsus used to say, is good for the system and one can't live on chicken-salad alone. The man of Power and Paper Pulp was most gracious. "Doctor," he said, "I hear wonderful things about that speech of yours. My wife attended it. I am too busy to go in for social functions, but I like the women to amuse themselves. Only one thing I must ask of you. In the future, please do not mention the word 'revolution'."

The Professor Doctor was greatly puzzled.

"But I talked on art," he answered. "Politics is not my *Fach*. I talked on art."

The man of Power and Pulp opened a drawer and took out a clipping. Then he read as follows: "Among other things the lecturer declared that art criticism was of very recent origin and had not been known as a separate science until several years after the French Revolution."

"There," he said, "The French Revolution . . . revolution! . . . You used the word 'revolution'."

The Professor Doctor tried to argue. "But, my dear sir," he stammered, "I used that expression because I needed a fixed date . . . just as one would say 'before the murder of Lincoln' or 'the invention of gun-powder'. . . . One does not necessarily believe in gun-powder or murder just because one happens to mention a date with which every man, woman, and child is familiar."

Power and Pulp, however, refused to be convinced.

"That has nothing to do with the case," he retorted angrily, "nothing at all. You mentioned the word 'revolution'. That word makes us see red. We don't want to hear it, and if you want to be a success in this country, let me give you a friendly warning. In the future, don't use that word. . . . Talk about everything you like, but don't mention 'revolution'!"

A certain ship went out to sea, but it never came back to port.

That ship was forced to go at full speed through an ocean infested by icebergs. Greenland ice proved stronger than Glasgow steel. And ten minutes after the collision, those on the bridge knew that the end had come.

I hate to bring up the ghastly recollection of those hideous days of waiting, but I have no choice. There has been another collision. The fanciful illusions of mass-production and the brutal necessities of our daily needs have clashed. The whole planet is still quivering from the shock. Suppose therefore that we face certain unpleasant facts and draw certain inevitable conclusions. If during those terrible hours of night when the vessel was slowly sinking, every one had been warned of the immediate danger, hundreds of other lives would have been saved. If, instead of reassuring the passengers with pleasant words: "Everything is quite all right . . . just a little mishap to the engines . . . better go back to bed . . . breakfast as usual tomorrow at eight . . ." these poor victims had been told, quietly and intelligently but firmly, "This is a serious business. Get your warmest clothes. Go out on deck and be prepared," a good many more would now be among the living.

They were drowned, most of them, like rats in a trap. They were drowned with the best of intentions. But the result was the same.

There are two conflicting schools of opinion in this year of Grace 1931.

There are those who wish to send the passengers back to bed with vague promises about "Breakfast as usual." In the meantime, help may come from unexpected sources. If it does, all will be well and the matutinal porridge will await the smiling pilgrims who will rub their hands and will slap each other on the back and say, "Quite a little scare last night! Of course, I knew right along that it amounted to nothing."

There are those who, able to learn from experience, suggest a different course of action. They do not advocate panic. Heaven forbid! They see no reason for any hasty action. They are convinced that on this occasion at least there are a sufficient number of life-boats for every one on board. And it may not even be necessary to leave the ship. But they want both passengers and crew to realize that all is not well with the ancient and trusted craft. They tell them to be prepared for eventualities. They can make up for lost sleep when the trouble is over. But just now they have only one duty—keep awake.

The Tragic Fall of Ramsay MacDonald

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MACDONALD out as Labor Prime Minister, and unlikely ever to lead his party again? That is grave news, indeed, for this embattled world. For whatever else may be said of him, here is one man who resolutely stands for peace in the world, who was determined that never should war disgrace and encrimson the globe while he held the helm of Great Britain. Never before has such a devoted and proved lover of peace, or one who made greater sacrifices for it, held one of the four greatest political positions in the world. Plenty of Presidents and Prime Ministers have given lip service, only to make war when the temptation came—did not Woodrow Wilson assure me that under no earthly circumstance would he ever permit the United States to be drawn into the World War? But MacDonald resolutely, and without a moment's hesitation, put aside all temptation when war came in 1914. Lloyd George, who had so admirably, at the risk of his life, opposed the Boer War, ratted when the Great War came. They took MacDonald up on a high mountain and said to him that if he would go along he would be one of five to conduct his country's warring, that he could aspire to—well, anything he desired. He chose the "lonely furrow" instead. He went against the war, and old friends crossed the street to avoid him. He lost his seat in Parliament in the Khaki election; his career seemed finished, over—nothing before him but the precarious livelihood of an independent journalist. Had anyone said then that this despised man would three times be Prime Minister of Great Britain, he would have been laughed to scorn.

Today we cannot stop to wonder that MacDonald heads the national government of all three parties to rescue Great Britain in her present financial crisis. The salient fact which confronts us is that this ministry is not to live more than three or four months at most; that his party has already deposed from its leadership the man who has twice successfully headed it at the polls; who has placed the whole world in his debt for his wise, his sagacious, yes, his brilliant leadership, which not only led to Locarno, but has made him the outstanding figure in the fight to keep the world from destroying itself by the madness of modern war. Wherever men's hearts are allured to the gospel of peace, wherever people aspire to the brotherhood of man, wherever those are to be found who admire a brave and fearless man ready to stake his all upon what he believes to be the right, there will be grief at the news. It is a blow to the peace movement everywhere and one that will be regretted a long time.

Whatever the final outcome, it is plain that once more MacDonald has taken the course he believed to be right at an extreme cost to himself; his career as leader of British Labor appears today to be at an end. In taking the position that the budget must be safeguarded even by the cutting of the dole, he has put himself in the position of being charged with having surrendered to the bankers who have appeared to make this the *sine qua non* of their giving Great Britain the financial aid it imperatively needs. Hence the allegation

that he has betrayed Labor's cause; hence the vote to oust him and to put Arthur Henderson in his place, as one who has stood by Labor at all costs, who has been true to the tenets of Socialism, who has refused to balance the budget at the cost of the unemployed. Let me say at once that Mr. MacDonald's defence of his action, in his radio talk of August 25, seems distinctly weak. It was that in this emergency all Englishmen will be called upon to make sacrifices in order to balance the budget, and that the unemployed should bear their share as well as everyone else, especially as the cost of living has dropped 11½ per cent; if 10 per cent is cut from the dole the unemployed will, he said, still be 1½ per cent better off than they were two years ago. But this presupposes that the dole is a luxurious grant, so adequate that the decrease in the cost of living gave a margin for extravagances.

That is emphatically not the case. The recent legislative revision was announced as having removed duplications and frauds, or excessive payments. Ordinarily the dole barely keeps body and soul together. More than that, from the Socialist point of view it is, rightly or wrongly, nothing less than treason to take toll from the unemployed when there are still taxable sources among the rich, when there are still great classes living in idleness and luxury. To this Mr. MacDonald did not refer; nor did anything he said put at rest the charge that it was a condition of the foreign bankers—with their well-known hostility to the dole—that the dole be cut. That may prove in time to be another mare's nest; the Prime Minister's statement that the proposed economies had been communicated to American authorities will only add fuel to the flames, and so will his reference to the pressure of "public opinion abroad." Even Dr. Christopher Addison, one of the ablest and most responsible of Labor Ministers, declares that proposals were made which were more than enough to balance the budget without touching unemployment pay. But, he adds, "the pistol that had been put to our heads all the time was not held in the hands of the Trade Union Congress, but in the hands of the controllers of the money market."

There stands the situation in all its stark tragedy. As MacDonald said in his radio address, he was present when the Labor Party was born. "I was its nurse when it emerged from infancy and had attained adult years"; and he assured his listeners that he had changed "none of my beliefs and none of my ideals." He admitted that he had no Labor Party credentials for what he was doing, but he added: "Be that as it may, I have the credentials of an even higher authority. My credentials are those of national duty, as I conceive it, and I obey them irrespective of the consequences." Will there be an end to this new "lonely furrow" which will be his to plough when the Nationalist Government closes? I fear not; but at least it is clear for all men to read that Ramsay MacDonald has again been ready to sacrifice his career for his beliefs. He has again proved that he places office-holding far below the satisfying of conscience, an inestimable contribution to political idealism.

None the less it is undeniable that the speed with which his party turned upon him is in considerable measure due to the widespread dissatisfaction within the party itself as to his conduct of its affairs during the nearly two and a half years that the Labor Ministry was in office. Even his severest critic will admit that Ramsay MacDonald is a great foreign minister. It has been both his strength and his misfortune that his interests lay chiefly in foreign affairs. His is not a mind which can deal with difficult economic problems; which can take a matter like the dole, or some intimate problem of finance and economics, and wreak itself upon the figures and details. These he must leave to other people. I have no doubt that the reports are correct that for six months past the British bankers have been warning him of the gravity of the crisis, that he realized its seriousness, but did not grasp its urgency. It is reported that he "hesitated too long," and that he did not dare to reveal to his own Trade Union followers all of the discouraging figures given him by the financiers. The bankers, on the other hand, were in the extraordinarily difficult position of having to communicate the gravity of the crisis to their fellow-citizens without, however, so alarming the public and foreign countries as to precipitate a crisis by causing fear abroad. That something of this kind did come to pass explains the suddenness of the Cabinet crisis. It was a bold stroke to form that National Cabinet for a limited period of political truce. If it was MacDonald's idea, it reflects credit upon the resourcefulness of his statesmanship.

What we are witnessing is another one of those tragedies of the idealist and reformer who takes high office and finds himself face to face with overwhelming responsibilities which he could not imagine when he headed the opposition and was without the responsibility of governing. If the devil has set any trap more dangerous for human beings than the wielding of great power over one's fellows, I do not know it. Is there a more dangerous virus in all the world than that injected into one's veins by the mere fact of heading a nation? It brings out at once the weaknesses, the vanities, and the desire to dominate that seem to lie dormant within the best of us. There is no doubt that there has always been in MacDonald a leaning toward domineering, and a desire, as one of his biographers put it, for "obedience rather than understanding, loyalty rather than companionship." In London one has heard of him criticisms which sounded strangely like those current in Washington about Woodrow Wilson when he was in the White House—that he was arrogant, slow to take advice or to seek it, a poor judge of men and apt to forget old friends, and wholly unforgiving when there arose differences of opinion. Nothing in my own experience has borne this out; but the volume of unfavorable criticism has been there.

Again, MacDonald feels very deeply, and easily becomes profoundly stirred as comports with his Scotch and warmly religious nature. Add to this the terrific strain of office-holding and the most difficult period in the world's history (a strain that never lets up for a single minute, not even when interrupted by brief vacations at Lossiemouth), and you have a situation to engender sparks readily. But I fancy that when some of these periods of white heat have burned themselves out he has been quick to see where he erred. The man is so high minded, so idealistic, so sure of himself and the soundness of his own principles that, like

many another similarly situated, he has found it hard, indeed, to be tolerant with those who disagreed or questioned.

None the less, when all is said and done it is a very great figure, and a noble-spirited man whose passing we are witnessing. No one can deny that he has sought to live up to the very highest ideals of the Socialist creed, even though his administration, because of its absorption in foreign affairs, and for other reasons, has failed to put through the radical socialistic reforms for which his party clamored, especially its youth. I well remember the feeling of dismay with which I left the presence of one of MacDonald's best-known Ministers in June, 1929, a month after the Government had taken office. I went to ask what radical reform was first on the carpet. The Minister stared in blank astonishment. "What, for example?" "Well, let us say the nationalization of the coal mines, or the railroads," I responded. "But, Mr. Villard, if we did that we should be thrown out of office at once." I have found many Englishmen to agree with me that, aside from international affairs, it would have been far better had the MacDonald Government early seized upon one such issue and allowed itself to be thrown out of office, and taken its chance of coming back, soon or late, with a Parliamentary majority. The only question is whether, if this policy had been followed, the international situation would not have been far worse than it is because of an interregnum by the Baldwins, Churchills, and Chamberlains. In a sense MacDonald has deliberately sacrificed the domestic fortunes of his party to international considerations. Perhaps another man, perhaps an Arthur Henderson, could have achieved great things in both fields, even though his was a minority government.

That MacDonald was born to be a leader, no man can deny. His obscure origin has been no more a handicap to him than was Abraham Lincoln's to the Emancipator. Both had the divine spark from birth. I have heard and seen MacDonald under all sorts of conditions, but I think that I was never more impressed than on that day on his eleven-day visit to America to inaugurate the Naval Disarmament Conference, when he made three great speeches. The last was the greatest. It was before a mixed group of American public men, financiers, heads of big business enterprises, and others interested in foreign affairs. He, the Socialist Prime Minister of Great Britain, was introduced by that most ardent hater of Socialists, Elihu Root, in terms of high eulogy. Never have I seen an audience of this type more profoundly impressed and stirred. MacDonald's magnificent voice was at its best, and its exquisite deep notes carried, I am told, marvelously over the radio. He looked every inch the statesman, the leader of a nation. His personal beauty, his superb stature, the whole charm of his personality, the fire of his speaking were irresistible, and no one could question the absolute sincerity and the earnestness with which he uttered every word.

So, when the history of this time comes to be written, I still have faith that however tragic his error of judgment in regard to the dole may prove to have been, history will yet write down Ramsay MacDonald as one of the great seers, prophets, and leaders of our time, all the more compelling because of the weaknesses that are part of this brave and flashing spirit, this Highland chieftain, who has three times preached to the world with religious fervor with the Prime Minister's robes about him.

BURLINGAME
FUELING
LIB.

Free Trade and the United States*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THE immediate prospects for free trade in the United States are highly discouraging. The Republicans are committed to an unbending protectionism. The Democrats, all except a few courageous souls like Cordell Hull, have abandoned all pretense at principle, and only vie with the Republicans in getting their feet into the trough. The South, the traditional home of free trade, has forsaken its position in an ill-advised and belated attempt to snatch some of the loaves and fishes for itself. Nowhere in sight is there any competent political leadership capable of making an effective business issue out of what is already a world issue of transcendent importance. It would be a bold prophet who should predict the early relaxation of trade shackles in the United States.

Yet the stars in their courses are fighting against Smoot, Hawley, and Company. Both the business interests of the United States, broadly viewed, as against the immediate narrow desires of this or that particular industry, and the needs of a world perishing for lack of opportunity to work and trade, call loudly for the beginnings of an intelligent trade policy here. As in so many other matters, so in the tariff situation, by reason of our wealth and economic power we hold the key, and if only we had the courage we might break the jam in which the world is hopelessly involved. The need is seen by all competent students and was given full official recognition in the resolution of the World Economic Conference of 1927—representing not only the League of Nations but non-members like the United States—that the time has come to move in the direction of lower tariffs. Instead of yielding to the superficial discouragements of the moment, then, the free traders of the United States (for there are a few left) ought to wage a sturdy campaign on both the business and the international front.

The general argument for free trade was so well presented by Mr. Hirst in the first article of the present series that little remains for other writers except to point out the special circumstances that render such a policy imperative in particular countries. In our own case, the basic conditions are well known, yet they cannot be too often repeated. The war threw forward the economic development of the United States by a quarter-century, but set us back politically in no less degree. Consequently our political and economic machinery is badly out of gear. Economically, the great convulsion only hastened the process by which we were rapidly passing over from the position of a relatively underdeveloped debtor country to that of a creditor state exporting manufactures. The suddenness of the transition has greatly increased the difficulty of the new adjustment, at the same time making it the more imperative in the interest alike of ourselves and all the rest of the world.

To take the financial position first, we are due, under the new conditions, to receive nearly a quarter billion of dollars annually on account of war debts, and considerably more than twice that amount on balance in interest and divi-

dends from private investments abroad. The latter sum, moreover, continues to mount because of the continuing investment of American funds in foreign securities, which investment alone has made it possible to balance our accounts in the years since the war. There are just four methods of getting payment in international transactions—by accepting from abroad either goods, services, securities, or gold. In 1929, for example, our sales of goods abroad exceeded our purchases by about three quarters of a billion dollars, and an equal amount was due us on account of war debts and net interest on foreign investments. Against this, our tourists spent something like \$565,000,000 more abroad than foreign tourists spent here; we owed more than a hundred millions net for freight; and immigrant remittances and charitable contributions came to a quarter billion more—a total well up toward a billion dollars of pay that we took in the form of services. Our net purchases of foreign securities in that year, largely in consequence of the allurements of speculation here, were cut to little more than a third of a billion. There was no other possible way of balancing the account except with short term banking loans or with gold, and we imported during the year something more than a hundred millions of dollars worth of that metal. During 1930 and 1931, with the decline in American buying of foreign securities and the falling off of immigrant remittances and other balancing items, the situation has been even worse, and the drain of gold from countries that sorely need it to the United States, which already has far more than anyone knows what to do with, has gone on in heavily increasing amounts. The existing German crisis illustrates the sort of thing that is to be expected in consequence.

Our weight in the economic world is so great that we bid fair to drag the whole world down to financial ruin if we refuse indefinitely to break the bonds with which we shackle trade. We cannot go on getting gold forever. In fact, as is suggested by the German situation, we have already passed the practicable limits of gold accumulation. Again, the past two years show clearly that we cannot always and forever count on growing American investment abroad and indefinitely expanded tourist expenditures to meet the enormous bills of foreigners here. What then? Our so-called "favorable" balance of trade—that is, our excess of value of exports over imports of merchandise—will have to come to an end just as it has done in every other country when it reached a similar stage of industrial and financial growth. To try to dam up the flow of imports by further tariff increases under such circumstances is only to court financial disaster for ourselves and everybody else.

But that is not all. Industrial conditions as well as financial demand a change. Up to the close of the nineteenth century we were relatively undeveloped economically. Agriculture was still our dominant industry, and our manufacturers were busily engaged in taking possession of our home markets, in which process they could often gain if foreign goods were shut out by tariffs. By ingenious political combinations they enlisted the farmers to back the solid manu-

* The second of a series of six articles on free trade. The third, on Germany's Gain from Abolishing Tariffs, by Dr. Karl Brandt, of Berlin, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

facturing phalanx in favor of protection. Meanwhile our great staples, the foodstuffs and raw materials of industry, were eagerly received by Europe, which in return not only sent us a great variety of manufactures that we did not yet make ourselves, but also in payment invested great sums in our railroads and industrial enterprises, to our gain and theirs alike.

By the turn of the century a great change had come, and a rapid shift in the industrial balance had begun. Machinery of all kinds, petroleum products, refined copper, the coarser textiles, automobiles, and dozens of other manufactured products began taking their place in our export manifests along with the familiar wheat and cotton and naval stores and beef and pork products of our first three hundred years. Wherever cheap materials, mass-production methods, and extensive application of machinery counted, American manufacturers not only appropriated the whole home market, but sent their products into neutral markets and into Europe itself.

But when this occurred, the tariff phalanx was broken, and the Democrats had a relatively easy time in passing the Underwood-Simmons tariff in 1913, with important export manufacturers indifferent to lower rates or actually in favor of them because what they wanted was lower costs and not utterly unnecessary protection in the home market. Free lumber, coal, leather, wool, boots and shoes, and crude iron and steel products, with reduced rates on many more advanced products, represented in fact a first installment of what might well have developed, but for the war, into a vigorous and salutary free-trade movement. The war, with its exacerbated nationalism, with its practical embargo on imports from Europe, and with the utter disorganization of trade and finance consequent upon the struggle, made possible the emergency tariff of 1921, the Fordney-McCumber abomination of 1922, and the Smoot-Hawley monstrosity of 1930. But one fact should never be forgotten. Some of the most effective opposition to the last-named measure came from American sugar manufacturers operating in Cuba, from automobile makers who waged relentless war on the measure all the way through, from the United States Steel Corporation, which actually killed the manganese duty after the House Committee had accepted it, from the great oil companies, which successfully resisted the enactment of any duty on crude petroleum, and from other export manufacturers who did not want the purchasing power of their foreign customers lessened. The bankers who finance these manufacturers and that other great group of international bankers whose concern is with the smooth flow of the currents of international trade and finance stood behind them and stand quietly today for trade liberalism. The growing power of our export manufacturers is suggested when one remembers that the proportion of Australia's imports of manufactured goods coming from the United States rose from 14 per cent in 1913 to 24.6 per cent in 1929, while corresponding figures for the proportion of manufactured exports drawn by other countries from the United States are: Argentina, 14.7 and 25.4 per cent; Chile, 16.7 and 33.9; Japan, 16.8 and 29.5; China, 6 and 18. In the face of such a showing it is plain that protection has become a policy for industrial cripples in this country, and that our really vigorous industries are likely increasingly to favor a policy of freedom. Our economic situation, as well as our financial situation,

dictates such a policy with constantly increasing insistence.

On the business side the United States would have everything to gain and very little to lose by a rapid movement toward free trade. The first steps would naturally be taken, as they were taken in 1913, by a mere cessation of the process of raising effective rates, by a sweeping away or lowering of duties that are superfluous or excessive, and by a further freeing of foodstuffs and materials. Such steps would in themselves produce no notable results, but would serve notice on the world that the United States no longer proposed to continue its efforts to make trade progressively more difficult if not impossible. Such notice from such a source would exercise a strong, it might well be a determining influence toward reversal of the suicidal policy of trade restriction that all countries have increasingly followed since the war.

Predictions of industrial disaster from action of this kind are idle. It would mean at once the strengthening of American industry and the increase of American trade, and at the same time would bring similar gains for other countries. Take, for example, the bloody angle of the tariff controversy, free wool. As the brief pre-war experience under the Act of 1913 indicated, a rapid adjustment of wool-growing and woolen manufacturing might reasonably be expected, under which the quality of American clothing would be improved and its price perhaps somewhat reduced. The buying power of wool growers abroad, who produce in great quantities many grades of wool not grown here at all, would be increased, as would that of all consumers of American woolsens. Experience indicates that the American sheep industry, with its joint production of wool and mutton, while it might be to some extent unfavorably affected in those regions which grow sheep prevailing for their wool, would not be destroyed or even threatened, and it would cease to be a parasite on industries that stand on their own legs. It is doubtful whether the increased competitive power of our woolen manufacturers would injure even the foreign producers of woolsens, for the simple reason that the increased buying power of wool growers and woolen consumers might well take off the market a distinctly increased quantity of woolen goods. The specific situation differs in various industries, but the general argument holds, and it may be confidently asserted that a rapid movement toward free trade, if directed with reasonable intelligence, could be made in the United States at the present time, not only with a minimum of industrial disturbance, but with definite benefits to agriculture and manufacture alike, and with some gains to the consumer. The shaping of the details of such a policy at each particular point of time might well be in the hands of an expert commission, which would of course be hampered by no such silly formula as "equalizing the cost of production at home and abroad," but the essential thing would be the policy itself. The immediate and direct gains to consumers would be far smaller than is often represented, for the double reason that the mythical billions by which the tariff mulcts consumers through the direct raising of prices do not exist, and that if they did it would be impossible to slash the rates without widespread industrial disaster; but there would be some gains, as in the case of woolsens above suggested. The great benefits, however, would be indirect, and would come largely with the increased buying power of foreigners, who would again be able to count with rea-

sonable certainty on an American market if they had built one up; for we should have ceased to contemplate deliberately slaughtering foreign industries, as we slaughtered the Swiss watch and clock industry, for example, in 1930.

By making it possible for trade currents to flow again between countries, instead of being dammed up within national boundaries, which has been the tendency of almost all post-war tariff legislation everywhere, we should do the most important thing possible to restore the smooth working of the gold standard, on which the financial and industrial stability of the whole western world, including our own country, so intimately depends. As it is, we bear a primary responsibility for the spasmodic and disastrous gold shipments that must occur whenever the investment movement is in any way interfered with. By its contribution to financial stability and to the consequent restoration and development of world commerce, the very first step toward a liberal

trade policy by the United States would have a value for the reestablishment of world prosperity and peace wholly out of proportion to any of its immediate direct consequences. It would be worth more than a dozen haggling and bargaining international conferences in which the representatives of each state try to get the better of the others. In fact, without such action, all the conferences in the world cannot get very far. Furthermore, in taking such action we need not wait for the aid or consent of any other nation. One hundred per cent Americans can join hands with the rankest internationalists in putting through a policy that is demanded at once by the interests of our own country and by the needs of other lands imperiled by our present shortsighted, selfishly and individually greedy, and ultimately suicidal policy. Do Americans really care for peace and prosperity at home and abroad? If so, let them remember that the most effective means of promoting it lies entirely in their own hands.

Making Mexico Jew Conscious

By ANITA BRENNER

Mexico City, August 15

WE have become accustomed in recent years to discovering business wars under movements with patriotic or humanitarian labels. We have also been obliged to discount demagoguery which blames the crisis absurdly on some one nationality, race, religion, sex, or event. The anti-Jewish movement recently started in Mexico reveals some of these familiar modern phenomena, against a semi-medieval backdrop. Medieval, because a Jew to ninety-nine out of a hundred Mexicans is a wholly mythical fiend, horned, black-souled and somewhat cannibalistic; but a medieval Christian could pick his target in a crowd, whereas only the hundredth Mexican supposes that Jews sometimes take on human form.

Thus mass anti-Semitism in Mexico is pure folk-lore; and the anti-Jewish movement is a campaign to inject into this folk-lore the sullen and always latent Mexican resentment against foreigners of the sort called invaders, heretofore usually identified as Spaniards or Americans. The object of this campaign is to get the Jews out of the drygoods business—why, a brief account of what they have done to it will make obvious.

Jewish migrations to Mexico began when the quota laws were passed by the United States. In August, 1924, General Plutarco Elias Calles issued as president-elect an invitation to Jews detained in European ports; he offered consular facilities, reduced railroad fares, and a welcome, requiring only that immigrants obey Mexican laws. The invitation suggested that Jews engage in agriculture through colonies; it promised to help start such colonies, and added that there was also much room for small industries (cloaks, suits, shoes, etc.) and that the drygoods business was young.

Like most other enterprises in Mexico, except politics and farming, the drygoods business was almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, who dealt chiefly in foreign goods. Drygoods, clothing, hats, and cosmetics, were imported from France and sold by Frenchmen. Shoes and stockings came from the United States; woollens from the United States and

England; hardware and machinery from Germany. Spaniards controlled the grocery and book trade. The native industries consisted chiefly of Indian crafts. There were a few textile, shoe and candy factories which, like larger enterprises in Mexico (oil, mines, fruit, coffee, beer, cigarettes) were owned and run by foreigners. Big retailers bought directly from foreign factories as wholesalers and sold themselves the goods. Small retailers bought from wholesalers sometimes local, who in turn may have bought from foreign middlemen—which method, what with fairly stiff tariffs and unfavorable exchange, brought the cost to about twice as much as American retailers are accustomed to pay for the same grade of merchandise. Local factories imported much of their material, and kept their prices just under the level of foreign merchandise. All retailers practised an old-fashioned system of business—markups yielding at least 100 per cent profit, usually more, on a strictly cash basis. Given the extreme poverty of Mexican masses, the pinched state of the lower middle class, and the uncertain pockets of government employees—a large proportion of Mexico City population—the clientele of the drygoods and clothing stores was limited to the prosperous, especially as no attempt was made to supply wares of a cheaper than medium grade.

Doubtless General Calles had these conditions in mind when he shrewdly welcomed the Jews. Proposed negotiations of his government with American Jewish organizations for the financing of agricultural colonies fell through, possibly because the Mexican agrarian problem was not then solved enough, nor is it yet. But the Jews did not wait. Thousands, mostly young men, sailed hopefully for Vera Cruz. Until 1927 the doors were wide open. Authorities asked no questions, barred none but the sick and criminals. After 1927 they asked questions, but stated no preference as to occupation, nationality, or religion. Recently, following American example, restrictions, questions, and requirements have multiplied. The bulk of the Jewish population arrived between 1924 and 1927; the incoming stream has since become a mere dribble, partly because of the change in laws,

but more largely because of advice to stay away given by local Jews and by international Jewish organizations.

There are now from fifteen to twenty thousand Jews in Mexico. About half are European (Ashkenazic) Jews—Russians, Lithuanians, Latvians, Czechoslovakians, Poles, Austrians, Germans, Russo-British; the other half are Oriental or Sephardic Jews—from Smyrna, Salonika, the Balkans. Some of these are French citizens. The majority of both kinds have become Mexican citizens. About three-fourths live and work in the capital and its surrounding Federal District. The rest are scattered; they peddle even in the remotest Indian villages.

Presumably these thousands were attracted by the variety of possible occupations pictured by General Calles, and by the guarantee of a friendly government. Certainly, too, by the proximity of the United States. Many took the land promise literally, and came enthusiastically determined to be farmers. But they found that if they had or could get money they could buy huge estates liable to be distributed among insistent agrarians; and if they had no money, they could farm on the Indian level—maize field, straw hut, fifty cents a day at best. In either case they would face intricate and dangerous problems.

Some of the stiffnecked, determined to farm, compromised by starting small dairies near the capital. Occasional jobs as foremen of estates in the hot country were also eagerly taken. A few of the very stubborn Jews turned peon and got malaria. The rest peddled. They peddled neckties, socks, stockings, scarves, knickknacks, saints. Then they enlarged their packs and sold clothing, drygoods, hardware. The less prosperous tried to get union cards; some did, and worked in factories. Others drove taxis. The more prosperous got market licenses and established themselves in booths at city markets. Others, with the aid of small loans from the B'nai B'rith, which was operating an emergency immigration station in Mexico City, opened small stores or "factories"—tailor, shoe, mattress, furniture, sweater—some of which have grown considerably. They sent for their families, or founded new ones.

Within seven years Mexico City has a Jewish "zone"—streets of Jesus Maria, La Santisima, Correo Mayor. There are Jewish residents on almost every street, kosher restaurants, butcher-shops, and delicatessens, a Young Men's Hebrew Association, a Jewish charity organization, a Yiddish theatre, a newspaper, a Jewish Chamber of Commerce, the beginnings of a hospital—and an anti-Jewish campaign. The city also has a sweated labor class, stenographers and middle class wives clad far more neatly, and a new class of manufacturers and merchants, who aim at providing cheap wares for the unprosperous. Small expenses for licenses and rental of booths, long hours, and shrewd buying directly from foreign or local factories, contribute to the Jews' success. But the decisive factors are the two radical innovations which have revolutionized the drygoods business—small profits on large sales, and the introduction of a retail credit system and installment plan. The markets have been transformed into open air department stores, prices have gone way down, and the number of buyers has gone way up. Furthermore, some of the old customers of the large stores have shifted their patronage to the markets and to installment-plan peddlers.

Obviously the department stores, and the shoe and hat

stores accustomed to the old system of buying and selling, do not like it. Neither do the shoe factories and tailor shops which have to compete with the Jews' cheaper products. It is true that several of the large importers sell considerable amounts wholesale to Jewish retailers, but they cannot be otherwise than irritated when the Jews sell this merchandise for much less than the retail departments of these importers. As a rule, however, the class of merchandise handled by Jews is below the quality of the class offered by department stores; but the rub lies in the fact that far more people in Mexico will buy cheaper goods, because few can afford better.

Came Depression. Came the drop of silver, hitting importers squarely in the diaphragm; and the Jews, producing locally, went cheerfully on, pulling down prices and making money at it. The old guard, unwilling to adopt the Jewish system, aghast at the thought of cutting their own prices, establishing credit, selling on installments, timid about advertising—in short, unable to compete intelligently—looked around for another solution. Then came the expulsion from the United States of thousands of Mexicans, causing an uneasy, humiliated anger and forecasting serious unemployment problems. As an expression of both, Guatemalan workers were expelled from southern Mexico and the press grumbled about the Jews. Meanwhile American tariff laws were creating in Mexico, as elsewhere in the world, a bristling, desperate nationalism, in Mexico aggravated by the silver problem, the unemployment problem, the agrarian problem, the labor problem, the collapse of oil and mining, and the familiar, heartbreaking misery of the majority of the population.

Brave but inadequate remedies developed: the pushing of roadbuilding, the soothing of agrarians, the encouragement of tourist travel; the Chambers of Commerce campaigned for the slogan "Consume National Products." The irritated French, Spanish, and German shoemen, hatmen, drygoods, clothing, and hardware merchants dovetailed this praiseworthy movement into another, labelled, "Buy From Mexicans—Boycott the Jews." They began by organizing numerous *Ligas*—such as the League of Shoemakers and Tanners, the League of Mexican Bazaars, the League of Small Merchants Adhering to the National Revolutionary Party—the membership of which is made up chiefly of employees of the large enterprises, the owners of smaller enterprises, and a minority of Mexican peddlers and small business men, who followed the Jewish example of taking novel wares into the streets and markets, but who, with less business experience and much competition, were not as successful as they had hoped. Some of these *Ligas*—for example, that of the shoemakers—are enormous numerically; others have no membership beyond an organizer and his committee of agitators.

Propaganda in the form of "manifestos," placards, pamphlets, and megaphone men appeared in the markets and streets. The press, especially the *Nacional Revolucionario*, official organ of the official National Revolutionary Party, gave ear to these clamors. The Jews were accused: (1) of having entered Mexico under false pretenses—promising to work the soil, and then engaging in other occupations; (2) of "disloyal" commerce, selling below cost, wholesale smuggling, stealing, and fraudulent bankruptcies; (3) of exploiting Mexican labor, even of torturing Mexican labor—one Jew was said to hang his girl clerk up by the thumbs—of

not hiring Mexican labor, of cheating their customers, of not paying taxes, of snatching bread out of Mexican mouths; (4) of living in poverty, of getting rich and sending their money to Palestine; (5) of sinister designs on the future welfare of the nation. The government was petitioned: (1) to expel all the Jews; (2) to cancel all Mexican citizenships extended to Jews; (3) to force them all to become farmers; (4) to cancel Jewish peddlers' licenses and expel Jews from the markets; (5) to restrict Jewish immigration.

Political sponsorship of the anti-Jewish campaign was arranged with Deputy Angel (angel) Ladrón (thief) de Guevara, ex-general, representative from the Federal District in the National Chamber of Deputies, prominent in the National Revolutionary Party and said to be "close to Calles." Promptly the manifestos, pamphlets, and threats multiplied; a violently anti-Jewish sheet called *La Voz del Comercio* was distributed, along with the other literature, from the offices of the Federal District Deputation in the National Revolutionary Party headquarters. And letters on National Revolutionary Party stationery, signed Ladrón de Guevara, asking how much the Jews would pay to stop the campaign, were received by several local Jews with presumably likely bank accounts. The letters were not answered.

Then immigration authorities at Vera Cruz began to get nasty to Jews; Jewish peddlers' licenses were cancelled, and all Jews, Mexican citizenship notwithstanding, were expelled from the big drygoods and clothing market, *La Lagunilla*, under rulings stated to be for the purpose of clearing the markets for homecoming Mexicans expelled from the United States, and of enforcing market regulations which provided that no merchant with more than three hundred pesos (under \$150) worth of goods be allowed to deal there. All Jews were said to have violated this regulation. No Mexican or non-Jewish foreign violators were discovered.

To celebrate the exodus, a mass meeting was held by the anti-Jewish *Ligas*. Anti-Jewish placards decorated the locale, anti-foreign and anti-Jewish speeches were made. The President, who attended, was oratorically asked to "sink the national flag through the heart of Israel." Deputy Ladrón de Guevara received a gold medal from one of these *Ligas*, "for his patriotic work in initiating the nationalistic campaign." The medal was pinned on him by amiable President Ortiz Rubio himself, who apparently was present under the impression that the meeting was "pro-National Commerce," and who doubtless didn't see or hear anything naughty, because in answer to an inquiry from this correspondent he telegraphed that there was no anti-foreign campaign in Mexico.

Interviewed, the talkative Deputy stated to this correspondent, and to a representative of the New York *Evening Post*, that his campaign was directed "against all the children of Israel." Asked whether he thought they were all bad, he answered, either tactlessly or because he doesn't know a Jew when he sees one, that he thought they mostly were. Asked what precisely he expected to do to them, he said, "Send them all out of the country. I've already had the pleasure of personally expelling them from the markets." Asked how he was going to accomplish his object, he said the President would sign decrees of expulsion for them all. Asked what he would do if the President did not, he said,

"I'll apply direct action; after all I'm a Deputy and can't be thrown in jail." Asked who his allies in this campaign were, he said, "the National government, the Federal District government, and the National Revolutionary Party." He also named several large department stores. Asked how long it would take to expel the Jews, he said, "Within sixty days Mexico will be clear of them."

His activity, stretching over a period of several months, reached a climax June 1 with the organization of a monster parade, intended to show the government how much Mexicans hate Jews. The Jewish zone prepared itself for a pogrom. Anonymous letters threatening forcible expulsion and "suppression" were received by some; and the memory of blackmail attempted by an industrious ex-general named Viguri V, upon others, plus multiplied and more violent placards, megaphone men offering "a nickel for every blow at a Jew," and a new and very wild issue of *La Voz del Comercio* headlined "Jew—On Your Way," portended a near and dreadful fate to the excited immigrants, many of whom have experienced persecution on the European plan.

The President was asked to decree the Day of Commerce—invented for the parade—a national holiday. University students, discovering a receipt for a thousand pesos given by a prominent drygoods and clothing firm to one of the signers of anti-Jewish placards, protested. The Jews protested. One or two diplomats tactfully regretted. Queried for comment, General Calles did not reply. However, the holiday was not decreed, but permission was given for the parade, and an imposing number of *gendarmes* turned out with fixed bayonets to keep it peaceful. Nothing happened. Twenty thousand, it has been calculated, overalled "business men" marched down the main boulevard and through the heart of the city, carrying signs in most of which the word Jew had been hastily and visibly exchanged for "Bad merchant," "Pernicious stranger," "Invader," and, innocently, "Israelite."

Delegations which petitioned Mexico's cultured, amused Foreign Minister, Señor Genaro Estrada, to cancel the citizenships of Jews, were told that the citizenships were legally issued and would not be cancelled, and were informed that delegations with petitions like theirs ought to know that they were being used as tools by other foreigners. Then the able Secretary of the Interior, Señor Carlos Riva Palacio, interviewed by this correspondent, declared that immigrants engaging in other occupations than those described upon entry were violating no law, and would not be expelled unless they violate one. He declared, furthermore, that the government did not endorse the anti-Jewish campaign, and that the Deputy engaged in it represented no part of the government except himself.

These declarations, headlined in the leading daily, *Excelsior*, cleared the air and reduced the anti-Jewish bogey to less alarming proportions. Later, representatives of the shoemakers, a majority of the paraders, politely begged this correspondent to note that Deputy Ladrón de Guevara was not empowered to talk or act for them, and as for them, they were only against foreigners engaged in the shoe business, guilty of selling too cheap; they calculated there were about thirty thousand such, whom they called Jews because that was the Spanish idiom for bad merchants, and they asserted that they were not anti-foreign at all; in fact there were lots of foreigners in their organization. Lots of Spani-

ards. No Jews. They were thinking about taking in some Armenians.

Propaganda still simmers, and sometimes flares in the *Nacional Revolucionario* and minor yellow journals. Jews who can are leaving; others, pitiful and confused, make life complicated for the passport department at the American Consulate. Several hundred, still with peddling and market licenses cancelled, are out of work, and cannot seem to get any action from the Federal District government, which issues such permits. Those who have a little money migrate to nearby cities, where they are followed by propaganda and soon beset with difficulties; many are desperately hungry.

Help is expected from American Jewish organizations. An appeal has been made for emergency funds and for loans with which to establish ousted peddler and market Jews in

small shops. The establishment of special markets for Jews has been suggested by government officials, but Jews here oppose the idea for fear of creating a ghetto, with its implication of danger. It is scarcely likely that they will be readmitted to their old corners, and even if petty officials should turn suddenly lenient, the reentry of Jews would provide a target for continued attack, which might otherwise possibly die down. It is also unfortunately possible that funds may still be forthcoming for the generals in this little war, and eventually the foreign patriots who back it may persuade the impulsive Mexican masses that foreign merchants who sell cheaply on the installment plan personally murdered Christ and are to blame for the evils of this world; in which case Mexico will have her first pogrom since the Inquisition. And it won't be a little one either.

The Black Bugs

By HORACE R. CAYTON

I SAT eating in a small restaurant in the heart of the Black Belt of Chicago. As I finished my somewhat greasy steak and started on the "home-made apple pie," I chanced to look out of the window and saw a number of Negroes walking by, three abreast, forming a long uninterrupted line. What impressed me about them was not only that they were marching by in a serious and determined fashion, but the poverty of their dress and their unkempt condition. Not that it is unusual to see in any section of the Black Belt unkempt Negroes rubbing shoulders with the well-to-do "black bourgeois," but to see a whole orderly procession of them, to hear no loud laughs, no good-natured horseplay—well, that was different. The situation needed looking into.

On going outside I was informed that they were the "black bugs"—the Communists—the "black reds." Oh, so Mr. Fish and his calamity shouters were right. Indeed the Communists, it appeared, had been active with the black brethren. Here at last was a bit of concrete evidence that the fundamental institutions of the country were in danger. Here was evidence of the "red scare" which had kept many a corrupt municipal government, from New York to Seattle, in power a bit longer, and delayed grand jury investigations. I would accompany this band of black demons too, if not to protect our glorious institutions, at least to see them in part destroyed. I fell into line and marched.

Turning to my marching companion I asked where we were headed for, and what we would do when we got there. He looked surprised, and told me we were marching down to put in a family who had been evicted from a house for not paying their rent. Things were awfully tough down in the Black Belt now, he continued, and jobs were impossible to get. The Negro was the first to be discharged and the last to be hired. Now with unemployment they were hungry, and if they were put out in the street their situation would be a desperate one. The Negroes of the community had been exploited for years by the unscrupulous landlords who had taken advantage of prejudice compelling the Negroes to live only in that district, and had forced them to pay exorbitant rents. Now, continued my informer,

hard times had hit them and they were being turned out into the street. Furthermore, as the Negroes did not know their legal rights, the landlords would simply pitch their few belongings out of the window with no legal procedure at all. They, the Communists, were going to see that the people were not treated in this fashion.

Need I say that my reaction was one of surprise and disappointment? Instead of trying to destroy our splendid and glorious institutions, these poor black folks were simply going over to put a fellow race member back into the house he had been unceremoniously kicked out of. This was indeed a come-down for one who had expected to witness the destruction of constitutional American principles, such as, for example, "due process of law."

We finally came to a dirty, ill-kept street of houses. The first part of our line had arrived ahead, and had successfully put back into the house the few miserable belongings of the evicted tenants. The woman of the house was standing, surrounded by a group of "black reds," intermittently crying and thanking God, loudly and dramatically. Her audience was very responsive, and seemed about to break into shouts itself. It was pathetic to see this old black woman thanking God for aid which came in the form of a group of so-called Communists—and the emotional responses of the Communists themselves reminded me more of a camp fire meeting than a mob of angry "reds." Evidently not all Communists, at least not all black Communists, are atheists.

Suddenly a shout went around that there was another family in the next street that had been put out, and the procession started in that direction. This time I was far in the front to see the fun. We were met at the street by two squad cars of police who asked us where we were going. The black crowd swarmed around the officers and their cars like a hive of bees around their queen. The officers jumped out of their cars and told the crowd to move on. No one moved. Everyone simply stood and stared at them. One officer lost his head and drew his gun, leveling it at the crowd.

Then a young fellow stepped out of the crowd and said, "You can't shoot all of us and I might as well die

now as any time. All we want is to see that these people, our people, get back into their homes. We have no money, no jobs, and sometimes no food. We've got to live some place. We are just acting the way you or anyone else would act."

The officer looked at the boy, at the crowd, and the crowd looked at him. No threats, no murmurs, no disorder; the crowd just looked at him. There the officer stood, surrounded by a crowd of dirty, ragged Negroes with a sea of black eyes on him. The officer replaced his gun in his holster and stood looking.

In the back of the crowd some one got up on a soap box and started to speak. It was an old, wild-eyed, hag-like woman. The crowd turned and listened to her.

I have heard lots of radicals talk. I have attended the meetings of Anarchists, Socialists, I. W. W.s and Communists. I understand, more or less, the rituals of Karl Marx, Lenin, and the rest. I am familiar with the usual harangue of the "soap boxer"—but this was different. This woman was not talking about any economic principles; she was not talking about any empty theories, nor was she concerned with some abstract Utopia to be gained from the movement of the "lower classes." She was talking about bread, and jobs, and places to sleep in. It was the talk of a person who had awakened from a pleasant dream to find that reality was hard, cold, and cruel.

Then I realized that all these people had suddenly found themselves face to face with hard, cold reality. They were the people who a few years ago had migrated from the South, in wagons, in cars, in trains, even walking. They had migrated with songs and hymns on their lips—with prayers to the Almighty for deliverance. They had come to the North and had been welcomed. Ah, America's great pool of unskilled labor was tapped; they had been sent to help win the war. But pretty soon the war was over. And, later still, the good times and prosperity were over. With hard times they had felt the pinch of poverty, and now they were virtually starving to death in the paradise of a few years ago.

The talk went on. The crowd stood and listened. It had grown bigger now and many white faces were seen. The officers stood and listened. I don't believe that there was any one there who was not touched by the talk. I don't believe that there was anybody there, white or black, who did not in some degree face the same situation that she was so vividly describing. Even the officers stood with more or less respectful attention. I spoke to one of the officers and asked if he didn't think it was a shame to put people out of their houses when they were in such desperate circumstances. He answered that it was tough, yet a man didn't build a house for charity—but it didn't make any difference to him as long as they started no trouble.

Just then a siren was heard—the whisper went around—the riot squad was coming!

"Hold your places, comrades," shouted the woman speaker.

"Act like men," came back from the crowd.

All of the spectators stepped back, and the active participants formed a small nucleus around the speaker—packed in tight—a solid black lump of people. Two young fellows stood holding the woman up on the soap box in the middle.

Then the riot squad turned into the street, four cars

full of blue-coated officers and a patrol wagon. They jumped out before the cars came to a stop and charged down upon the crowd. Night sticks and "billies" played a tattoo on black heads.

"Hold your places," shouted the woman.

"Act like men," answered the crowd.

They stood like dumb beasts—no one ran, no one fought or offered resistance, just stood, an immovable black mass. Finally the officers were through, and started to pull down the woman speaker. Clubs came down in a sickening rain of blows on the woolly head of one of the boys who was holding her up. Blood spurted from his mouth and nose. Finally she was pulled down. A tremor of nervousness ran through the crowd. Then someone turned and ran. In a minute the whole group was running like mad for cover. One of the officers shot twice at one of the boys who had been holding up the woman speaker. The boy stumbled, grabbed his thigh, but kept on running. The woman was struggling in the arms of two husky policemen. It was all over in a minute, and all that was left was the soap box and the struggling black woman. I turned and left. Tomorrow I will perhaps read in the paper that a "red riot" was stopped only with the intervention of a number of officer; that "red" agitation among the Negroes is on the increase; that Mr. Fish, Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Jimmie Walker were right—American institutions really are in danger.

In the Driftway

WITH the great American passion for framing lists —The Ten Greatest Thinkers, the Ten Greatest Poets (vide Will Durant's latest opus), The Ten Greatest Living American Women, and so on and on, the Drifter wonders why he has not yet seen any list of The Ten Most Obnoxious Words. Most persons, the Drifter imagines, if asked to compile such a list, would be embarrassed. For most of them would suppose that they were being called upon to set down the words which each of us has been taught to believe are so obnoxious to all the rest of us—those four-letter Anglo-Saxon words celebrated by Joyce in "Ulysses" and Lawrence in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and sometimes used in private conversation by less distinguished persons. Any one of candor, however, or at least (what is sometimes the same thing) any one capable of recognizing what his own feelings and emotions really are, as distinguished from those that are generally considered estimable or appropriate, will probably admit that most of these words are not really revolting to him. On the contrary, they are precisely the words that come to his lips spontaneously, and even irresistibly, when he has lost his temper; which clearly shows that, so far from being distasteful to him, they give him a curious satisfaction that no other words in the whole English language, in just that situation, could provide.

* * * * *

THE officially obnoxious words, in short, are seldom the personally obnoxious ones. The words that annoy and irritate one personally will depend to a large extent on one's temperament, and on the nature of one's experience and in-

terests. If the Drifter were to compile a personal list, for example, it would certainly include such words as *creative*, *organic*, *dynamic*, *vital*, *complex*, and *psychosis*. The Drifter is willing to admit that his distaste for these words is sometimes an irrational one, for each of them surely has an entirely legitimate use. It is when they are used pretentiously, honorifically, and vaguely, as they are coming increasingly to be, that they arouse the Drifter's ire. Why must every person with a sense of inferiority now be described as having an inferiority *complex*? In nine cases out of ten the word *complex* adds nothing but the self-conscious intimation that the person using it knows a thing or two about psychoanalysis. Why are so many writers convinced that they have said something profoundly significant when they are told us that we must take an *organic* view of this or that subject? Why? . . . But the Drifter is becoming indignant, and indignation is alien to his nature.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

France Does Not Want War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No, France does not want war. There are Marins and Maurrases in France: but they are not "France": they are not even "official France." Official France is Briand, and Maurras is openly calling for his assassination. The failure of liberals in this country to understand and support the most conciliatory of European statesmen is a tragedy.

We must strive to escape from nationalistic thinking. Mr. Dell and *The Nation* are not against France: they are with Leon Blum, with Daladier (!), with Barbusse, with Rolland, just as much as they are against Hitler or Pilsudski.

What is to be done? Certainly not to attempt to coerce or isolate France: but to attempt to understand. I, as a pacifist and as an internationalist, can see much that is reasonable in her contentions. Meet her reasonable demands: the unreasonable ones will fall of their own weight. The cry for *security* is not hysterical: we must have an organized world if we truly want disarmament and peace. So long as we are out of the Court and out of the League, we are giving an example of "sacred egoism" which strengthens the "sacred egoism" of others. The mote and the beam: at present, we, who officially stand for international *anarchy* (in the literal sense of the word), are the obstacle. If Mr. Hoover hopes to settle the disarmament and the financial problems without international commitments, he is bound to fail.

I heartily agree with the conclusions of Mr. Robert Dell: the principle of equality would appeal to the sense of logic and fairness of the French. I am surprised we are not working it up for all it is worth: here at last is a definite, positive suggestion. Peace can not be based on supremacy: neither French supremacy on land, nor Anglo-Saxon supremacy on the high seas. We, who obviously do not need as large a navy as Great Britain, have claimed and secured parity. Italy, whose colonial interests are trifling compared with those of France, is claiming parity with France. Germany will be satisfied with nothing less. The principle of equality is absurd if you like: but it is workable. What are the alternatives? A race for armaments, and the survival of the fittest? We have tried that way: it leads to Hell. An adjudication of the "needs" of each nation? By whom, and on what basis? Do you think that America would stand for a moment a definition of her "needs" by an

international body? The Washington method: "freezing" armaments, not at their present level, but in their present proportions? Aye: but that should work both ways: if it consecrates the naval supremacy of France? And is not that exactly what we are seeking to avoid?

Let us *all* reduce to a common level—say, for a start, the one imposed upon Germany by the Versailles treaty. Both Mr. Hoover and Mussolini have said emphatically that no figure was too low for them—provided no one else was entitled to a larger one. This means the total abandonment of the "Britannia rule the waves" policy and the two-power naval standard. Messrs. MacDonald, Baldwin, and Lloyd George united recently in a demonstration against excessive armaments: are they willing to accept the consequences?

The French are not ghouls: they are clear thinking people. They will never understand why we should insist upon disarmament without mutual guarantees; and why France should give up her military superiority whilst England would be confirmed in her naval superiority. Meet these two problems: America's (alleged) refusal to cooperate, England's reluctance to admit other nations to full equality, and the French difficulties will be automatically settled.

Stanford University, Cal., August 5 ALBERT GUÉRARD

West Virginia Coal Mines

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just completed a health study for the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, of the children of the coal miners of the West Virginia Miners' Union. In Ward, where work has been fairly steady, I found that the average weight for all the children was 12 per cent below the standard and that a diet consisting of pinto beans, potatoes and sow belly (salt pork) had resulted in lowered resistance to all types of infection such as colds, middle ear infections, and tonsillitis. In Gallagher, where work was not steady, conditions were far worse. There was, for example, a higher incidence of such preventable diseases as scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhoid.

There is an attempt on the part of the public school authorities in these mining camps to provide inoculation against preventable diseases, but the children of the miners are unable to attend school after the first few weeks of autumn because they have no shoes for the long hikes to the school building. As a consequence they receive none of the benefits of public health service as carried out in the school. None of the children I examined had been given milk of any kind after they were weaned, nor had they known fresh meat or vegetables except on very rare occasions. Their only change from the diet described above was berries gathered from the woodlands near their camp.

The average family in Gallagher consists of seven persons; in Ward, of nine, due to the fact that the mothers in Gallagher are younger than those in Ward. It is taken for granted that a woman should have a child every year.

There is a direct connection between undernourishment, low wages, irregular work and indecent living conditions. The incidence of typhoid and dysentery is far beyond the statistics of any civilized community, because of the pollution of water supplied by the coal companies. The water supply in Gallagher comes from a source immediately adjacent to outhouses used by the miners.

When the miners are working, there is left a budget of 77 cents per person a week for food and clothing for the people of Ward, and 71 cents for those of Gallagher. From the miners' pay, which is in the form of scrip currency redeemable only at the company stores, there is checked by the operators

\$2 a month for the pay of company doctors (who, by the way, are shunned by the coal diggers in most instances); \$1.50 for hospital charges, \$1 for burial expenses, and a charge for powder, tools, and timber used in extracting coal. The average total left for miners, after a two weeks' shift, comes to less than \$25, from which the rent for living in company houses and the debt from dealing at company stores are subtracted, so that in many instances the unorganized miner finds that he is in debt to the company for from \$7 to \$17 as a result of his labor.

The miners in both towns have never been able to afford the luxuries of ice, proper screens, and other preventives against infection. As a result the resistance to infectious disease among the children is startlingly low, so that there is a mortality of one in every five children, and among those who survive preventable diseases are notably rife. An entire generation of the children of American citizens engaged in the production of a basic commodity for power-civilization is being reared among conditions which inevitably lead to feebleness, degeneration and crime.

The most direct way to help the striking miners in their struggle for decent conditions is by contributing funds through the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief at 112 East 19th Street, New York City. Make checks payable to the committee or to Forrest Bailey, Treasurer.

New York City, August 6

DR. RUTH FOX

The Disarmament Question

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last week 10,000 people packed Albert Hall and listened to eloquent speeches by Premier MacDonald, Lloyd George, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, and others in behalf of disarmament. The United States does not yet seem to be as thoroughly aroused as England on this commanding issue. In spite of President Hoover's moratorium proposal, the world situation is perilous and the trouble from which Europe is suffering will not be cured merely by financial settlement. The most important element in bringing about the confidence which breeds prosperity will be a drastic cut in armaments.

World conditions are changing with startling rapidity and world statesmanship has not kept pace with the movement. The United States has a great opportunity to help. In January, 1931, twenty-two European nations united in declaring that they were "resolutely determined to use the machinery of the League to prevent any resort to violence." This declaration should now be followed by a statement from President Hoover, before the opening of the Disarmament Conference next February to the effect that the forces of the United States will never be employed to interfere with the machinery of the League when that is used to prevent resort to violence. If any nation is fearful, that nation will feel less suspicious and vastly more secure if it has assurance that in case of any possible outbreak in defiance of the Paris Pact, America would give no credit to the aggressor, would refuse to sell her munitions, and if she remained hostile, would break off relationship with her. Such an assurance would profoundly affect the attitude of mind at the Disarmament Conference.

What would such a declaration cost us? Practically nothing; but our government, although aware of a keen desire for peace, has been silent and not said the necessary helpful word. America is not yet fully aroused to the frightful danger to civilization if the representatives of practically all the nations of the world assemble at Geneva next February and are not able to work together for reductions in all kinds of ships, munitions and forces, together with adequate budgetary limitation. Unless some such action is taken and unless the pledges of

1919 are redeemed, prosperity cannot return to a world that refuses to be sane, but instead is headed toward internal convulsions and catastrophe. The hour has struck for definite and far-reaching action. The Soviet government has a plan; whether bad or good, it is a definite plan. The western world has not evolved one. It is staggering on hardly knowing what it can do or ought to do, and is bound to fall unless it has a plan. No nation can do more than ours to help that plan evolve.

London, July 20

LUCIA AMES MEAD

Harlem Gets a New Jail

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The pompous dedication on July 14 of the new Thirty-second Police Precinct on the main crosstown thoroughfare of colored Harlem, amid the crashing cymbals of the Police Brass Band, was a damning commentary upon the government of New York City under the present administration. Summoned by the blare of trumpets, thousands of Harlem's unemployed blocked the squalid street of the new jail, richly festooned at city expense for the Roman holiday. The city's chiefs and their entourages to the number of scores, in their limousines, combined to stop traffic, in order that the mayor and his minions down to the alderman and aspiring local candidates could all join in the spectacle. The dignitaries of the section joined with the celebrated functionaries in their raucous, megaphoned, radioed speeches to the assembled throngs, and dined sumptuously on the banquet viands—all at the expense of the city treasury. But to what purpose was all this celebration? Had it been in celebration of a new public school, library, hospital; had it signalized the cleaning up of this frightfully neglected section, with its disgraceful parkways and dirty streets, which constitute a menace to the health of its citizens and the city; had it been to open up a great employment program to give Harlem's impoverished and underprivileged workers a chance to earn a living, this lavish expenditure, while foolish, could have been understood. But this was not the occasion of the monster spectacle. It was to launch Tammany's campaign. How? By dedicating a jail!

We have recently sought in vain to bring to the attention of the city the dangerous health conditions in this great black community. The new jail itself with its greatly enlarged facilities tells the story of increased misery and crime in this congested region. The back yards of the dilapidated old-law flats and ancient private houses which surround the new bastille are piled high with reeking refuse. The courts, cellars, and areas of all Harlem are live plague spots overrun with rats and vermin—nauseating the lodgers until shades must be drawn to avoid the sight and windows must be closed during these sweltering summer dog days to exclude the smell. Two-thirds of the dumbwaiters in Harlem flats are out of commission. Garbage from the top to the bottom floor is thrown down the shaft as a necessity by the householders, making the entire shaft a disease- and germ-breeding tract and the bottom of the shaft a live bed of filth. The resulting swarms of vermin presage an early arrival of malaria, diphtheria, measles, and smallpox unless heroic preventive methods are speedily adopted. With every tenement and health ordinance violated with impunity, both by landlords and lodgers, Harlem naturally constitutes a health menace not only to itself but to the city.

Why does the city government not remove the causes of Harlem's crime record by giving thousands of its unemployed work in cleaning up the section? Instead, it dedicates a jail and squanders thousands in the dedication!

New York, August 1

GEORGE W. HARRIS

Books

The Logic of the Rose

By LANCELOT DENT

Consider the sweet mystery of the rose,
How reasonably its petals presuppose
The limpid universals it selects,
Repelling all the others it rejects
So timelessly, till come untimely shears.
It is the perfect thing that it appears,
Yet holding undissolved for God to see
Its own precise particularity.

Change and Fixity in the Law

Law and the Modern Mind. By Jerome Frank. Brentano's.
\$4.

DISCUSSION of our political life cannot have much reality while we talk of democracy and the will of the people, and our actual government remains an irresponsible judicial aristocracy. A small number of judges can, under the guise of interpreting the law, settle for a long time any vital issue in accordance with their own class bias or antiquated opinion as to social and economic needs. In the progressive *ante bellum* days, proposals were discussed for the recall of judicial decisions and for other ways of making the law more responsive to the present-day interests of the majority of the people. But the leaders of the American Bar, either because they feared the removal of issues from the field of their professional power to the political forum where the wishes of *hoi polloi* might count, or else because they really did not know any better, began a campaign of "education" and "sold" to the public the idea that the courts have nothing to do with making and changing the law. This theory of a complete Law that speaks into the mind of the judge, who like a phonograph does nothing but repeat it, had frequently been shown by intelligent jurists since the days of Austin to be a fiction. But the prestige of the leaders of our bar, the desertion of the progressive cause by Roosevelt, and the general shadow of the oncoming War made this fiction prevail, and it still holds the fort as our orthodox national myth.

Mr. Frank's book is, therefore, of importance as a valiant attack on the orthodox position, by a keen lawyer who knows the ropes and brings to his aid an unusually varied learning, including the fashionable form of psychoanalysis.

Having in my own way for over eighteen years fought against this citadel of legal unreason, my inclinations are naturally to hail Mr. Frank as an ally in a righteous cause. Also because Mr. Frank is a highly esteemed friend, it would be pleasant to dwell on the great merits of this book and its timeliness. But others have already done so, and the public has so approved its readable quality as to put it already into a second printing. It seems to me, therefore, more useful to point out why, though the author's heart is in the right place and his courage most admirable, he is not likely to disturb the enemy very seriously. The book is not well organized, the shots are often carelessly fired and wide of the mark, many of the shells are duds and some may act like boomerangs. This friendly criticism of an ally is all the more necessary because these defects are characteristic of our young liberals who, though they talk much about science and the methods of science, woefully neglect the art of close reasoning and seldom trouble

to produce logically conclusive evidence for their contentions.

Mr. Frank's book is not well organized. The various chapters are rather loosely strung together, and the subject matter is distributed without any careful plan among them, as well as among sixty-two pages of miscellaneous appendices, and thirty pages more of notes in addition to footnotes. Mr. Frank confuses his references, fails to do justice to the authorities he quotes, and in moments of illumination makes wise qualifications in footnotes which he subsequently ignores in the text. These are in themselves minor matters. Mr. Frank is a busy lawyer, and we should be grateful for the labor, often useful and illuminating, which he has from time to time devoted to this book. But unfortunately the outer lack of order is correlated with a failure to think through what he ultimately wants to say.

His central aim is to deny the complete certainty of the law. Does Mr. Frank, however, wish to rush to the other extreme and, substituting one childish simplicity for another, maintain that there is no certainty in the law at all? Here we have a regrettable lack of clarity. An affirmative answer to the last question is logically involved in his extreme nominalism or denial of rules, which he develops in his unfortunate polemics against Pound, Jhering and Dickinson (e. g. pp. 156, 217). Thus he quotes with approval Dean Green's categorical assertion that "the control of judges is not to be found in rules," (p. 283)—a recklessly anarchic statement which ignores the daily experienced necessity for rules as checks not only on judges but on the ignorance and bias of all private as well as public agents. It ignores also the ever pressing need of uniformity in various phases of modern life.

Mr. Frank, however, has no clear idea as to what he is thus committing himself to; and elsewhere, especially in footnotes, he explicitly recognizes the existence and need of some rules and certainty in the law. This admission, however, still leaves his fundamental thesis rather vague and inconsequential, and his polemics pointless if not unfair. For obviously, if the law contains both rules and discretion, both certainty and uncertainty, the significant issue is precisely the one that Dean Pound faces and that Mr. Frank dodges, viz., where to draw the line between legal rule and judicial discretion. Without such a line there cannot be much definite meaning in Mr. Frank's contention that he is arguing only against the conventional *exaggeration* of the importance of rule and certainty. We cannot tell that any one has exaggerated unless we have measured or at least estimated the *correct* amount. But such a task seems so uncongenial to Mr. Frank that he is most unfair in his attack on Pound's effort in that direction. To grant that Pound has not adequately solved that most difficult problem would not justify Mr. Frank's argument here. The latter, if generalized, would deny the distinction between day and night, by asking where in the twilight zone we are to draw the line where one ends and the other begins. No one can well deny Pound's contention that the field of property and contract is full of exact rules, such as the legal rate of interest, the age of contractual responsibility, the number of witnesses necessary for a will, and thousands of similar rules.

Again, Mr. Frank has not faced clearly the essential question as to whether the central phenomenon which he is examining, viz., the craving for certainty, is found only in the law or whether it exists also in other fields, e. g., in medicine. He begins his book as if he were dealing with something peculiar to the law, something that explains the anomalous position of the lawyer in the community. His explanation, however, is in terms of a supposed general fact of human nature—the reliance of the child on the authority of the father. This is certainly contrary to all canons of scientific procedure. For if the cause is general, it ought to manifest itself in all fields of human life,

and if the effect is special to the law, there must be special causes that Mr. Frank has not faced.

There can be no doubt that the desire for complete certainty—the craving for absolute truth—is a trait of all creatures born of woman. Does not Mr. Frank himself believe that his formula, that the law is a *growing* or changing affair, is the real or absolute truth? Or does he expect that tomorrow it *may* be proved once for all that the law is a fixed and eternally unchanging system? Mr. Frank does not really face the theoretical and practical conditions of this craving for, and assumption of, absolute knowledge, because of his preoccupation with his pet theory that in the legal field this craving is due to a transference of father-authority to the Law personified. This theory is neither plausible in itself nor is there anything like scientific evidence offered for its adequacy. In every community there are a number of people who for some reason or other have never had a chance to rely on paternal authority. Is there any evidence that they demand less certainty of the law than do the others? Again, when youth ceases to respect paternal authority and relegates it to the realm of Victorianism or old-fogeyism, *does* it transfer its old awe to the law? Or is not the law also apt to be viewed as absurd by rebellious youth? And if men begin to rely more on routine as they grow older and have less zest for adventure, why drag in the notion of a father-substitute?

Mr. Frank protests—perhaps too much—that his psychoanalytic explanation is only a partial one, and at times he calls it a fiction. It is hard in view of the confidence he shows in this explanation to make out exactly what he means by its partiality or its fictional character. His complacent assumption that psychoanalytic concepts like father-substitution are “the best instruments now available for the study of human nature,” begs more than he or any one else has as yet proved. Psychoanalysis has doubtless led to some therapeutic results. But so have Christian Science and other faith-cures, and a logician must contend that therapeutic efficiency does not prove the truth of all the different faiths that produce it. Psychoanalysis will become scientific only when, like biology, it becomes really critical of its own evidence, instead of resenting—as all sectarian faiths do—the demand for such evidence. In any case a little more scientific modesty as to the adequacy of his psychology would have saved Mr. Frank from the ridiculous procedure of trying to dispose of Jhering's effort to determine the certain element in the law by calling it “childish.” Mr. Frank's categorical denial of the postulate of “a universe completely governed by discoverable unchanging law,” involves an absolute knowledge for all future time. Would it be fair to call *him* childish for that? Despite the fashionable modernistic logicians whom Mr. Frank follows too blindly, the attempt to refute a man's views by inventing pejorative psychogenetic accounts of them remains the fallacy recognized and named by the old textbooks. It is especially bad grace to apply a quasi-abusive epithet like “childish” to Jhering, who in his famous essay *Im Begriffshimmel* has anticipated all that is sound in Mr. Frank's arguments against undue certainty in the law. Jhering, however, was too sound a jurist to forget that the real problem is to find the precise relation between the certain and the uncertain elements in the law.

It may perhaps be unfair to judge Mr. Frank's book by a standard of logical rigor not generally applied to books written for the general public. But as Mr. Frank is engaged in a serious and important task, it must in the interest of the latter be pointed out that the myth of a completely certain legal system, apart from the work of judges—a myth which has its roots in legal experience from time immemorial—cannot be overthrown by an admitted fiction from the mushroom science of psychoanalysis. The myth is in fact, like other persistent human beliefs, a half-truth, and its error cannot be overthrown

unless we recognize the part of it which is based on the impregnable rock of logical truth.

In the interest of general sanity, which liberals ought not to ignore, we should note that the desire for undue simplicity is not restricted to Platonists and scholastics (epithets never used in a derogative sense except by those who are woefully ignorant of the writings of Plato and of Thomas Aquinas). It characterizes all those who glibly assume that a world of change must exclude all constancy, and that the reality of particulars is inconsistent with the reality of universals. In this respect Mr. Frank, like others, has been misled by the theologico-philosophic vagaries of Eddington as to the meaning of Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy. The latter principle is an empirical application to the electron of old truths as to the nature of measurement. But neither Heisenberg's principle nor the statistical view of nature can deny that different things have universal or common natures (that things come in *kinds*) and that science is a search for constant laws governing the changes of things.

If the natural human craving for certainty be childish, the complete denial of it would be complete madness. If I actually doubt that stones will continue to lie on the ground if undisturbed, that my body is material and that my fellow beings continue to exist, the latter will for their and my protection have to lock me up in some asylum. Mr. Frank is impressed with some of the harm of the pretended certainty of the law. He should reflect that modern life would be completely paralyzed without the constant effort to make the law more certain, so that people can know on what to rely in their enterprise. Uncontrolled discretion of judges would make modern complex life unbearable. Rightly does Mr. Frank hold up Justice Holmes as a mature mind on the bench. But that great jurist not only believes that there is certainty in the law but that it can and ought to be increased. At any rate his greatness as a judge is precisely in the preeminent way in which he distinguishes between the legal rule which limits the scope of his function and his own personal opinions.

MORRIS R. COHEN

The Sins of a Critic

Two Symphonies. By André Gide. Translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

HIS enemies find in Gide the hypocrite; his friends the moralist. Many of those who know his work in the original believe that his criticism, only one volume of which has been translated, is more important than his fiction. His admirers—and I may say that I am among them—think his spirit has ranged further and stayed younger than that of any other living literary critic, that his criticism can be depended upon to seek out that which is essential and most deeply human, that his “classicism” is one of the most creative forces of our time. Above all, his admirers feel that his peculiar distinction lies in his way of emphasizing the *moral* content of literature, which comes from his well-known fascination with the problem of good and, especially, evil.

This volume is his eighth to be translated. Perhaps some general reflections on his work are now in order. Here are two *récits*, “Isabelle” (1911) and “The Pastoral Symphony” (1919). Both are written with the consummate finish and ingenuity that we expect of anything by Gide. And yet they are almost certain to prove a disappointment—perhaps a revelation—to his American reader. For however well-written, these are not living stories but fleshless, implausible specters of stories. Each is told in the first person and ends in the narrator's self-castigation. In “Isabelle” he is a romantic young writer and

condemns himself for falling in love with a name. In "The Pastoral Symphony" he is a Protestant pastor and condemns himself, among other things, for frustrating the young love of his son and his blind ward, for his arid heart, and even for his care-worn face. Each story ends upon a note of didacticism—as a last resort: to redeem it, to pull it together, to give it an individual tone. For similar reasons a few stray ends are deliberately left untied. The result is that everything is enveloped in a cloud of false mystery.

Both stories are heavy with the author's guilt. And no wonder. For in pinning together these skeletons Gide has committed sins that as a critic he would be the first to decry. Each is founded, not upon a real experience of life, but upon an all too "literary" idea. Each addresses itself almost solely to the intelligence. The characters in each are seldom more than reconciliations of the demands of plot and the demands of consistency. In every note of these unmusical "symphonies" we hear the overtone of self-consciousness. The author seems to glance over his shoulder as he clears the first hurdles of motivation, plausibility, coincidence, characterization; there is a worried look on his face. The hurdles ahead are higher and he begins knocking them down. Then, as though he were Zeus, he causes himself to be concealed in a cloud, and we cannot make out what he is doing. The mystery, we know, is false, but it is very thick. And when he appears in the open once more, at the finish, wearing a strained smile, we have no way of telling whether he ran around the remaining hurdles or climbed under them.

Some people wonder impiously why Gide writes fiction at all. They say that every page is tainted; and they are right. But they overlook that in addition to being a hypocrite, he is also a moralist. How could he be a moralist if he knew nothing about the function of evil? (For it is the function of evil that he understands, not evil itself. That is why he is equipped to be a critic, but not a novelist. That is why he is so good when he discusses the role that evil plays in Dostoevski's work, for example, while his own "Immoralist" is merely a studio sinner.) After all, he must have some experience of evil, if only a literary one. We are driven to the conclusion that the sins of this great critic are his "creations."

GERALD SYKES

Socialism, Red or White

Bolshevism at a Deadlock. By Karl Kautsky. Rand School Press. \$1.75.

THE present writer approaches this volume in no little pain of spirit. Karl Kautsky was one of the teachers of his youth. "The Social Revolution and After" appealed to him as the very perfection of sound thinking in the economic field. But now, twenty-eight years later, old friends are parted, old gods are overthrown, and lie with their faces in the dust.

It would be interesting to take Kautsky's old-time prophecies of the social revolution, and compare them passage by passage with his repudiation of Bolshevism. It would be interesting as a psychological study of the effect of age upon the human mind. It would be interesting as a historical study, to trace the process whereby a leader of revolutionary theory has been brought into what seems, to at least one of his pupils, a completely counter-revolutionary attitude.

It was in 1906 or 1907 that I had with Kautsky a correspondence on the subject of my pamphlet, "War, a Manifesto Against It." I wanted all the Socialist parties of the world to form themselves into an international legislature to abolish war and pledge themselves to revolt against it. Kautsky said

it could not be done—at least not by the Germans—their party would be wiped out by the government. Kautsky wrote me that he wanted an unsuccessful war for Germany. But seven years later, when the war came, Kautsky changed his mind, and decided that he wanted a successful war for Germany. When the Russian Bolsheviks hindered his new desire, he turned upon them in a rage, and now finds no language too strong to denounce them and all their works.

Soviet Russia is a fact of colossal significance and of colossal size. There are an infinite number of details to be observed, and without the slightest difficulty, one can select a particular set of details, and prove that Soviet Russia is anything one pleases. The Bolsheviks have obligingly provided Comrade Kautsky with sufficient unfavorable data to fill an encyclopedia. They practice what they call "self-criticism," washing all their dirty industrial and financial linen in public. Comrade Kautsky selects a few of the latest items, and by them proves exactly what he wants to prove.

He is sufficiently naive, or sufficiently considerate of the reader, to explain the principle upon which he has selected his facts. He knows *a priori* that there can be nothing good in this revolution, because it did not come according to the Marx-Kautsky formula. It ought to have come in a highly industrialized country like England or Germany; instead of which, it came in a primitive and backward country, and so it is "fantastic" and "impossible." Says Kautsky: "If Lenin is right, then my whole life's work devoted to the propagation, application and further development of the ideas of my great masters, Marx and Engels, has been in vain." And of course that cannot be.

In the same way Comrade Kautsky disposes of Russian "dumping" in one conclusive theoretical sentence: "This surplus has certainly not been as large as that promised in the Plan, for that is impossible." In this spirit he goes on to wave out of existence one department after another of the Russian endeavor. For example, he tells us that in Russia "The masses are perishing of famine and squalor." His book was published in Germany in the fall of 1930, but a preface to the English and American editions brings it up to January of the present year, and shows that Comrade Kautsky chose to pay no attention to the enormous harvest of the first year of collectivization.

And now the still greater harvest of the second year is rolling in, and the statement sounds even more absurd. Kautsky says: "In no circumstances will Soviet Russia be able to create agricultural large-scale production capable of survival. The attempt to conjure up thousands of big holdings overnight has merely resulted, and will continue to result, in the destruction of the soundest and most productive section of the peasant population." The answer to which is some thirteen million peasant households now in collectives, and a planted acreage ten per cent higher than last year.

One can go through this book, and take statement after statement which is thus contradicted by the impolite facts. One could have laugh after laugh over sentences in which an elderly German theorist—described on the jacket of his book as "the Foremost Marxian Theoretician of our Times"—waves out of existence by a formula the most colossal and significant developments of the modern world. Thus, for example: "What is the essence of the Five-Year Plan? Nothing but upsetting the balance between the various branches of production." This at a time when the triumph of the Five-Year Plan, in maintaining the balance between the various branches of production, has become the sensation of the capitalistic world!

There are two attitudes towards Soviet Russia struggling for prevalence in the Socialist movement. It is hard for thinkers who have based their movement upon democracy and liberty, not to be repelled by the idea of dictatorship. On the other hand, if one has to choose between permanent economic

serfdom, and the temporary loss of the right to disobey orders, many Socialists, especially the younger ones in the movement, will choose the Soviet system as a lesser of two evils. But whatever the Socialists decide, they must bring themselves to face the facts; they must not lose themselves in a self-emitted fog, along with "the Foremost Marxian Theoretician of our Times."

UPTON SINCLAIR

World Cooperation

The Background of International Relations. By Charles Hodges. John Wiley and Sons. \$5.

PROFESSOR HODGES differs from most writers on international relations in that he does not confine himself to any particular aspect of the subject, but ranges comprehensively over the whole field. An understanding of international relations, he points out, involves a kind of panoramic view of geography and sociology as well as of economics, history, and political science, since international events "are always compounds of these underlying elements." Such non-political elements, accordingly, as physiography, race, population, economic organization, means of communication, and the collection and dissemination of world news play a large part in his exposition. The net effect of this portion of the "background" is to emphasize not only the variety of interests with which international relations are concerned, but the inherence of such relations in the natural development of society. To these non-political elements politics adds powerful factors of its own. Diplomacy, in undertaking to regulate the relations between states, has developed a system of international intercourse which looks in the direction of world organization. The gains in that direction in the nineteenth century were not sufficient to withstand the crisis of 1914, and Professor Hodges sees the World War forcing the nations to "seek closer cooperation for the preservation of world unity."

The "driving force" in national politics today, however, is business, and while "economic hunger" impels nations to "seek commercial supremacy backed by the power of the state," Professor Hodges thinks that "enlightened self-interest is enforcing world cooperation in both political and non-political ways." His exposition, on the other hand, suggests a cooperation such as subsists in movement on parallel lines. A Great Power, he says, "must not only possess the old requisites of sufficient territory and population to bulk large in international relations," but "there must also be added at the very start a high-powered business system." As a consequence we "have to keep two kinds of worlds before us—the political and the economic," and of the two the economic seems to be the greater. International business exercises "a far-reaching economic 'right of eminent domain' in dealing with world affairs. It moves across political frontiers virtually at will. . . . For practical purposes, the business of these Great Powers has taken on itself the mandate for the control of economically less efficient peoples."

Professor Hodges's obvious sympathy with internationalism does not blind him to the virtues of historical nationalism and its great and continuing influence in the world. A careful weighing of the pros and cons leads him to the conclusion that "no one can doubt the power of nationalism for the next century or two as the outstanding political factor in international relations. At once it is a mobilizer of men's differences and of their loyalties. Perhaps in this age of the 'uprooted man' nationalism is the one conserving political force that holds him in allegiance. . . . While its manifestations arouse mixed feeling, the thing itself is solidly entrenched in our world."

On the more familiar phases of his subject, such as the League of Nations and the International Labor Office, the

World Court and arbitration tribunals, international organizations and conferences, and the anti-war movement, Professor Hodges offers judicious comment and a wealth of data. The chapter devoted to the press is especially informing, and there is an excellent description of the actual work of the League. As far as information and substantive scope go the book is a veritable encyclopedia, and the numerous pictures, graphs, and statistical tables are an admirable supplement to the text. The attempt to expound so vast a subject on lines of general principles, together with the philosophical tone of much of the exposition, makes parts of the book hard reading, but the reader who will persevere to the end of the 678 pages will be rewarded with an all-round view of international relations not to be had from any other single work.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Mercutio in Mayfair

Ronald Firbank. A Memoir by Ifan Kyrle Fletcher. With Reminiscences by Lord Berners, Osbert Sitwell, Augustus John, and Others. London: Duckworth. 8 s. 6 d.

ONE could wish that all memoirs of unusual people were written in the vein of this one, for it is not a conventional or a sentimental estimate, but a courageous attempt to capture, without apology, the unbelievably rare and defiant soul of Ronald Firbank, which, at Rome in 1926, unexpectedly, and as if perversely, as if suddenly deciding to take a train to Memphis, fled to its appointed sphere.

Our only criticism of this rather enticing book is that, inevitably perhaps, it lacks the gossamer humor befitting any treatment of its utterly fantastic subject. We think that Firbank's art deserves to be taken with the utmost seriousness, but the facts of his strange life merit a slightly different treatment. Mr. Fletcher, however, writes unpretentiously, and thus well. Of the other sketches, the one by Lord Berners is the best in the sense of slightly resembling the manner of the original. The one by Mr. V. B. Holland, an athletic acquaintance from Cambridge, is also extremely sympathetic. It was Lord Berners who executed the funeral arrangements at Rome, and "never dreaming" that Firbank was a Roman Catholic, had the writer buried in the Protestant cemetery, not far from Shelley. "The nightingales who attended the funeral," he writes, "were presumably Papist, for they did their utmost to drown the voice of the officiating chaplain."

When one asks what manner of man was this who could summon so remarkable a tribute, one is inclined to query whether he was a man at all. There are moments in "Prancing Nigger" and in the posthumous book which suggest the idea that if Puck or Ariel had been dressed up and sent down from Cambridge he would have written much the same sort of prose. Firbank actually makes one speculate on those fairy changelings, devoutly credited by the demon-haunted fancy of the Middle Ages. His peculiar talent as a writer calls up the vista of a mixed spiritual paternity, composed of Gautier, Beckford, Lord Herbert of Chisbury, P. J. Toulet, Crébillon fils, and Aubrey Beardsley. But not at all: in cold reality, Ronald was the son of Sir Thomas Firbank, M. P., a railroad magnate, and grandson of Joseph Firbank, known as "Faither" Firbank, a day laborer. Of these progenitors, the workman seems to have been the more interesting. One wonders what he would have thought of the creator of Cardinal Pirelli and Mrs. Mouth, whose first book was entitled "The Mauve Tower."

At Cambridge Ronald refused to know anyone, and spent most of his time, writes a contemporary, "in writhing about and admiring his hands," heavily studded with jade and sandstone

rings. Almost his only close friend was Monsignor Barnes, Roman Catholic chaplain to the university. Not long afterward Firbank was definitely received into the Church of Rome, but he never seems to have practiced his religion, and his last act was the almost unprintable "Cardinal Pirelli" volume. Something must have happened, some unfortunate but inevitable "hitch." Firbank, one sees clearly, was, in the moral sense, one of the most honest of men. He would not eat his cake and have it too. But all Firbank ever reported of this case of conscience, which many converts manage to evade quite nicely, was when he said once to Lord Berners: "The Roman church wouldn't really have me, so I just laugh at her." He has been called a mere post-war Beardsley by those who do not appreciate him, but he was very unlike that artist. "Burn . . . for God's sake . . . all dirty drawings and papers," said Beardsley in his death sweat to a confessor. Somehow one cannot imagine Firbank giving anyone this direction.

If one judged Firbank without reference to the achievement of his twelve books, one might superficially put him down as one of the most insufferable sublunar creatures who ever wore trousers. He seemed to parade in his person and speech all the most inhuman affectations of a tiresome era. One evening in 1914 Rupert Brooke's biographer went out between the acts of the Russian ballet at Drury Lane and "noticed a strange figure pirouetting about in the corridor and making faces to itself. . . . Everyone stared, when suddenly the figure darted up to me, took my right hand out of my trouser pocket and shook it warmly, saying: 'I'm going to Kamschatka! Do you think I'm wise?'" To the superficial observer, we repeat, Firbank's existence, apart from his books, seems to consist of all the tedious preoccupations pursued by aesthetes the world over, whether in 1890 or 1931—big rings, Egyptian tombs, Egyptian cults, champagne, orchids, sight-seeing, the Russian ballet, first editions, reveling with young pimps in Paris, so near for your bold, bad Englishman, and, in every sense, so cheap. "My dear, I saw a crossing sweeper in Sloane Street today with the eyes of a startled faun! . . . My dear, when you talk like that you give me a distinct feeling of plush . . ." And so on. Lord Berners reports an absurd incident at the ballet when Firbank and a well-known female fantast, Lady X, both loudly complained that the one had "leered" at the other. But it must be obvious that the two stories we have told of Firbank could never have been told of any mere relic of the nineties, any disciple of the late Oscar Wilde. The latter and his friends, being, for the most part, men without real literary talent, were chronically afraid of making fools of themselves in the only world they really understood—that of society. They wanted to lead the fashion, not to defy it. Firbank, on the contrary, behaved, throughout his life, be it to fly, swim, dive into the fire, ride on the curled clouds, with the radiant unconscious humility of a St. Francis, recking nought of the conventions of a Nordic country. It was not so much that he defied certain social and moral conventions; it was as if he had never heard of them.

Firbank, as Mr. Sitwell somewhere says, was in the best and truest sense one of the war novelists. When 1914 came, he retired to Oxford, almost the one place in England left spiritually unshattered, and there he really began to write. Before the war Ariel had continuously eluded Caliban through all the well-worn avenues of dilettantism. Thenceforward the escape from life was opened up through his own books. Naturally they are very uneven, and the earlier ones seem a little derivative and unsure. But in the last two, "Prancing Nigger," with its dusky girls and boys, so different from those of Mr. Van Vechten, and the Andalusian volume, about the odd doings of a Cardinal, Firbank was superlatively himself, and no one has resembled him.

There are certain good reasons why these novels will never be much read. In the first place they seem dreadfully out of

place in a post-war literary world which may be summed up, in the words of one of our most popular poets, as one of "smoke and steel." The athletic Mr. Holland has perhaps described them as well as anyone—"books written in that nebulous state while the dream still holds its spell, and its improbability and absurdity are not yet apparent." Of course there is a market for this sort of thing on the express condition that it be Cabelian, that is to say, manufactured, meretricious, and unutterably whimsical. The great point about Firbank is that he was never "whimsical." In his strange, unearthly, un-English way, he was profoundly humorous. There are touches of true Rabelaisian gusto in his last and best book which could be quoted, though to quote them is to divest them of much of their quality, like humming a few phrases from a sonata.

"Misericordia!" Monsignor Silex exclaimed, staring aghast at the dog's leg poised, inconsequentially, against the mural tablet of the widowed Duchess of Charona—a woman who, in her lifetime, had given thirty million pesos to the poor!

They were ringing "Paula," a bell which, tradition said, had fused into its metal one of the thirty pieces of silver received by the Iscariot for the betrayal of Christ.

"They seem to have asked small fees in those days," she reflected, continuing her work.

"A symbolical attitude perhaps," writes Lord Berners of his friend. "Many passages in his books seem as if written with his back turned [as, indeed, was his nervous habit while conversing] looking out of the window." And through that window of his unique mind there is no doubt that he saw some very curious things.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Beyond the Wasteland

Harmonium. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MR. ELIOT merely defined the territory of the Wasteland and of its emotional ennui in a few stark details. Then he escaped from it into scholarship, into religion, leaving other poets to explore. Ivor Winters pushed its boundaries still further into hopelessness by pointing out that the passion of scholarship was in itself sterile, that man crumbled not only within his environment, but within the brain itself. Archibald MacLeish returned in desperation to the desert, naming it, whatever else it might be, the necessary "New Found Land," and better than exile from home. But none of these poets faced the problem which was Wallace Stevens's: here was a poet of the senses, a poet desirous of moonlight as any Keats, a poet aware of and sensitive to every subtle sensuous delight—what was he to do in death valley? Stevens's answer to this question is the very extreme of the Wasteland theory. His is the final word.

In the deliberate deflation of the emotions he has exceeded any of these others, for he has chosen to explore every mood, with full realization of its several anti-moods; he has chosen to build up the vision, only to prick it. He points out that the disassociation of the emotions lies not between one point in time or space and another point in time or space, but within the very inception of the emotion itself. No feeling is more than acknowledged before it splays out into a dozen different and antithetical feelings. No intensity mounts to its climax without the insidious question at its center.

Stevens will allow himself no protection: he will not cry out in bitterness, he will not deny one detail of multiform beauty, he will not play the "flat historic scale of memory," nor take momentary delight in "doleful heroics." He knows that love is a book too mad to read "before one merely reads to pass the time" and yet he reads it aloud. All is fantasy: the

book of moonlight never has been written, and the protagonist, Crispin, is merely a fagot in the lunar fire whose heat comes only from the fables he, himself, scrawls. Stevens persists in being a poet of moonlight who in the end pricks the bubble of the moon itself.

For all these reasons, Wallace Stevens has been called a "Dandy." The word is unfortunate in its implications of superficiality, posturing, and super-refinement. Stevens's highly mannered, technically superb verse is so written because it best expresses his particular creative imagination: to this mind no simple statement is possible, every word has innumerable associations. This poet is sincere in being insincere, since to be sincere would for him be ridiculous. His sincerity lies in his attitude. Moreover if Stevens is over-refined, it is only because we still measure refinement by the normal bluntness preserving the ordinary man for his mechanical world—not by the truer instrument of the sensitive imagination. Refinement is all we have today of exuberance and vitality. It is no mere pose when for Stevens God is where,

Above the forest of the parakeets,
A Parakeet of parakeets prevails
A pip of life amid a mort of tails,

no mere pose that woman worship, is for this poet merely an emanation from sensuous delight in "heavenly Vincentine."

Stevens having been driven by the afflatus of other poets into wandering away from such counterfeit, tells us that poetry is the "supreme fiction," that

He gripped more closely the essential prose
As being, in ■ world so falsified,
The one integrity for him, the one
Discovery still possible to make,
To which all poems were incident, unless
That prose should wear ■ poem's guise at last.

This is ■ new edition of "Harmonium." It is interesting to note that since 1923 the poet has repudiated only two poems, the Silver Plough Boy, a meaningless pretty imagistic verse, and Architecture, a poem in which the manner exceeded in difficulty the subject. He has included fourteen new poems amplifying the theme of the Crispin poems, grown slightly more autumnal:

One might in turn become less diffident,
Out of such mildew plucking neater mould
And spouting new orations of the cold.
One might, One might. But time will not relent.

EDA LOU WALTON

Popularizing Christian History

Since Calvary. By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THE subtitle of this work is "An Interpretation of Christian History." Since Mr. Browne can scarcely pretend to be offering anything like ■ new point of view, "interpretation" means, as it generally does, ■ license against thoroughness and precision, a half-apology for wandering rather aimlessly over two thousand years. Mr. Browne could hardly call ■ History this potpourri of rewriting from the best secondary and tertiary sources. What standards can he possibly claim to have employed in dividing his 428 pages among the centuries? One hundred and sixteen pages go to the first three centuries, 60 to the next five, and the period since 1648 is disposed of in 80 pages. And they are pages filled with ■ repetitious style which relieves Mr. Browne of having to say very much. This is even less the history of Christianity than Durant's was the history of philosophy.

A book like this serves, however, one useful function. The

secret of a popular writer is, of course, that he has the same mentality as his readers. Consequently, "Since Calvary" is probably a good index to the notions about the history of Christianity which prevail among the six million persons who read non-fiction books in this country. How much of the last century of scholarship in the field has seeped through to this larger public, has become so commonplace as to be acceptable to large numbers despite their early religious training and their vested emotional interests? It is a safe guess that what Mr. Browne knows his readers also know or are at least ready to receive.

For one thing, there is a growing recognition of the minor role played by Jesus and Paul in the foundation and formulation of Christianity. Since writing "Stranger Than Fiction" Mr. Browne himself has learned that no one really knows what Jesus taught, that he is more the creation than the creator of Christianity, and that the "Pauline" theology is, rather, Hellenistic. The pagan character of emergent Christianity, a truism for thought since the French enlightenment, is also by now obvious enough to merit extended comment from Mr. Browne. So also with Constantine's highly political reasons for accepting Christianity, and the church's function thereafter in keeping the state's subjects subservient.

The growing polytheism of the church, its degeneration into ■ political institution controlling vast wealth ground out of the miserable peasantry and contested for by a horde of unscrupulous bandit-ecclesiastics, the decline of the monastic attempt at purifying the Christian life into simply another form of domination and oppression—these things are quite familiar to many, for Protestantism has been able to make capital for itself out of them. Much more reluctant has been the acceptance of the socio-economic reasons for the Reformation. Even the religious liberals who "humanize" Christ and accept the Bible solely as poetry dislike to think of the Reformation as it really was: of the rebellious hatred of the lower classes for church and state, and the cupidity of king and noble desirous of church wealth, aggrandized by the efforts of the middle class to break feudalism and make way for the era of laissez-faire. But though it is not a pretty one, the true picture of the Reformation is fast becoming widespread.

Most significant of all, Mr. Browne's book adumbrates, though timidly, an anti-clericalism and a conviction that Christianity is dying; and here, too, he probably reflects the hesitant and still uncrystallized sentiment of a large public. For the acceptance of the history of ■ religion without its pious whitewash is always preceded by religious indifference or hostility. If the harsh truths about Christianity were as firmly established as the day of the month, men still would not believe them so long as the church held their loyalty.

FELIX MORROW

Fiction Briefs

Brothers in the West. By Robert Raynolds. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

The Harper prize winner for this year strikes a new note which is yet strangely reminiscent of some period in the past. One goes all the way back to eighteenth century sentimentalism and budding romanticism, however, before one finds the period. Henry Mackenzie, that "Man of Feeling," would have liked this book with its tears and exposure of sensibilities, although dealing with strong men in a savage country. Mr. Raynolds's dying elk is brother under his skin to Lawrence Sterne's dead ass. And the cadaverous figure of the unhappy Donald somehow calls to mind the Old Man of the Hill out of "Tom Jones"—for even Fielding sometimes slipped into that fashion

so adored by eighteenth century ladies of feeling. But Mr. Raynolds adds thereto a note of mysticism. These two great brawny brothers of his, rovers, miners, trappers, ranchers in turn, are always talking about "the place where we were born," a holy land, a mirage, which they find only in death. But in spite of these overtones and the bathos of the last chapters, there are some finely written passages, some excellent story telling, and a few well drawn characters in a book which, for the most part, holds the interest. It marks a complete break from the various kinds of contemporary realism. Conversations are not recorded after the manner of actual speech but are translated for us into more pure and subtle language. Details are spared us in favor of an atmosphere of vague and symbolic remoteness. The volume, appearing at the present moment when most serious novelists are seeking new ways of approaching the age-old problems, is an interesting experiment.

The Garden. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

In writing about Dermot Gray, Mr. Strong seems substantially to be writing about his own boyhood. His novel is a sentimental revisit to the Dublin coast where this son of an English father spent his summer vacations with the relatives of his Irish mother. Some boyish adventures are recounted, but the book consists mostly of affectionate portraits of old friends. It should serve to augment the growing popularity of Mr. Strong, for it is well written in the manner that we have come to expect of a certain number of English novels each season. But above all it is well mannered. When Mr. Strong is writing a scene he makes no attempt to create it; but he can be depended upon to talk about it in a way that would be entirely charming and suitable from the lips of any gentleman. His good humor never leaves him, nor his polite inflection. And Dermot is so unadventurous and proper that he is almost an ideal hero for modern England. In the Epilogue he and some of his friends are shown to have died in the War. But this was no doubt needed for "artistic" reasons.

Seven Days. By Andreas Latzko. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

This novel is an odd mixture of a melodrama and a plea for social justice. A young workingman named Abt, who feels that he and his family have been wronged by a wealthy baron, succeeds in trapping his enemy in an affair with a friend's wife. By threatening to expose him, Abt forces the Baron to change places with him for a period of three days, that the latter may experience the daily life of a laborer. The experiment results in the violent death of Abt. But the Baron meets an idealistic doctor, a well-known social worker who had befriended the dead man, and becomes converted to the socialistic beliefs which the doctor expounds. Some of the discussions and arguments are well thought out and constitute a powerful appeal for social change. But the story is quite unconvincing; and the characterizations are without distinction.

Simpson: A Life. By Edward Sackville-West. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

Simpson is a middle-class Englishwoman who refuses to marry and have children of her own, but spends her life nursing the children of others. This essential point of character is made clear at the outset; the rest of the novel is a simple account of the homes she enters and the children who call her "Nanny." After a certain length of time with a family, when the child begins to grow up, she insists upon making a change. She does not save her money. In the end she is killed in a post-war riot in Germany. Mr. Sackville-West has written about her and the inhabitants of her "temple"—that is, her children—with the utmost care and sympathy. His style is fluent. His understanding of people is good, if somewhat

Q. E. D. The worst that can be said of his book is that it lacks necessity, and therefore direction, and therefore vitality. This is a shame, for into it have gone talent, rare self-effacement, and fine sensitivity.

Renée la Vagabonde. By Colette. Translated by Charlotte Remfry-Kidd. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

A sentimental love story, with the usual devices of resistance, capitulation, and renunciation, is told in a stilted translation of what must be an earlier, perhaps autobiographical, novel of Colette's. The heroine, Renée, is a dancer who was once the wife of an unfaithful, rascally portrait painter and is afraid of getting burned again. The story serves only to give her opportunity for vacillation, doubt, joy, acceptance, and finally, with unconvincing reasons, for putting aside second love. The psychological complications permit some excellently done love scenes and some good writing, which sticks through the translator's work and her habit of leaving quite translatable phrases in the original French.

The Orchid. By Robert Nathan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.

Robert Nathan's latest account of life as it is lived on that queer delightful plane which he has discovered, that new dimension in which sentiment, irony, and absurdity meet each other face to face, which is so like our own plane as to seem a travesty of it and so different that it is both humorous and glamorous, maintains the same high level established by his previous little volumes. If you enjoyed the wisdom and satire, the wit and sentiment, the humor and sadness of "Autumn," "Jonah," and "The Woodcutter's House," you will read "The Orchid."

Morning Tide. By Neil M. Gunn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

This is a quietly moving novel of childhood and adolescence in a Scotch fishing village, naive and charming in places but on the whole suffering from the limitations of the author's method. Mr. Gunn appears to have forgotten that to render a world as a child might see it, more than a meager simplicity is necessary. In their sensitiveness the reactions of a child are likely to be subtle to the adult, where those of the adult may seem circumscribed and limited to the child. To present a child's world so that the grown-up person may share its charms is thus a doubled-edged problem. If the author of "Morning Tide" has not succeeded in this very well, he has at least caught some of the unsophisticated appeal of the Scotch village itself.

Three Steeples. By LeRoy MacLeod. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

The criticism of a first novel is often of necessity evasive and equivocal. The author has virtues, but alas . . . Mr. MacLeod has written a first novel about which it is difficult to be equivocal. He has written a good novel—in fact, he has written two good novels. One is a study of the village of Midland, "somewhere in the eastern Middle West of the United States." The other is the story of Bruce Durken who has "gotten religion" somehow or other before the story begins. Since his conversion Bruce has one overpowering ambition, to become a preacher of the gospel of Christ. He antagonizes his father, who wants him to become a lawyer, and he practically loses his love, Myrtle. Finally, when he arrives at his goal, his father is killed; Myrtle, who has married another, dies in childbirth; Ab, his convert, commits suicide. He discovers that the "Great Good of the Church" had turned him aside and was really a mountain of Evil, that "Christ was dead and God only a great deafness over the world." Thereafter he aims to tell people the Truth, to show them that life is the only good, to correct the mistakes of religion. But

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

- ‡Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Series—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
 •Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
 †Once in a Life Time—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
 •Precedent—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
 •Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
 ‡Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way ■ 43 St.
 ‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
 •The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
 ‡The Third Little Show—Music Box—45 St. W. of B'way.
 ‡Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

■ Drama. † Comedy. ■ Musical.

FILMS

- The Dreyfus Case—Warner—B'way and 52 St.
 News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
 Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave., 49 and B'way.
 Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien—Little Carnegie, 57 St. E. of 7 Ave.

Know these interesting subjects.

THE Extension School of Adult Education, New York University, offers a program of organized yet unrestricted study for those who know the importance of being well informed and conversationally interesting. There are no requirements beyond your ambition. Among the courses to be offered are An Approach to Shakespeare—Some Problems of Modern Social Life—What the Modern Writers are Doing—The Modern Poets.

Registration begins on Thursday, September 10th, and continues through Saturday, September 26th.

Apply for Bulletin now. Make plans for early registration. Write Dept. N

RUFUS D. SMITH, Director, University
Extension Division

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Washington Square East New York, N. Y.

first he must destroy the church his father built. He sets afire and in trying to rescue someone from the flames is burnt to death himself. This bifurcated novel of meticulously studied background and the history of a "convert" is slenderly held together by the character Bruce. Were it not for the overabundance of detail about Midland, "Three Steeples" would hold the reader effectively by its sensitiveness and imagination alone. Midland is true, but Bruce is not the product of Midland. The forces that evolved Bruce receive inadequate attention, with the unhappy result that at the end the character seems a propaganda set-up, not the neurotic, fanatic child of emotion.

The Cross Bearers. By A. M. Frey. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

"The Cross Bearers" is probably as accurate a description of the war as one can hope to get; none of the horror is left out and much of it is underscored, for the hero of the account is a stretcher-bearer and medical attendant in the German army. The experience of shock after shock, of overwhelming incompetence, of perpetual suffering is detailed with unending minutiae. For some reason or other these experiences seem remote, not finally real—not as a nightmare is unreal, but ungraspable as facts. This may be owing to a defect in the author's method, for "The Cross Bearers" bears the marks of an honestly recorded experience.

The Blind Man. By Olav Duun. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This is the second volume of Olav Duun's six-volume saga of four generations of a peasant family in nineteenth-century Norway. The first volume, "The Trough of the Wave," was issued here in translation last year; and the succeeding parts are promised for the future. "The Blind Man" is a complete novel in itself, a powerful story dealing with fundamental emotions on a plane that lies close to the soil. "The People of Juvik," as the completed translation is to be entitled, will probably be recognized as one of the great works in its genre taking rank with the analogous novels of Reymont, Hamsun and Sudermann.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author, satirist and cartoonist, is writing regularly for *The Nation*.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is at present in Europe studying economic conditions.

ANITA BRENNER, author of "Idols Behind Altars," is at present studying and traveling in Mexico.

HORACE R. CAYTON is a resident of Chicago who was an eye-witness to the eviction riots that he describes.

LANCELOT DENT is a member of the department of philosophy of the University of Virginia.

MORRIS R. COHEN, professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York, is the author of "Reason and Nature."

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

UPTON SINCLAIR is the well known author of "The Jungle." His latest book is "The Wet Parade."

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

FELIX MORROW is a contributor to the *Menorah Journal* and other periodicals.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1931

No. 3454

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	267
EDITORIALS:	
Cut Reparations Now!.....	270
The Y. M. C. A. Moves Forward.....	271
A Celebrated Novelist.....	271
The DO-X	272
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon....	273
THE BATHTUB COMES TO RUSSIA. By Louis Fischer.....	274
"ANYWAY, OUR CHARACTERS AREN'T BEING RUINED BY THE DOLE!" A Cartoon by Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	276
IF GERMANY HAD FREE TRADE. By Karl Brandt.....	277
A LETTER TO CRITICS. By Sinclair Lewis.....	280
WE HAVEN'T SAVED A CENT. By Laura Turnidge Stevens.....	281
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	283
CORRESPONDENCE.....	283
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	284
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
The Captive. By Evan Shipman.....	285
Conversational Communist. By Clifton Fadiman.....	285
A Great Naturalist. By Carroll Lane Fenton.....	285
The Lost Land Recovered. By George E. G. Catlin.....	286
Pattern of Mexico. By Ernest Gruening.....	287
The Rise of English Labor. By Henry Bamford Parkes.....	287
The Spirit of Jane Addams. By Florence Kelley.....	288
Books in Brief.....	289
Films: "Street Scene." By Alexander Bakshy.....	290
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
How They Shoot Up ■ Congress. By A. Harris.....	291

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL spells "dole" in the opinion of most of the recent spokesmen for labor. William Green, president of the A. F. of L., issues a warning of dole or jobs for the unemployed; Senator Borah declares that the rich must, voluntarily or not, feed the unemployed: "If the public dole system is established by this country it will be forced by those who, having the means, refuse to do their part in feeding the hungry." Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi declares himself opposed to a dole but points out the necessity of strenuous federal relief for the coming winter. In the midst of this melancholy chorus two voices stand out. One is the dulcet tones of our esteemed Secretary of Labor, Mr. Doak, who predicts that "before long" the United States will once more stand "upon the substantial plane of prosperity," due to the "strivings of men of thought and action." The other is the clear, practical, unromantic voice of Senator Wagner of New York. The Senator, too, indulges in prophecy and makes certain demands of the federal government: a public works program to give jobs to 1,000,000, to be financed by a bond issue of \$2,000,000,000, and to be commenced immediately; legislation immediately for the erection of a nation-wide system of employment offices, reduction of the working week, unemployment insurance, legislation to keep children out of industry, and modification of the Volstead Act. We much prefer the wise hard-headedness

of Senator Wagner to either the calamity-crying of Mr. Green or the fake optimism of Secretary Doak. If Mr. Hoover could bring himself to forget partisan politics and listen to a Democratic Senator from New York, he would place his feet at once upon firmer ground.

WITH PROFOUNDEST REGRET *The Nation* records the voluntary, or involuntary, abandonment of the proposed customs union by Germany and Austria just prior to the unfavorable decision of the International Court at The Hague. That decision we shall discuss at length next week. The court may be right, or it may not; the two countries may have been wise in bowing to the inevitable or not. But it is undeniable that it was the French loan to Austria which made them yield, and that that loan, according to all the dispatches, was coupled with the political condition that the customs union should be abandoned. This we consider a monstrous thing, utterly unworthy of the French people, entirely inimical to the restoration of economic sanity and of international amity in Europe. Who can maintain from now on that Germany and Austria are independent or sovereign countries? We venture to say that instead of decreasing the desire for a final political union between Germany and Austria, this will increase it. It is, moreover, another unanswerable argument for the revision of the post-war peace treaties at the earliest possible moment. France may persist in her position that they shall not be revised, but if the present economic chaos in Europe goes on much longer those treaties are likely to be abrogated by revolutionary forces before which even France will tremble. Why is it that so rich and powerful a nation as France is today so cowardly that it trembles at the thought of Austria and Germany uniting by themselves in precisely such a customs union as Aristide Briand has been asking for all of Europe?

THAT THIS DECISION is a serious blow to the World Court there is no gainsaying. That is not only because the decision was reached by an eight to seven vote but, what is more important, because it was plainly a political decision with the representative of France voting against the proposed customs union together with the French satellites, Poland and Rumania, supported by Spain, Italy, Colombia, Cuba, and Salvador. On the other side were the judges representing the United States (Frank B. Kellogg), Great Britain, Japan, China, Holland, and Belgium. We cannot imagine a more effective argument against the entrance of the United States into the Court than this most unfortunate decision and we venture to prophesy that it will be exploited to the full when, if ever, the Hoover World Court proposal comes to be debated in the Senate. What is more, this decision leaked out fully ten days before it was officially announced, and was cabled to the United States a week beforehand. The decision of Germany and Austria "voluntarily" to abandon the customs union was arrived at with full knowledge that the cards were irretrievably stacked against them.

IT WOULD BE BUT TARDY JUSTICE, indeed, if Mexico should be asked to enter the League of Nations as has been proposed by five permanent members of the League and the Spanish Republic. An *amende honorable* is surely needed, and unfortunately for the United States it must bear the burden of the blame for the deliberate refusal to invite Mexico to join the League when it was formed. The responsibility for this rests upon two holy men, Lord Robert, now Viscount Cecil, and Woodrow Wilson, both of whom opposed the invitation to Mexico because neither the United States nor Great Britain had recognized the Huerta Government which then ruled Mexico. As the *New York Times* dispatch reports, the omission "has also been attributed to personal animosity between Woodrow Wilson and President De la Huerta and to the oil question." All of which reflects admirably the spirit of arrogance and self-righteousness which actuated the heads of the Allied Governments at the time of the peace making. It was for them to decide the fate of the world—why should not personal animosity have its way? Viscount Cecil, reminded of his having opposed the admission of Mexico, replied: "Did I? I had forgotten. Well, it is best forgotten." Yes, indeed, but one might also express contrition, and ask forgiveness, especially if one is, like Viscount Cecil, a pillar of the Church. This is to be done by the Council of the League and the proponents of this act of justice who now declare correctly that the omission of Mexico "was wholly contrary to the spirit of the League."

PRESIDENT HOOVER has done an admirable thing in ordering the Department of Justice to investigate the use of brutal "third degree" police methods in the city of Washington which has already resulted in the indictment of five policemen. This is in response to the allegations in the Wickersham report which also made similar charges in regard to the police forces of New York, Chicago, and other large cities. For years past *The Nation* and its editor have been calling the attention of the New York City Bar Association to cases of torture and physical violence in police stations which have repeatedly sent prisoners, whether innocent or guilty, from the police stations of the metropolis to the hospitals. The facts are so incontestable that judges on the bench have repeatedly denounced the actions of the police. Several years ago in response to an article reviewing the facts, published by the Editor of *The Nation* in *Harper's Magazine*, a committee was appointed by Charles E. Hughes, then head of the Bar Association, to disprove those charges, or to take some action. But the great Bar Association of the greatest American city is unable to act beyond the gesture of wringing its hands and bemoaning the spread of lawlessness in America. To our minds there are only three possible explanations: Either the Bar Association comprises a set of moral cowards, or it is being pulled off by political influences, or it at heart approves of this police lawlessness.

HERE IS, FOR EXAMPLE, the case of four Brooklyn gangsters who were beaten and tortured into confessing murder. Their attorney went before Justice May and obtained from him an order for the examination of the prisoners by a doctor appointed by the court and for the photographing of their injuries. The attorney informed the court that the men "are black and blue from head to foot. There are few

white spaces on their bodies. The police used blackjacks and other blunt instruments. The alleged confessions were wrung from the men, but these confessions were only signed so that the police beatings would cease." We do not for one moment doubt the correctness of this statement, for this sort of thing goes on every hour of the day in some police station, as the Wickersham report proves. It seems utterly incredible that this can be taking place in a country that calls itself civilized, that boasts of its bar associations and the high standing of its lawyers. It could probably be stopped by the simple expedient of passing a law making any confession invalid that was not made in the presence of the prisoner's attorney. Such a law could be obtained in shortest order if a very few men like John W. Davis, Charles E. Hughes, Samuel Untermyer, Elihu Root, and Henry L. Stimson, would demand it in concert. But the torturing of human beings stirs their hearts neither to mutiny nor rage, nor do the constant miscarriages of justice and "framing" of men who sign confessions to avoid suffering worse than death. Yet doubtless if anybody should tell them that every day uniformed men subjected dogs and cats to such horrible tortures contrary to all law and decency, they would cry out to high heaven in protest.

"WE ARE NOT AT WAR and we are by no means threatened with war. There is no need for a big navy, and there is no need for a big army"—thus Representative Will R. Wood, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, on leaving the White House after a conference with the President on September 1. These are most refreshing words and they may be extremely significant because of the steadily mounting deficit, and because Mr. Wood's word has been law with the Committee during the several years he has been Chairman, provided, of course, that the new House is organized by the Republicans, and reappoints him to that position. It is a sound and sane sentiment he voices. For a century of our national existence our regular army never went above 25,000 men, our militia was negligible, and so was our fleet except in war times. To maintain now, when the whole world is bankrupt, when nobody knows whether or not the capitalist system will survive in Europe five years from now, when there is not a single fleet in the world that ranks with our own, save that of the mother country, to go on spending three-quarters of a billion dollars annually for wars past and future is the height of absurdity.

FAIRMAN R. DICK, chairman of the Railroad Security-Holders' Committee, is the latest to declare that government ownership for the railroads is definitely in sight unless railroad earnings are at once improved. He even declared, according to the dispatches, that the flight of capital from American railroads is more severe today than the flight of capital from Germany during its most crucial period. He pointed out that the decline from the 1930 high mark in the average price of refunding mortgages of the leading railroads now amounts to twenty-eight points, or eleven points more than when the hearings on the application of the railroads for a 15 per cent increase in freight rates began early this summer. He went so far as to say that the present railroad credit situation is much worse than it was in 1920 when the Government came to the rescue by an increase in

freight revenues, the creation of a revolving fund, and other legislative measures. No one can deny that the situation is extremely serious, or that the Interstate Commerce Commission is between the devil and the deep sea. An increase in freight rates, the shippers and public think, will decrease business and retard the economic recovery of the country. Railroad heads privately declare that if they do not get at least a 5-per-cent increase some large receiverships will be inevitable, further adding to the depression and further injuring the security markets. They do not, of course, maintain that this 5-per-cent increase will give them what they need; they merely say that it will increase public confidence in the railroads through its psychological effect and will help to keep up the credit of the roads.

ATTORNEY GENERAL BENNETT of New York has sent a questionnaire, asking information on twenty-one points, to about 300 management investment trusts doing business in that State. This move to check up on any possible weak spots or unsound or fraudulent practices is a salutary one, but the information will lose at least half of its possible usefulness if it is not used as a basis for stricter legislation controlling the activities of the trusts. They have already been permitted an almost uncontrolled growth on an amazing scale, and the scandalous practices of some of them have resulted in the ruin of thousands of small investors who imagined that they were putting their money into an unusually stable form of investment. As the investment trust should, next to the savings bank, be peculiarly the refuge of perplexed investors who are looking for stability, expert management, and diversification in their investments, it must eventually be put under much the same type of State regulation and supervision as savings banks and insurance companies. The sooner the States have adopted legislation dealing with such matters as periodic publicity for investment-trust portfolios, uniform accounting practices, compensation for management, and limitation of purchases of the securities of individual corporations, the more future trouble they will save themselves.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has urged upon the New York Legislature a statute outlawing the private possession of machine guns. With that proposal everyone, we think, will agree, and also with further suggestions made by the Commissioner of Police of New York City for the strengthening of the law in regard to the private use of pistols. But the Governor is himself in doubt as to the wisdom of the further demand of the New York police for a speedy trial of a gangster before a city magistrate, a summary jail sentence to the work-house or probation for a term of at least two years, merely on suspicion or knowledge that the man is or has been a gangster and without his being convicted of any specific act. In other words, the police wish the extension of the present much abused vagrancy acts, which permit the police to railroad to jail anybody they pick up and do not like, provided he happens to be without means. The Governor thinks that such statutes should be tried for the period of one year if at all. We are of the opinion that they should not be tried at all. The New York police in forwarding this request to the Governor openly confessed their inability to keep up with gangster crime. The chief trouble is that all our American police forces are brutal, un-

scientific, wrongly managed, and rotten with politics. The only real way the police have of getting so-called evidence is by beating up their prisoners. It is ridiculous to assume that more legislation will increase their efficiency.

HERR HITLER is beginning to show signs of delusions of grandeur. To a meeting of one thousand of his lieutenants he announced: "I feel myself the representative, responsible guide and leader of the last hope of innumerable millions of Germans. Come what may, here I stand and stay and nobody can force me from my place." Again, he declared that "it is not our policy that is responsible for the present misery, but it is our nation which must suffer, and therefore I am ready to shoulder the people's suffering through responsibility." This vain-glorious talk gives the measure of the man, as does the fact that he again wholly failed to define his new policy, to suggest new remedies for German ills, or new roads to German economic recovery, save to declare as always that Germany "must cut loose from all foreign entanglements since it cannot be saved by outside help." Germany's defeat on the customs union, which he declared he had prophesied, he correctly described as "catastrophic," and it will be a great talking card in the Hamburg electoral campaign just beginning, the result of which must be looked forward to with great apprehension. It is a curious fact that the more France persists in her ruthless anti-German course the more she encourages and strengthens these Hitler forces which are pledged to denounce the peace treaty and to cease all payments to France and the Allies the minute they take office. Sometimes one wonders whether France is not deliberately planning for anarchy in Germany.

THE DOVE OF PEACE has descended on Italy, and temporarily at least a reconciliation has been affected between the Fascist Government and the Vatican over the much mooted question of the Catholic Action, or young people's organizations. The church has agreed that these associations are to be formed and conducted for religious and "supernatural" ends only. "Catholic Action will take no part whatever in politics, and in all the exterior forms of its organization it will abstain from all those things which by tradition properly belong to political parties. The flag of the local associations of Catholic Action will be the national flag." So runs the communiqué issued by the Government. The church has gone a step farther and has agreed that the clubs must refrain from any athletic and sporting activity, "limiting themselves purely to recreational and educational activities with religious ends." It would seem that the agreement gives Mussolini the edge over his priestly adversaries. The state is declared supreme in all practical matters, and any yearning the church may have to engage ever so slightly in activities of a political or particularly anti-Fascist nature is severely repressed. This leaves God's Vicar on earth in a slightly anomalous position over the question of primary allegiance. It will be difficult in the future, as it has been in the past, to divide to the satisfaction of everyone, including Italy's megalomaniac prime minister, Caesar's possessions from God's. In a month, it is predicted, a further agreement will be announced settling once and for all the vexed question of the education of youth, and incidentally making it clear who has come off final victor in the controversy.

Cut Reparations Now!

IT is hardly an exaggeration to say that the economic fate of the world today lies chiefly in the hands of one man, and that man is President Hoover. No matter where one looks in the economic crisis that now grips the whole civilized world, one must turn back to Washington and to the White House. Only from there can come the initiating steps that could give the best hope of restoring confidence and of setting the world back on the path of economic recovery. If Mr. Hoover takes the wrong action, if he takes no action at all, or if he delays taking action, the nations must plunge ahead to economic catastrophe.

The chief focal point of economic infection today is Germany. We have just had an ominous illustration of how intimately related is the economic fate of great nations in the promptness with which the financial crisis in London followed that in Berlin. The illusion of our own national self-containment, under which our political policy has been conducted in the years since the World War, has helped to bring the world to its present crisis. The world—including the United States—cannot prosper if the external purchasing power of a great nation like Germany is wiped out. It cannot prosper without assurance of Germany's economic and political stability. It cannot prosper, in brief, as long as the present crushing burden of Germany's reparations exists. Virtually every disinterested authority admits that the present scale of reparations payments is far in excess of anything that Germany will be able to pay continuously. The reparations payments have been grossly excessive from the beginning, but until the recent crisis revealed the true state of affairs, the statesmen of France and the United States were able to live in a fool's paradise, or at least to keep the great bulk of those who supported their policy in a fool's paradise. At last it is recognized that since 1924 Germany has been able to make its payments, not out of its own resources, but only out of money borrowed from abroad. It required a panic to bring this process of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul finally to an end.

There is no way out of the present world crisis unless the annual reparations payments that Germany is called upon to make are drastically slashed—and that major operation must take place within the next few months. In however guarded the language, this was the conclusion of the Wiggin Committee, representing the bankers of ten nations, a conclusion subscribed to, it must not be forgotten, by the French and Belgian representatives. The committee pointed out that "until the situation in Germany improves there can be no general recovery"; that neither the Hoover moratorium nor the recent agreement to "freeze" German short-term banking debts for six months was likely to prove of the slightest value "unless all the governments concerned . . . lose no time in taking the necessary measures for insuring Germany's solvency." Outside confidence, it went on, can never exist as long as Germany's obligations, "both public and private, are such as to involve . . . a continuous increase in snowball fashion of the foreign debt of Germany." "We think it essential," the committee concluded, "that before the period of prolongation of credits recommended by the

London conference comes to an end" the world's governments reduce the payments demanded of Germany to a level where they will no longer be such as to "imperil the maintenance of her financial stability."

The National City Bank in its September letter has pointed out that when the Hoover moratorium was first proposed its purpose was said to be "to give time to permit debtor governments to recover their financial prosperity." "It would appear miraculous, however," the bank comments, "for such recovery to take place within a year. The uncertainty that exists is casting a blight over business everywhere."

Following the publication of this statement, the New York Times's Washington correspondent declared that President Hoover would "not be prone to favor scaling down wartime debts owed the United States, at least before corresponding reductions are made in German reparations." If this correctly reflects the President's attitude, it means that he is not prepared to do anything until the initiative has come from France, and that even if Germany's reparations are scaled down, he promises nothing. The *Herald Tribune's* report is even more emphatic; it declares that the Administration "has no desire or intention to suggest any important step with regard to war debts and reparations in advance of the disarmament conference now scheduled for February 2 at Geneva."

Such a delay would be nothing short of disastrous. The President must act, and he must act now. It is no longer possible to argue that the German reparations are the exclusive concern of Germany and the Allies. It is no longer consistent even for Mr. Hoover, after his own general debt moratorium, to contend that there is no connection between war debts and reparations. It can no longer be possible for anyone seriously to believe, after Mr. Hoover's struggle to have France accept even the general moratorium, that the French could be moved to accept a reduction in German reparations without some corresponding reduction in their debts to America and Great Britain. A policy at this time of timidity, hesitation, "watchful waiting," a fatuous Micawberish optimism that persists in believing that by some miracle things will right themselves without audacious and immediate action, can only bring calamity. When Mr. Hoover boldly announced his moratorium plan, he received virtually the unanimous support of the American press, and of the leaders of both political parties. He will find a similar support if he acts with courage and decision now. Only leadership, not a baseless hopefulness, will do. Mr. Hoover's action could take several forms. He could come forward, as he did in June, with a clear and definite proposal of his own. If a complete wiping out of war debts and reparations seemed to him politically impossible, he could propose that both debts and reparations be immediately reduced by 50 per cent. Or he could propose a conference of heads of governments, or the appointment of an international committee of experts instructed to turn in at least provisional recommendations within a period of not more than one or two months. But whatever is done, it must be done without further delay.

The Y. M. C. A. Moves Forward

WE have already offered proof of the zeal among the churches and religious bodies for peace and a new order of society. Nothing that we have recorded so far has given us greater encouragement than the decisions arrived at by the series of international conferences lately held by the Young Men's Christian Associations. There were two assemblies at Toronto at the end of July, followed at Cleveland by the forty-third International Convention of the Associations of the United States and Canada, and by the Twentieth Conference of the World's Alliance of Y. M. C. A.'s. To the latter there were no less than 1,028 delegates from forty-seven countries, many of them being aided in coming by a fund of \$22,000 subscribed by 30,000 boys in the United States and Canada. The discussions were remarkably free and frank, covering a wide range of subjects such as family and sex life, interracial and international relations, disarmament, industrial and economic problems—in brief, there was the completest recognition of the fact that it is impossible longer to divorce the activities of any religious or semi-religious body from the challenging issues of our rapidly changing social and political systems. The world is moving; the church cannot stand still and hope long to survive.

That the Y. M. C. A., in the past usually ultra-conservative and unwilling even to discuss "dangerous" issues, is becoming liberalized appears clearly from the resolutions passed concerning race relations, especially if one recalls its Jim Crow policy in the United States. The conference recommended by formal vote that in calling national gatherings "in any country care should be taken to see that all delegates may be received *without discrimination as to accommodation and privileges*." It urged local associations to provide platforms for differing races throughout the world, and to bring together everywhere the "choicest spirits of differing racial groups for conference and acquaintance." Even more encouraging is the fact that it declared these to be merely "next steps"; that, while it recognized possible limitations at present "on the distance any local association may go in serving racial groups together," it urged these next steps in order that the "ultimate goal of the institution may speedily be reached, namely, the enlistment and full participation of all classes of young men and boys in the community without distinction of race, culture, or nationality." No feeling that this action has been too long delayed can prevent our calling attention with gratitude to the fact that this powerful Christian association has nailed its flag to the mast, that it now stands for absolute social and communal equality, without which surely no religious association has the right to carry on in the name of Christ.

Equally gratifying were the resolutions on industrial questions which are radical enough to make many of the rich and reactionary donors to the Association angry and afraid. The conference calls for the acceptance, as the only basis of industrial relations, "of the principle of cooperation in service for the common good in place of unrestricted competition for private advantage." It placed squarely upon

industry the welfare of the worker and his family outside his wage "and particularly for his contentment and his widened outlook upon life through some just and equitable participation, beyond his wages, in the fruits of his work." It also demanded the modifying of the industrial order in such a way as to prevent in future the recurrence of such a period of destitution and unemployment as now confronts the entire world. It called upon all locals to offer their services for the settlement of any dispute between employer and employee. The convention affirmed the right of all men to work and to a living minimum wage. It asked the five-day week, declared for the right and social necessity of working men as well as employers to organize, and demanded universal insurance "socially administered at cost against invalidism, disabilities from illness, and occupational injuries, want in old age, and enforced unemployment."

In international questions there was also admirable plain speaking by both conventions. The North American branded war as "destructive of all essential Christian values," and demanded of the Governments in Washington and Ottawa that the selection and instruction of delegates to the Geneva Disarmament Conference be such that the "whole weight of the two countries shall be thrown upon the side of thorough-going disarmament." In the World Conference 986 delegates voted "to dissociate themselves from the injustice of attributing to one nation or group of nations alone sole responsibility for the [World] War." They, too, demanded "actual and considerable reduction and limitation of armaments" by the Geneva Conference. These are encouraging actions. They again make it clear that it is not people but governments which block the road to international amity and peace.

A Celebrated Novelist

BERNARD SHAW, reviewing "The Manxman" many years ago, and reading on the theater program: "By Hall Caine, the celebrated novelist," characteristically began his review: "Who is Hall Caine, and why is he celebrated?" The review went on to say that obviously the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, where the story was laid, spoke a dialect of their own; for example, they never said "forever"; they said, "Come weal or woe; come life or death." It was evident that Mr. Shaw at that time and perhaps thereafter did not take Hall Caine seriously as a writer, nor did any other critics of reputation. But the public did. And when he died on August 31 at the age of seventy-eight, it was as a man of wealth derived from the sale of many hundreds of thousands of his novels, not to mention the receipts from motion pictures made from their obvious and long-drawn-out plots.

If the public took Hall Caine to its bosom as a writer of parts, he thought of himself in no less eminent a light. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an architect, but even then he longed to be a writer, and he broke into journalism as soon as he possibly could. By the time he was twenty he was a dramatic critic; a few years later he was writing editorials for the Liverpool *Mercury*; and before he was thirty he had published a volume of sonnets and "Recollections of Rossetti," the latter written after he had been the poet's

retary for two years. It was characteristic of Hall Caine that after Rossetti's death he wrote always in the great man's armchair, as it was that he let his hair and beard grow to flowing lengths, and attired himself in a broad-brimmed hat, black cloak, and wide belt, so that his striking figure attracted attention wherever he went. He thought always of his writing, composing a chapter before he arose in the morning, "mentally revising" it before breakfast, and then writing it rapidly from memory, "as fast as the pen will flow. The rest of the morning I spend in lounging about, thinking, thinking, thinking of my book." If the results of these arduous labors were less striking than the critics would have wished, the mass of readers had no complaint. The drama of the novelist's dress and mode of procedure was the same drama that appeared in the novels. It was obvious, it was unsubtle, it was superficial. But it was indeniably arresting, it was lavish of detail; it commanded attention by its very length and breadth, if not by its depth.

The plots of the novels were usually taken from the Bible. The prodigal son, Jacob and Esau, David and Uriah, Samson and Delilah, found themselves translated into nineteenth century terms and rendered suitable for a decorous Victorian audience. And the themes that Hall Caine stressed were old themes, religion played a large part in them, the complications were numerous and lengthy, the pathos was not slighted or passed over for romantically happy endings. There was no high tragedy, but the thousands of readers never missed it, so engrossed were they in having a good, elevating, tender-hearted cry over the misfortunes of these heroes and heroines involved in difficulties never quite of their own making. It is not unlikely that one day—may it be a long way off—we shall be writing the same sort of obituary notice about Harold Bell Wright, in many ways the Hall Caine of the United States. He, too, counts his readers by the thousands, even millions; he, too, is rich with the profits of literature; he, too, is scorned by the critics and politely ignored by the intelligentsia. But he answers a need that is genuine and widespread in his particular civilization.

Hall Caine answered a need that was as genuine in his. It was a need for romance tinged with melancholy. He was more successful than the scores of other writers who tried to provide it as he was more hardworking, more careful and generous with detail, more willing to fill in the last tender conversation, the last unhappy situation. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" took some 400 pages to permit the unfortunate heroine to die a languishing death in the arms of the lover she was not permitted to marry. There was certainly little reality in the 400 pages; but there was plenty of romance, there was virtue beset, there was love fulfilled, there was sin punished, there were the long shadows of the implacable church demanding retribution, though with ever so gentle a breath. Readers devoured, wept, and begged for more, as they always will. And Hall Caine was able to give it to them. When the movies came, it was inevitable that they should seize upon these plots with avidity and present them with their own kind of distinction. The royalties came rolling in. The simple, kindly man in his Manx castle had worked for his fame and had achieved it. There will be few to begrudge it him, for one way of measuring greatness is by sheer numbers of devotees, and of numbers Hall Caine had a generous plenty.

The DO-X

THE great Dornier flying boat which finally arrived in New York on August 27, after being nearly ten months on the way from Germany by way of South America because of various delays, is not a new departure in aviation comparable, for example, to the development of the autogiro. It is simply an enormous airplane which once flew with 160 persons on board, and in one of its flights over New York easily carried 89 people. There is no new principle herein. Herr Dornier has merely undertaken to show that airplanes can be built of such a size as to make them commercially profitable. Contrary to general belief the DO-X is not equipped for night flying, and is not able to cross the Atlantic directly. Its flying radius is limited at present to 750 miles, its maximum speed is 128 miles an hour, and its cruising speed 103 miles. As it flies through the air only its size differentiates its appearance from that of the usual airplane. It has not as yet made any new contribution to our knowledge of the technique of trans-Atlantic flying and is no safer from the dangers of fog and of the formation of ice than any other airplane.

How great then is the gain? That has been set forth by Lieutenant C. H. Schildhauer of the United States Navy, who has been connected with the DO-X for more than a year, and has acted as one of its co-pilots. He points out that a small flying boat must carry the same amount of safety and navigation equipment and radio apparatus as a larger ship. In the DO-X the safety equipment, therefore, makes up only a very small portion of its weight. The DO-X is actually licensed by the German Government for a gross weight of 106,000 pounds. Fully equipped with cabins, radio, engines, kitchen, two toilets, and a bar, the ship weighs 71,000 pounds. This leaves available a margin of 35,000 pounds to be divided among fuel, oil, crew, and passengers. Lieutenant Schildhauer has figured out that, operating the DO-X 1,200 hours a year, the operating cost, with full allowance for overhaul, maintenance, wages, depreciation, and insurance, comes to \$439.75 an hour. Allowing 13,200 pounds for fuel, on the basis of a 500-mile run, and 1,700 pounds for the weight of the crew, there remain 20,100 pounds for pay load, or about 100 passengers. The cost per passenger-mile works out at \$.04275. In addition, there must be added, of course, executive, administrative, traffic, terminal, and other overhead expenses. None the less, the Dorniers and Lieutenant Schildhauer are certain there will be an opportunity for a handsome profit.

Herr Dornier has, of course, been much criticized for jumping at once to so great a ship. The answer is that the day the DO-X arrived in New York a sister ship was being delivered to the Italian Government, which is notably progressive so far as aviation is concerned. The pioneer who makes a radical departure is, of course, bound to be criticized. Already the engineers have learned many ways of improving the vessel and saving weight. They have, moreover, the utmost faith in the safety of the ship, which handles so easily that any experienced air pilot can fly her after a short experience. The officers are even certain that she is a great deal safer than the elevators in the latest New York skyscrapers, which occasioned them awe and some anxiety!

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



"HIS Majesty has never felt so well in all his life."

The bright young genius who was responsible for this marvelous line will forever remain unknown. More is the pity. In another thousand years he would have been the Patron Saint of the Advertising Guild.

His Majesty had never felt so well in all his life, and with good reason. His Majesty had merely fed half a million men to the wolves. His Majesty had merely lost an empire. His Majesty had constructed a little island in the middle of the Beresina River, composed entirely of corpses wearing little bits of His Majesty's glorious colors. Now His Majesty was on his way back to His Majesty's capital. The frozen remnants of His Majesty's defunct armies could shift for themselves or die. His Majesty had never felt so well in all his life, and that was all that mattered.

His Honor has never felt so well in all his life.

His Honor, graciously parading before the eager press correspondents of half a dozen continental cities, is happy to make this confession. And why not? It is true that the city which the Voice of God, speaking through the mouth of the Sovereign People, had entrusted to the care of His Honor is suffering from certain minor ailments which are slightly out of keeping with her well-rounded boast of being the richest center of the world. What peasant greed has not plundered lies debauched by the lecherous touch of the dwarf-minded gunman. Her courts are an object of scorn and contempt. Her laws are the play-thing of shysters. Her waters are polluted by the filth of a whole country-side and her children are murdered and maimed whenever the thieves fall out among themselves.

But what of it?

His Honor has never felt so well before in all his life. The beer is marvelous. The music is grand. The company is first-rate.

So, why worry?

This world is a battle-field between the Fatuous and Facts.

The Fatuous in their fatuity will never learn this tragic lesson. They will continue to mistake their cheap and shoddy way of thinking for wisdom. They will proclaim themselves safe behind a bulwark of clever quips when the enemy is already in full possession of the outworks.

Yea, they will posture and play the pantaloons when Fate has long since ruled them out. All of which would make them pathetic if at the same time they were not quite so dangerous.

For many honest citizens do not know the difference between a roar and a bray. And they fail to observe the

ass's tail dangling from behind the moth-eaten lion's skin, hired for the purposes of the evening's entertainment from the theatrical storehouse.

The result is apt to be disastrous, as two thousand years of written history would teach us if history could ever teach us anything at all.

But Waterloo comes and Waterloo goes and in less than a hundred years it survives as a picture postcard—or a cigarette case with a portrait of Blücher and the Little Corporal.

"His Majesty never felt so well before in all his life."

"His Honor never felt so well before in all his life."

And the dear brethren in Moscow rub their hands. Some one else is working for them. Some one else is always working for them.

And we sit by and applaud and shout "Hurray!"

For the Fatuous will inherit the earth.

But only for a short while.

And we remain behind to pay the bills.

This is a time when even the most indifferent of spectators is tempted to leave his comfortable seat in the grandstand and join in the game.

He may not wish to take part, but he can hardly help himself.

Then the mob shouts, "Hey, Mister, which side are you on?" and expects a definite answer.

That is no more than fair and here is the answer on the part of the author of this humble page.

Cal Coolidge, when asked what the minister had said about sin, answered:

"He was agin it."

To those who kindly write to inquire whether or not I cast a longing glance in the direction of Moscow, I answer as definitely and unequivocally as I can:

"I am agin them."

At the same time, I see them advancing all along the line. I watch them pitting their harsh intelligence against our befuddled sentimentality and I am forced to stand by while amiable but vapid ladies and gentlemen offer to defeat these desperate poker players with peanuts and Confederate money.

But worse and more dangerous than these well-meaning but futile saviors of Western civilization are those who consciously and willingly encourage and promote those economic and social conditions which are the ideal breeding ground for the pestiferous Moscovite bacilli.

The Mayor of New York, by his desertion of the city at the moment when the city had reached her lowest pitch of civic decency, rendered a signal service to the little playmates of the late (and sincerely lamented) George Bernard Shaw. For this God may forgive him. That is God's business.

But I have my doubts about posterity.

The Bathtub Comes to Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, August 13

AMIDST the pounding of hammers and the noise of construction in Russia, the still small voice of culture calls persistently. I have just returned from a visit to Dnieperstroi and to the new tractor plant at Kharkov. It is interesting to view the largest dam in the world which, with the factories and workers' homes surrounding it, costs the Soviet government almost half a billion dollars. The sight of an enterprise with an annual production capacity of 50,000 tractors is impressive. But against the titanic background of the Five-Year Plan, the welfare of the individual, the personal and the human, plays a huge role.

Alexander Winter, an old intellectual Bolshevik, is the director of the Dnieper Dam project. I dined with him one evening in the engineers' club. The cook came in to supervise the last arrangements. His apron was horribly dirty and torn, enough to destroy anyone's appetite. Winter frowned. "You are a disgrace," he said to the cook. "It is the proletarian way," the cook replied. "No," Winter declared, "it is the swinish way." Some Russians attempt to make "proletarian" cover a multitude of sins against culture and cleanliness, but the Communists struggle against such a tendency.

When Alexander Winter came to the spot where now stands the 192-foot high concrete dam, the place was a rolling sandy steppe, uninhabited, worthless. Absolutely nothing had changed since Catherine the Great sat on the tiny island just below the dam and entertained her foreign ambassadors. The broad Dnieper swirled swiftly over innumerable rocks in the bed of the stream. Men fished with nets from the granite boulders that jut out of the water, peasants plowed lazily on the banks with their crude equipment, and the inertia of centuries ruled the scene.

Winter's first interest was to construct homes for the workers and engineers. A little town has now grown up at the dam, consisting of fine one-story brick cottages supplied with electricity, bath tubs, running water, and other modern facilities. This was to have been expected. But Winter also concerned himself with the aesthetic side of life at Dnieperstroi. Under his inspiration, gardens were laid out around the houses, and rows of trees planted along the streets, so that the suburb now looks more like a park than a typical Russian settlement. It is particularly conspicuous because the Ukrainian steppe is completely bare of trees, and because Russians never built this way before. Such cultural achievements must be viewed against the Czarist and not the Western background. Russian workers formerly inhabited hovels with little light or comfort. They still have to be taught to take proper care of their new bungalows. They must learn to appreciate a blade of grass at their front doors and flowers on their window-sills.

Culture in Russia still means personal cleanliness. What Russian factory-hand had a bathtub in his house before the revolution? Now all newly constructed dwellings are equipped for bathing. Culture in the Soviet Union still means a correct diet. When a Russian says vegetables, he

thinks of cabbage, onions, and potatoes. He will not eat "grass." The Communists must occupy themselves with this problem, too, for the tasks of Bolshevism include the workingman's daily menu as well as the destruction of private capital, the care of newborn babies as well as agricultural collectivization, poets' activities as well as the building of foundries. It is natural, therefore, that the management of Dnieperstroi has solicitously aided the development of a five-hundred-hectare State Farm on an island in the Dnieper, which already grows tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, green peppers, squash, and grapes for Dnieperstroi, and nursery trees for transplanting near the dam.

I viewed the farm, in company with a prominent Bolshevik. Electric plows are used for deep furrows. Greenhouses have been installed where the ground will be heated with electricity, so that vegetables may be supplied all the year round. The Russian laborer never dreamt before of such attention to his needs. Now he expects and demands it. In fourteen years his standards have changed beyond recognition.

We stopped in the rice field. The young plants stood in six inches of water. My Bolshevik companion thereupon told of experiments in the northern Caucasus where the rice-plots were periodically flooded and then drained, so that the harvesters would not have to wade in water and slush. He said this quite incidentally, yet this human side is fundamental to Russia's economic development.

I discovered that Svistun, the director of the new Kharkov Tractor Factory, though he is burdened with a most trying task of construction and management, also pays a great deal of enthusiastic attention to "details" of culture. Born a peasant, Svistun was an ordinary worker before the 1917 revolution. Now he directs the building of a \$65,000,000 plant whose various shops cover thirty acres of floorspace. He will manage it when, after completion in October of this year, it will employ, at capacity production, eleven thousand men and turn out a \$1,000 tractor every six minutes. The orders he placed with American firms for complicated machines kept many an Ohio factory busy for many a month. Yet to look at him one might have imagined he earned \$6 a week as shipper's assistant in a retail store. He wore a plain grey Russian blouse, a pair of patched trousers from which the nap had long disappeared, and a pair of old shoes very much down at the heels.

"We make tractors," Svistun said to me, "but I also want to make new men." This has required a struggle. Once, when Svistun addressed a workers' meeting and urged those present always to have clean hands and finger-nails, some smiled and others sneered. But they are beginning to accept the suggestion. Svistun insists that all benches, machines, and shops be immaculately cleaned at the end of the working shift. Each handle must be turned the same way; each chair and tool has its place. On one occasion, Svistun criticized a machinist for leaving some particles of scrap-metal on his machine. "Do you expect me to lick the machine with my tongue?" the worker retorted with irrita-

tion. Svistun said nothing. Another employee, however, heard the conversation and reported it to his fellows, who convened a factory meeting and decided that the machinist be dismissed.

Receptacles have been placed at intervals throughout the new tractor plant for refuse, and in the clubrooms for cigarette ends. Spittoons are available in every corner. At first, the workers used them rarely. Svistun discovered several flagrant violators, made examples of them, visited their homes to see how they lived and talked informally with them. Now public opinion commences to be with him. "When a man grows up in dirt," Svistun declares, "he becomes accustomed to it and thinks it's all right. But I cannot work when the floor of my office is filthy and I believe that a disordered shop hurts production."

Before the plant turns out a single tractor, Svistun promises, the entire tremendous area and all the ground between the buildings will be made spick and span. Every bit of construction debris must be removed. "That will have a psychological effect on the workers," says Svistun. Flower-beds are to be planted in the open spaces surrounding the various buildings, and a wall of trees is to be planted around the whole works. The Agricultural Equipment Factory near Rostov-on-Don is similarly decorated and presents a refreshing sight.

For four unbroken hours I walked through the tractor factory. In one of the shops a sign on the bulletin board caught my eye. It gave the name of a workers' club and a date, and then it read: "PUBLIC TRIAL of Citizen Shuvalov for infecting a woman worker of the Kharkov Tractor Plant with venereal disease." The trial is unofficial. But it will be conducted in the usual court fashion, and the workers of the factory may sentence Citizen Shuvalov to dismissal from the plant, or give him a social reprimand. At any rate, the trial itself and the advertisement it gives to his behavior and condition are sufficient punishment. But if the branded citizen behaves arrogantly, or if it develops that he was conscious of the wrong he was doing, the factory-workers' collective may turn him over to the authorities; for in the Soviet Union such crimes are punishable by law. Trials of this nature are one of the numerous forms of cultural education.

A new campaign for personal hygiene and cleanliness is sweeping the Soviet Union, and new plants like the Kharkov Tractor Factory spend much-needed money on facilities that conduce to sanitary conditions. As a worker enters his shop, he passes a wardrobe room where he deposits his overcoat, cap and galoshes, and receives a brass check. Near his bench is a locker. Here hang his blue trousers and jacket which he exchanges for his street-clothes. All this may sound very ordinary. But for backward Russia it is a revolution. Its cultural implications can scarcely be exaggerated. Russia grew up in dirt and almost came to like it. Now the habit is slowly being broken.

Very slowly. Homes for four thousand families have been erected within a stone's throw of the tractor factory, just outside the city of Kharkov. They were no sooner partially completed than the people began to occupy them. Some apartments still have no water, yet they are inhabited; for they are an improvement on the wooden barracks in which many laborers have been domiciled for months.

I visited these new houses with Svistun. They are

three, four, and six-story structures, clean, with much window and corridor space. Svistun, of course, did not know the people who occupied the hundreds of apartments, and it was not necessary. He merely knocked at doors and asked to be admitted to inspect the premises. "A foreign correspondent," Svistun said politely as the door opened, and we were readily admitted. Russians are excessively hospitable, and only skilled diplomacy enabled us to escape from each apartment without listening to lengthy autobiographies and drinking tea from a sizzling samovar.

I was especially interested to see how the working-class families lived. Quite a number of them had received two and three-room flats, each with private kitchen and private bath. Rent was so low, that in several cases the housewife did not know what the amount was. Her husband paid it. (Six to eight per cent of salary is the usual Soviet rent.) I entered about twenty apartments. In each case I asked: "Did you ever own as good a home or a better one?" They looked at me strangely, smiled, and invariably answered in the negative.

In making the rounds, I came upon an American woman whose husband had been a skilled mechanic in Detroit and was now working at Soviet invitation in the tractor plant. Both were ex-Russians. With a daughter of ten, they occupied a two-room apartment plus kitchen and bath. It was immaculate. It might have been situated in any modern house in New York or Philadelphia or Berlin. The decorations were tasteful. Order reigned in every nook. A few minutes later we were welcomed into the dwelling of a Czech worker. It was an exact copy of the American-Russian apartment, but not so clean. It represented a step downward.

Next we came to an apartment similar to the other two, but Russian. Here one noticed a sharp difference. The bathtub was being used to soak laundry. Cans, boxes, and a refuse container stood in the bathroom. A number of heavy, cotton-padded overcoats, many dresses and trousers, hung on nails on the walls. The kitchen range was dirty. A baby cried in the crib. On one wall, arranged like the spray of a fountain, hung scores of postcards, family photographs, colored landscapes, and portraits of Soviet leaders. Flies everywhere. This was still another and a big step downward. Obviously, it is not enough to give excellent apartments to people who are not accustomed to living well. A gradual process of education is necessary, together with a lot of propaganda. The Russians are certainly getting the propaganda. All Bolshevik leaders continually stress the cultural backwardness of the nation and the need of bending every effort towards its elimination.

Stalin, in a recent speech to cooperators which has not been and may not be published because of its acerbity, sharply criticized the managers of cooperative stores and factories for their failure to deal with the "petty" problems of cleanliness and order. Dirt and ugliness were so much a part of proletarian life before the revolution that sanitation came to be sneered at by the worker as "bourgeois." This psychology persists, and acts as a barrier to hygienic conditions in homes, plants, and especially in restaurants. It is very fortunate, therefore, that Stalin, whose recent addresses have made him by far the most popular figure in Russia, should have occupied himself with these "minor" questions. Stalin aims his fire against those who declare that because

conditions are better now than in pre-revolution days, there is no cause for complaint. "Only rotten and thoroughly tainted persons," he stated with customary bluntness, "can comfort themselves by comparison with the past." *Pravda*, too, launches an attack against Bolsheviks who justify their neglect of hygiene by affirming that it "was worse before."

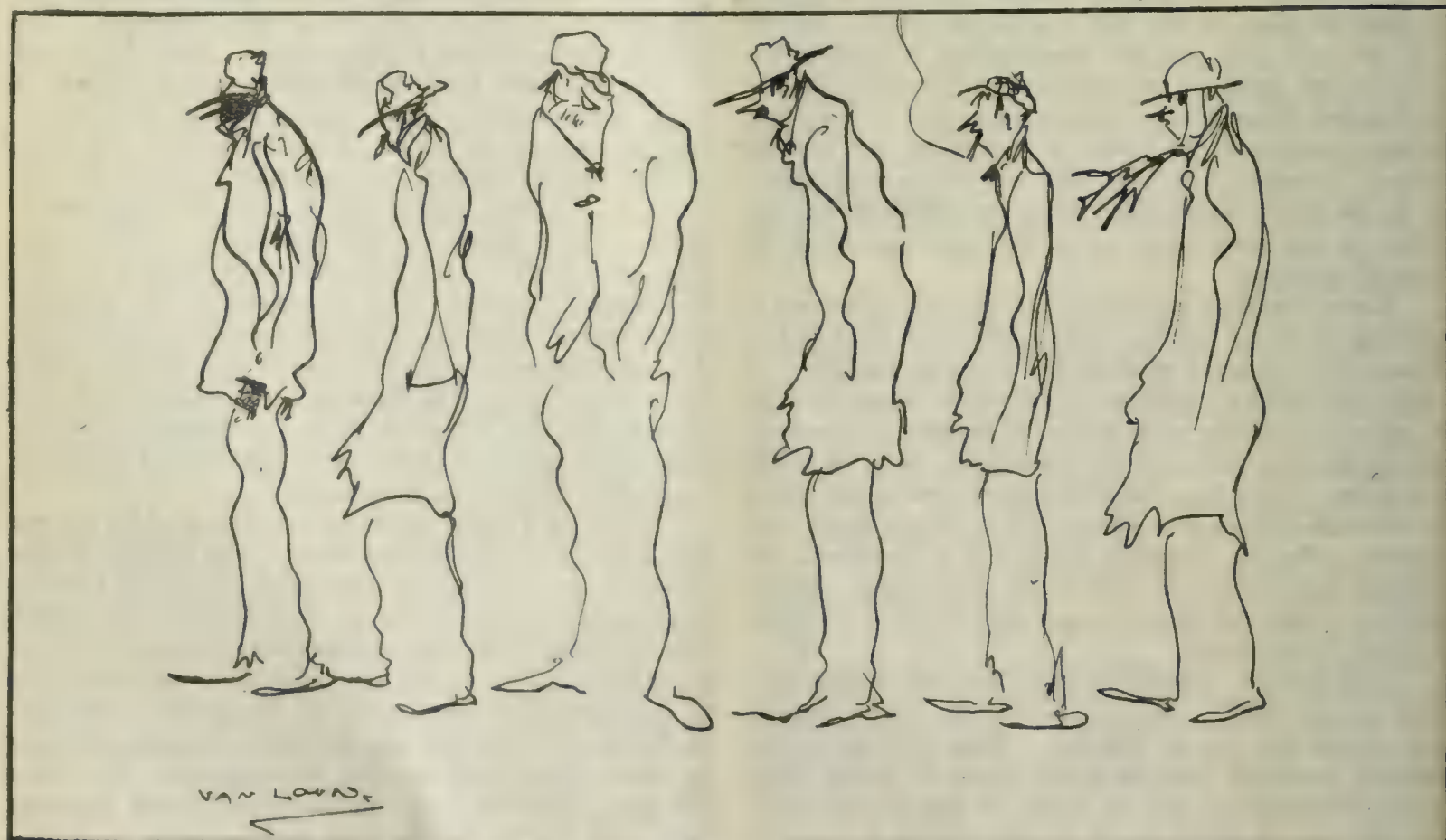
Now that Stalin has evidenced his interest in this phase of Soviet life, an improvement may soon be expected. I notice already that many cooperative shops in Moscow have taken on a brighter aspect. Communist "light cavalry" detachments have been organized throughout the country, and these days the press reports their "raids" on food cellars, workers' homes, factory kitchens and warehouses. "Objective conditions," the press insists, cannot explain away filth. Nothing is necessary but water and a will to be clean.

Dirt and mismanagement of cooperatives, the Soviets are beginning to discover, may hurt business and upset all their social schemes. The Dniesperstroi communal kitchen, for instance, is probably one of the best-equipped in the world. The most modern electric cooking and baking apparatus was imported from London at high expense, and a plan was drafted whereby all the thousands of workers' families would be relieved from maintaining their own kitchens and dining rooms. But the Dnieperstroi proletariat stays at home. A young laborer no sooner has a fine room in one of the new collective houses than he takes unto himself a wife who starts preparing his meals on their private range or primus. The reasons are plain: the Dnieperstroi kitchen, like hundreds of others throughout the country, is filled with flies and filth; the food is tastelessly prepared; the management is bureaucratic and takes little interest in quality (it

serves black bread, for example, when white loaves could be prepared at least several days a week); while the dining room is barrack-like, crowded, and noisy.

These things should change quickly after Stalin's magic word on the subject. Surprising changes have recently occurred in more complicated situations, after he took a hand. The obstacles, in this case, are not objective. An attractive menu and a pleasant restaurant are possible even with the limited means available. It is only difficult to understand why other men, closer to the individual scene and less pre-occupied than Stalin, should not have seen these things for themselves—and acted independently.

During Bernard Shaw's recent nine-day tour of the Soviet Union, he remarked that the Five-Year Plan for Economic Construction ought to be followed by a Five-Year Plan of Aesthetics. Both, of course, go hand in hand; the second is already here and would be impossible but for industrial progress. People who live in the skies may regret the grip which the machine has taken on Soviet imagination and Soviet life; yet without it, and without industrialization, the cultural advance that has been registered in recent years would have been precluded. Bathhouses and crèches in villages, universal compulsory education in elementary schools, the rapid elimination of adult illiteracy, the cleanliness of young children—before they grow "independent"—and the consequent reduction of infant mortality, modern living conveniences for the poorest of the population, and even this present campaign towards better sanitation would have been impossible, but for the potential of prosperity and actual material improvement introduced by the Bolshevik regime. The road, however, is still long.



"Anyway, our characters are not being ruined by the dole!"

If Germany Had Free Trade*

By KARL BRANDT

Berlin, August 7

GERMAN economic life received an entirely new aspect after the war. Its characteristic traits, successfully developed during a period lasting a full hundred years until the war, have mostly disappeared. The new type of post-war economy, which can be paralleled in many other countries, is distinguished by the fact that more and more private and governmental restraints have been worked into the original structure of free trade and marketing, so that the basic principle and theory of building up the nation's economic life as a free enterprise, oriented in the direction of privately controlled industry, can now only be recognized as a once rudimentary characteristic. The German economic policy of today is protectionist in and out and presents a 100 per cent opposite of free trade in its commercial politics. And at the same time, every natural, organic rhythm, which could influence supply, demand, and prices, is made impossible through planned intervention in the natural processes of trade.

If one compares the German economy with that of other countries, the restraints which the state has put upon the managers of business in relation to labor appears at first sight as an unquestionable advance in the development of the capitalistic system. Instead of a brutal fight for power and a primitive license to those who are economically weaker, both responsible parties, capital and labor, have been forced by the state to come to agreements which seek to protect the socially weaker party to the struggle, who may be temporarily dropped out of the industrial system, from impoverishment and ruin. If one, however, studies the functioning of the economic relationship of labor and capital thus socially restricted, the newest phase of its development must give rise to grave fears.

The working men took part in the war and at its close presented their bill for services rendered in the form of demands for wage rates to be guaranteed by the state. The working men asked, and received in every larger enterprise, the right to influence the development of the relations between the capitalist and the employees. The capitalist responded by fixing the agreed minimum wage schedule suggested by the laborers as the maximum limit for wages and salaries. Thus one of the most important elements of cost, namely the price of labor, became inflexible. At the same time regular payments in proportion to a worker's ability and efficiency were thereby made impossible for a large number of workers, especially the unskilled ones. However, the rigidity of the system was, for the skilled laborer, somewhat lessened by additional payments for ability and rewards for exceptional work. The standards of purely economic valuation of a worker's service were replaced, in the case of officials and office-workers, by social standards, namely length of service and age. The schedule of wages having thus been stabilized, any variations of wages, either up or down, must now be determined by each industry as a whole, in accord-

ance with economic conditions, because the normal variations of business cycles have been suspended by this fixation of the cost of labor. These conditions offer an additional inducement to capitalists to stabilize as well the price of their products. Trade groups, trusts, and price agreements reached through the agency of the government, are increasing rapidly. Gradually all prices for raw materials, and finally also for numerous finished products, will be determined by agreement. That which is being done for large enterprises by the trade associations, is being accomplished for the small operators in crafts and trades by the compulsory formation of guilds and their price agreements.

This fixing of production costs and their determination for a given period of time results in overthrowing the principle of a small profit per unit and large sales, and sets up, instead, the reverse principle, namely that of large profits per unit and small sales. Finally, in order really to fix and stabilize prices, we have turned to the old method of the protective tariff, toward which at the same time the vision of a strong self-contained economy—which spread like a disease all through Europe after the war—pointed the way.

But the tariffs and the fixed cartel-prices for the most important industrial products have naturally placed agriculture in a trying position. Governmental fixing of prices for industrial raw materials is logically followed by agricultural tariffs. Here we have the same conditions as in industry, namely tariffs to stabilize the raw material, i. e., the prices for grain. Thus simultaneously a stage of political economy is reached in which the separation of the home market from the world market is categorically demanded, the main purpose being the avoidance of all competition whatsoever with foreign countries. It is desired to create a monopoly in the home market and a schedule of prices which no longer bears any relation to foreign schedules. This utopian goal can, however, only be reached occasionally and with certain goods. Nevertheless, the method is successful in changing materially the relation of prices within an economic system thus fenced in by protective tariffs to the prices prevailing in the open world market. For instance, pig-iron in Germany is much higher in price than bar-iron in the world market, fertilizers cost two and one-half times as much, grain twice to three times as much, sugar three times, but eggs and milk only about just as much as in the neighboring states. These artificially created price-factors lead the whole economic life into entirely new, and, as will be shown, unsound and uneconomic policies. Also here, as in all other countries, the individual protective tariffs are claimed to be justified by the fact that important conditions in each industry or agriculture are represented as far more unfavorable at home than in foreign countries, and that fair and free competition is therefore impossible.

At the same time the state assumes entirely new functions. The state forces itself into the economic life in the role of a capitalist. Not only that, it organizes public utilities at its own risk, and it also takes its place as magnate in the production of raw materials and in finished production.

* The third of a series of articles on free trade. The fourth, on France and Free Trade, by Robert Dell, of Paris, will appear in our next issue.—
EDITOR THE NATION.

This new and active participation by the German state in the economic field causes one very extraordinary psychological result, that the state no longer concerns itself directly with the welfare of the working people in each industry, but charges itself with the welfare of the undertakings as such. The state dispenses its measures for relief and help wherever industrial or agricultural failures, losses or breakdowns occur, not for the benefit of the people directly affected thereby, but in order to keep the various businesses above water by granting them financial assistance.

This development of this politico-economic principle of government aid has had especially consequential results in the field of agriculture. Here, in order to insure prosperity for the agriculturists, the protective tariffs have been supplemented by all sorts of additional governmental regulations, such as those which prescribe certain compulsory usages of commodities; milling quotas; an import corn monopoly; and governmental warehousing, as well as denaturing, and sales of food stuffs at low prices for stock-feeding purposes. While in a free and unregulated economy, the creation of financial profits remains the task of the individual producer, the illusion now arises that the state can successfully solve the problem of prices and profits. The state's desire for profitable financial returns for the individual agrarian enterprise is replaced by the thought of "financial returns for agriculture as a unit." In this the fact is overlooked that among millions of individual enterprises there will always be some which, under given circumstances, are very successful, many others which are barely successful and finally still others which are failures. A governmental guarantee for the financial return in an entire branch of industry is based on the assumption that all the managers in it possess all the qualifications which justify a claim for success and profit.

The German government's policy of support for the land-owners of the East, who still politically and socially dominate the Reich, is given further impulse by the close connection between debtor and creditor. Moreover, the state, as a result of the period of inflation, has become the creditor of large enterprises which were losing money, either directly in its role as collector of taxes, or as grantor of distress credits, and indirectly through the credit transactions, on the basis of both real and personal property, entered into by its own banking institutions. In this way the state is heavily interested in the artificial revival of these bankrupt enterprises and in the thawing out of frozen credits. The same condition prevails in industry. The more the state becomes involved in it, the stronger becomes its objection to an about-face in economic policy. Our state, as capital creditor, is moreover endeavoring to stabilize the falling agrarian real estate values in East Prussia, and to ameliorate the necessary write-offs for losses, or to distribute them over a period of time.

Even before the war the German policy of a protective tariff for grain increased the growing of grain to an unhealthy degree at the cost of feed and the production of milk, butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, vegetables, and fruits. The consumption of these latter rose, however, so greatly in Germany, that the products of the free trade neighboring countries had to be imported in constantly growing volume. As a result this extensive business with its rapid turnover of capital was made more and more difficult for German growers, and at the same time the expansion of the growing of

grain, much less liquid in turnover, was stressed. Today a potential buying power of about two billions of marks is transferred annually to the growers of neighboring countries, while the high grain prices have not even resulted in a profitable return to the large grain growers. The effect of this system is that German bread is 100 per cent to 110 per cent more expensive, and at the same time considerably inferior in quality, than bread in the free trade neighboring countries.

This one-sided protective duty for grain in favor of the large agricultural enterprises which are predominantly unprofitable anyhow, serves also to keep artificially high the values of the farm lands used for growing grain for bread in Germany. On the other hand, the throttling of the importation of cheap feed-grains greatly increases the cost of raw materials of these German farmers, numbering about five millions, who predominantly cultivate animal products and the lesser vegetable crops. The cost of production in agriculture stagnates, and the peasant farmers, hitherto financially in sound condition, have gradually drifted into a depressed state, similar to that which prevails among the 18,000 gentlemen farmers, in favor of whom the protective duty for grain was established. Within a single year, aided by exorbitantly high duties on grain, an increase of 70 per cent in the planting of summer wheat was induced. Indeed, the entire wheat production has been increased to such an extent that, in addition to the high rates of duty, measures for the support of the wheat market are already being planned by the government, as in the United States. Naturally, the same purpose rules here as in the case of industry, namely to avoid the inevitable consequences of this overproduction policy, namely falling prices, which are, however, the logical cure for overproduction. Our government's policy in the rye market has been marked by a similarly absurd course. The final result was a terrific loss, without producing economic advantages. Instead, the result of the operation was that support for numerous other products was immediately demanded, and an equally disastrous operation was carried out with the potato crop.

In view of the fact, however, that Germany imports from foreign countries annually about one billion marks' worth of butter, cheese, eggs, and vegetables, in other words products of the small farmer, and that, furthermore, the duty on grain discourages the home production of these articles in favor of the growing of grain, there results, as has been said, a pronounced transfer of German purchasing power to the exporting countries, namely Denmark, Holland, Lettland, and Finland. This transfer is uneconomic and unsound because it artificially handicaps the production of those German farmers who are capable of meeting competition, and favors a different crop-production which is unable to meet competition. Germany produces about 500,000,000 marks' worth of eggs; the consumption per capita is increasing rapidly. Today Germany imports 300,000,000 marks' worth of eggs. The German producer of eggs is compelled to buy barley, corn, or wheat at 11-12 marks per 50 Kg.; in return he receives 6 pfennigs for an egg. The Dutch or Danish farmer uses for feed a free imported grain at a cost of 4.50 marks per 50 Kg. and receives likewise 6 pfennigs per egg. It is perfectly evident that the German producer of eggs is headed for ruin.

The effect of the system of high protective tariffs is best illustrated by the sugar industry in Germany. Until

1927 German sugar beets were protected by a relatively high sugar duty. The price of sugar was about 34 marks per 100 Kg. Still the beet-growers claimed to be in need of a higher tariff. Thereupon the government increased the duty on sugar to such an extent that the price rose to 42 marks per 100 Kg. The consequences of this step are so evident and simple that anybody could count them off on his fingers in advance. But let us follow the procedure further. The planting of sugar beets increased. The crop exceeded the demand so that large quantities had to be exported, with the result that in the home market the price of German sugar is 42 marks, in foreign markets 12-14 marks! During 1930-31 about 20 per cent of the German sugar crop was exported to the world market. Even larger amounts, for which no export market exists, have been stored for future use. The producing farmer no longer receives for his beets 1.80 marks as he did before the duty was advanced, but only 1.10 marks. The dumping of the surplus has been, however, too costly, and, therefore, it has been decided to choke off production by apportioning and limiting the conversion of beets into sugar. The result is that certain producers, namely the sugar refineries and large growers, enjoy the privilege, under a purely arbitrary ruling, of cultivating too expensive beets, while all others, especially the majority of the small farmers, go empty handed.

It must be kept in mind, however, that these small farmers can produce sugar beets much more cheaply because they have a surplus of working-power, have much manure and, if they own many cattle, have excellent use for the leaves of the beets. The working of the system outlined results in stabilization of the cost of production and any economic progress is checked. The home consumer pays the bill because if the home price is 300 per cent of the world market price he can afford only half as much sugar as the consumers in many other countries. Thus in spite of over-production, the demand is artificially kept at a low level. The self-evident way to adjust the amount of production to the market needs would be by the reduction of the sugar price through repeal of the tariff. These conditions produce an endless chain. The lesser evil is always chosen. From time to time it is discovered that despite the increase of the several duties there are still holes for foreign goods to slip through. To close them, more and higher tariff changes are made instead of our abandoning the wrong principle. How unhappily and contrary to all reason this manipulating of tariffs has affected the various prices is best shown by the fact that the only agrarian raw material which is still duty free, namely the concentrated feed stuffs, such as soy bean meal and oil cake with 50 per cent protein, cost half as much as grain. The protectionist system which rules in Germany today is economically indefensible because the vital factor of all business, namely the personal initiative of both employer and employee and free competition, is gradually being destroyed.

What can Germany gain from free trade? The answer to this question appears to require first of all a definition of free trade. Free trade does not imply a haphazard "laissez faire, laissez aller"; it can only mean an economy which stands in free competition with other nations, but is actively aided and promoted by its state along the lines of rational and free economic development. Such help on the part of the state should consist, for instance, of aiding in lowering the

costs of production instead of stabilization of prices, in the promotion of scientific training, and in spreading knowledge of the discoveries in technical progress.

The return to a modified free-trade policy—its prerequisites in relation to foreign policy cannot be discussed here—would produce as the first result ■ lowering of raw material prices, both in agriculture (*i. e.*, grain and vegetables) and in industry. A gradual reversal of our economic policy would not mean a financial loss in duties to the state, but the great revival of trade would assure both ■ considerably greater tax potentiality and greatly increased revenues from the remaining but decreasing duties. The greatest difficulty to be overcome when a change from protection to free trade is made is the first period after its adoption. This period requires nerves of steel for those who steer the political ship. It is inevitable that in such a change—even when plans for the transition period have been carefully laid—all that was artificially kept up under protection and cannot hold its own under the laws of competition gradually breaks down. This would apply in Germany principally to the large agricultural enterprises in the East, and also to numerous enterprises in heavy industry. Undoubtedly many peasant farmers, as well as factories and independent enterprises in light industry, would be seriously affected, because many of these parasites have been carried along during the period of protection by government aid and would be unable to stand on their own feet. The inevitably severe consequences from which many individuals would suffer during the period of transition and readjustment would make it imperative to proceed with utmost consideration. But Germany could look forward to a healthy, self-reliant, and enterprising economic life after the adoption of free trade (after the difficulties of the change have been overcome).

There are excellent precedents available for reliable knowledge as to the difficulties and the consequences of ■ transition from protection to free trade. Several decades ago Denmark and Belgium carried out such ■ reversal of policy. The crisis was grave in both countries, but both countries show today ■ weatherproof economic structure. Nowhere else have individual price calculations so thoroughly become the foundation of industrial and agricultural life, nowhere else are production costs lower. Still another example can be cited from recent times. In that part of Schleswig-Holstein, which was ceded to Denmark, the peasant farmers have had to adopt a far reaching change from protective duties to free trade. They adjusted themselves excellently to the new conditions and are today in ■ much sounder position than the protected German farmers.

The existing tremendous economic crisis in Germany, which—in spite of all our Government's wrongly conceived economic measures—is in the last analysis due to the impossible and dictatorial demands of the Treaty of Versailles, has imposed upon our state the most difficult task ever faced by any government. Every beam and every plank of the Ship of State groans as in a hurricane. Faith in the vitality and possibility of the capitalistic system of national life has already been shattered in a large part of the population during the terrible years of the crisis, because only a shadow of that system has remained. But as soon as the worst consequences of the financial crisis and the loss of confidence have been overcome, a gradual change to healthier and wiser economic policies will surely be forced upon us.

A Letter to Critics

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Barnard, Vt., August 22

IN my innocence I had supposed that reviewers for *The Nation*, unlike contributors to less scrupulous publications, were expected at least to glance at books they reviewed. But I seem to have been in error. In *The Nation* of August 19, in a comment on "Vermonters: A Book of Biographies," one of the interesting volumes just issued under the influence of the Vermont Commission on Country Life, I find these extraordinary words by Eda Lou Walton:

The "Biographies" will prove more interesting to Vermonters than to the general reader. Only a few famous names are included: the inevitable Calvin Coolidge, and Robert Frost, of course. The most interesting and illuminating material is to be found in the biographies of such pioneers as Ethan Allen and Walter H. Crockett. Here is vivid history.

Vivid is the word. In fact, vivid is always a good vivid word, in reviews. But Mr. Crockett hasn't really been a pioneer in the same sense as Ethan Allen, who died in 1789, for Mr. Crockett was not born till 1870, and is today a professor in the University of Vermont. There is no biography of him in the book, though there are several by him.

The Nation's reviewer may have slipped; she may have meant some one other than Walter Crockett—perhaps Davy. But view her former statement, her implication, intentional or unintentional, that only the names of Coolidge and Frost are known outside our parish. What about the following persons, born or for most of their lives resident in Vermont, and all of them discussed, plain for any one save a reviewer to behold, in precisely this book reviewed:

Chester Alan Arthur, President of the United States. Admiral Clark, a hill-town boy who became the hero of the *Oregon's* great voyage. John Cotton Dana, prince of librarians. Thomas Davenport, who with only a poor blacksmith shop for laboratory, made the first electric motor in history, the first motor-driven car, and the first model of an electric trolley, and who ran the first electric printing press.

Or Professor John Dewey, Admiral George Dewey, and Captain Ira Dutton, U. S. A., who was to become the glorious "Brother Joseph" of the Molokai Leper Colony, and to die this year, at eighty-eight, after forty-five years of quiet heroism. If Miss Walton has never heard of the two Deweys nor been stirred by the romance of Brother Joseph, yet perhaps she has read of a man called Stephen A. Douglas, who argued a good deal with Lincoln. If she had looked into the book, she would have seen that the little giant of the prairies was born in a cottage at Brandon, Vermont.

And what about Thaddeus Fairbanks, who invented and first manufactured the platform scale, a prosaic but most important factor in distribution? And Dorothy Canfield Fisher? And the reverend and scholarly Rufus Griswold, the elegant anthologist, who so zealously spread the news that Poe was a drunkard that, thanks to Griswold alone, Poe was in disgrace for seventy-five years? And the Ambassador and Editor and King-maker, George B. M. Harvey; Houghton, publisher of Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Em-

erson, and the *Atlantic Monthly*; William Morris Hunt, the American Barbizon painter who put over Millet? And Darwin P. Kingsley, Hiram Powers the sculptor, and Redfield Proctor, Senator and Secretary of War, who built up the largest marble business in the world and, just for variety, created the modern American army?

And may the world not have heard of John Godfrey Saxe, Stuart Sherman—another plainsman who was actually of the mountains—or of Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford? Should not even a reviewer recognize the name of Thaddeus Stevens, who was nothing much but the storm-center of Washington after Lincoln's death, the man who almost had President Johnson impeached and almost drove the South back into war again? Well, he was born in poverty on the Vermont frontier.

What about Theodore N. Vail, first president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company who, though he was born in Ohio, at the age of thirty-eight bought a farm in Vermont and thereafter, whenever he travelled abroad, registered himself as "farmer, Lyndon, Vt., U. S. A." And Dan Willard, the lone knight among railroad presidents, and the other Willard, Emma, who in her own house in Middlebury, Vermont, opened a Female Seminary in 1814, and who became the greatest pioneer of women's education in America.

My dear Miss Walton! "Only a few famous names are included."

I should have thought that a writer for a magazine with the purposes of *The Nation* would have had sense enough to see that here was, ready-made, an extraordinary study of the effect on character of living amid a sturdy and not overcrowded folk.

Such a roll of great men might not be extraordinary in states with such huge populations as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois—yes, or Virginia which, though now it ranks only twentieth in population in the United States, was from first to fifth between 1790 and 1850. But Vermont, now ranking forty-fifth, has never—never—had more than 360,000 people, which makes it only slightly greater in population than that not very distinguished community, Jersey City, N. J., considerably smaller than Newark or Seattle, and about one-half as large as Pittsburgh, whence cometh only Mellons and the pious Jim Davis.

Nor has Vermont, like all the Atlantic States south of it, any long history in which to have produced heroes. Not until 1760, two hundred years after the foundation of St. Augustine, Florida, did it have permanent settlements. It has always been of a scattered population, with little wealth and no vast influential centers. Even today, the largest town in the State, Burlington, has but 25,000 residents.

Yet out of this population, so small that it could be lost in the Bronx, out of these homogenous hills and meadows which might be expected to have produced only one sort or two of man, have come such amazingly contrasted persons as Coolidge, Rufus Griswold, Father Joseph, George Dewey, George Harvey, Stephen Douglas, Stuart Sherman, the fas-

tidious, and Hiram Powers, the prince of plaster!

Was this not worth some consideration by the reviewer supposedly qualified to represent *The Nation*? I should not expect her to produce so long an essay on Vermont and the advantages of disurbanization as this; but I should have expected her to see and hint that it was splendidly there.

Incidentally she did not mention, if she ever noted, the one important adverse criticism of the book: that it omits two of the most interestingly notorious men ever born in Vermont—Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

Is this not news—not, perhaps, for a New York tabloid, but for such an audience as that of *The Nation*? A State, not rich, not boosting and peppy, has made an effort to understand itself better by collecting and recording its own history, with no help whatever from outside millionaire "Foundations." Does that news not deserve a slightly livelier comment than the reviewer's vague and supercilious remark—presumably about the two volumes in the series devoted to Vermont Prose and Vermont Verse: "Such a project is worth while as social history and as a background for the social criticism of literature, but writings so collected are likely to prove of very little artistic merit"? Well! I don't suppose that Dr. Peach, the editor of the series, ever thought of it, but now that Miss Walton points it out, he probably realizes that the collected literature from any one small state

is unlikely in general to reach the standard of "The Oxford Book of Verse." That's news! That's illuminating! That's vivid! And of course in a world that, in 1931, is entirely devoted to artistic merit, any "project" that is merely sound social history is scarcely worth trying!

Again incidentally, while Miss Walton did credit the publication of these books to the Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, she did not take the trouble to give the name of the series. These four books, of Vermont prose, verse, old folk songs, and biographies, are published together as "The Green Mountain Series."

And, not quite so incidentally, it has interested me to study, in a case in which I have no responsibility for the book and in which I know nothing about the reviewer, a typical case of incompetent reviewing. A writer gives years to a sound book; a reviewer, even in so consequent a journal as *The Nation*, not infrequently disposes of it without taking the trouble even to look at it. Every writer suffers from this, daily. Regarding his own work he does not, unless he is an Upton Sinclair, leap on a soap box and rage publicly. But that does not keep him from secretly wishing that every person who takes upon himself the considerable responsibility of judging a book would occasionally come to the courtroom and hear a little of the testimony before he pompously charges the jury.

We Haven't Saved a Cent

By LAURA TURNIDGE STEVENS

IT appears that the working people of the United States are profoundly misunderstood or else misjudged by their more fortunate fellow-citizens. Recently the unemployed of a certain Northwestern city which calls itself the lumber capital of the world marched many thousand strong to the City Hall, where they appealed to the mayor and other officials for relief. The next day a millionaire factory owner, in speaking of this demonstration to a group of his employees, referred to the protesting men as "the criminals who marched through our streets yesterday." I heard a high-school teacher say of the marching men that "half the number would refuse a job if it were offered." He added: "They were looking for work and praying that they would not find it." Although the demonstration had been carried on in perfect order, a prominent business man spoke of the parading men as "the bums who tried to disturb the peace of our city."

A lady, prominent in social affairs, had occasion to drive through that portion of the city which is given over to the labor market. She was surprised by the large number of idle men she saw standing about in the street. Later, in a speech before her club, this woman declared that the city was overrun with hobos. It was suggested to her that most of the idle men she had seen were laborers who had been thrown out of work by the closing down of our own mills and factories. She refused to accept this explanation, and continued to speak of the men as hobos.

Shortly after the demonstration at the City Hall which I have described, several hundred of our most prominent citizens were called into counsel by the mayor for the pur-

pose of forming some plan of relief for the unemployed. They met at the best hotel in the city and there, seated about a banquet, our "wise men" discussed the problems confronting the lean, jobless individuals who had marched to the City Hall a few days before. Outside the hotel a mob of undernourished, angry men awaited their decision. Hours passed, and at last some of the unemployed men began protesting. Two of them secured elevated positions and begun haranguing the crowd. They were promptly seized, clubbed without mercy by the police, and marched to jail. I am only an ordinary woman, the wife of a day laborer, but even so I see clearly that the men who sat in counsel with the mayor forming plans, while partaking of a banquet, for the relief of the starving did not understand the reactions of the mob outside the hotel to this situation, or else they misjudged them.

Many refuse to face the truth about conditions arising out of the present financial depression, because it makes them uncomfortable to do so. The mental picture of the hungry man who begged for food at the back door may spoil her dinner for the wife of the shut-down factory owner. She would like to think that it is the man's own fault that he is hungry. Prosperous persons who are constantly solicited for funds to provide for the needy, build up in their minds good reasons for not giving. They tell themselves that if great hordes of working people are in such unhappy circumstances, it must have come about through failure on their part to make the best of their opportunities.

The opinions voiced by Mrs. Davids, an ex-missionary, who lives near me, correspond with the average opinion, the

way of thinking which characterizes the general indifferent public. I refer to that portion of the public which, comfortable and unaware, is fairly secure in its own resources and heartily wishes to remain so. I talked with Mrs. Davids as we waited for the street car. "I doubt that very many people are out of work," she said in answer to a remark of mine. "Yes, I know that a large number in this neighborhood are laid off, but sometimes I think they want to be laid off. They don't seem to worry about it. The truck driver who lives next door to me has been out of a job for a month, but I heard him whistling this morning as he chopped wood. He seemed to be perfectly happy. I can't believe that people in this country are actually going without sufficient food because they are out of work. I was at a moving-picture show yesterday and the theater was crowded. This leads me to think that times are not so bad. And our minister says that only a small percentage of the working people are unemployed—and he ought to know."

I suggested that even a small percentage of a large number might be a great army, but Mrs. Davids did not answer me. She continued: "I have not much sympathy for working people even if they are in want. They are an extravagant lot. Even now, when they are supposed to be in such straits, they spend money foolishly. A welfare worker told me a story . . ." She repeated the oft-told tale of the machinist's family that had been on charity for several months; how a relative, hearing of their plight, sent them two hundred dollars.

"And what did they do? You never could guess," said Mrs. Davids.

I had heard what the machinist's family did, but I would not deny my neighbor the pleasure of telling me.

"The day the money came," she said impressively, "they had stewed chicken for dinner, and went to a matinee! There can be no doubt that working people are an extravagant lot. The majority of them could have had homes paid for, and money saved, had they but lived economically since the war. Work has been plentiful most of the time and wages good. It's their own fault if they are hard up."

The assumption that if laboring people had only managed well in these last years they might have homes paid for and huge indestructible bank accounts to draw upon in time of unemployment, is the stupidest and more irritating of all the excuses given by those persons too weak to face the issue. And it is used most frequently by those who wish to shirk their responsibility in helping to solve the problem of relief for the unemployed. "Working people have lived too high!" We hear it said on every side. "They have bought too many automobiles, too many electric washing machines, too much fine furniture on the installment plan. They have attended too many moving-picture shows." Persons who utter these sentiments misunderstand the class they talk about. Their information on the subject is incomplete.

Two-thirds of the men on our street are out of work because the saw-mills and factories are shut down. My husband may be one of them tomorrow. We are one of those thriftless families who, upon an income of something less than eleven hundred dollars a year for the support of three people, have been unable to save money. Next month we may not have money to pay for food and fuel, to make the payments on our home. We may not be able to pay our

daughter's street-car fare to school, our son's carfare as he makes the rounds of the city looking for work. (Our son's home has been broken up these last six months because he has been, through unemployment, unable to support his family. His wife and child have gone to stay with relatives in the country, and he is to remain with us until he finds work.)

I suppose it is hard for people who have lived all their lives in financial security to understand such a situation. But that does not prevent its existence in millions of American homes today. And the majority of these homes are not the squalid dwellings of "ignorant foreigners, who have never maintained a decent standard of living," as many of the more fortunate class would like to think. These conditions—and worse—exist in good American homes where people sleep between clean sheets and children are taught to brush their teeth before going to school in the morning. Mothers who have learned by reading the *Woman's Home Companion* and attending Parent-Teachers' Association meetings that children must have large quantities of milk daily if they are to develop properly are being denied any milk at all, because the Welfare Bureau cannot obtain funds to pay for it. In our city last week two hundred families were deprived of milk for this reason.

And even now, you who read this, if you are one of the sidesteppers of the issue, are saying to yourself: "The woman is writing about laborers on the lowest round of the ladder. I am sure that not many skilled laborers are so badly off." If you have had occasion to employ a brick mason, a plumber, or an electrician in recent years you will recall that you paid him what seemed to you an unreasonably large wage, and you will decide that labor of this class cannot be on charity.

My neighbor, Nels Jensen, who earns his living by building chimneys, is a fair sample of the skilled workingman. When I first knew him eight years ago, he was earning eight dollars a day, but his work was not steady. He averaged less than forty dollars a week. As time passed he earned less, and in the last three years he considers himself lucky when he earns twenty-five dollars a week. There have been too many brick masons and not enough jobs, and wages have dropped to six dollars a day in defiance of the union. Between jobs Nels works about his place, repairing his buildings or digging in the garden. Much time he spends looking for work.

I think the Jensens have spent their income wisely since I have known them. Nels's earnings have averaged \$1,400 a year. They have lived decently. They have paid \$2,300 for a home. They have purchased a Ford car for Nels to ride to work in. Life insurance costs them \$150 a year. Six hundred dollars have been spent in eight years for doctors' and dentists' bills. The birth of a child cost them \$200, an operation for Nels \$200 again, and at the insistence of the school nurse each of the three children has had his tonsils removed, at a cost of \$40 a child. The Jensens have saved no money, but they have kept clear of debt. I believe they are justified in being proud of their financial management since I have known them.

Nels Jensen represents the average in skilled labor, and he has managed his affairs with care and intelligence; but still, at the end of three months of unemployment, he and his family are living on charity. Considering the working class in general, the skilled worker earning above \$1,400 a year

is greatly in the minority. For each one of this kind there are twenty unskilled laborers earning not more than \$1,000 a year.

To deny the situation that exists and to declare that working people are on charity because of past extravagance is stupidity. Things are in a bad way with the working class in the United States, and it would show wisdom on the part of members of the ruling class if they would but look at the situation from all angles, appraising it with careful judgment. I am an American citizen who believes that government under our Constitution, if honestly administered, is the best there is. Most of the working people I know are of the same mind, but they have lost their sense of national security. They see the spirit behind such manifestations of callous indifference and misunderstanding of the truth as I have described in the beginning of this article.

In the Driftway

THE other day the Drifter, suddenly deciding to flee from the heat of New York and get himself into a bathing suit, paid his first visit to Jones Beach, and encountered there one of the pleasantest surprises of his life. For the Drifter arrived at Jones Beach with a fixed idea of what any beach within an hour or two's drive of New York City would be like. It would be like Long Beach or Coney Island. That is, there would be rows of ramshackle wooden bathhouses, which in an emergency would make excellent fire traps; they would be properly dark and dank; those who managed them would charge you anywhere from \$1 to \$2 or \$3 for the privilege of changing from your street clothes into a bathing suit; the bathhouse entrances and sides would be covered with various garish signs, giving either the name of the bathhouse or advertising some cigarette or soft drink or sunburn lotion; while between competing bathhouses there would be rows of hot-dog and soda-pop stands, shooting-galleries, Japanese ball-rolling games—all covered with flamboyant placards and full of noisy "barkers."

* * * *

THE Drifter's first surprise came as his car (or, if he must be honest, his friend's car) approached the beach by way of Southern State Parkway. We went for miles without seeing an advertising signboard; we were completely deprived of the information that a certain cigarette satisfies, that another is toasted, that a third keeps you kissable, and that each of five brands of gasoline is positively the best. We passed only two gas stations, both charmingly designed, and without any messy signs announcing the price per gallon. Instead of telegraph poles, dirt, and hot-dog stands along the way, there was a continuous prospect of trees and grass and sloping lawns on either side; instead of meeting the parkway at dangerous crossings, roads at right angles passed over it on attractive stone bridges. Arrived at Jones Beach itself, our eyes were first caught by the fine water tower. We found that we could get a bathhouse locker for only thirty-five cents. The bathhouses themselves had actually been designed by a competent architect; their entrances were solidly built, in a uniform style, of admirably blended rough stone and brick, and the section for the bathers was built

of some solid fireproof material. Later we had dinner, at a moderate rate, in the dining room facing the sea, and watched the bathers and the colored lights of the beautiful outdoor pool. And surrounding the bathing houses, instead of the various hot-dog stands, advertising signs, and petty profiteers, were well-kept lawns, hedges, and flowers. The beach was almost immaculately clean. In brief, the whole thing seemed almost a bit unreal.

* * * *

SO this was State Socialism, showing its horrid head! This was the sort of thing against which the Drifter's generation had been warned so often in its youth, the thing which Mr. Hoover and all the champions of individualism are still trying to save us from! This was an example of that terrible Socialism which, practiced since the war on a larger scale in Germany, in town planning projects and the like, is supposed to have been so ruinous. Alas, Jones Beach does not reflect the glories of Free Enterprise, and Laissez-Faire, like the bathhouses of Coney Island and Long Beach, for Jones Beach State Park, and the Southern State Parkway, were built and are managed by New York State, through a commission.

* * * *

IT may be, of course, that the Drifter Sees Only the Surface of Things. Defenders of private enterprise may hint of graft; maybe this thing or that cost more than it should have. The Drifter has not looked up the figures; perhaps the beach—though he doubts it—is being run at a deficit, or won't pay a Fair Return on the capital put into it. But even if some of these things should turn out to be true, the Drifter cannot see that they would very much matter. For him those trees and flowers at Jones Beach were a more convincing and certainly a more delightful argument for Socialism, for Welfare vs. Profits, than anything in the works of the Messrs. Marx and Engels. Here, concretely, were the fruits of genuine planning. But then, the Drifter warns his readers that he is an Impressionist, and not a Close Reasoner.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dr. Mayo and War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Charles H. Mayo, speaking at the State convention of the American Legion, which met at Rochester, Minn., last week, told the ex-service men that the only way to deal with war is to prepare for it.

He said, in defense of his contention, that men have "predatory instincts," the implication being that men are born fighters, a doubtful proposition in view of the high-pressure methods which propagandists are compelled to use before men can be induced to fight; that "man's heritage is and always has been war," and that "there is no such thing as permanent peace between peoples," which is so simply because people are as indifferent about stopping war as Dr. Mayo. In fact the tenor of his address was that war is something we cannot escape, and that we might just as well put our house in order for the next one.

THE CALL

From N. Y. Herald Tribune

**Amtorg Signing
6,000 Skilled
Workers Here**2,000 Already Enrolled in Go
10,000 Apply**RUSSIA
CALLS****THE ANSWER**

From N. Y. World-Telegram

**Phonograph
First Aid
to Linguist**Alien Tongues Now Easily
Learned by Use of Records
and Text Books.

By ALICE HUGHES.

It is no longer necessary to burn
midnight oil over grammars and
dictionaries to learn a language.
..... the Russian set is
the one most in demand and selling
fastest, so many persons who are
being drawn to Russia are finding
this the easiest and surest way to
pick up the language.
Each record describes
the textbook**FOR AMERICANS****..... Those Who Speak
Russian PREFERRED**5000 American engineers are now employed in Russia at good
salaries. Thousands of splendid positions still available.**Learn Russian Quickly
In Your Home by
LINGUAPHONE****The ONLY available instruction in the Russian
language by self-teaching in spare hours**In two or three months you can converse fluently, read, write and
understand Russian, the language of the hour, through this amazing
sound-and-sight LINGUAPHONE method, now for the first
time in America. Used in more than 8,000 schools, colleges and
universities. Endorsed by George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.
Universally acclaimed by experts as the most practical, quick-
est and simplest way to learn any foreign language.
LINGUAPHONE courses available in English, French, German,
Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, Irish, Afrikaans,
Esperanto, Chinese and Persian. No tedious grammar to study.
You learn as you learned your own mother tongue—by hearing it
spoken. Prepare yourself for the commercial and industrial oppor-
tunities that the knowledge of Russian (and other foreign languages)
opens up to you. If in New York, drop in for a free demonstration
LINGUAPHONE lesson, or mail the coupon for complete details.**LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
of AMERICA, Inc.****10 EAST 43rd STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.**☐ I would like to know more about your course in Russian☐ I would like to know details of your course in

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

But the Mayos are not sitting around in their Rochester clinic lamenting the fact that cancer, being another human heritage, is an incurable disease. Not at all: they are up and doing. They are determined to rid the race of its cancer plague. But all this fine spirit of conquest forsakes the doctor when he steps from his office; and he assumes an attitude of *laissez faire*, forgetting apparently that if doctors had adopted that attitude in their own profession they would still be using herbs.

When the surgeon removes an appendix he does it with the utmost scientific skill. But in treating this dread "bellicosis," a disease of the body politic, he prescribes a measure of patriotism in a solution of bullets and gunpowder with instructions to increase the dose until it kills the patient, a remedy which quacks have applied for the last five or six centuries. It is strange that a doctor, who scoffs at fake cures and humbugs in the medical field, believes the most fantastic superstitions when he goes outside his chosen profession, and swallows the medicaments of Lydia Pinkham with a gullibility which is positively amazing.

Minneapolis, August 19

WALLACE HALLIDAY

Our Free Trade Series

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I must write you my congratulations upon the series on free trade just begun by *The Nation*. I think that protection is one of the chief causes of the division of the Democratic vote in Presidential elections. I feel strongly that the world must come to an understanding of the folly, as well as of the wickedness, of the protective tariff, and I am heartily glad that my friend Philip Snowden stands up with a rigid spine on that question. Alas, from this point of view I feel that the probable outcome of the new British Government will be disheartening and will delay sound economic progress.

Saratoga Springs, August 28 GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY

Contributors to This IssueHENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author, satirist, and cartoonist, is writing regularly for *The Nation*.LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

PROFESSOR DR. KARL BRANDT is the director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Markets in connection with the agricultural college in Berlin.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, author of "Babbitt," was the winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1930.

LAURA TURNIDGE STEVENS is a resident of Tacoma.

EVAN SHIPMAN is a young poet who has contributed to *transition*, *Scribner's*, and other periodicals.

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

CARROLL LANE FENTON, paleontologist, is at the Walker Museum, University of Chicago.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

ERNEST GRUENING is author of "Mexico and Its Heritage."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is the author of "Jonathan Edwards."

FLORENCE KELLEY is secretary of the National Consumers' League.

A. HARRIS is the pseudonym of an American journalist who is a resident of Mexico.

Books and Films

The Captive

By EVAN SHIPMAN

Hammers beat ring beat
To no avail
Only the shock of heat
To meet
And force the links of the chain
Shall prevail
Against the order of the bonds again.

Bound to the corded brain
The iron eats
And enters matching grain with grain.
The pulse beats
Heavy, where the temple's load pulses
Alike, beats
Scarlet, where the blinded eye convulses.

Freedom to turn the pain
(How frail
The scales of bondage) pain
Is stale
In the core, though the weight
Shall remain
Attending the slow fire of fate.

Conversational Communist

The Colonel's Daughter. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

ALDINGTON is one of the most amusingly representative men of his generation. A writer of real skill, energy, and personality, he somehow, early in his career, got himself bogged in the delicate morass of a third-rate poetic movement and threw in his lot with the aesthetes whom now he so heartily belabors. Up to the time of the Armistice there was little indication that he had ever done any thinking beyond the confines of strictly literary problems. He was a perfect upper middle-class Imperial product, aesthetic model. Then came the famous war which was almost lost on the playing-fields of Eton; and Aldington, in common with many other young men of his class and generation, found that life was not exactly a sporting proposition. His first discovery of the fact was expressed in "Death of a Hero," a badly written but thoroughly interesting realistic novel, in which the blame for the war was placed squarely on the shoulders of the conservative ruling classes. Now comes this second novel, much lighter in tone and less impressive in every way, except one: it reveals the sheer intellectual progress the author has made in the last two years. He now reveals himself as a conversational Communist—a type found profusely among our own intellectual class. It is a far journey from Meleager and Anyte of Tegea to the caustic neo-Communist epilogue which closes "The Colonel's Daughter." It is a journey that the more socially responsible members of his generation all appear to be making—except those who, like Eliot, feel that, because they are great writers (which Eliot is) they must necessarily behave as if in anticipation of a Westminster Abbey interment.

"The Colonel's Daughter" is really a study, hastily, crudely,

but interestingly done, of a decaying economic class. Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic Smithers ("the old-fashioned, well-bred English gentleman, a little gone at the teeth, a little bare and bony at the occiput, keeping his pure cricket bags unsullied in spite of his woundy panic"); his horse-faced wife, whose Amazonian mentality is rock-proof against even the slightest suggestion of an idea; their unfortunate daughter Georgie, weak in the head and with buck teeth; Purfleet, the airy and sentimental intellectual; Geoffrey Hunter-Payne, the young red-faced Empire Builder; Margy Stuart, the post-war flapper who has found temporary salvation in changing beds: these are all seen, not as complex individuals (because they aren't complex), but as assignable products of a given social order which Aldington hates violently because it has betrayed him. The book is, of course, riotous caricature, with no pretensions to fundamental criticism and still less to perfection of form and style—but it is caricature done with the eye on the object. It is violent with all the naive indignation of the recent convert—and particularly of the convert who is turning against his own class. But its violence is genuine, not mechanical.

To Aldington, Imperial England's number is up. The stately homes stand in the shadow of imminent nationalization. The green and pleasant land is to change into something very remote from William Blake's New Jerusalem. "The turn is coming"—and, as far as one can read between the lines, this erstwhile imagist will not be at all sorry when it comes. Aldington's point of view, though it is born of the same war-weariness, must not be confused with the cynic despair of Aldous Huxley; for it is healthier, more vital, more constructive. It is virginal, intensely personal; he is still, even in this book which seemingly centers in the unhappy fate of an unattractive woman, paying off personal grudges. It will be interesting—he is a young man—to watch whether the note of social satire deepens as he gets older, or whether he will make a gesture of fatigue and return to the world of belles lettres. He has none of the characteristics of a really important novelist—but he is an extremely vigorous one, and, from the point of view of Moscow, he may well develop into an extremely valuable one.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

A Great Naturalist

Cope: Master Naturalist. By Henry Fairfield Osborn, with the cooperation of Helen Ann Warren. Princeton University Press. \$5.

EDWARD DRINKER COPE is one of the great figures of American science. Born in 1840, dying in 1897, he was among the last of the all-round naturalists: Leidy and Haeckel alone survived him. In a relatively short life he found time to be farmer, teacher, herpetologist, ichthyologist, editor, and paleontologist—and to make excursions into sociology, ethics, and philosophy as well. His complete bibliography fills one hundred and forty-five pages, and among its titles are many of the enduring classics of vertebrate zoology and paleontology.

Such achievement justifies biography, and this is at least the third to be published. Happily, it shows Cope as a man as well as a worker. That it does so primarily by quotation from Cope's own letters gives reliability and vivid reality to the portrayal.

The first of these letters was written in 1846, when the future scientist was but six years old. In quaint, Quakerish phrases he describes a visit to Peale's Museum (one of the sights of Philadelphia), where he "saw Mammoth and Hydrarchas, does thee know what that is? It is a great skeleton of a

serpent." The interest in animals is strong, and appears in both a journal of a voyage to Boston, and one of a day in the growing museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The latter is a remarkable production for a child of eight, for it shows close study of both specimens and labels.

Except for a brief attempt at farming, urged upon him by his father, Cope moved directly toward a career in science. At the age of twenty-two he was in Washington, freely studying the Smithsonian collections. The next year he was in Europe; 1871 found him discovering the magnificent fossil reptiles of Kansas. His life became a mad whirl of exploration, study, writing, and lecturing. Figures, of course, are not too significant: yet we find that he described 1282 genera and species of fossils, plus an unknown number of living animals.

One thinks of the research man as cool, aloof, unhurried. None of those adjectives fitted Cope. Always he worked at high pressure, even telegraphing descriptions from the field to forestall his rival, Marsh of Yale. When no museum or bureau could pay his expenses, Cope spent \$50,000 of his own money collecting fossils, and speculated in mines to retrieve his fortunes. The speculation failed; he plunged into a newspaper quarrel with Marsh and the United States Geological Survey which nearly cost him his professorship at Pennsylvania. But the professorship was saved—and Cope borrowed money from his foremost champion to meet the bills of his embarrassed magazine.

A stirring, conflict-laden life. A life of nervous, exacting haste. Cope was old and tiring at fifty. At fifty-seven, he died. His death marked the end of an epoch in American paleontology. It was an epoch of pioneer exploration, in the wild haunts of scarcely subdued Indians. That exploration was carried out by individuals and conflicting official surveys: each party worked for itself alone and helped the devil to take the hindmost. In such cut-throat field work, with its attendant high-pressure study, Cope was a ready and able fighter.

Yet he was not, as tradition sometimes paints him, a bitter, humorless man, without capacity for prolonged reflection. He quarreled because he could not do otherwise; he worked fast because he had to. But these letters show that in spirit he remained the earnest, honest Quaker, doing good unto all who were willing to let him. In evolution, where haste was not needed, Cope's theories evidence a care in thought which makes him the most significant and subtle of all Lamarckians. As for humor—what must one grant this paleontologist who, disregarding all nomenclatorial dicta, commemorated a quarrel by naming an extinct, ugly beast *cophater*?

CARROLL LANE FENTON

The Lost Land Recovered

Social Substance of Religion. By Gerald Heard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THIS is a remarkable book. It is with difficulty that I restrain myself from calling it a work of genius—to do so would not be to debase the coinage of praise—and only a certain slightness in its structure holds me back. Mr. Heard starts from the profound unhappiness of man in this present age, manifested subjectively in the prevalence of neuroses, objectively in the pressure towards revolution. Mr. Heard's thesis—I am not satisfied that it is no more than description, but it must be confessed that there is no little warrant in this decade for calling it such—requires the painting of the world with almost Spenglerian gloom. He then proceeds to inquire after the cause of this unhappiness. On anthropological grounds he rejects the Freudian explanation of the inner conflict in the kingdom of man's soul. He finds the cause (partly

basing himself on Köhler's studies of apes) in a clash between the desire of the individual for identification with the group and for identification with the family. Either could give peace but the martyrdom of man begins with the rival claims of the two. Out of this rivalry the self-consciousness of the individual is born and the poison of the fruit of the tree of knowledge begins to work. Mere understanding replaces the early intuition and the sense of rhythmic union with the whole. The ritual of rhythm, in the religious dance and ceremony, becomes formal and empty. Behind the soul that has crossed the *limen* and gone out the cliffs rise ever higher and more dissevering between the kingdom of the conscious and the great lost land of the unconscious from which still flow the streams which water life.

Stage succeeds stage as we move away from paradise towards the shivering isolation of the self-conscious individual. Identification with the mother and matriarchy is succeeded by the aggressive temper of patriarchy, with its Oedipus savage energy. Exhausted, civilization turns back to the earth mother and the chthonic deities. The old unselfconscious sense of identity, however, has been lost. Deliberate orgiastic ceremonies to procure identification replace it. The erotic religions, however, are vitiated by the restless devil of individualism, pander only to the satisfaction of the individual—and leave him dissatisfied. The reaction to asceticism follows, including ascetic Christianity. So Mr. Heard follows up the course of the history of religion as man's attempt to recover the lost happiness down to the last attempts of Quaker and Moravian to recapture identity with the group. Meanwhile—and it is here that Mr. Heard is least speculative in his argument and most brilliantly convincing—the group has grown into the state, has become external, heterogeneous, mechanical, utterly unable to satisfy the psychic demand of the lost individual for that sense of union which the animal group once gave and the ritual of religion maintained. The quest of man is for the recovery of that sense.

Havelock Ellis, in a recent review of the English edition of this book, points out that many men have entered into a community saying, "Fellowship is heaven," and have left it, disillusioned, saying, "Fellowship is hell." Mr. Ellis, without perhaps falling into the old individualist error of imagining that man is a psychological Robinson Crusoe, has never had much use for the morals of the community. And yet one wonders whether Mr. Ellis and Mr. Heard do not really affirm the value of the same experience. Havelock Ellis sees the importance of the exclusive selection of friends and the tension of this group in its relation to the outside world. Gerald Heard affirms the all-importance of the like-minded group of friends, integrated in contrast to a heterogeneous and unsatisfying society such as a state or nation.

In his dissatisfaction with the understanding as man's guide to happiness Mr. Heard is only following the tradition of Bergson. For his psychological and anthropological presuppositions he will have to stand before the bar of the experts in these sciences. The novelty of the book lies in its attitude towards the like-minded group. Mr. Heard will have to answer the criticism that he is advocating a form of infantilism, of what in the jargon of the subject is called "return to the womb," whereas, as Lippmann has pointed out, a sound philosophy requires man to face realistically the consequences of maturity. Mr. Heard may reply that such philosophy may taste the knowledge of truth but—such is the primal curse—cannot give happiness. He has to answer in the affirmative the question "Is society a good thing?"—a question put by doubters, not in the style of Thoreau, but more profoundly. After all, is the good of society to be found in identification with it, or also to be found in our experience of it in its tensions and hates as well as in its unions and loves? Fundamentally, however, Mr. Heard's problem remains well posed. Can man be satisfied by state or

nation? How nearly did primitive group and primitive family, Aristotle's city-state ("to be seen all at a glance": face-to-face) and monastic community satisfy? Must not some such spiritually homogeneous group be rediscovered today unless man is to violate his deepest nature and civilization to end in catastrophe? His method of posing the question and of arguing towards an answer raises Mr. Heard's book to the level of being what, in a world of ballyhoo, I shall not scruple to call one of the eminent writings of today. It needs verification. But it is discovery.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Pattern of Mexico

Mexican Maze. By Carleton Beals. With Illustrations by Diego Rivera. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

NO American writer knows Mexico more intimately than does Carleton Beals. None understands it better. His "Mexico: An Interpretation," published in the spring of 1923, was the first book in English to make intelligible the revolution begun thirteen years before. His "Brimstone and Chili," a personal chronicle of high adventure, gives a swift panorama of Mexican life from the burning Sonora Desert, over the icy plateau of the Durango Sierra Madre and into the vortex of revolutionary life in the capital during the Carranza administration.

Now "Mexican Maze" completes a trilogy. Described as "leaves from a notebook of fifteen years of peace, war, and revolution in Mexico," it packs into some 350 eloquent pages the vast material—exposition, description, anecdote, and shrewd comment—resulting from Beals's varied contacts and experiences.

The format is singularly appropriate. Printed on buff stock, suggestive of the maize husks which, as tamale coverings, cigarette "paper," and market bags, are so characteristic of indigenous Mexico, and profusely illustrated by Diego Rivera, the whole book is redolent of Mexican atmosphere.

Appropriate, too, is the literary structure—a series of vignettes. For Mexico, unlike our own country, is not homogeneous. Its villages, its people, are not stereotypes. No rule may easily be deduced from one or even several examples. Mr. Beals's technique of allowing each episode, each cliché to speak for itself, is particularly happy.

Those who know Mexico will appreciate the poetic license which occasionally invades "Mexican Maze." Thus Don José Avellaneda, revolutionary leader, in the chapter "The Unburied Patriot," is a composite of Luis N. Morones, Mexican Federation of Labor chief and Secretary of Commerce and Labor in the Calles Cabinet, and of Luis León, Secretary of Agriculture in the same cabinet, with borrowings from one or two others. Senator "Pedro Hill Ramirez," whose assassination is ordered, is none other than Senator Juan Field Jurado, whose assassination in 1924 by the group of labor bravos known as "La Palanca" (the lever) took place exactly as Beals describes it. Only he calls the "Grupo Acción," the C. R. O. M.'s inner ring which controls its destinies, the "Group Machete." Beals's account of the gangsters reporting their murder to their labor chief is authentic primary historical material despite the changed nomenclature. He was an eye-and-ear witness.

Much superb writing, of which Beals is always capable, is offset somewhat by an occasional straining for effect, some over-writing, and a few adaptations as personal experience of the adventures of others. Thus Beals's thesis that "Mexican caricature begins with the landscape" and his description of the mountains in the northern deserts as "purple and ochre pimples that have burst the cutis of the fevered sands," is certainly far-fetched. To assert further "they are caricatures of mountains

. . . they are double-jointed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, hump-back mountains . . . rarely can one be at peace with the Mexican horizon. It provokes silent, nameless mirth," is a somewhat forced striving for a "lead" to his chapter on Mexican caricaturists.

But other passages are profound. Stuart Chase's thesis in his subsequently published "Mexico" is anticipated in Beals's illuminating chapter on "Milpa Alta," a village of the Federal District, not twenty miles from the capital, of which he says:

Here in the peace of this upland village, for one with somewhat jaded city appetites, it became quite too easy to sentimentalize, to romanticize over these Indian peasants in their stone-walled, dirt-floor dwellings, sleeping simply on woven petates. Certainly poverty exists in Milpa Alta; sanitation is left to God; and superstition rules these souls; black magic abounds, and spirits dwell in every tree. Yet whatever physical and intellectual limitations rule their existence, a quiet grace adorns these lives, never swept into the stream of what the world calls progress. . . . There is a beauty of daily existence we can never know. Life swings through its elemental cycles; the blood answers the rhythm of the days and the rhythm of the seasons. Milpa Alta stirs with the chickens; it sleeps at the fall of night. There is a true inwardness of spirit in the people; they are content with little, even in the way of food. They will spend hours making beautiful things which have scant market value. There is pride of workmanship. There is the satisfaction of working well with simple tools and materials, of creating objects which require much calm and patience. The people have fortitude. They are not weighted down by a frenzied desire to improve their standards of living. They are not envious of those endowed with this world's goods. They are not burdened with consciousness of their poverty as is the European peasant; they do not fret because they do not sit in the social sun; nature's sun is sufficient.

Is this too placid an existence? Perhaps. Yet they are far happier, I am convinced, than a New York office clerk, clogged in eight hours of routine, flinging his pleasure into evenings that have no coordination with his day or his tasks. The American lives in compartments of uncorrelated action. The Mexican peasant's life is one texture. Work is pleasure; and pleasure is work. The day, for him, is woven into a unity, satisfying in its completeness.

Where has the contrast between the Mexican cultural pattern and our own been more adequately summarized?

ERNEST GRUENING

The Rise of English Labor

The Age of the Chartists, 1832-1854. By J. L. and Barbara Hammond. Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.

From Chartism to Laborism. By Th. Rothstein. International Publishers. \$2.50.

NO period of English history is more important than the second quarter of the nineteenth century; both these books make valuable contributions to our knowledge of it. "The Age of the Chartists" is a sequel to "The Town Laborer" and "The Village Laborer"; it is not a history of the Chartist movement itself, but an analysis of the grievances which caused it—the ugliness and unhealthiness of the rapidly growing towns, the gulf between the rich and the poor, the lack of any facility for popular education or recreation. This book does not break such fresh ground as its predecessors, but it shows the same careful research and the same charm of style; to any person studying the origins of modern England it should be indispensable. "From Chartism to Laborism" is a history of class consciousness among the English proletariat

from the first reform bill to the world war; the author is an orthodox Marxian and now lives in Russia; he knows England intimately and, in spite of his intolerant denunciations of the Labor Party and everybody associated with it, his book is a serious study of neglected aspects of English history. It is particularly valuable in showing how all the characteristic doctrines of Marxism were anticipated by some of the Chartist leaders.

The miseries of the industrial revolution might have been prevented if it had not been associated with a new religious creed and a new philosophy. English religion at that time was dominated by evangelicalism, which frowned on pleasure of every kind and prohibited any kind of recreation on the Sabbath—the only day on which workmen were free; forbidden the use of playgrounds, libraries, theaters, and public gardens, the working class were driven into gin palaces and public houses out of sheer ennui. The new philosophy was the individualism of Jeremy Bentham; the state must do nothing for the individual except allow him to rise by the exercise of his own talents. And such individuals as did rise gave nothing to their less fortunate neighbors; Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, in a most suggestive comparison, show how poverty was tolerable in the ancient world because the rich used their wealth for the adornment and recreation of the community; temples, gardens, festivals, and theatrical shows, provided by private wealth, could be enjoyed by rich and poor alike. But Victorian England, dominated by a philosophy of competition, had lost all sense of community; nothing must be done for the poor lest they relax their efforts to become rich; to prohibit slums, and reserve open spaces in cities would interfere with the iron laws of economics. The need for state regulation to prohibit the worst evils of industrialism was realized soon enough; and the factory acts, followed by three decades of enormous prosperity, postponed organized action by the working class until the twentieth century. But meanwhile the towns had been built in all their chaotic ugliness, and the harm thereby done to England may well prove irreparable.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

The Spirit of Jane Addams

The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House. By Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

IN two generous volumes of which the second appears after an interval of years, Jane Addams has published the distilled wisdom of seventy active years, unselfishly lived and interpreted with the illumination of incomparably varied experience. To learn from life day by day; to help from the point at which opportunity for help at a given moment was greatest; to enlist the active effort of minds open to the appeal for social change, this has been the unflagging effort of Jane Addams and of Hull-House, only vaguely intimated by the subtitle of the current volume: "With a Record of a Growing World Consciousness."

This book will serve many important purposes. It presents convincingly our country's need of a renewed and strengthened settlement movement, as a perennial protest against such savage cruelties as Secretary Doak and the Administration are practicing, in their ruthless enforcement of deportation of old, sick, poor, and friendless people of many nations. This volume interprets, also, not for this moment only, but for future students of our history since 1890, distressing aspects of our national and international economic life illustrated by the experience of the ever shifting neighbors of Hull-House. And it comments upon them with a rare tolerance and calmness.

In this book the late Thompson administration lives and

moves again. Life-size and active, as Jane Addams has seen them in the years since 1909, are innocent bystanders, victims of gangsters and corrupt courts, and visible offenders of all varieties in and out of court, her neighbors whose human claims upon her she recognizes whatever their offences or their troubles may be. And finally there are those others, always so largely unidentified by the reading public, who permanently direct the far reaching activities of American business, influencing vitally both the recognized and the under world. For a reviewer who is, like the present writer, a Quaker and a Socialist, some most significant passages are grouped under Education by the Current Event. Here Miss Addams deals with "the associative business control which has been worked out in the United States." Referring to the era of the first Labor Government in England she says:

So nearly as I was able to formulate it from the Chicago situation, the United States was making an experiment of its own largely unconsciously, and to a great extent through the empirical education of its businessmen. It is still trying to develop on the existing political and economic situation in general, an industrial system which will produce through scientific discovery and skilful organization, a maximum of general welfare in which the workers share. . . .

This development of a system resting on individualism, competition and private profits, has its weaknesses and ugly sides visible even to those who accept it in principle, but it appears likely to be the substance of the next chapter in our economic history.

Such a movement, undoubtedly, exists and is growing. Compared, however, with the chronic horrors of the Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia coal mines under cut-throat competition, and contrasted with the stupendous spread of control of great merged power interests, with their cynical propaganda through education, journalism, and the churches, the hoped for "associative business control" as seen today seems in extent and influence almost puny.

Because Miss Addams has seen close at hand through forty years, the seamiest side of the life lived by the wage earners before and throughout the present century, she, more than any other American writer, speaks with intimate knowledge of the evils of our chameleon-like industry. The tolerance that infuses this chapter, and the same long view which she applies to crime, command, therefore, the utmost respect, though not always, under the industrial conditions of today, full assent.

At the very beginning, in 1890, in a time of unparalleled civic repression, in Chicago, when Hull-House first offered its gymnasium as a center for "free discussion of current events" (a phrase not then universally familiar), Miss Addams said "It is my hope that this may always be a place of hospitality for people and for ideas." This hope has been lavishly fulfilled. Babies in their day nursery, and white-haired, aged men, were alike among the occupants of Hull-House when the writer of these lines first saw it, at New Year's, 1892; and a dozen subjects were being discussed there that were elsewhere taboo.

It is impossible to summarize even the high points of this social contribution to American literature. It is at once charming biography and lucid interpretation of a profound religious philosophy, a living picture of an era in which the whole world has undergone transformation. As a young child Jane Addams saw with astonishment her father's grief over the death of Mazzini, a man whom he had never seen, who lived thousands of miles away, who spoke and wrote in a language different from her own. Even earlier she had known of her father's close friendship with Abraham Lincoln. The child's impressions of national and international friendships were thus among her earliest ones, and throughout her long life at Hull-House these friendships became more and more absorbing. It some-

times seemed as if the whole world came, soon or late, to her door. And her journeys to the Orient, to China, Japan, India, and Russia in middle and later life, strengthened and deepened her awareness that the whole world was consciously becoming one, and must modify its thought and action accordingly.

When Hull-House was founded, in 1889, the term "social work" had no defined significance. What has since become the National Conference of Social Work was then the National Conference of Charities and Correction. The development of social work in this country and elsewhere has roughly synchronized with the development of the settlement movement. In 1896, at the close of the National Conference of Charities held in Michigan, Jeffrey Brackett and John M. Glenn, having represented at the conference Boston and New York respectively, paused at Hull-House on their homeward way as observers and friendly critics of the new extension of activity which had boldly called itself from the start a "social settlement." Now social work is rapidly becoming an established profession, an integral part of several leading universities. Charity, on the other hand, slowly and surely dwindles, and confronts a future of absorption into other activities under other names, as poverty is slowly and gradually diminished, and the concepts of community activity and social work replace the concept of charity.

Reading hundreds of pages of beautiful English, pungent, arresting, never dull, is one of the rare pleasures of a lifetime. More even than the "Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" is this latest volume characterized by the distinction which is Miss Addams's very own.

FLORENCE KELLEY

Books in Brief

Why Birds Sing. By Jacques Delamain. Translated by Ruth and Anna Sarason. Coward-McCann. \$2.

Spontaneous singing, in the opinion of this French naturalist, is the outcome of a sensation of well-being, whether the song is uttered by bird or man. "Musical art," he says, "is born of the satisfaction which a being experiences in expressing his life by a sound." The singing bird is an artist because he is able to select his best notes, arrange them in phrase and rhythm, and "make a song gush out from a cry." Avian activities other than musical are discussed with sympathy and charm in this gracefully written book, which has been crowned by the French Academy and published with a foreword by Jerome and Jean Tharaud. The author, who is fifty-seven, has observed bird ways for a quarter of a century. From his field notes he has composed these essays which are more akin to prose poems than to a scientific monograph.

Most Women... By Alec Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

The title, one assumes, comes from Pope—"Most women have no characters at all"—and would seem to cast an unwarranted aspersion on the heroines of the love stories which Mr. Waugh has scattered so generously through his travel diary. Indeed, he makes some charming sketches of black and brown and white ones as he encounters them, or pretends to encounter them, on his trips which take him from the West to the East Indies, to Siam, from there to San Francisco, and thence across the United States to New York. His sentimental journeys make pleasant reading with their mild reflections, graceful descriptions, and illustrative stories. The chapters on America, a land which on the whole Mr. Waugh seems to admire, contain some penetrating commentary. Perhaps those on Siam and the one on New York are the best, the former

THE NEW SCHOOL

FALL TERM OPENING
SEPTEMBER 24

SIXTY LECTURE AND DISCUSSION COURSES FOR MEN AND WOMEN OF INDEPENDENT MIND

MORRIS R. COHEN Contemporary American Thought
EDUARD C. LINDEMAN Philosophic Aspects of American Culture
HORACE M. KALLEN Human Nature and Educational Ideals
HARRY ELMER BARNES The Evolution of American Society
HARRY A. OVERSTREET The Art of Self Release
SIDNEY HOOK Problems of Social Ethics
CHARLES OBERMEYER Morality as Reflected in Modern Literature
HENRY NEUMANN Culture and Work in the Modern World
HENRY J. FRY Problems of Modern Science: Biology
BERNHARD J. STERN Anthropology and Contemporary Culture
ROSWELL BARNES Public Opinion and International Affairs
WILLIAM CASEY American Government and Politics
WALTON H. HAMILTON Economics of Control and Power
JEROME FRANK Changing Attitudes Toward Law
ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS Freedom in a Democracy
EDWIN W. KEMMERER Money and Standards of Money
JOSEPH JASTROW Books of the Year in Psychology
FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS AND CAROLINE B. ZACHRY Mental Hygiene
FRITZ WITTELS General Principles of Psychoanalysis
DAVID M. LEVY Behavior Problems in Children
GEORGE K. PRATT Mental Hygiene of Everyday Life
OLGA KNOPF Special Problems of the Sexes
WALDO FRANK Contemporary Literature
VIDA B. SCUDDER Social Forces in English Letters
GORHAM B. MUNSON A New Attitude Toward Modern Letters
HENRY W. L. DANA Contemporary Drama
FRANCIS FERGUSON The Current Theatre
MEYER LEVIN Workshop in Marionette Production
IDA RAUH Playwriting and Producing
ALBERT MAYER et al Architecture and Construction
LEO KATZ An Introduction to Modern Art
RALPH M. PEARSON Passing Show in Pictures
CHARLES L. SEEGER et al Workshops in Modern Music
JOHN MARTIN Dance Forms and Their Development

EVENINGS AND LATE AFTERNOONS

NO ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

EXAMINATIONS ONLY BY REQUEST
FOR PURPOSES OF TEACHERS' CREDIT

ALGONQUIN 4-2567

SEND COMPLETE CATALOGUE TO

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY

THE NEW SCHOOL
FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH, INC.

66 WEST 12th ST., NEW YORK N. Y.

for the dramatic tales included, and the latter because it presents some excellent and provocative observations and comparisons.

Notes of a Vagabond. By Waldemar Bonsels. Translated by J. B. Mussey. Albert and Charles Boni. \$3.

Here the author of "The Adventures of Maya the Bee" appears in the guise of a mildly Nietzschean youth wandering in poverty with spiritual pride and intellectual honesty as his most prized possessions. To what extent the book is autobiographical only Herr Bonsels can say. The average reader will be inclined to regard the seven episodes as vaguely defined short stories, composed in lyrical prose, tinged with macabre beauty, and heavily laden with philosophizing conversations. One of the aphorisms sums up the general tone of scepticism: "Truth is rather that which impels you to ask than anything you will ever have for an answer." Mr. Mussey's translation is sensitive and subtle.

Opus 7. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. \$2.

Miss Warner's contribution to the writing of narrative verse is a facile use of the couplet and a whimsical and ironic attitude toward life, and she tells, therefore, only the most unromantic of tales—a tale which has, nevertheless, its significance and its bravery. Her heroine is no beautiful maiden or daring pioneer, but a frowsy old woman who has somehow to live and who wishes never to be without her strong drink. Her solution of her problem of poverty and loneliness is convincing, and serves as a satirical comment on much of life. Miss Warner's shorter narratives in ballad form had this same quality, and were better. She does not quite escape dullness in this longer form, and there are echoes of Masfield now and then in her use of contrast.

28 DAYS
of delightful
travel
\$205

**The Greatest
Travel Value**

~
**Tour
to
RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage on S.S. AQUITANIA sailing October 15th, Modern Third Class—TOURIST CLASS SECTION—fare to Russia via England, hotels and meals en route to Russia and DURING 4 DAYS IN LONDON AND 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

RETURN PASSAGE FROM BRITISH OR FRENCH PORT INCLUDED.

Witnessing the enormous
NOVEMBER CELEBRATIONS
in Moscow on Nov. 7th and 8th.

A variety of other trips at surprisingly low rates
offered in our booklet.

Amalgamated Bank

Travel Department

11-15 Union Square New York City

Films

"Street Scene"

IT is something to be grateful for when a Hollywood picture does more than pay lip service to artistic integrity. "Street Scene" in its film version (Rivoli) can scarcely be classed among masterpieces of the screen, but it is a good picture showing a conscientious effort to do justice to its theme, and succeeding to a fair degree in conveying the authentic feel and color of life.

In the circumstances the chief honors of the occasion go to Mr. Elmer Rice, both for his absorbing study of this little beehive of New York humanity and for the effective manner in which he condensed his play into a film scenario. That some quality of the original was lost in the process of translation to a new medium was hardly his fault. The isolation of characters within the circumscribed limits of a self-contained world and the consequent loss of warmth in their impact on the mind of the spectator are the inevitable results of the cinematic technique as understood and practiced in Hollywood. On the other hand, the lack of sustained unity of atmosphere and the deliberate stressing of character traits and individual episodes must be charged largely to Mr. King Vidor's direction.

On the whole, it must be admitted, Mr. Vidor has treated his material with commendable reserve and quite adequate regard for the realities of life. His few concessions to the Hollywood convention, as exemplified in his casting of Miss Estelle Taylor, a strikingly handsome woman, though not too expert actress, in the part of the rather humble wife of a stage electrician, are not obtrusive enough to affect the generally sober tone of the picture. Moreover, his handling of successive scenes has a flow and a swiftness of movement that are wholly admirable. All this, however, does not quite suffice to give the film that essential coherence and atmospheric unity which are the very substance of Mr. Rice's story. Admittedly, the problem was not an easy one to solve. Constant change of setting is traditionally regarded as the most effective way of keeping a screen narrative continuously on the move, and here, in "Street Scene," it has been willed by the author that all action should be confined to a single spot, the front of a house with its adjoining sidewalk. Nor is this choice of the setting a mere stage device which can be ignored in the screen treatment. It happens to contain, as nothing else could, the knot of human relationships upon which we are invited by the author to fix our gaze. To extend the action to other settings would be to destroy the main idea of the play. It is to the credit of Mr. Vidor that he has refrained from any such pseudo-cinematic adventure, and stuck resolutely to his exterior set. But he has failed to appreciate the dramatic significance of this house front and its symbolic focal point, the stoop. His photographic approach lacks the imaginative quality that would endow the house with a visual reality of its own, while his underscoring of individual characters detached from their background, and his insufficiently contrasted treatment of single episodes, reduce the dramatic pattern of the play to a brightly colored mosaic of a not particularly clear design.

No demand for originality of cinematic conception is so far implied in this criticism. Mr. Vidor can be original when he chooses to be. But it is a great pity that he did not show more daring in tackling the fundamental problem of every talking picture, the link with the audience, the cinematic pros-
cenium. To do this, however, mere originality is not enough. It needs a revolution in cinematic outlook.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

How They Shoot Up a Congress

By A. HARRIS

Mexico City, August 29

BEFORE the reporter leaned over to talk into the telephone transmitter he thrust his straw hat upward and back from his forehead, to prevent its wide brim from striking against the instrument. The telephone was in a lobby opening from the Chamber of Deputies. It was nearing the close of the session. Some of the Deputies already were leaving. Bang!—like the explosion of a giant firecracker. In an instant the tonal integrity of the single shot was obliterated and merged in a volume of blasting roars that seemed unending to the reporter. They reverberated deafeningly through the high-vaulted Chamber and the connecting lobbies and committee rooms. Something snatched the reporter's hat from his head. Bitter and smarting plaster dust spurted from the wall six inches above his nose and puffed into his mouth and eyes. He found himself on the floor. He remained there. It seemed prudent. The roars ceased. Shouts. Squeals. Slap of running feet and clatter of overturning chairs. A portly Deputy, as completely prostrate as his generous belly would allow, was scrabbling with hands and feet upon the smooth tiled floor of the lobby, like a beetle upon a china platter. The reporter turtled his head, without unduly elevating it above the tiles, around the base of the telephone desk. The first thing he noticed was the dial of a clock. It marked 7.10. He recalled that he had glanced at the clock before he called his telephone number. Then it was barely 7.09. What had happened in the intervening sixty seconds?

The reporter took stock of the situation. First, he picked up his hat. A bullet had furrowed the forward edge of the crown and smashed through the front brim. The lead had caught the hat as it was tilted at an upward angle over the reporter's forehead. He advanced into the Chamber. Swirls of gunpowder were languidly drifting low over the desks. One Deputy was sprawled slantwise between his desk and a chair. Dead. Six bullets had torn through his body. A new felt hat which he had been about to don to walk out into the pleasant sunshine of the late afternoon obtruded its incongruous freshness and suggestions of the commonplaces of life from the shiny mahogany desk top. His cigarette still smoked at the desk's edge. Another Deputy lay near, moaning and writhing. A third sat on the floor, staring at the dead man and holding a shattered, ruddy hand against his green waistcoat. Big automatic revolvers were scattered on the carpet. Palm-wide white blotches upon the gilded ornamentations of the Chamber marked where wild missiles had struck. Some of the flying lead had embedded itself in the wall behind the Speaker's desk, where stands a roll of Mexico's eminent men. Several bullets had scarred the golden letters forming the names of Madero, Carranza and Obregon, Presidents who perished by assassination.

This was the first time the reporter had been on hand when the Chamber of Deputies was shot up. He had heard of its being done before, but he had never been on the scene. Even now he really had little first-hand material with

which to work. His hat had been twitched off by a bullet. He had heard a lot of noise. He had cringed to the innermost recesses of his being with fright. That was all. Then he decided to take his story from original, native, eye-witness sources. He chose the account of the affray which seemed to him the best. It was written by the legislative reporter of one of the morning newspapers, *El Universal*, who was in the Chamber and saw what happened.

By way of prelude, it should be understood that the shooting in the Chamber on Tuesday afternoon was a by-product of a political row in the state of Jalisco, two hundred miles away. The state Governor, De la Mora, who is a close friend of President Ortiz Rubio, is recalcitrant to the rule of the National Revolutionist Party, which is bossing the politics of the nation and of the administration, including the Congress. The bosses are trying to unseat him. Charges and demands for his removal have been filed with the Congress. The De la Mora case was being debated on Tuesday in the Chamber. The galleries and the lobbies were packed with a claue, which hissed and booed every mention of De la Mora's name. From here on the narrative is that of *El Universal's* reporter:

Then Deputy Chavez demanded the support of the Chamber for a majority of the Jalisco delegation in its opposition to Governor De la Mora, and asked that a committee be appointed to investigate the charges and take action before the Permanent Committee of the Congress. When he left the tribune the disorder in the Chamber was enormous. There were cries, applause and demonstrations of all kinds. The Speaker rang his bell for order, and declared the session adjourned.

While the Deputies were leaving, Deputy Alba shouted a demand that he be allowed to speak. The Speaker had left the platform and was descending one of the side stairways to the floor. Then Alba demanded that the press note his protest against being denied the right to speak in defence of De la Mora, after other Deputies had attacked him.

He was joined in this protest by Deputy Ruiz, who approached the press seats, stating that the Deputies from Jalisco protested at the attitude of the Speaker, which left De la Mora without defense. The Speaker also appealed to the press, saying that the defenders of De la Mora were trying to make trouble, and that in adjourning the session he had proceeded in accordance with the rules.

Deputy Ruiz proceeded to the passageway between the desks, to the right of the Chamber, leading to the telephones. From here he shouted in a voice that rose above the cries from the galleries. "This is a cowardly act on the part of the national representatives!" To which a stentorian voice from the galleries responded: "It is not cowardly!"

Then came the first shot. Deputy Ruiz made a motion toward his revolver but Deputy Alba prevented him from drawing it. A terrible fusillade followed from all parts of the Chamber. Inside of a moment a hundred shots were fired. It was exactly ten minutes after seven.

The uproar and confusion were absolute. Some of the

Deputies ran at full speed toward the doors. Others remained rooted to their seats by surprise. Others hid under the desks. The tragic flashes of the revolvers continued to be noticed, but it was not possible to tell who was shooting. Many hands held smoking weapons, but the period of stupefaction had passed and everyone sought to escape from the danger zone. They ran to the cloak-room. They gained the main entrance.

Then we saw, partly upheld by two of the representatives of the popular will, Deputy Allende being taken from the Chamber. He was senseless and evidently in a grave state. He could not walk and his legs were dragging. A large bloodstain, which constantly grew, could be seen on his back. Deputy Alba also had a bullet wound in his hand.

Only a few of the Deputies remained in the Chamber, six or eight at most. The representatives of the press went toward the reception room, for it seemed strange to us that after the firing of so many shots only two persons should be wounded. Then we saw lying on the floor the body of Deputy Ruiz. It was leaning, half-seated, against one of the desks, with the left arm extended and the right resting over the legs. Various Deputies approached, together with the chief clerk of the Chamber. He was still gasping, although weakly. "Go for a doctor, for someone to aid him!" But no one did. The moments passed. The wounded man bled horribly, and when in a short time someone held a mirror to his half-opened mouth no breath clouded it. He was dead, and it was useless to try to help him. But the Red Cross was telephoned. Soon an ambulance came, with Dr. Francisco Aranda. He declared there was nothing he could do: Deputy Ruiz was dead.

There is little hope that Deputy Allende will recover. Deputy Arandilla's hat, which lay on his desk, was perfor-

ated with three bullets. The police could not find Deputy Ruiz's revolver.

As an offset to the facts that the galleries were overflowing with De la Mora's opponents and that his spokesman, Deputy Ruiz, singularly enough stopped six bullets and was the only person killed outright, we have this ingenuous official version of the tragedy issued by the Speaker of the Chamber:

It was known yesterday morning that Deputies Ruiz, Alba, De la Mora (the Governor's brother) and Fuentes—the former three from Jalisco and the latter from Oaxaca—would bring to the Chamber this afternoon an armed mob, with the intention of causing a disturbance in favor of the Governor of Jalisco.

The session opened without incident, but when Deputy Chavez began to speak against the said Governor of Jalisco, there was noted immediately a movement of aggressive preparation, not only among the Deputies mentioned, who occupied seats other than those in which they usually sat, and which seemed strategically fitted for the end they had in mind but also among a number of strangers who posted themselves in the doorways. Inasmuch as these persons, as well as the Deputies named, began to create a disturbance by uttering insulting cries, the session was adjourned strictly in accordance with the rules of the Chamber. Deputy Ruiz, with visible nervousness and urged on by his colleagues, Deputies Alba and Fuentes, continued to launch insults to the Chamber and drew his revolver and discharged it at Deputy Torres. At the same time the men at the doors began to fire, with the sad result of leaving Deputy Ruiz dead and gravely wounding Deputy Allende. Deputy Fuentes escaped in time.

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

BEACON HILL SCHOOL,
Harting, Petersfield, England

Bertrand and Dora Russell. Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

COOPERATIVE SCHOOL for STUDENT TEACHERS

Bureau of Educational
Experiments

Unusual preparation for
those who expect to teach
in progressive schools.

69 BANK STREET
New York City

THE CITY and COUNTRY SCHOOL

at 165 WEST 12th STREET, N. Y. C.
announces a few vacancies in its upper groups
—boys and girls, ten to thirteen years—
for the 1931-1932 season.

DAY AND BOARD SCHOOL

SIXTH YEAR
The Heimshul—Jewish Day and Board School
Opens Sept. 20th, 1931. All school grades. Jewish
department. Rates on application. Boys and
Girls 5 to 12 years. Address: Heimshul, R. F. D.
3, Plainfield, N. J. Tel. Plainfield 6 5310 W1.

EDUCATIONAL

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers
Private lessons. 75c short courses 9 to 11 daily.
22nd year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH SPANISH - ITALIAN - GERMAN

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

RESTAURANT

"Dog-Kennel"

A cafe distinctly continental
323 E. 13th St. New York City
Tel. Tompkins Square 6-9707
A BIT OF PARIS IN NEW YORK
Russian and French music. Latest compositions
from Paris. Exhibitions of original
Prints, Painting, objets d'art
Real Russian and French pastry
Delicious Hot "Phillipoff Pirojks & Moscow Blinnee"
NOTHING OVER 20 CENTS

An Advertisement of

HOUSE TO RENT or
APARTMENT TO RENT

in a space this size, will get answers, in
The Nation.

Rate \$6.16

THE NATION - 20 Vesey St., N. Y.
New telephone number—COrtlandt 7-3330

OPEN SHELF

ATHEISM

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.

Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism

307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

POSITIONS WANTED

YOUNG man, 24, just returned from Far East.
Taught English Literature in China. Wishes
opportunity to act as travel companion, secretary
or tutor. Particularly interested in literature,
music and modern drama. Socialist and Free-
thinker. Box 487, c/o The Nation.

COLUMBIA M. A. Magazine editor five years.
Married, teacher, expert tutor, organizer,
speaker, publicity. Adaptable, willing, excellent
references. Available at once. Box 489, c/o The
Nation.

YOUNG COUPLE: University graduates; in-
teresting or profitable work, Chicago, New York,
Abroad. Box 490, c/o The Nation.

YOUNG MAN: University graduate, Literature,
Languages; interested modern drama; Chicago,
New York. Box 491, c/o The Nation.

YOUNG WOMAN, 22. C. A. & M. A. degrees,
knowledge typing, desires position, part-time
or full-time, business, research, editorial, or aca-
demic. Box 494, c/o The Nation.

STENOGRAPHER, exceptionally rapid
and efficient (own typewriter). River-
side 9-9453.

HELP WANTED

COLLEGE student wanted by Progressive
teacher. Room and board exchanged for
partial care of child and small Village apartment.
Box 495, c/o The Nation.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1931

No. 3453

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	293
EDITORIALS:	
The British Mess.....	296
France Triumphant	297
Why Gold Comes Here.....	297
Sounding Brass	298
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION	299
By Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	299
THE 1932 DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE. By Albert Einstein.....	300
THE REBIRTH OF BRITISH LABOR. By Devere Allen.....	301
FREE TRADE AND FRANCE. By Robert Dell.....	303
GUN-RULE IN KENTUCKY. By Herbert Abel.....	306
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	308
CORRESPONDENCE	308
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Others. By Clifton Cuthbert.....	310
A Moral Tale. By H. L. Mencken.....	310
Our Planless Economy. By Norman Thomas.....	310
The Insanity of War. By C. Hartley Grattan.....	311
Labor in France. By Samuel Bernstein.....	312
Berlin Underworld. By Karl F. Geiser.....	313
Secret Police Under the Czar. By William MacDonald.....	314
Books in Brief.....	315
Drama: Good Intentions. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	316
FINANCE: Back to 1926. By S. Palmer Harman.....	317
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	318

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Dramatic Editor

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Literary Editor

HENRY HAZLITT

Contributing Editors

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE BOOM FOR SENATOR BORAH for President, scheduled to be launched by the Progressives in Congress, deserves every attention. It will certainly be a disgrace to the Republican Party if it permits Mr. Hoover to walk off with a renomination without any protest or contest. Indeed, it will justly be taken as a plain desire on the part of the Republicans to lay down the burdens of office-holding and commit suicide. There lies before us a letter from one of the shrewdest newspaper observers of long experience in the Middle West. He writes thus: "As to the political situation out here, I never saw anything like it. I actually do not believe that if Hoover ran tomorrow he would carry a State in the union. The Republican leaders in St. Louis, for example, are saying that anybody could carry St. Louis over him and out in the State anti-Hooverism is rampant." From every direction we get the same reports. Now Mr. Borah has his faults, the chief one being instability and a frequent inability to see things through. He has had his moments of silence when he should have spoken out, of cowardice when he should have been brave. Had he turned an uncompromising rebel eight years ago he would today be the greatest figure in our political life. But at the critical moment he has always surrendered to the party thrall. However he is in every way so superior to Mr. Hoover that we believe he could head off the latter's renomination, provided

he stuck to his furrow with courage, spoke his mind with the persuasive oratory for which he is famous, told the truth, and "shamed the devil."

MR. GANDHI has arrived in London, wearing his loin cloth in defiance of British weather and the openly expressed disapproval of at least one forthright Briton who sent him a petticoat to cover his nakedness. Over the radio, when on September 13 he first spoke to unseen millions, the Mahatma reaffirmed calmly and clearly the tenets of the Indian non-violence movement.

I personally would wait, if need be, for ages rather than seek to attain the freedom of my country through bloody means. I feel in the innermost recesses of my heart, after a political experience extending over an unbroken period of close upon thirty-five years, that the world is sick unto death of blood-spilling. The world is seeking a way out, and I flatter myself with the belief that perhaps it will be the privilege of the ancient land of India to show that way. . . .

If a kind fairy might be found to advise British statesmen, with some assurance that the advice would be followed, she would probably whisper that the time for England to yield was now, while it might be done with some grace. For the adherents of the non-violence movement in India have, at least as long as Gandhi lives to lead them, a weapon with which empires do not know how to cope. It is the immovable body that grimly, quietly, everlastingly withstands the irresistible force. There is every reason to believe that Gandhi and his followers will remain firm. Further to resist them will make Great Britain look foolish at best and at worst like the cruelest of tyrants determined to enforce its will upon a people at whatever cost in money and blood.

AMOST ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION was made by the Italian Foreign Minister, Signor Grandi, to the Assembly of the League of Nations on September 8, for a holiday on new armaments until after the disarmament conference next February. We are delighted that it seemed to strike a sympathetic chord in official Washington—Senator Borah wisely urges a five-year suspension—although it has set our Navy League and our shipbuilders to tearing their hair. Obviously, the actual financial results in a financially collapsing world will not be great, but as a step in the right direction, as a move toward bringing the disarmament conference together in the right mood and spirit, we welcome it most heartily. If it did not obtain an endorsement, or even a comment, from M. Briand when he made one of his impassioned speeches to the Assembly of the League, harping upon the old French string that security must be achieved before there can be "possibility of a large reduction of armaments," it did call forth a remarkably emphatic statement from Viscount Cecil, in what the dispatches characterize as "one of the really great speeches of his lengthy career," that "no nation, least of all my own, will tolerate postponement of the disarmament conference."

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

VISCOUNT CECIL then went on to assert, to "prolonged applause from the Assembly," that if there could be a "real rapprochement" in naval, military, and air construction between France and Germany "not only in words but also in actions, that would remove, I believe, 75 per cent of the political unrest in the world." There lies one of the great weaknesses of the French case. They demand security; they profess unending fear of Germany. Yet they will not take the simple steps which would really tie the two countries together in genuine friendliness. The present German Government has given proof after proof that it is ready for this rapprochement. It risked its prestige by asking that its chief be received at Paris; it would respond most eagerly to any half-way generous gesture from France if only because that would mean added power for it, and a corresponding weakening of the Hitler and Communist forces at home. The trouble is that France still puts its faith in arms and international guaranties. Just now it does not realize the truth that Lord Cecil voiced in saying that the Grandi proposal is one of those which must be adopted if the existing economic system is to be preserved. It is most gratifying that he put his country so squarely behind the Italian proposal. There is, therefore, as we go to press, every reason to hope that the resolution providing an immediate armament truce to be offered by Peter Munch of Denmark will speedily pass the Assembly.

FEW ADDRESSES by our captains of industry have been quite as smug and unctuous or full of contradictions as that which Silas H. Strawn, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, recently delivered over the radio. Mr. Strawn pointed out very cheerfully that all previous depressions had finally come to an end—which might also be said of the World War, the Black Death, and the Holy Roman Empire. He urged us all to meet the crisis by an awakening of "the latent spirit of our forefathers," but his only specific injunction under this head seemed to be that we should never, never, consent to adopt any governmental system of unemployment insurance. He talked much of the astonishing intelligence, wisdom, and courage of our business men; indeed, he even went so far as to say that "talk about the few rich owning the country or failing to do their duty as citizens is, generally speaking, bolshevistic propaganda." He is dead against the dole; it would "paralyze initiative and courage and destroy independence." Still, with astonishing inconsistency, he regards it as "the duty of every employer of labor and of every one else who can . . . to contribute liberally to the unemployed funds now being collected." Won't these voluntary funds "paralyze initiative"? Mr. Strawn concludes with the remark that the voluntary contributions for the unemployed that he now advocates "are not charitable gifts. They are premiums on insurance against socialism and the stability of our government." Then why not a compulsory unemployment insurance scheme, to make surer that the premiums will be paid, and that the insurance itself will actually exist?

THE MISCARRIED *Putsch* of the Austrian Heimwehr is further and welcome proof that these Fascists are extremely obtuse, and that that sorely tried country still has no intention of embracing a dictatorship. This is remark-

able evidence of the innate stability and the incredible courage of the Austrians. No country is in a more distressing plight. The suffering is tremendous; the standard of living sinks steadily; the utter hopelessness of its present geographical and political situation is enough to take the heart out of the stoutest and most fortunate, to say nothing of the unemployed and the multitudes whose whole outlook on life is restricted to the effort to obtain a daily pittance in order to keep body and soul together. That under these really terrible conditions the populace has refused, either in the last election or now, in this abortive rebellion, to be stampeded into fascism is something that will bring cheer to the liberal elements throughout Central Europe. Meanwhile, it is a satisfaction to read that the Austrian Government is at last proceeding against Prince von Stahrhemberg who only a year ago was in the Cabinet. We trust that it will make an example of him—not by any severe sentence, but by making him utterly ridiculous.

FOR the first time in seventeen years, according to the report just issued by Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Porto Rico has succeeded in balancing its budget—and this in a world in which balanced budgets are considerable of a rarity. Steadily the island shows improvement in the management of its finances, in its export trade which has increased in volume, in agricultural conditions under a homestead commission which is endeavoring successfully to increase the number of small farmers working their own land, and in public health. The infant mortality rate has fallen from 161 to 126, the tuberculosis rate from 301 to 263, the death rate from 25.3 to 18.6. Governor Roosevelt is well aware that these figures are far higher than equivalent ratios in the United States, but he is noting progress merely and not final achievement. He points out, however, that there is still dire need of money and labor to make Porto Rico the country it must and should be. During the last year three of the most important crops were whole or partial failures; the fruit farmers were unable to dispose of their product at satisfactory prices; little of the tobacco raised has been sold; and the coffee-raisers are still suffering from the results of the hurricane of 1928 which destroyed the shade trees necessary for the cultivation of the coffee plants. Hospitalization, relief, education, public-health work for all classes are still imperative to a very large degree. Governor Roosevelt so far has shown himself an energetic and successful executive, and what has been accomplished has been largely by his efforts. It is to be presumed that he will carry on the work he has so hopefully begun.

MEXICO, in graciously accepting the invitation of the League Council to become a member in full standing of the League of Nations and in pledging her full loyalty and cooperation to that body, declares that she does not consider herself bound by Article XXI of the League Covenant. This is the article which reaffirms the validity of the Monroe Doctrine and declares that nothing in the Covenant shall be deemed to affect it. Our State Department, however, will not recognize Mexico's lack of recognition of one of our pet national monuments, so to speak. The United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, promises to resent any interference in the Americas by any European nation,

whether the country "interfered" with objects to the interference or not. Mexico, therefore, may protest all it likes that it will not permit the United States to play the role of nursemaid. The nursemaid, with the proper attitude to the young, pays no attention to those protests, on the theory that grown-ups know best what is proper for their children. It is small wonder, under these circumstances, that our relations with our Latin-American neighbors become from time to time what might be described as strained.

POLAND AGAIN FURNISHES an acid test for the Assembly of the League of Nations. Rebuked both by Assembly and Council in no uncertain terms for its persecution of the minorities it rules, that country has by no means mended its ways. As a correspondent of the *London New Statesman and Nation* points out, Poland is not the only offender in this way, but "by reason of their barbarism and their abundance" the Polish violations of the minorities treaties make it the best state of which to make an example. "Not a month, not a week, hardly a day" has passed in the twelve years since the treaty with Poland was signed without violations of this document. As long as Poland continues to carry on thus, it remains one of the danger spots of Europe. It is bad enough that the Corridor should be there to acerbate German feelings, but how long can Germany or Russia be expected to endure the oppression of their minorities if the League refuses to compel Poland to act? The folly of the Poles in this matter is unbelievable. They cannot rely upon the loyalty of the White Russians, the Ukrainians, the Germans in their army if they tyrannize and brutalize those sections of the population; they are creating in the hearts of great masses of their people hatred and bitterness. And this is the Government that Woodrow Wilson felt could best of all be trusted with minorities since its people had endured such frightful wrongs when they were themselves divided up among Germany, Russia, and Austria!

THE RETURN OF WALTER LIPPMANN to the metropolitan press has rightly been greeted with generous acclaim by the journals of New York City. It is greatly to the credit of the *Herald Tribune*—not so long ago one of the most hide-bound and reactionary Republican dailies—that it has given him a public forum from which he may launch the ideas that are nearest to his heart, even though these ideas may be repugnant to the owners and editors of the paper which gives him the hospitality of its columns. That is broad-gauge journalism at its best, for which those responsible deserve all credit. Mr. Lippmann's first article was a masterly laying of the foundations for the argument he is to build up. For him the change from the anonymity of the editorial page of the *World* must be extremely welcome; it is a challenge to his leadership, to his ability not only to write charmingly, but to present remedies for the dire situation of the whole world. There has been some criticism of his conduct of the *World's* editorial page in that its policies frequently led up to a radical solution from which, at the last moment, it shrank. We are eager to believe that Mr. Lippmann has genuine contributions to make to our political thinking and we rejoice that, in the *Herald Tribune*, his views will be read by many conservatives and standpatters who would otherwise never be exposed to liberal ideas.

EVERY MONDAY MORNING we read with renewed surprise and sometimes enjoyment the entire page which the *New York Times* prints of what are presumably the cream of the best sermons delivered in the metropolis on Sunday. The great bulk of what appears on that page can hardly be considered worth printing on the ground of its originality or profundity, and the great majority of the divines there represented hardly have that nation-wide or even city-wide reputation that might justify their utterances being considered "news" regardless of their possession of, or lack of, sense. Yet the reflection is forced upon one that if the extracts from sermons reprinted by the *Times* on Monday really do represent the cream of the best sermons delivered in the nation's greatest city, then the American churches have reached a state pretty close to intellectual bankruptcy. The sermon on September 13, for example, preached in the First Baptist Church by the Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers, imported all the way from Los Angeles, is quite typical. Under the headline "Return to God Held Key to Prosperity" the Reverend Doctor opines that "when the nations of the world get away from God, they always go down," and when this great economic principle has been grasped, "then maybe your stocks will go up." Dr. Myers's solution, like those of most of his colleagues, has the great virtue of simplicity; it dispenses with the need of troubling our heads over such questions as reparations, war debts, tariffs, overproduction, price relationships, and unemployment insurance. We should adopt the solution with enthusiasm were it not for the slight chance that the Reverend Doctor may be in error. Perhaps he would have done better to paraphrase an earlier comment by remarking, "Render unto Hoover the depressions that are Hoover's."

CARRYING A LIVE BULL on his back daily and proceeding 100 feet with his burden is the exercise deemed necessary to his health and well-being by Mr. H. E. Man of Tennessee. Some months ago when one of his cows presented Mr. Man with a bull calf, he was compelled for some reason to carry the little fellow from one part of the farm to another. Whether that fact gave him the idea or whether he had been dipping at odd hours into Greek mythology we do not know. At any rate, Mr. Man read the story of Milo of Crotona, a Greek athlete who carried a full grown heifer into the stadium on his back, killed it with one blow, and devoured it before the Emperor and a cheering audience. Mr. Man thereupon resolved to emulate at least part of this feat. His bull calf is now a yearling weighing 800 pounds; every day his owner leads him out to a platform which he docilely mounts; Mr. Man stoops down, drapes the bull around his shoulders, rises, and walks his required stint before he sets the animal down. We should like to warn him that it is not the final straw that breaks the back of ambitious camels, but an accumulation of them. Mr. Man will come, we fear, to a bad end. And the ultimate effect on his bull, conditioned to be carried every day by a master no longer able to perform that feat, will be something to write Dr. Freud about! Nevertheless, it is a noble endeavor, and one not likely to be heavily commercialized. Bull-carrying, indeed, seems far superior as a national sport to tree-sitting, non-stop dancing, chair-rocking, or pushing peanuts along the ground with the nose. And it is, of course, an indispensable preliminary to bull throwing.

The British Mess

THAT is what it deserves to be called—a mess and a needless one. The more one studies the emergency budget which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented to Parliament on September 11, the more the wonder grows. For, except for the simple item of the cut in the dole, it is a budget which the Labor Members could have cheered just as heartily as did their Liberal and Conservative opponents. More than that, the cables contain the definite statement from Arthur Henderson himself that a majority of the Labor Ministers had already agreed to a 10 per cent cut in the dole before the break-up occurred. Then why the break-up? Again—to add to the confusion—in opposing the budget William Graham declared that “if the Labor Cabinet had been told the whole case there might never have been a change of Government.” This is taken by the excellent London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, Raymond Swing, to be confirmation of the report that the London bankers had pledged Ramsay MacDonald not to tell any one in the Labor Cabinet, except the Chancellor and J. H. Thomas, of the gravity of the situation. This condition he accepted, thus placing himself in the position of negotiating with the Opposition leaders, Baldwin and Samuels, while keeping the rest of his own Cabinet, his life-long associates in the Labor Party, in ignorance of what was happening.

If further proof is needed that the British are at their favorite game of “muddling through,” let us add that British bonds—in the face of all the hullabaloo about England’s endangered credit and grave peril—are still standing higher than French bonds; that that great democrat, Ramsay MacDonald, has demanded and will receive dictatorial powers to govern England by “orders in council” under a statute passed some years ago for a totally different purpose; and that Maynard Keynes heads those economists who flatly declare that the Snowden budget is by no means certain to produce the economies expected, since the economies themselves and the new taxation which increases the income tax from four to five shillings in the pound, will further depress business, lower its taxable profits, and increase unemployment. Finally, incredible as it seems, Arthur Henderson, the new leader of the Labor Party, has definitely abandoned free trade in favor of a 10 per cent revenue tariff “as an emergency expedient” rather than to cut the dole. Thus he has practically joined hands with Stanley Baldwin on the latter’s chief issue, on which the Conservative leader is preparing to go before the country. So why should there not be a Labor and Conservative Coalition Cabinet, on the death of the present one, standing on the platform of “a tariff for free-trade Britain?”

Nor does the speech made by Ramsay MacDonald on September 8 in defense of his actions clarify matters. It is rambling, entirely unconvincing, and throws no light on the dark places. He dwells repeatedly on the dire situation that arose and the necessity of prompt action, at one place speaking of the “day or two which was left to avert calamity.” Yet he states that the first grave warning of the bankers reached him on August 8, but that no action was finally

taken until his Government resigned on August 23, and he was recommissioned to form the national Government—an interval of fifteen days for the crisis to develop and a solution to be worked out. Scoffing at a “bankers’ plot,” he declared that “never in the whole negotiations . . . did the banks interfere with a political proposal, but simply confined themselves to giving expert advice as to the effect of the proposals and the possible yield of the loan.” This is doubtless true, but if the bankers said that the loan would be impossible without a cut in the dole they would none the less be interfering in political policy while merely giving a banker’s opinion as to how a loan could be arranged.

Mr. MacDonald failed to reply to those of his critics who declared that there were other resources of the Government which could be resorted to before it was necessary to lay hands on the dole. That there were such resources is confirmed by a letter sent by F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, Parliamentary Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, to his constituents in explanation of his refusal to stand by Mr. Snowden and the Prime Minister. Speaking of the desirability of balancing the budget, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence says that there was a much more effective method of dealing with the crisis “and that is to mobilize in support of the sterling exchange the vast foreign capital (over one billion pounds) held by British subjects. This was done quite successfully during the war.” He also declared that a bond-conversion scheme would have been possible as well as other steps, and he declares that in his opinion “the action taken by the Prime Minister has been fundamentally wrong.”

It was wrong in my opinion to accept the view that budgetary deficiency was the main cause of the trouble. It was wrong to place budgetary reform first instead of the mobilization of foreign securities. It was wrong to disrupt the Labor Party by insisting on greater sacrifice by the poorer workers than seemed to a large section of his colleagues a fair proportion. It was wrong to lower the dignity and credit of the country as a whole by shaping our internal policy to accord with the behests of foreign financiers.

With these views we are in entire accord. From the facts so far developed it is impossible to see why Mr. MacDonald could not have spared the dole and yet met the emergency in fullest measure. But in the last analysis what we are witnessing in England is another evidence of the complete breakdown of capitalism as an economic system. What happened has been defined for us by a distinguished British economist in these words:

Bankers here, using foreign funds for their private gain, so imperil the monetary system of our nation that our Government has to rescue them by special arrangements with foreign bankers, who dictate the kind of economies our Government must make in order to secure their aid! The depression which disables us from balancing our budget and our foreign-trade account is a plain register of the inability of private business to employ the available capital and labor so as to earn a profit. This is a simple confession of the complete failure of capitalism to deliver the goods.

France Triumphant

BY the proposed customs union between Germany and Austria, forbidden by the World Court in an eight to seven decision, the independence of those countries was to be preserved and the initial step taken toward a general European customs union, for all other countries were invited to join; and its experimental character was attested by its denounceability by either party within three years. France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia maintained that this proposal was incompatible with the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain and the Protocol of 1922, signed by Austria when she received the so-called League of Nations loan; Germany and Austria denied such incompatibility. The Council of the League asked the World Court for an advisory opinion.

By the treaty Germany agreed to respect Austrian independence and Austria agreed not to alienate it; by the protocol, Austria agreed to refrain "from any economic or financial engagement calculated . . . to compromise this independence"; and while retaining "her freedom" in "customs tariffs" and "in all matters relating to her economic regime," agreed not to "violate her economic independence by granting to any state . . . exclusive advantages calculated to threaten this independence."

There is enough loose language in these agreements plausibly to justify any conclusion, the result depending, however, not on legal but on political considerations. By no legal tests known could Austria's "independence" in any aspects be deemed alienated or compromised by the proposed customs treaty. That only political considerations could warrant holding such a tariff regime incompatible with the treaties mentioned soon became apparent from the form of argument advanced by France and Italy. They maintained that a customs union would inevitably lead to a political union; that "economic independence" meant "no customs union"; that "independence" should be interpreted not merely as legal but as political or actual independence. Italy added that the customs union would lead to war. The German and Austrian agents argued that "independence" was an indivisible legal concept and implied the possession of independent organs of government, not subject to foreign dictation; that independence had military, political, economic, and other manifestations; that if Austria was deemed legally independent notwithstanding its unilaterally imposed political and military fetters, certainly a voluntary bilateral and possibly multilateral customs union, from which she could freely withdraw, was no alienation of independence but an exercise of independence, which not Austria and Germany, but France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia were seeking to throttle, contrary to the latter's express treaty engagements. They argued that the Court had to take into consideration not future possibilities, which was pure political speculation, but the present proposed regime, to the general principle of which all of Europe had paid lip-service.

The opinion of the majority of the Court indicates that the political argument won a narrow victory. The majority claims that Austria is a sensitive point in the European system and her existence is an essential feature of the political settlements; that any act which could endanger that independence, so far as could reasonably be foreseen, was denied

to her; and that the proposed customs regime was within the restrictions imposed upon Austria by the Protocol of 1922. It is interesting to observe that among the majority eight we find all but one of the "French bloc," notably Fromageot (France), Negulescu (Rumania), Rostworowski (Poland), Guerrero (Salvador), and Urrutia (Colombia), all of whom have either their homes or their roots in Paris. We are glad to observe that among the minority we find the most distinguished judges on the Court, and we honor Rolin-Jaequemyns (Belgium) for refusing to yield to political seduction.

What does this opinion mean for the Court and for Europe? It would indicate that the Council has used the Court to escape political embarrassment for itself. The Council, in submitting to the Court questions which can only be decided on political considerations, and the Court, in responding to such requests, are weakening the Court as a judicial body urgently in need of universal confidence. For Europe it means that French politics, corrupt and destructive, working through the Council and the Court, has pushed Europe another step further into the bog. Italy's reason for opposing the customs union was very special. Germany and Austria had the luck to advance a proposal, entirely constructive, which happened to arouse French susceptibilities; for France is apparently determined to prevent the economic recovery of Germany, fearing that it might eventually lead to political recovery.

Why Gold Comes Here

"SOME OFFICIALS" in Washington, according to the anonymously inspired dispatch of Richard V. Oulahan to the *New York Times*, are becoming restive under criticism of the Administration for the unparalleled concentration of gold in this country. It is not their fault, they say. There is no "hoarding" of gold in the United States. The gold is coming here because of the flight of capital from other countries, where confidence in governments, banking systems, and currencies has been shaken. The gold has come here because it is seeking a "refuge." That, apparently, is all there is to it. Indeed, Mr. Oulahan's dispatch goes so far as to say: "It is held in informed quarters here that those disposed to set up the accusation of hoarding should understand that neither the Government nor its citizens had anything to do with the flow of gold from abroad."

This is an amazing statement, but there is at least one element of truth in it. An important school of British economists, including such distinguished members as Sir Josiah Stamp and Maynard Keynes, has contended that our Federal Reserve Board has deliberately been pursuing a policy of "hoarding" and "sterilizing" gold. There does not appear to be any convincing evidence for this contention. On the contrary, the Federal Reserve Board and the individual reserve banks appear since the war to have been pursuing every possible policy that would tend to drive gold out, rather than draw it into the country. Contrary even to what is generally considered sound central banking policy, they have kept their discount rates below open market rates, and they have forced down open-market rates themselves

by their policy of buying bills extensively in the open market. With money rates low in this market, the tendency would have been, other things equal, for international balances—which ultimately mean gold—to flow to the markets of other countries where they could command higher rates. Our artificially low rates, however, while apparently ineffective in keeping gold from flowing here, were highly effective in a way not at first intended, for they encouraged and stimulated the most extravagant orgy of stock speculation in our history; and the timidity and even political pressure that kept those rates from being promptly raised when stock speculation got out of hand finally led to the subsequent disastrous collapse.

The unnamed Administration officials at Washington would be in the main correct, therefore, if they contended that our immense gold holdings had not come here as the result of American banking policy. When they go on to assert, however, that “neither the Government nor its citizens had anything to do with the flow of gold from abroad” they are talking nonsense. Two factors are principally responsible for bringing excessive gold here. The first is our preposterous tariff, which amounts virtually to a frank declaration on our part that we do not want to be paid for our exports with imports. The other is our heavy private foreign investments, amounting to about \$15,000,000,000, and the debt of nearly \$12,000,000,000 owed to us by foreign governments, the interest and principal of which we demand shall be paid.

Finally, it might be pointed out that even the lack of confidence in foreign governments, is in large part the result of our own political policy. Not until we proclaim our readiness to cut the war debts are the German reparations likely in turn to be reduced to a figure that might facilitate trade stability.

Sounding Brass

THERE is no one with whom we disagree more frequently or more enthusiastically than we do with the Right Reverend William T. Manning. Doubtless this glowering ecclesiastic would say the same for us if our opinions were forced upon his attention as often as his are forced upon ours, and to that extent we are even. But Bishops make the headlines very easily—especially when they happen to head wealthy congregations—and we are never long without a fresh reminder that the Cathedral on Morningside Heights will fight to the end every effort to introduce anything resembling sweetness or light into human society. Goodness knows that the church itself lags far enough behind secular opinion in most matters pertaining to social welfare. Goodness knows that it is usually to be found in the rear rather than in the vanguard of every significant movement. But Bishop Manning frequently succeeds in lagging behind even the church. And that is no inconsiderable feat.

Consider for example the matter of marriage and divorce. Long after both law and public opinion have consented to be reasonable upon that subject, the Episcopal Church has got around to considering the possibility of a very cautious modification of its intransigent attitude. It

has begun to discuss the advisability of consenting (after a year's time and with the approval of the ecclesiastical authorities) to the remarriage of the so-called “guilty party” to a divorce—provided of course that the ecclesiastical court decides that the “guilt” is pardonable. But such elementary commonsense and such elementary justice is, as one might have expected, violently repugnant to the Bishop. He is not willing to pardon those whom his fellow bishops would pardon. They must suffer also, and as many people as possible must be made unhappy for the glory of God. To forgive would be, he declares in a blaze of sadistic fury, to surrender to the devil himself.

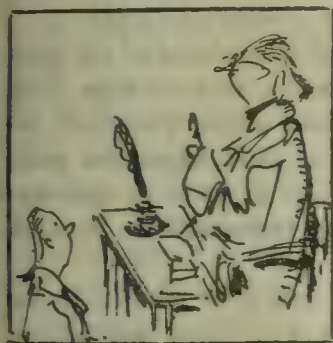
Most of those who, like him, oppose divorce under any and all circumstances support their position with arguments which purport to be drawn from a consideration of human welfare. To that extent at least they accede to the modern demand that the regulations of human society should appear to have as their purpose the promotion of man's happiness and well being. But the Bishop—and this is again highly characteristic—refuses to concede anything even in the nature of his arguments. He takes his stand upon the letter of the law and there he rests. The letter says “no” and he will thunder the letter.

Now if he were always so literal in his interpretation of his texts he might be consistent and even, in a fantastic sort of way, admirable. But when it suits his purpose he can forget, or interpret, or explain away quite as well as the next man. He can, for example, reconcile military “preparedness” with the injunction of his Master to turn the other cheek, and we have never heard that he insisted that his parishioners should sell *all* their goods to give to the poor. Moreover, we should, if we were of the stuff of which martyrs are made, endeavor to find out just how literally he takes the text about giving your cloak to the thief who steals your coat and we should snitch an alb out of the vestry just to see whether or not he would make us a present of his miter. But since we are not of the stuff of martyrs, since we are, indeed, only of those weak mortals for whom he makes so few allowances, we shall confine ourselves to speculation, and we shall wonder again just why this eminent Churchman is so insistent upon the letter of every law unless it happens to be one which enjoins love or gentleness or tolerance.

Can it be that Samuel Butler's jibe is pertinent here, and that even dignitaries as highly placed as the Bishop of the See of New York are willing, like lesser mortals, to “compound for sins by damning those they have no mind to”? Is it possible, in other words, that this particular dignity is suffering from a bad conscience—that somewhere in the depths of his doubtless very interesting sub-consciousness he knows that he has been a bit too easy with wealthy sinners who are anxious to purchase forgiveness with a memorial window, or even that he has moments when he doubts whether the militarism which he actively champions is really so completely in accord with the teachings of Jesus as he has proclaimed it to be? We hesitate to entertain the suspicion, but if it were justified it would explain many things. “Surely,” we imagine him whispering to himself in the depths of the night, “anyone as severe as I am with the ‘guilty’ party to a divorce need have no fear that he is ever loose in his dealings with those who are the least little bit guilty of greed, or cruelty, or violence.”

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



EMMANUEL-JOSEPH SIEYÈS was not exactly a hero. We can hardly blame him for that. The Vicar-General of the Diocese of Chartres was not expected to die on a barricade, but to spend his days showing miserable sinners and old ladies how to find the road to Heaven. Nevertheless, Emmanuel-Joseph played quite a role during the troublesome days of the great French "crisis" (shall we say?) of the latter half of the eighteenth century. He wrote an excellent little pamphlet which might be reprinted today if we changed Fourth Estate for Third. He got himself elected on numerous committees. He worked for this and he worked for that, but he was forever scared of his own shadow, and when the spook which the Good and the Wise had called forth to "frighten" refused to return to its slums and sewers, the former Vicar-General went through a period of great mental anguish.

He had voted for the death of the King and he had worshipped at the altar of the Goddess of Reason. That, apparently, had not been enough. Heaven alone knew what would be asked of him next. He did not even wait to inquire. He disappeared from view and remained in hiding until the Most Virtuous of All Men and the Greatest Dry of his time (hypochondriacs are apt to be both) went the way of all flesh (to use a term of almost Robespierrian simplicity) and the fire-works on the Seine proclaimed the end of the Reign of Terror.

It was then that Emmanuel-Joseph delivered himself of that famous and witty remark which will be associated with his name, long after his grandiloquent pamphlet on the rights of the Middle Class shall have been forgotten. Some one asked him, "And what, Monsieur l'Abbé, did you do all during the revolution?"

And he answered, "I lived."

No doubt that was quite an achievement. Thousands of people in their quick-lime graves wished they could have said as much.

The others were dead. Sieyès survived. And he even played some sort of role. Not much of a role, but the role of a living man, and that in itself was something of an accomplishment in the year 1793.

I am always sorry when I have to disagree with those in high authority. After all, they ought to know, and I am merely a humble onlooker. Day after day I read little inspiring bits of news. "The era of good-will is now upon us," and "Europe has turned the corner," and "This winter all will be quiet along the banks of the Seine, the Spree, and the Thames."

These inspiring little bits of news come from sources that ought to know, because they are in a position to know. But then I get private letters which corroborate exactly what I saw only a few months ago. They come from every corner of the Continent. Even in the most peaceful of neutral lands, the banks are turning themselves into miniature fortresses. Even in the least militaristic countries reserve officers are being asked where they stand.

But all that makes no difference to Versailles on the Potomac. The old propaganda mills of the Great War are being hauled forth from the attic. Soon they will be grinding once more. This time, however, it is not merely a question who will win a certain war. It is a matter of life and death for an entire form of civilization. And that civilization is not being killed by outside forces. It is in the act of committing suicide because its leaders are unwilling to face a few very definite facts.

Danger is a bully. Run away from it and it will hit you in the back. Meet it ready to fight and it cringes and whimpers and slinks away. There is a way of meeting the coming issue with the help of machine guns. Unfortunately, history (if it teaches anything at all) seems to prove that machine guns in the long run have accomplished less than nothing. Having an intense dislike for disorder of any sort, I would readily take to the machine-guns if I had any confidence in their ultimate efficiency. As it happens, I have none.

There is, however, another way out.

We are engaged in a race between Chaos and Education.

That sounds like a platitude. We have heard it before when we were urged to educate the illiterate of the Bowery. But just now they are busy with other things. For instance, with the problem of getting enough to eat.

I was thinking of a different sort of education. The education of the illiterate of Park and Fifth Avenues and the upper Sixties and Seventies. The fate of the next six months and six years (and six thousand years, for that matter) is in their hands. There still is time for them to forget a great many things and to learn a few new ones.

The only problem that worries me is this: What is the present address of the Bourbon family?

"I have lived" was a good enough answer, once the crisis was over.

"I intend to live," is a better one, before it has even begun.

Not only a better one, but a more courageous and intelligent one.

And just now those are two qualities that are worth ten billion tons of rhetoric and eloquence.

The 1932 Disarmament Conference

By ALBERT EINSTEIN

Berlin, September 4

WHAT the inventive genius of mankind has bestowed upon us in the last hundred years could have made human life care free and happy if the development of the organizing power of man had been able to keep step with his technical advances. As it is, the hardly bought achievements of the machine age in the hands of our generation are as dangerous as a razor in the hands of a three-year-old child. The possession of wonderful means of production has not brought freedom—only care and hunger.

Worst of all is the technical development which produces the means for the destruction of human life, and the dearly created products of labor. We older people lived through that shuddering in the World War. But even more terrible than this destruction seems to me the unworthy servitude into which the individual is swept by war. Is it not terrible to be forced by the community to deeds which every individual feels to be most despicable crimes? Only a few have had the moral greatness to resist; they are in my eyes the true heroes of the World War.

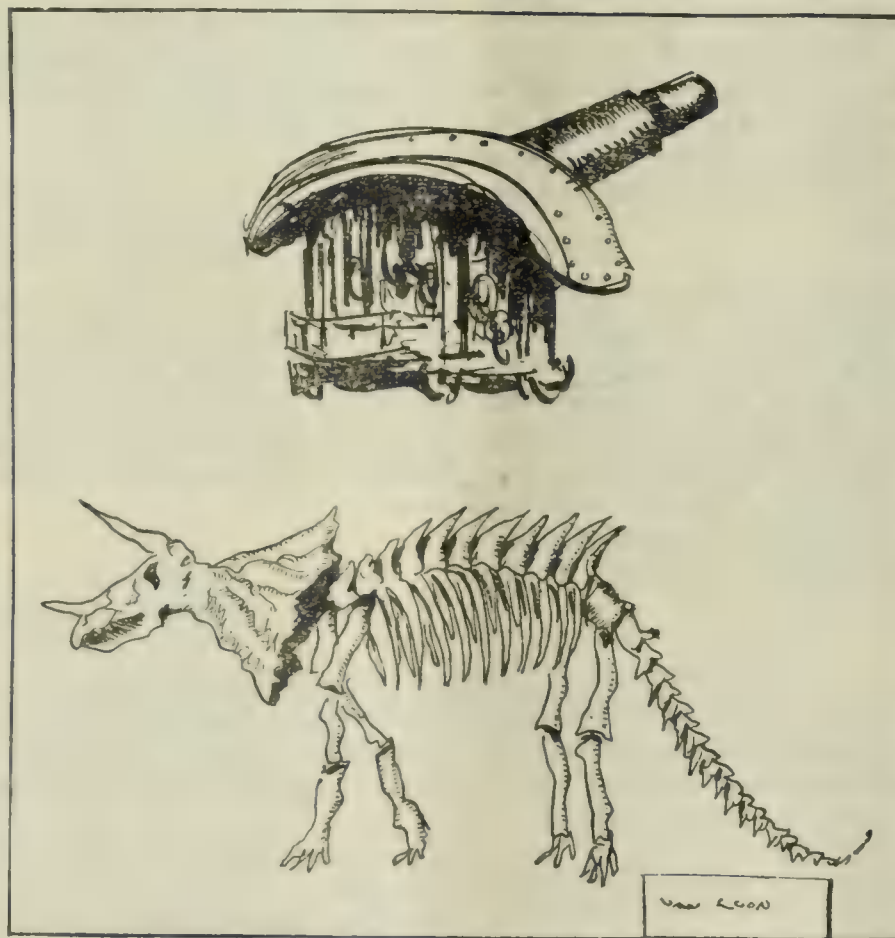
There is one ray of hope. It seems to me that today the responsible leaders of the several peoples have, in the main, the honest will to abolish war. The opposition to this unquestionably necessary advance lies in the unhappy traditions of the people which are passed on like an inherited disease from generation to generation because of our faulty educational machines. Of course the main supports of this tradition are military training and its glorification, and not less important, the press which is so dependent upon the military and the larger industries. Without disarmament there can be no lasting peace. On the contrary, the continuation of military armaments in their present extent will with certainty lead to new catastrophies.

Hence the Disarmament Conference in Geneva in February, 1932, will be decisive for the fate of the present generation and the one to come. If one thinks back to the pitiful results achieved by the international conferences thus far held, it must be clear that all thoughtful and responsible

human beings must exercise all their powers again and again to inform public opinion of the vital importance of the conference of 1932. Only if the statesmen have, to urge them forward, the will to peace of a decisive majority in their respective countries, can they arrive at their important goal. For the creation of this public opinion in favor of disarmament every person living shares the responsibility, through every deed and every word.

The failure of the conference would be assured if the delegates were to arrive in Geneva with fixed instructions and aims, the achievement of which would at once become a matter of national prestige. This seems to be universally recognized, for the meetings of the statesmen of any two states, of which we have

seen a number of late, have been utilized for discussions of the problem of disarmament in order to clear the ground for the conference. This procedure seems to me a very happy one, for two persons, or two groups, ordinarily conduct themselves most sensibly, most honorably, and with the greatest freedom from passion if no third person listens in, whom the others believe they must consider or conciliate in their speeches. We can only hope for a favorable outcome in this most vital conference if the meeting is prepared for exhaustively in this way by advance discussions in order that surprises shall be made impossible, and if, through honest good will, an atmosphere of



Two Back Numbers

mutual confidence and trust can be effectively created in advance.

Success in such great affairs is not a matter of cleverness, or even shrewdness, but instead a matter of honorable conduct and mutual confidence. You cannot substitute intellect for moral conduct in this matter—I should like to say, thank God that you cannot!

It is not the task of the individual who lives in this critical time merely to await results and to criticize. He must serve this great cause as well as he can. For the fate of all humanity will be that fate which it honestly earns and deserves.

The Rebirth of British Labor

By DEVERE ALLEN

London, September 1

RAMSAY MACDONALD may have saved the pound sterling. He has certainly saved the life of the Labor Party. For the moves that eventuated so dramatically in the Emergency Government were not entirely unexpected, and were the outcome of differences within the party which were threatening to anaesthetize it for several years to come. So long as the Labor Government held office, it was the duty of the rank and file, they felt, to "play the game"; but the moment the crash came, there were sighs of relief among those who understood where "playing the game" was leading the labor movement.

"At last MacDonald has nationalized something," remarked a Socialist sardonically, the morning after the new Ministry was announced, "even if it's nothing but the government." As far back as mid-July several Members of Parliament with whom I talked were convinced that a National Government was the most probable result of the inevitable impasse. Not only among the radical critics within the Independent Labor Party but among more conservative Members, it was often taken for granted that Mr. MacDonald would have no scruples against entering a three-party Cabinet if he could swing his party's right wing behind him; but few believed he would go so far as to do it against the expressed wish of the huge trade unions.

The policy of attempting to govern in the name of labor, but at the continuous sacrifice of working-class interests, had gone to lengths which, if foreseen when the party assumed office, would hardly have been sanctioned. Nobody has been happy about it; Mr. Henderson notoriously has been sick of the minority parliamentary position for months, as only a man could be sick of it who was charged with the difficult job of holding intact the industrial organization of the party. Those *enfants terribles*, Brockway, Maxton, Wise, and others of the I. L. P., had been sturdily predicting that the policy of compromise would in the long run be found disastrous. The Trades Union Congress leaders did not wish to utter advance comments on the Government's acts, and were criticizing the I. L. P. right up to the great breach for prejudging the Ministry's deeds. Nevertheless the radicals were proved to be sound in their analysis, and when convinced that Mr. MacDonald was bringing them a plan for an onslaught on that element of the population least capable of bearing it, they found it far too much.

While one hears, of course, such expressions as "It's hard to quit office once you have held it," there is a general appreciation of the basic sincerity which prompted the moves made by MacDonald, Snowden, and even J. H. Thomas. But from labor's viewpoint, consider the enormity of their choice. It is not merely that one may go back to the writings of MacDonald, as of Snowden, and pull out fiery paragraphs castigating the very attitudes they now are taking. It is not only that MacDonald has lost friends by his overbearing personal manner, his tendency to hold grudges, his fatal ability to couple reactionary acts with idealistic, radical phrases, his intolerance of dissent. Officially he has been

forcing an ostracism of the protestants within the ranks. On March 28 at Glasgow, he declared that such a thing as Labor Party members voting against their own Government in critical divisions must stop. He was referring explicitly to the I. L. P., whose policy of refusing to accept the instructions of the Standing Orders Committee of the Parliamentary Labor Party, when those orders violated the declared policy of the party as previously outlined in party conferences, was expected, until the crisis, to lead to the I. L. P.'s expulsion this autumn. Though the I. L. P. had published a carefully documented list of critical divisions on which 122 Labor Members had voted against the Government without reprimand, this only seemed to add to official impatience. In the Glasgow speech Mr. MacDonald further said: "The man who criticizes his colleagues in such a way that he does not help them but pushes ammunition into the possession of the enemy, is not the sort of man who is of assistance to the Government or the movement, which is greater than the Government."

These words, as specifically as any others, will certainly come home to roost. The former Labor Cabinet members who have now taken posts in the Emergency Government do not today embrace the view that the labor movement itself possesses superior importance. The Trades Union Congress was the voting mainstay of the Labor Government, and is the heaviest contributor to the campaign war chest. The secession from MacDonaldism led by Henderson, representing the trade-union bodies, and A. V. Alexander as an informal representative of the great cooperative movement, is too portentous to leave Mr. MacDonald the least weight in his arguments. He is not now simply giving ammunition to the enemy; he is pointing the gun at the working class which elevated him to power.

For several days prior to the fateful conference between the T. U. C. Council and the Prime Minister, I talked at various times with one of Britain's most famous trade-union leaders. I spent several hours with him just before the meeting took place. Again and again we reverted to the pending crisis, and invariably he reiterated his two-fold determination: to preserve an attitude of fairness and open-mindedness; but, none the less, to resist to the utmost, cost what it may, any cuts in social services. "If we yielded to any such proposals," he said, "the Labor Party would soon be dead, and justifiably." The familiarity of such men with the Prime Minister's characteristic procedure was interestingly revealed. "What MacDonald will do," this moderate trade-union leader predicted, "is this. He will tell us that a dire emergency exists and, without giving us any facts, ask us to take his word for it. He will sidetrack any alternative suggestions to those which he will bring us as a *fait accompli*. He will have talked in some detail with the Conservatives and Liberals, and have worked out a program that he will expect us to sign on the dotted line."

It must not be forgotten that the unions' grievances were of long standing, and that in recent months they had begun to reassert some of the Socialist demands which in the

early days of the second Labor Ministry they had tolerantly put in the background. They had found that not only was Mr. MacDonald reluctant to run parliamentary risks for his still-professed socialism, but in definite crises of the workers the Government appeared inclined to put the heavy end of the stick on the laboring people—as, for example, in the hours controversy of the coal miners, the anti-stretch-out strike of the Lancashire weavers, and the wage reductions of the railwaymen. The trades-disputes bill introduced into the House last winter and strangled there, which was intended to repeal the restrictive measures passed by a Tory Government, was handled by a Government which had fought desperately against the mandate laid upon it by the Llandudno Labor Party Conference last fall.

Much has been made by the pro-tariff press in Great Britain of the expressed willingness of certain labor leaders to sanction tariffs as an alternative to wage cuts or reductions in the social services. This is not entirely a case of the wish being father to the thought, for the crusade to put over tariffs in Britain has indubitably made some inroads on the rank and file of the workers' organizations. It must be remembered, however, that no labor leader of consequence in Britain today will stand for protective tariffs. Some of them will agree to a revenue tariff, but only with positive reservations—and these reservations must not be ignored. Such influential union leaders as Ernest Bevin and A. J. Cook have made it plain that, in being willing to support a revenue tariff as the only alternative to assaults on the social services—were this the only alternative—they would even then demand, as a prerequisite, a thorough reorganization of industry along Socialist lines. As a matter of fact, the revenue tariff never entered seriously into the final split, not only because of Mr. Snowden's adamant opposition, but because those who parted company with him have no real faith in tariffs as a solution of the present difficulties.

On July 7, by a vote of seventy to six, the conference of the National Union of Railwaymen (Mr. J. H. Thomas's organization) sent an urgent request to the Government (without the blessing, you may be sure, of Mr. Thomas) for an "early and favorable reply" to the joint request of the rail unions for the nationalization of all forms of transport. "We want an answer from the Government," said C. T. Cramp, General Secretary, emphatically. But no reply was forthcoming. On the very brink of the Cabinet crisis, the Economic Committee of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress published a report on which much work had been previously spent. This report reflects the general belief in England, reinforced by such expert economists as Gustav Cassel and those of the historic Macmillan Committee on Finance, that the fall in wholesale prices and the world depression itself are in considerable degree attributable to the shrinkage of gold production, and, even more directly, the drain of gold into the coffers of the United States and France. A million denials by American bankers could not now undo the accepted view that our own banks laid down the law to England, demanding cuts in the "dole"—in fact, even the anti-labor press throughout Britain has very generally upheld the American banks and simply said, "Of course! What else should they do?"

MacDonald and Snowden have dedicated themselves to the familiar proposition that the prosperity of a country's working class depends first and foremost upon the prosperity

of the financial and wealthy class, and have found themselves laboring, as all must who hold this view, to give the latter group a prior claim upon the state. Mr. MacDonald's project for "equal sacrifices" has about it, superficially, strong appeal. It will undoubtedly exert an appreciable influence in the United States. But it buckles under careful scrutiny. The organ of the I. L. P. lost no time in jumping upon the phrase. "To talk of a tax on the rentier and a reduction of unemployment benefit," it said, "or what amounts to the same thing, a tightening of the regulations against the unemployed worker, as 'an equality of sacrifice' is to talk hypocritical cant. In the one case, reduction of the rentier's interest may mean at the most inconvenience, but in the case of the unemployed every penny of reduction means further deprivation of the necessities of life, and actual suffering."

The bald fact, the central fact, remains. And that is this: that an unemployed breadwinner who has a wife and two children, at present, has to get along on thirty shillings a week. England is not a cheap country to live in; its price level approximates that of the United States and Holland rather than that of Belgium and Italy. This same British family, if it has an additional child, will receive the munificent extra allowance of two shillings weekly. A jobless working girl of seventeen will be kept in clothes, food, accessories, and the straight and narrow path by the princely allowance of seven shillings. These are the rates which must be cut 10 per cent.

In contributions toward the Unemployment Insurance Fund, each worker pays sevenpence per week; employers pay eightpence; and the state pays seven-and-a-halfpence. This falls short of enough by approximately \$200,000,000 to \$225,000,000 a year, which has to be borrowed by the Government. Repeated borrowing has run the total of indebtedness up to almost \$400,000,000, while the number of the unemployed mounts steadily toward the three million mark. The Royal Commission not only recommended elimination of actual abuses (and minor abuses there have been), but suggested that some \$150,000,000 a year might be saved by lopping off benefits and increasing contributions.

The employed worker might be more amenable to increases in his contributions had he not seen his wages already subjected to a series of ruthless dockings. All of the groups interested in putting further burdens on labor have discreetly passed over this unpleasant trifle. Yet it is a fact, attested by the official *Ministry of Labor Gazette*, that "in the industries for which statistics are regularly compiled" there were wage decreases affecting 2,003,000 workers between January and June. Every week these workers averaged a total loss of \$1,130,000. Against this, some 22,500 workers received pay increases reaching the magnificent total of \$3,500. However, in the month of July alone, 614,000 wage earners suffered reductions of \$415,000 a week. The situation, counting in unreported cuts, is really worse than this.

It is true, on the other hand, that the middle class in Britain is heavily taxed. Yet how does the theory of "equal sacrifice" work out? The *Daily Herald*, now that the Labor Government is out, has become a stalwart champion of the trade unions; it points out that a married man with three children, whose income is \$5,000 a year, still has more than \$4,500 left after his sacrificial income tax has been taken away, and submits that while his lot is unquestionably sad,

it is less poignant than that of the jobless worker whose family stands to come down to a living income of \$360 per annum. Other spokesmen of labor have not failed to suggest the possibility of reductions in war debt payments, or wholesale slashes in the armaments charges, which amount to more than half a billion dollars annually.

If anyone could have thought that this crisis was simply a matter of abstract mathematics or a formula for justice, he would have been taught better by subsequent events. Within ten minutes of the announcement that Mr. MacDonald's little band of former Labor ministers were going to be reinforced by a couple of Liberals and four Conservatives, who, as a council of high priests would perform the rites of sacrifice around the fanes of Lombard Street, the Tory press took Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden, Sankey, and Thomas warmly to its bosom. In twenty-four hours these erstwhile suspects were invested with a new sublimity. The forces of big business, aristocracy, imperialism, and reaction had accomplished a big step in the great campaign they have been waging strenuously against the socialization of British life and the rise of the working class, and, best of all, the dirty work was going to be handled largely by former Labor leaders, thus freeing their own henchmen from direct responsibility.

Knowing that Mr. MacDonald dislikes Gandhi and that Sir Samuel Hoare, the new Secretary of State for India, won his spurs by espionage in Russia, they could envisage an end to "weakness" in India. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, once a Health Minister under the Tories, could be relied on to find cuts in the "extravagant" public-health enterprises undertaken by Arthur Greenwood. As First Lord of the Admiralty, that arch-manipulator, Austen Chamberlain, as-

surely would be able in one month to inspire the permanent officials with the proper spirit. Sir Henry Betterton, who served six years as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labor, would know how to check this riotous nonsense with the workers. And so it went, these hopes, in all probability, being somewhat exaggerated. Already signs were not wanting that every effort will be made to prolong the life of the Emergency Cabinet as long as possible; for a combination of all the Conservatives, most of the Liberals, and a few Laborites in the House, driving ahead with a moderate Tory program, was calculated to guarantee a Tory holiday.

The immediate effects of the Labor Party split may not be good in the next election. The peripheral labor voter will be bewildered. But all the same, Mr. MacDonald has saved his party from that disease of compromise which was eating away its vitals. It is highly improbable that the experiment of trying to emulate the proverbial pin—pointed in one direction and headed in the other—will again allure the Labor politician. Though delicate matters need to be resolved, and will take many weeks for careful handling, a unity is now possible within the Labor ranks that has not been conceivable since 1923. Labor has learned a bitter but necessary lesson. It has other lessons yet to learn, but it may learn them at a cheaper cost than could have been paid had the fiasco gone on further. And now labor can come back—not at once, to be sure, since even the return of those thousands to the polls who from disgust have been abstaining in recent by-elections, would hardly counteract MacDonald's blow at party prestige. But when labor does come back, it may come with a surge of power and realism. Meantime, let no one think it impotent. For if the Tories really count on that, they, too, will come in for a grim surprise.

Free Trade and France*

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, September 3

FRANCE is as great an obstacle to economic disarmament in Europe as to military disarmament. No country is more stubbornly protectionist. This is not surprising, since protectionism is the economic form of nationalism. What is surprising is that the French fail to recognize how inconsistent their economic policy is with their talk about the United States of Europe. Some politicians and papers of the Left even talk of a European customs union and incidentally, rebuke Germany and Austria for their wickedness in trying to prevent the realization of that ideal by taking the first step towards it; but whenever the Government proposes an increase in any import duty, it is carried by overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Parliament. Rather more than a year ago the French Government obtained from Parliament without serious opposition a great increase in the tariff generally, which had already been increased in 1926, by 30 per cent each time; and in July, just before the end of the parliamentary session, the import duties on wheat and other cereals were doubled and those on certain other foodstuffs greatly in-

creased. In these circumstances it is not surprising that France has led the opposition at Geneva to every proposal for a reduction or limitation of tariffs, including the harmless "tariff truce." It is true that Loucheur, on behalf of the French Government, signed the attenuated convention stabilizing existing duties for a very short period, but at the economic conference at Geneva last March the French Government wrecked the convention.

France has no doubt suffered less from protection than most countries on account of the extent and variety of her natural resources, which make her potentially the wealthiest country in Europe. At a pinch she could be almost self-supporting. She could grow all her own food, she has now more iron ore than all the rest of Europe put together, and has within her own borders most of the important raw materials. Cotton of course has to be imported, and also petrol and a certain amount of coal, but the need for importing coal is diminishing with the development of French waterpower, potentially much larger than that of any other European country. The development of hydro-electric power tends to some extent to displace industry, which before the war was mainly in the north, and smokeless factories have sprung up in villages in the Alps, the Jura, and the Pyrenees. Never-

* The fourth of a series of articles on free trade. The fifth, on Austria and Free Trade, by Dr. Karl Polanyi, of Vienna, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

theless France needs imports, for she has much to export. The wine industry, which is one of the most important French industries, is suffering severely from the loss of the American and Russian markets, and the partial loss of the markets in Germany and other European countries impoverished by the war and its sequel. The only remedy that the French wine-growers can think of is an increase in import duties and further restrictions on the importation of wines even from Algeria and Tunisia. If they would only combine and start cooperative wholesale agencies in England, for example, they could eliminate the middleman, reduce wine prices in England so much as greatly to increase the sale, and at the same time make more profit themselves. The high prices in England are to a great extent due to the middlemen, that is, the French wine-exporters, who make huge profits. But the French wine-growers, like too many other French producers, have become so accustomed to looking to the state to "protect" them that they never think of trying to help themselves by new methods.

Two factors have made France a great industrial country since the war—the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine and, indirectly, the German invasion. The first result of the occupation, which affected the most industrial part of France, was that during the war new industrial undertakings had to be created elsewhere, so that the industrial equipment was greatly increased in the rest of France and also modernized, for the new factories were much better equipped than the old ones. The post-war consequence of the invasion was the complete reequipping on the most modern lines of the industries of the devastated region, which has now an economic capacity far greater than it had in 1914. The economic power and productive capacity of France have thus been greatly increased. French industrial production in 1929 was 39 per cent higher than in 1913, the increase being particularly marked in the mechanical industries. The recovery of Alsace-Lorraine doubled the French capacity in iron ore, added to France highly developed metallurgical and other industries, increased the cotton spindles by nearly 25 per cent, the cotton printing machines by 100 per cent, and the woollen and worsted capacity by 20 per cent, and gave France potash mines and an oil field. By 1927 the production of iron ore in France (45,482,000 metric tons) was larger than it had been in 1913 in the pre-war French territory and Alsace-Lorraine together.

Free trade would undoubtedly benefit French industry as a whole; although, as in all countries, a few industries would no doubt suffer from it, and a transition period would be necessary to give them time to adapt themselves, if necessary with financial aid from the state. Universal free trade would inevitably lead each country to specialize in the industries best suited to it, as the different parts of each country do now. France is such a varied country and has such immense natural resources that free trade would probably cause less dislocation in her industry than in that of any other European country. Free trade with Germany would be greatly to the advantage of the Lorraine metallurgical industries, for it would reunite Lorraine iron and Ruhr coal, whose marriage was dissolved by the erection of a tariff barrier between Lorraine and Germany. France has now the coal of the Saar territory, but will almost certainly lose it in 1935, when the plebiscite will be held to decide the future of the territory. Free trade would of course put an end

to the dumping of French exporters, for free trade makes it impossible to export at lower prices than those on the home market at the expense of the home consumer, but on the other hand it would open to them all the markets of Europe or the world, as the case might be.

Already the hey-day of the French exporters is past. Increased import duties have failed to check the decline of exports, which, it is interesting to note, has been much greater both in value and volume than the decline in imports. In the first six months of this year the exports were 29 per cent lower in value and 18 per cent lower in volume than in the first six months of last year, whereas the imports decreased 13½ per cent in value and only 1.4 per cent in volume. It is significant that the fall in the exports was particularly in the category of manufactured goods, and that in the imports, mainly in raw materials—the imports of which decreased 30 per cent in value and 8 per cent in volume. It is equally significant that, whereas the decline in the value of imports between 1929 and 1930 (first six months) was nearly 12½ per cent, almost the same as that between 1930 and 1931, the value of the exports declined between 1929 and 1930 by not quite 8½ per cent. So after the great increase in the tariff in the summer of last year the decline in exports has been multiplied by three and a half and that in imports has remained almost unchanged. And highly intelligent people in England advocate protection to encourage exports! To complete our comparisons, the value of exports was 34.3 per cent lower in the first six months of this year than in the corresponding period of 1929 and that of imports 24.2 per cent lower. At present the French exporters have the advantage, except in the case of a very few articles, of the open British market. France sells more to Great Britain than to any other country—nearly one-fifth of her whole exports—and far more than to all the French colonies and protectorates put together, and buys from Great Britain more than from any other country except the United States. If Great Britain should ever adopt protection, it would be a heavy blow to French exporters.

In spite, however, of the development of French industry since the war, France is still predominantly an agricultural country. About two-fifths of the active French population are engaged in agriculture, including wine-growing, and the majority of them are peasant proprietors. The peasant proprietor in France and every other country where he exists is an uncompromising opponent of free trade, and, from his point of view, he is right, for it would mean his destruction. From the point of view of the general interest, he ought to disappear, for he is the economic curse of Europe and a bulwark of obscurantist conservatism, but he can hardly be expected to see it. Nevertheless peasant proprietorship is doomed in any case, for small individual production is as uneconomic, wasteful, and out-of-date in agriculture as in other industries, and cannot compete with production on a large scale in Canada, Argentina, and now in Russia. The agricultural crisis in central and eastern Europe is really the crisis of peasant proprietorship. In all the new countries carved out of the old Austrian and Russian empires the great landowners, who at least were able to exploit their land efficiently, have been replaced by small owners, often ex-servicemen with no knowledge of agriculture. They had no capital and had to borrow it from their respective governments, so that their land is all mortgaged.

In many cases the amount of land given to them is so small—perhaps a couple of acres—that they can hardly make a bare living, and their agricultural methods are primitive.

The French peasant farmers are more advanced than the peasant farmers of eastern Europe, but they too cannot survive unless they radically change their methods. A few months ago there was a demand on the part of the Norman dairy farmers for increased duties on dairy produce because Danish butter was three francs a kilogramme cheaper than Norman butter on the Paris market. Yet the prosperous Danish farmers have a higher standard of living than any French farmers and they are not protected, for there are no duties in Denmark on imports of dairy produce, so that they cannot "dump." Their success in underselling the Norman dairy farmers is simply an example of the triumph of cooperative production on a large scale over small individual production. Not only is the Danish butter cheaper than the French, but its quality is more certain because it is standardized. The only salvation for the French peasant farmers is in cooperation, but they will not hear of it. They cannot even be induced to combine in a given district for the purpose of buying agricultural machinery, to be rented to each of them in turn. The consequence is that, as very few French farmers can afford to buy agricultural machinery and, even if they could, it would not pay to buy it for such small holdings, men and women continue to do work that would be much better done by machinery, and in many parts of France farmers still plough with oxen. It is picturesque, but hardly practical. There is more agricultural machinery in the former devastated region than elsewhere because the victims of the war received in most cases compensation many times the value of their real losses, with the result that they started again with a capital such as they had never before possessed in their lives.

It is becoming more and more difficult to find Frenchmen willing to do agricultural work, especially as the conditions in which agricultural laborers live are often abominable. I know places in Normandy where the laborers have no homes. They sleep in bunks over the cattle-troughs in the farm stables, take their meals in the farm-house, and spend their evenings drinking bad brandy in a café because they have nowhere else to go. Twenty years ago French agriculture already suffered from serious shortness of labor, and now only imported foreign labor enables it to carry on. Moreover, the sons and daughters of the peasant farmers themselves refuse in increasing numbers to spend their lives in grinding and unnecessary toil. Between 1866 and 1911 the rural population of France decreased by about four and a half millions; the decrease continues, and is checked only by foreign immigration. Most of the sixty-one departments in which in 1929 the deaths exceeded the births were rural departments. The death rate is as a rule higher in rural than in urban districts, partly because of the insanitary conditions in which most of the rural population live and their uncleanly and unhygienic habits, partly because the proportion of old people is higher on account of the emigration of the young to the towns, which also reduces the birth rate.

In short, peasant proprietorship is breaking down in France, and the industrialization of French agriculture is an urgent necessity. What is needed is a vast system of state-aided cooperation, but there is little hope of it for years to come. It would have to be imposed on the peasants, and no

government or parliament will dare to impose it. Successive governments and parliaments will probably go on raising the import duties on foodstuffs until the consumers revolt and insist on the collectivization of agriculture on the Russian model.

No French political party dares to talk of free trade. One of the least pleasant consequences of protectionism is the corruption that it engenders. All the "interests" have their representatives in the French Chamber whose business it is to promote the interests of their clients without regard to those of the community in general. These representatives are of all parties—for instance, the chief representative of the wine-growing interest is a Socialist deputy called Barthe, who sits for a wine-growing constituency. The representatives of each interest are always on the alert to oppose any reduction in the import duties on the products of their clients and to propose their increase whenever there is an opportunity. If the representatives of one interest wish to increase the duties on their products, they have to compound with the representatives of the other interests, who would otherwise oppose an increase in which they did not share. The consequence is that all the individual interests combine against the interest of the nation and there is a general increase in the tariff.

France is still less affected by the world economic crisis than any other European country, but she is nevertheless affected by it, as the decline in French foreign trade shows. There are other symptoms of trade depression and shortness of money (which indeed are evident to the most casual observer), such as the fall in the revenue from indirect taxation and that in the receipts of the railway companies, which may, however, be partly due to the competition of motor transport. The revenue from indirect taxation has been falling for some time past. In the first three months of the current financial year (April-June) it was, it is true, not quite $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent lower than in the corresponding quarter of 1930, but the decline would have been much larger but for the enormous increase in the revenue from import duties, resulting from the increase in their rates, which is by no means a sign of prosperity. An infallible test of trade conditions is the tax on turnover, levied on the gross receipts of all businesses, and the revenue from that tax continues to fall steadily. In June, for example, the total revenue from indirect taxation was higher by about \$8,800,000 (7.7 per cent) than in June, 1930, but the revenue from the tax on turnover fell by about \$3,300,000 (12 per cent), whereas that from import duties increased by \$14,400,000 (147 per cent), although the value of the imports in June was 6 per cent less than in June, 1930. These figures show how immense has been the increase in the French tariff and what a crushing burden it imposes on the French consumer. The consequence is that, whereas in all other European countries prices have fallen heavily, in France the cost of living is still rising, and is probably at present the highest in Europe. Food prices, in particular, are much higher than in England or Germany. A further consequence is a decline in real salaries and wages. Real wages are now at least no higher than in 1913 and real salaries are considerably lower. And heaven knows that salaries and wages were low enough in France before the war. There have been many strikes recently for an increase in wages, but they have failed, for organized labor in France is weak and di-

vided. The majority of the French people—the middle classes and the industrial proletariat—are being sacrificed as usual for the benefit of capitalists and peasant farmers.

Unemployment is undoubtedly on the increase. The official figures are valueless, for they give the number only of those in receipt of unemployment relief, which is given in few places in France, as it rests with each mayor to decide whether it shall be given or not. There are various estimates of the total number of persons wholly or partially unemployed. It must run into several hundred thousand. There has been much unemployment in the motor industry, which has been doing very badly, but it is reported that the motor factories are now in many cases making munitions. I have not yet been able to verify the report, which I have only just heard, but it is not at all improbable, for the French General Staff is making feverish preparations which, if we did not know that France has signed the Treaty of Locarno and the Kellogg Pact, would suggest, let us say, military operations in the near future. There are probably more people partially than wholly unemployed. At Grenoble, the center of the French glove industry, which employs a large pro-

portion of the inhabitants, the employees in the glove factories, when I was there in June, were working only three days a week. It has, however, to be remembered that at the 1926 census there were 2,500,000 foreign residents in France, the large majority of whom were wage-earners, and, as trade declines, the foreign workers can be gradually eliminated. France does not, like England and Germany, suffer from over-population, and that is one of the chief reasons for her superior economic position.

Bad trade, and the increasing difficulty for the bulk of the urban population in making both ends meet, may some time or other cause a movement against high protection, but it is unlikely to succeed. The great industrial interests and the peasant farmers are all-powerful in parliament and have every political party in their grip. The Socialists, who should be the first to move, will be the last, for they are making great headway in the rural districts and dare not offend the peasants, whom they have already assured that peasant proprietorship is quite compatible with Socialism. I am disposed to think that France will be the last country to accept free trade.

Gun-Rule in Kentucky

By HERBERT ABEL

ON May 5, a band of deputies swooped down on the striking mining community of Evarts, Kentucky.

Pistol shots flashed across the highway and three of the attacking coal-guard crew lay dead by the side of the road. The circumstances of the shooting have led many to wonder whether the raiders met their death at the hands of their own brethren. Especially are they wondering because, as a consequence of the killings, the State militia was hurriedly transported to the scene, a consummation always devoutly to be wished by coal operators. But the law allows itself no such idle speculations. A special grand jury was promptly impanelled, and Judge D. C. Jones of the Circuit Court, whose wife, as stated in an affidavit in possession of the American Civil Liberties Union, is a member of the Coal Operators' Association, requested some 100 indictments, 60 of them for murder. Within the next few days, twenty men were picked up in various parts of the county, charged with the murder, and held without bond. And let it be said, in defense of the soldiers, that the picking up was not so indiscriminate as it might have seemed at first. Not when one remembers that Joe Cawood, one of the men arrested, had the temerity to oppose the present sheriff, J. H. Blair, in the last election. And not when one remembers that Police Chief Asa Cusic, also charged with the murder, was a well-known supporter of the miners.

Several happy coincidences of this sort having occurred, the twenty men stood up in court on August 17 and heard the attorney for the Commonwealth cry out to the good citizens of Harlan County to "put the cold chill of steel down the backs of the criminal element in this country." Whether or not you belong to the criminal element in Kentucky seems to depend upon a variety of factors of which the complexity baffles the lay mind. That is probably what accounts for the failure of the grand jury to return a single indictment in

connection with the death of a miner who fell in the Evarts pistol battle. And to this incomprehensibly subtle definition of a criminal, Bill Randolph owes his liberty—Bill Randolph, company killer par excellence, with four notches in his belt, and five additional markings of varying depths, representative of occasions on which his intentions were most honorable, but his aim not of the best. The beginning of the Harlan strike found this worthy in the Pikeville jail, where he was awaiting trial on a charge of killing one and shooting two more in a dance hall in Pike County. Such a jewel was not to be lost. The citizens of Harlan raised \$25,000, bonded him out, and he was placed in the employ of the guards of the Three Point Coal Company, owned and operated by Elmer Hall, brother-in-law of Judge Jones. One night Randolph wandered into Joe Chasteen's lunchroom, a miners' meeting place, and shot the owner dead. And still more mysterious and intricate grow the workings of Kentucky logic. For, in addition to Randolph, who was taken into custody temporarily and then again released on bond, fourteen miners were arrested. Ten were later released, but the other four are among the crowd of over 100 defendants against whom 335 criminal charges are pending.

It becomes evident that the only thing that is going to stop Sheriff Blair's wholesale arrests on framed-up charges is the lack of jail space. And God pity the poor miners then. For if the court doesn't get you, the gunmen will. And conversely, if the gunmen don't, the court will. This perfect working agreement has landed some seventy persons in jail on charges of criminal syndicalism or "banding and confederating" (in addition to those held for murder).

Gill Green, a colored preacher and labor organizer, finds himself in jail, held without bond, although the murder which he is supposed to have committed took place while he was talking to the sheriff in the latter's private office. Arnold

Johnson, a representative of the American Civil Liberties Union, has made the unfortunate discovery that criminal syndicalism consists of having in one's possession a pamphlet of that organization; G. I. Lane, a miner, has made the equally unfortunate discovery that it consists of not having any pamphlets in one's possession. Lane's house was searched on June 16 by Sheriff Blair's deputies, who overlooked the technical inconsistency involved in the fact that their warrant called for house No. 13, while Lane lives in No. 28. Turning the house upside down and discovering no literature, the deputies arrived at the inescapable conclusion that Lane was a dangerous criminal. This theory they communicated to their chief who, seeing Lane in Harlan a few days later, where he had gone to arrange bond for his friend A. R. Steele (who had also run afoul of the criminal syndicalism laws), called him into the County Judge's office. There he was searched again, and again nothing was found. Thus the conclusion of the deputies was upheld in all details. Sheriff Blair immediately swore out a warrant of arrest, and held Lane in \$5,000 bond.

The other case, involving Arnold Johnson, was equally clearcut. When he first arrived in Harlan, one of the members of the Operators' Association demanded that he be held and investigated. Sheriff Blair and Judge Jones merely advised him to leave the county "damned quick," assuring him that there would be no difficulty. As the weeks went on, this advice became more insistent, Johnson being assured that, if he did not leave, some little difficulty was likely to arise. The full import of this became clear to him when, in the last week of July, twenty-eight out-of-town gunmen were imported to "shoot, kill, and slay the 'reds' in Harlan County." Johnson, who had already been threatened in the presence of Judge H. H. Howard, was one of those picked for the sacrifice. The signals must have become mixed, for on August 6 Johnson was arrested by Sheriff Blair and lodged in the comparative safety of the county jail, thus giving the lie to the sheriff's prophetic utterance that Johnson was likely to "get the road." The crime was the possession of a pamphlet entitled "What Do You Mean—Free Speech?" The answer to this question, if everything runs according to the operators' schedule in the Kentucky courts, will be twenty-one years in the penitentiary at hard labor.

Arrested with Johnson, and on the same charge, was Mrs. Jessie Wakefield, a representative of the International Labor Defense. The day before they got her for criminal syndicalism, a carefully placed stick of dynamite got her automobile, which was carrying relief to the miners. These dynamite explosions have been occurring with surprising frequency. On July 29, one took place in front of the home of a local union leader. On the night of August 11, a National Miners' Union kitchen in Evarts, which had been feeding 400 people daily, was blown to bits. Sheriff Blair announced that this was an accident, and implied that it was regrettable.

He has never thought it regrettable that, during the first month of the strike, John Gross, a local organizer for the United Mine Workers, on the pretext of being taken to see the sheriff, was led to a lonely hillside, where his captors threatened him with death if he failed to leave the county; that on August 8, four deputy sheriffs kidnapped a Negro worker and union leader, Harry Thornton, threatened him, slugged him brutally, and brought him back to jail; that on August 11, they administered the same treat-

ment to his brother-in-law, McKinley Balden, dropping him at the county line, and carefully pointing out with their guns the direction he was to take. Especially has Blair made no mention of two incidents that come even closer to his own doorstep—the shooting from ambush of Bruce Crawford, editor from Norton Gap, West Virginia, against whose paper he had threatened, only a few days before, to bring suit for libel; and the slugging of Tom Connors, a representative of the General Defense Committee of Chicago. Connors was arrested June 20, while sitting on the porch of J. I. Lane in Evarts, and was immediately escorted to the sheriff's office, where Blair proceeded to rain a shower of blows upon him, inflicting a deep, freely-bleeding wound in the side of his head. Blair then pulled out his gun and significantly announced to his prisoner that it was time to "say his prayers." Five hours later, still having failed to comply with this formality, Connors was led into an automobile waiting outside. At the State line he was ordered out of the car, and left to his own resources. It was not until midnight that he reached the town of Appalachia, Virginia, and not until the following morning that he first received medical attention for his wounds.

These are only the outstanding incidents of a systematic, unrelenting campaign. The forces of the coal guards roam the countryside at night, terrorizing the inhabitants. Meetings are broken up with tear-gas bombs, raids are conducted almost every night with their consequent toll of deaths, houses are broken into and property confiscated, the mails are tampered with, the slightest resistance is met with the force of guns, and all this is justified by a state of mind which led one of the mine superintendents to say "You can't reconcile with rattlesnakes." This is the state of mind of the operators, the sheriff, the coal guards, and above all, of Judge Jones. Continually he throws aside his judicial robes and speaks in the role of an operator. But dare to mention his connection with the coal interests, as did Ben B. Golden, the defense lawyer, and you find you are guilty of contempt of court. He openly curses the organizations which are fighting for the basic rights of the miners, he orders his opponents to leave the county, he refuses to vacate the bench despite as patent and open a prejudice as any judge has ever shown, and he tells prospective jurors that if they "haven't enough backbone to enforce the law, he'll get someone who will." Judge Jones stands alone, supreme, sufficient unto himself; he does not "need anyone from Russia or any warped, twisted individuals from New York to tell us how to run our government."

And only when we consider all this do we probably come to the real story behind the motion for a change of venue to Montgomery County, 100 miles away, which on August 20 astonished the defendants and their attorney equally. Montgomery County is inhabited by farmers, notorious haters of everything that smacks of radicalism, while in Harlan County it is conceivable that a juror sympathetic to the miners might have escaped the eagle eye of the prosecutor. And in the second place, 100 miles is a long distance to walk, and the defense has no money with which to pay for the transportation of its witnesses.

All this the miners knew. But there in Harlan County sits Judge Jones, immovable as a rock. If the miners had ever really asked for a change of venue, it would only have been because they had decided to escape what they, in their

blindness, thought was the devil, and to take their chances on the deep blue sea. And that is exactly what the State thought they would do. But something went wrong, and when Commonwealth Attorney Brock, in the trial of William Burnett, charged with murder, "agreed to the motion of the defense" for a change of venue, he agreed to a motion that had never been made. All the efforts of Defense Attorney Golden had been directed towards taking the cases out of the hands of Judge Jones; wilfully Brock misinterpreted this to mean a desire to take them out of Harlan County altogether. Golden's protests were of no avail; the great favor that was being done to him was crammed down his throat. Thirty other murder cases are due to come to trial before the month is up, and presumably they too will be transferred to Montgomery County.

There, in the first week of November, the charges will be heard. And there the good farming-folk of Kentucky will decide whether, in the immortal words of Sheriff Blair, "we will surrender the country that our fathers founded here in the mountains to a lot of imported destroyers of faith in God; destroyers of trust in all government except Russia."

In the Driftway

OUR worship of the goddess Hygeia has reached lengths far beyond the deserts of even that august lady. Thus the Drifter was saddened but not surprised to see the three-year-old son of one of his friends rush up to his mother the other day, holding out a finger on which was barely discernible a scratch about a quarter of an inch in length. "Put some red stuff on it," he cried in an anguished voice. The spectacle of babies begging for disinfectants is one to give pause for thought. Nor are babies the only sufferers from our new religion. Three children aged ten, twelve, and fourteen were being transported the other day by motor car from one part of Connecticut to another. When they passed through a town they held their handkerchiefs over their mouths and noses, to "keep out the paralysis germs."

* * * * *

THESE are not, the Drifter maintains, exceptional cases. Children in sanitary America are brought up on sterilized water, fed milk out of a boiled bottle, burdened with the necessity of keeping out in the sunshine and fresh air, and bandaged and cleansed and swabbed and antitoxined all their young lives. It all started, probably, with the rite of hand-washing before meals, practiced for centuries by some religious sects and taken over wholeheartedly by the worshippers of the new deity. Children Must Wash Their Hands Before Eating. It was blazoned in letters of fire upon the hearts of their parents, and those worthies transferred the stencilled tattoo to the hearts of their offspring. Now the fact is that to make hands surgically clean, as any operating nurse can tell you, it is necessary—or so the legend runs—to scrub vigorously with green soap for five—or is it ten?—minutes, and then to don sterilized rubber gloves, being careful not to touch the outside of either glove with the bare hand, a technique that calls for the most careful practice before it is perfected. So far in our hygienic

civilization, no child is compelled to perform the rite in just this way. On the contrary, a child dips his hands in lukewarm water, rubs them briefly with a cake of soap, and dries them casually on a blackening towel. How dreadfully unhygienic this process is, only a thoughtful scientist fully realizes. The way to obtain correct scientific data on the point would be to boil for five minutes the hands of some child who had just washed according to his own notions, and to analyze the germs deposited in the water. But this method has its impractical side.

* * * * *

THE Drifter would not quite dare come out against all hand-washing whatever. He has too many friends who are also mothers and fathers; and he has seen enough children's hands that were at least aesthetically improved by ablution. But he would like to oppose, flatly and completely, hand-washing as a rite, and the injection of antitoxins as a rite, and the blind acceptance of every theory of infection that is thrown out by any scientist, be he responsible or not. There is danger that a child in the vicinity of New York City may contract infantile paralysis. But it is nothing like so great as the danger that he may contract pneumonia, measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, or rheumatic heart—each in its own way an affection to reckon with. It is true that a small cut may result in general septicaemia. But the threat of hypochondria in a nervous child who must have his disinfectant is also to be considered. The Drifter merely asks that the new religion be tempered with common sense.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence To a Critic of Reviewers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would be delightful if reviewers had the command of space given to Mr. Sinclair Lewis; they might then list *all* the names in any anthology—or in any four anthologies such as the series from Vermont which I reviewed in *The Nation* for August 19. But since the number of magazine pages is limited by economic necessity, the reviewer of such a series is likely to emphasize the volume which makes the most important contribution (in this series, the collection of ballads from Vermont) and to pass over the other volumes with a brief indication of their purpose. Now it happens that Mr. Lewis as a critic of reviewers has chosen to pass over the ballads, the poems, the prose collected in the three other volumes of these Vermont anthologies and to emphasize the "Biographies," brief factual accounts of the lives of such great men as happened to be born in Vermont. So be it. But why should Mr. Lewis be so intense in his provincialism as to find only two great men from Pittsburgh when, in comparing relative populations, he says of Vermont, "about half as large as Pittsburgh whence cometh only Mellons and the pious Jim Davis." Surely were Mr. Lewis engaged in defense of Pittsburgh he would be able to find other names conspiring toward that city's greatness. Isn't it all a matter of point of view?

Certainly any reviewer would see (as I suspect Mr. Lewis of seeing and choosing to overlook) that an unfortunate slip which leads one to set down an "and" instead of a "by" does not imply gross lack of knowledge. The biography of Ethan

Allen was written by Walter H. Crockett, who, since he is the editor of the collection, and since his name appears on the first page of text as author of the Ethan Allen biography—the first of the book—could hardly be mistaken, even by a reviewer, or a dead Vermont pioneer. My slip in using the wrong connective, however, gave Mr. Lewis an excellent springboard from which to jump not only at me but at the whole race of reviewers. He terms his attack strictly “impersonal,” but it is to be noted that although Mr. Lewis is not named in the much discussed “Biographies,” he is included in another volume of the same series, “Vermont Prose”—a fact which I neglected to mention. Here he is represented by his Address before the Rutland Rotary Club and by a letter in apology for the spoken style of the same and for its clichés.

I am grateful to Mr. Lewis for giving to a volume of rather dull biographies—biographies which might have been made illustrative of “the advantages of disurbanization” but which, as they stand, are illustrative of nothing—the importance he thinks it deserves. The moral of this tale would seem to be: don’t write reviews in hot weather; they may overeat not altogether impersonal readers:

Every writer suffers from this [incompetent reviewing] daily. Regarding his own work he does not, unless he is an Upton Sinclair, leap on a soap box and rage publicly.
New York City, September 11 EDA LOU WALTON

A New Book

“full of good things”

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

By C. DELISLE BURNS

“He provides us, with singular charm and persuasiveness, with an announcement of practical salvation, into which all men of good-will can enter. . . . This is an extraordinarily competent exposition of political modernism, full of good things.”—George E. G. Catlin in *The Nation*

“Here is one of, if not the sanest, coolest, most astute and therefore most interesting studies of modern life that has been published to date. . . . The book should produce a feeling in any attentive reader akin to that produced by a good meal.”—*Philadelphia Ledger*

At all bookstores \$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY :: NEW YORK

for your CLASS

in

Journalism
Economics
History
Literature
Political Science
Sociology, or
International Law

you can obtain The Nation
at a rate of only

25c

a month per person

on bulk orders for ten
or more copies each week
to a single address—

17 issues, or } \$1
four months }

Orders should be mailed immediately, so that your subscription may begin with the first October issue.

The Nation 20 Vesey St. New York

For my class of students in
(subject) send *The Nation*
for the next 17 weeks at the special class-room
rate of \$1 per student.

☐ \$ enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

Name

Address

In full

9-23-31

Books and Drama

Others

By CLIFTON CUTHBERT

Harder than any weighty walls
Of stone or iron press
The cruel heroic barriers
Of wordlessness.

Those others ever stand
Against the sun's uproarious rise,
And while the stubborn daylight blinds
Their sombre eyes
Torrents of unpremeditated silence
Stem slowly from the kernels of their minds.

A Moral Tale

The Wet Parade. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IN this pious work Mr. Sinclair undertakes a feat unprecedented in swell letters: he makes a Prohibition agent his hero. The gentleman is a Mr. Kip Tarleton, of an old but decayed Southern house. His mother, Mrs. Powhatan Tarleton, keeps a family hotel in New York, and Kip is the room-clerk therein. His father, old Pow, is a lush, and in the end is floored by cerebral hemorrhage, with panplegia, cyanosis, pyrexia, coma, rigidity and exitus ensuing. The hotel closes and Kip is given a job as assistant superintendent on the Long Island estate of Mr. Fessenden, a connection by marriage. Mr. Fessenden is a pleasant fellow, but he too has a weakness for booze, and he gets it by landing it from the Rum Fleet on his own beach. One night there is a fight with hijackers, and the Fessenden watchman is killed. Mr. Fessenden sends for Kip and tells him what to say to the coroner. Kip agrees, but on the stand, cross-examined by a Methodist reformer from the nearby village, he blurts out the truth. For this he loses his post, and soon afterward becomes a Prohibition agent. A year or so later he is pistoled by "a big Italian, dark and unprepossessing."

A simple story, but yet one that bristles with difficulties for the moral theologian. What is to be thought of Kip's blabbing on Mr. Fessenden, his kinsman and benefactor? Was it compatible with the character of a Southern gentleman? Mr. Sinclair hints that it was, but offers no argument. I put it this way: could you imagine General Robert E. Lee doing it? Or Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard? Or even Booker T. Washington? I think not, but do not undertake to answer dogmatically. Perhaps the South, under Bishop Cannon, has changed. But what are we to think of Kip's wife, Maggie May, of the Louisiana Chilcotes, boozers all and very proud? Unlike her fathers, she is a fanatic for Law Enforcement, and urges Kip to his betrayal of Mr. Fessenden. Moreover, when he becomes a Prohibition agent she admonishes him to let no guilty bootician escape, and lectures in suburban Little Bethels to sustain him. Yet this same Maggie May, after she has had two babies, resorts to contraceptives, and, as Mr. Sinclair says, "is heartily glad to have them." Is she aware that this is contrary to "the laws of New York State?" She is. And is she willing to violate them? Yes again.

I confess that such inconsistencies leave me in something of a stew. Unfortunately, they are only too common in the

realm of Law Enforcement. The same Friends of the Constitution who argue that any loosening of the Eighteenth Amendment would be an intolerable immorality are quite willing to see huge holes driven through the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, and to abandon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth altogether. And the same Bishop Cannon who is against betting on horse-races almost as implacably as he is against booze-fighting is also the author of the most eloquent defense of gambling in the stock market ever penned. (Here I allude, of course, to his great bull, *Immaculatum ab hoc saeculo*). I can only regret that Mr. Sinclair has not gone into this matter with greater particularity. His gifts as a moralist are well known, and if he could be induced to discuss it at length there would be light and leading in his conclusions for all of us. As it is, he states a capital problem in ethical science without answering it.

His cunning as a literary artist does not diminish. His dialogue is highly polished. "Please, please, Papa!" cries Maggie May to her wine-cursed father, Mr. Roger Chilcote. "Do not drink any more!" "Oh, little girl, little girl," he replies, "what can Papa do? I cannot give it up! It is a fiend that has got me!" There are also some pretty passages between Maggie May's brother, Roger II, and his various loves. One of them is Miss Lilian Ashton, an actress. "No, Roger!" she exclaims, "I am not worthy of you! I have soiled myself!" To which he replies genially: "I am no spring-chicken myself, kid! Forget it!" "Such," observes Mr. Sinclair, "was romance made real." Later on Roger tackles a rich widow, Mrs. Anita Tydinge, while her deceased husband's carcass still lies in the house. "There are some," she protests, "who call you decadent. Have the dead no rights?" "Only," he answers, "the rights they have earned. Cold-bloodedly he bought you with his gold: you who were young and innocent of what the purchase meant." He is quoting Omar Khayyam to her when Maggie May comes in. "Let him say whatever he wishes," says Maggie May. "But if you see him lifting the wine-cup to his lips, knock it from his hand!"

Such stuff moves me, and I like a lot of it. "The Wet Parade" runs to 431 pages of small print, and is good value for the money. My hope is that Mr. Sinclair finds the time to write at least one more novel before the Revolution is upon us, and he is made Chief Justice of the United States. A hero stands ready for him: Dr. Albert Abrams, the San Francisco martyr. If I can help him with any inside dope against the Medical Trust I am his humble and obedient servant.

H. L. MENCKEN

Our Planless Economy

America's Primer. By Morris L. Ernst. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

ANYONE who wants a brief and graphic picture of our planless national economy will be grateful that Morris Ernst has brought his energy, information, experience, and imagination to the task of writing an American primer. The result is a vivid little book, obviously suggested by "New Russia's Primer," but written with the necessary difference between describing plan and planlessness.

We are, Mr. Ernst reminds us, the richest people on earth, yet needlessly poor. We heap up things haphazard in the national basket and grab them out on no particular rule save opportunity to grab. We work for many reasons—and perhaps Mr. Ernst's best job is in analyzing in simple language why we work—but Things are pretty well on top. We declare that competition and the law of supply and demand give some sort

of pattern to this chaos and then we promptly set to work to put competition out of order even at the price of getting racketeers to help build monopoly.

This bare outline is, of course, inadequate to describe the book, the merit of which is in the facts which the author cites. He by no means shrinks from praise or blame, but his effects are gained by describing. In his final section, where he tells how we deal with ideas, his enthusiasm for civil liberties justifiably shines through. With most of his assertions here and elsewhere I agree. Occasionally some *obiter dicta* creep in which I doubt. Would, for instance, the editor of *The Nation* "be disappointed if it had a circulation of a million" because it seeks not profit but influence on a "select vanguard of American thought"? I suspect *The Nation* would pay any price except disloyalty to itself to get a million readers!

But I wander from a reviewer's proper function, which is with a book as a whole. This book I praise. But while I praise it I find myself wishing that Mr. Ernst had written or would write a different book. Or perhaps I wish he had written this in 1928 or 1929, when doubtless a people sure that it had found the secret of getting rich by gambling would not have read it! What I mean is that by now the tale which Mr. Ernst has told is generally accepted among the very people who are most likely to read it. When I learned my letters, the *Primer* came first and then a series of *Readers*. Maybe Mr. Ernst intends to keep on, and from describing planlessness will proceed to follow out some of his own hints and suggest a plan. I hope so, for, perhaps mistakenly, I am skeptical of any high utility of even the most simple and vivid description of *Now* which does not go a little deeper into the causes of chaos and a little farther in suggesting possible escapes from it. We have moved fast in our thinking since October of 1929, and few there are to quarrel with our mood of realism or pessimism. But still fewer are those with a philosophy and program of change. Mr. Ernst's dedication to "Margaret who has a plan" suggests a hope. Let's hear from her!

NORMAN THOMAS

The Insanity of War

Society at War. By Caroline E. Playne. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

THIS is a profoundly destructive book. It is written around the thesis that war is a form of social insanity, and its documentation is from the press, books, speeches, interviews, and private diaries. The cumulative effect is very terrible, for it proves its thesis up to the hilt. In consequence, it takes a high place in the list of works to be read by those anxious to exorcise their minds of any belief whatsoever in the social or historical value of the World War. For curious as it may seem, there are still plenty of otherwise estimable souls who contend that yes, the war was awful and probably was not fomented by Germany, yet it was *necessary* and did a job that had to be done sometime or other. This crude rationalization is the last refuge of scoundrels. The war was not necessary. It is in all its aspects a blot on human history and a crime against society.

Nevertheless, once one has passed this moral judgment on a historical fact, there is no use sitting down and howling. The best way to bring the world in general around to this point of view is to analyze the situation with as much objectivity as one can command. "*Society at War*" is a brilliant piece of analysis looking in precisely the direction indicated. It takes a place in the front rank of revisionist works which are slowly extending backward into the historical and social genesis of the war and forward into its consequences.

The effect of war upon the human mind is early evidenced, and increasingly emphasized as the war proceeds, by "the contradiction between declared ideals and the means employed to realize them." In England, as the World War proceeded, the idealistic professions of the leaders became more and more gaudy, while a "reversal of the ideals of life became more and more apparent" in society at large. Civil rights were undermined, labor legislation was disintegrated, morals collapsed (and morals in the broader connotation, not merely the sexual), religion was suborned to the service of a cause diametrically opposed to its professions and purposes, the government became utterly irresponsible, finance became a madly logical campaign for wrecking the country since all sanitative foresight went by the board, and the intellectual life of the country became a vicious and heartrending parody on common sense.

A few of Miss Playne's generalizations may be illuminating:

War, in the nature of things, demands the complete self-surrender of those who wage it. Herein lies the psychological danger. Absorption in one single direction, be it in religion or in art, or in personal ambition or otherwise is unhealthy. The minds, the souls of men, are crippled in war time by its implications of egotism, national pride and its groundwork of hatred and ill-will.

Self-righteous pride, want of imagination and mad exultation prevented clerics [in the Benda sense] from realizing the horrors of the trenches and the shambles of concentrated high-explosive barrages. As the war dragged on, the failure of clerics consisted largely in their inability to recognize the criminality, the poisonous hatred, the lying falsity, to which unmitigated indulgence in belligerency reduced the Western world.

Men being dominated by the elementary passions of suspicion, fear, hate, had reverted to primary mental states and become incapable of giving consideration to reasoned courses.

These are characterizations arrived at after careful exploration of confirming evidence and not mere generalizations thrown off at random to express an opinion.

Like most critical students of the war Miss Playne thinks that everything pointed to the necessity for peace in 1916 and that many facts in the general situation favored it. It was not made for the reason that the world was hysterical and incapable of recognizing facts. Her account of the hysteria in England is very illuminating. She notes three factors that made peace impossible then: the agreement made early in the war by the Allies that none of them would conclude peace until all agreed to do so; the egregious secret treaties; and the "Knock-Out" interview given by Lloyd George to Roy W. Howard. Lloyd George is, in fact, elevated to a high place among the war criminals as much by virtue of this interview as by any of his previous or subsequent acts.

Readers will recall that in late 1916 the world was full of peace rumors. The Germans offered to meet their enemies on neutral ground and discuss terms. In December President Wilson made his final offer of mediation. The stage was indeed set for a peace conference under the aegis of the most sensible ideal Wilson ever enunciated: "Peace without victory." But the insensate irresponsibility of the Allied leaders destroyed the chances for peace, and Lloyd George gave best expression to the current insanity. Study of the diplomatic dispatches from the Allies to the State Department about Wilson's offer clearly shows that the crippling obsession among Allied statesmen was a belief in Germany's diabolism. ("Belief in the diabolism was held with all the fierce determination of demented minds," writes Miss Playne.) Social insanity was at fever pitch, but Wilson held weapons for beating the Allies into an insensibility which would have been but a prelude to a sensible negotiated peace. That the German rulers were so ill-advised as to upset

**Two Important additions to the
STUDIES in AMERICAN IMPERIALISM**

Edited, with an Introduction by
Harry Elmer Barnes

**THE CAPITALISTS
AND COLOMBIA**

By **J. FRED RIPPY**

These two volumes
are recommended
for perusal by all
Americans who do
not believe in
Santa Claus.

**PORTO RICO:
A BROKEN PLEDGE**

By **BAILY W. and
JUSTINE WHITE DIFFIE**

Each \$2 . . At All Bookstores

VANGUARD PRESS

100 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Wilson's equanimity by their submarine campaign is one of the major disasters of history, for it led directly to the exasperation of the world insanity by two more years of war, the adding of the United States to the completely insane nations, and it laid the groundwork for the tremendous outburst of madness at Versailles.

Miss Playne closes her book with the peace talk of December, 1916. She plans to write a volume on the period 1916-18. It should prove even more disillusioning than the present one.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Labor in France

The Labor Movement in Post-War France. By David Saposs. Volume IV of *Social and Economic Studies of Post-War France*. Edited by Carlton J. H. Hayes. Columbia University Press. \$6.

UP to the appearance of this volume English readers were dependent for their information on the French labor movement on Lewis Lorwin's "Syndicalism in France," J. A. Estey's "Revolutionary Syndicalism," and Marjorie Ruth Clark's monograph on post-war labor in France. The first two books are limited to the pre-war period, and deal essentially with the historical and theoretical aspects of the movement. None of the three attempts, to any great extent, to treat the labor movement from its functional aspect. It is this phase of French labor which Mr. Saposs now so admirably presents.

To the author, the story of the labor movement in post-war France does not present itself merely as a unilinear growth of an idea, driving leaders and masses to action. To him the labor movement is not only the story of the four or more labor organizations into which the movement was divided after the war, their different ideologies, and practices, but also of their relations with each other, their contact with the workers, their attitude toward political action and the state, and the policies of the employer and state regarding them.

The pre-war movement was characterized by its violent doctrines of direct action and anti-militarism. Except for the Catholic unions, the General Confederation of Labor (C. G. T.) was without a competitor in organizing the workers. The World War and the Russian Revolution put an end to that monopoly, and in place of one large organization there are four. The largest of the national labor groups, the C. G. T., is today reformist, and, contrary to pre-war practice, collaborates with the government on measures affecting labor. The group next in importance, dominated by the Communist Party, has caught the traditional revolutionary spirit of French labor, and is turning it toward Communist ends. In addition there are two smaller groups—the Catholic Confederation, tracing its origin to pre-war days, and the Anarchist group which broke away from the Communists in 1926, and looks to the universal revolution and to the destruction of the state by the expropriatory general strike.

With full detail, Mr. Saposs shows that since the war organized labor in France has been tending toward industrial unionism and centralization. The former Bourse is no longer a part of the official machinery of trade unions but has become a government agency. The government's policy of paternalism has been given great impetus by the war, and labor has profited immeasurably from such paternalism. Social insurance, the eight hour law, collective bargaining, the five and one-half day week, and the family wage, are only some of the benefits bestowed on labor. Employers, in their desire to wean the workers away from radicalism, have extended their welfare work, and founded "employers' unions" which sneer at the class struggle, support the Right parties, and combat radicalism.

The complete story
by one who helped draft
that amazing document—

**THE
5 YEAR
PLAN**

Of The Soviet Union

By **G. T. Grinko**

\$3.50

Red Villages

(*The 5-Year Plan in Agriculture*)

By **Y. A. YAKOVLEV**

\$1.50

Complete Catalog From

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS

381 Fourth Ave.

New York

but organized labor has countered the attempts of the employers through its own propaganda agencies and with the aid of the government's social insurance laws which make the workers less dependent on their employers.

The cooperative movement, too, has held a significant place in the French labor movement. Though essentially a workers' movement, it is independent of the trade unions and the Socialist Party. The desire of the cooperatives for autonomy has not met with favor from Communists who, to gain another weapon in their struggle with bourgeois society, have been "boring from within." Their efforts have not met with any marked success.

This volume is one of a series on post-war France under the able editorship of Professor Hayes. As one reads it, the skilled craftsmanship of the author is immediately sensed. To this study of French labor he has brought his rich experience and wide knowledge of American labor problems. The result is a well integrated, and thought-provoking book that is worthy of the careful attention of all students of labor.

SAMUEL BERNSTEIN

Berlin Underworld

Alexanderplatz Berlin: The Story of Franz Biberkopf. By Alfred Döblin. Translated into the American by Eugene Jolas. The Viking Press. Two volumes. \$5.

THIS is a story of the underworld in Berlin. The author, who is one of the best known German writers of the post-war transitional period, takes as the chief actor a former transport and cement worker, Frank Biberkopf, who has just been released from prison, and finds himself again in Berlin facing the hard realities of the world as he attempts to begin life anew a decade after the war. The four years which he served in prison have left their marks upon him, and to get a new footing seems worse than the servitude which he had just left: he dreads it, it is a new form of punishment, but he gradually makes new contacts—of the wrong kind. He attaches himself to friends only to be betrayed; he participates against his will in a burglary, and a treacherous companion throws him out of a moving motor car and in front of a pursuing car, and thereby causes him to lose an arm. His infirmity serves as an excuse to refrain from honest labor, and he becomes a pimp; he earns enough money from it but only sinks deeper into despair—a state from which he is rescued by the love of a prostitute who is later murdered by his own companion, a clever crook who turns the suspicion of the crime against Franz. He is now summoned before the court for questioning, but he only raves and seems to have lost his mind. Suspecting that Franz "is shamming madness because he knows his bean is at stake," the court places him in a detention ward for observation and here,

"Boom, crash, zoom, crash, boom, a battering ram, zoom, a knock at the door. Rushing and whirling and crushing and skirling, the Powers of Storm get together and hold their conference, it is night and they set about awakening Franz, not that they want to break his limbs, but the walls are so thick, he cannot hear what they call; but if he were nearer them, outside, he would feel them and hear Mieke [his murdered sweetheart] crying. Then his heart would open up, his conscience would be awakened, and he would arise and everything would be all right."

But Franz is not feigning madness, for in the delirium of mental agony he is near death, and remains so until the evil that was his past life has burnt itself away. His salvation comes when he learns that he cannot go through life in his own way alone, that he must become a cog in one of the many wheels of the great and intricate machine, the new social order.

WHAT SNOWDEN SAID, IS TRUE

"This work by Henry George (*Protection or Free Trade*) gets down to the fundamentals of the controversy. It is, at the same time, the most popular and the most scientific exposition of the subject which has ever been written . . . I earnestly commend its study to all who want to get a thorough grasp of the basic elementary facts of the case for Free Trade." —PHILIP SNOWDEN.

So wrote the keen-minded British Chancellor in an introduction to an abridgement of George's famous book now appearing in England.

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE

By HENRY GEORGE

A recent reprint of the unabridged, clothbound American edition, is now ready. ONE DOLLAR, post paid.

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place New York City

For Discriminating Readers

DIVORCE

A Social Interpretation

By J. P. Lichtenberger. A recognized authority reviews marriage and divorce problems from earliest times, with special emphasis on the present day. 459 pages. \$4.00

THE UNITED STATES and DISARMAMENT

By Benjamin H. Williams. The one book that considers the questions scheduled to arise at the World Conference in 1932. Timely and highly readable. \$3.50

OURSELVES AND THE WORLD

By F. E. Lumley and Boyd H. Bode. A spirited and lively book about the making of a citizen. For younger readers. Illustrated. \$3.00

BIOLOGY IN HUMAN AFFAIRS

Edited by Edward M. East. 12 leading scientists survey the outposts of biological knowledge today. \$3.50

A Division of
McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO.
370 Seventh Ave. New York

WHITTLESEY
HOUSE

THE NEW

SCHOOL

FALL TERM OPENING
SEPTEMBER 28

AMONG SIXTY COURSES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
OF INDEPENDENT MIND

PSYCHOLOGY IN AMERICA. A course of eighteen lectures by authoritative representatives of the several fields and tendencies: Joseph Jastrow, John Dewey, John B. Watson, Arnold Gesell, Harry Elmer Barnes, W. V. Bingham, William Healy, Carl E. Seashore, James R. Angell, Carl J. Warden, E. M. East, Abraham Myerson, Ira S. Wile, Robert S. Woodworth, Everett Dean Martin, Walter B. Pitkin.

CHANGING ATTITUDES TOWARD THE LAW. Twelve lectures by leaders in the renaissance of legal thought: Jerome Frank, Dean Charles E. Clark and Thurman W. Arnold of Yale, Dean Leon Green of Northwestern, Thomas Reed Powell of Harvard, Jerome Michael and Adolph A. Berle of Columbia, Walter Wheeler Cook and Hessel E. Yntema of Johns Hopkins Institute of Law, Judge Bernard L. Shientag and Morris L. Ernst.

PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS OF ARCHITECTURE AND CONSTRUCTION. Fourteen sessions in which the important phases of the industry will be discussed by leaders in the field: Albert Mayer, president, J. H. Taylor Construction Company; Robert C. Brown, vice-president, Empire State, Inc.; Andrew J. Eken, vice-president, Starrett Brothers and Eken; Foster Gunnison of Cox, Nostrand and Gunnison; Wayne D. Heydecker, secretary, Regional Plan Association; William F. Lamb of Shreve, Lamb and Harmon; Bassett Jones of Meyer, Strong and Jones; G. T. Stanton, acoustics consulting engineer of the Western Electric Company.

OTHER INSTRUCTORS IN THE FALL TERM:

Harry Elmer Barnes	Doris Humphrey	Henry Neumann
Roswell Barnes	Joseph Jastrow	Charles Obermeyer
Paul Boepple	Alvin Johnson	Harry A. Overstreet
William Casey	Horace M. Kallen	Ralph M. Pearson
Morris R. Cohen	Edwin W. Kemmerer	George K. Pratt
H. W. L. Dana	Erika G. Klien	Ida Rauh
Francis Fergusson	Olga Knopf	Vida D. Soudder
Waldo Frank	Meyer Levin	Charles L. Seeger, Jr.
Henry J. Fry	David M. Levy	Carl Snyder
Walton H. Hamilton	Eduard C. Lindeman	Bernhard J. Stern
Benjamin Harrow	John Martin	Frankwood E. Williams
Arthur Garfield Hays	Gorham B. Munson	Fritz Wittels
Sidney Hook		Caroline B. Zachry

EVENINGS AND LATE AFTERNOONS
NO ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

EXAMINATIONS ONLY BY REQUEST
FOR PURPOSES OF TEACHERS' CREDIT

TEL. ALGONQUIN 4-2567

SEND COMPLETE CATALOGUE II TO

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____

**THE NEW SCHOOL
FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH, INC.**

66 WEST 12th ST., NEW YORK. N. Y.

But in taking Franz through the Inferno of a great city to be buffeted by the forces of a modern Babylon, Döblin is not interested in this man in particular. Franz is one of many, and the story, with its tense scenes and dramatic situations, is obviously intended to reveal a condition, a world. That is the only thing that matters. There is no selection and there are no evaluations; a synthesis of narrative, dialogue, monologue, reflections, vague memories and tangible realities is poured forth in a stream of consciousness—and subconsciousness—which, nevertheless grips the reader, and depresses this reviewer. But that is an individual opinion, and may not reflect a fault in the novel.

The translator has caught the spirit of the narrative and has done his work well. It is more than a translation; it is also an interpretation, and if it often departs from the literal, what else could be done in a work of this kind?

Whatcha mean, goin' home, got a screw loose, or some-thin,' maybe you don't know who you're talkin' to, you can talk that way to that poor nut o' yours, but not to me.

It's translated into the American, all right.

KARL F. GEISER

Secret Police Under the Czar

The Ochrana, the Russian Secret Police. By A. T. Vassilyev. Edited and with an Introduction by René Fülöp-Miller. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$4.

VASSILYEV was the last chief of the Russian secret police under the Czar, and his book, written in exile at Paris, is an absorbing account of the history of that organization. In the greatest detail and with every appearance of frankness he tells us how the secret police came into existence, how its personnel, not much more than a thousand at any time, was recruited, trained, and kept in hand, how it went about the business of spying and espionage, and of its activities in circumventing or trying to circumvent the plots of revolutionaries and terrorists. Naturally, the book is biased, and what appears to be veritable history has often to be carefully separated from what is obviously prejudice or downright hostility; for Vassilyev is a staunch supporter of the Czarist regime, an unmitigated hater of revolution and bolshevism, and, in general, a thick and thin defender of the office over which he presided. There should be no surprise to find him, for example, repelling the charge that the police employed *agents provocateurs* notwithstanding that they systematically kept in touch with everybody, from prostitutes upward, who could tip them off, or passing lightly over administrative punishment while carefully explaining that trial and conviction belonged to the courts.

Some of Vassilyev's estimates of persons or events, backed by a mixture of facts, inferences, and prejudices which cannot easily be unscrambled, are at least interesting. His contempt for the "cowardly" Kerensky is profound, and what he has to say about the Kerensky regime leaves that phase of Russian history in a draggled state. Rasputin, on the other hand, to whom he devotes several chapters, impressed him as a bombastic pretender whose influence, whether over the Russian people or at court, has been egregiously overrated. The narrative of the activities of the police in connection with Rasputin's murder is an important contribution.

Vassilyev's official career ended with the overthrow of the Czarist government, in 1917, but his description of the revolution, of his arrest (although an experienced police director, he walked straight into the arms of his captors), and of his six months' imprisonment in the Peter and Paul fortress is a vivid piece of writing. He had been removed to an ordinary prison

and thence to a hospital just before the October revolution, presently obtaining his release through the efforts of his wife and the payment of a large sum of money. Before long he left Russia, and thereafter was a wanderer, ending his days in dire poverty at Paris in December, 1928. Mr. Fülöp-Miller's introduction is a summary review of the police systems which governments feel it necessary to maintain, and a frank criticism of some of the shortcomings of Vassilyev's narrative.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

Death and Taxes. By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press. \$1.75.

In this, her latest book of verse, Dorothy Parker has again proved herself master of ironical humor. Her amazing facility in the handling of verse forms, her ability to echo with a wicked glitter the technique of Edna Millay, Sara Teasdale—not to mention some of the older poets—and at the same time to pass judgment upon their themes, is all in accord with the inevitable purpose of satire. This is light verse put to the severe test of serving as a weapon against sentimentality. It is the instrument of the analytical modern mind turned a little amusedly and a little bitterly against itself. And this fact explains, in part at least, Mrs. Parker's popularity. Such clever craftsmanship is reason enough for admiration, but there is more to be said: Mrs. Parker as a light verse writer is actually a better poet than many of our very serious composers in meter. There is many a perfect line here deliberately turned toward a flippant close. Only now and then does Mrs. Parker allow herself the liberty of being quite serious, but when she does, she writes very well indeed.

Up from the Ape. By Earnest A. Hooton. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

This book is full of information. The author utilizes the data of comparative anatomy, comparative psychology, and even comparative physiology to picture man's evolutionary history and to set the background for his consideration of contemporary human races. The section on races is particularly fine. The author displays a sanity which is very rare in more popular works on this embattled topic. The book is well written with a pleasing facility of expression. Certain parts however require careful reading and study, but we can hardly blame Professor Hooton for the complexities of human anatomy. The author avoids polemics, but by the quiet presentation of facts he makes his opinions the more convincing. It would be unfair to emphasize the few remarks on the "purpose" of evolution. The author himself is timorous in his teleological beliefs. The rest of the book is so excellent as to warrant our forgiving the rare moments of weakness.

Dodd the Potter. By Cedric Beardmore. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

Arnold Bennett's nephew has written a story of the contemporary younger generation laid in the same section of England which the uncle celebrated in his Five Towns novels. Dodd is a well meaning young man, but naive and somewhat stupid. His friends and family are all thoroughly uninteresting, not only as people but as characters in a realistic novel of commonplace life. The story of the everyday life and loves of the young people is set off against the secondary tale of past events in which their elders were involved; and there is some attempt to show the conflicts and differences between the generations. Like its hero the story is honest but at the same time somewhat dull.

A Program of Lectures and Readings Geared to the Needs of Life Today

The Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University offers you the opportunity of hearing many of the world's greatest artists and authorities discuss vital problems of twentieth-century living.

Some of the speakers on the program are:

- RAFAEL SABATINI
Author of international best-sellers
- RUTH ST. DENIS
Great American exponent of the dance
- ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
Philosopher, author of *Science in the Modern World*
- LEWIS MUMFORD
Author of *Sticks and Stones, The Golden Day*, etc.
- SHERWOOD ANDERSON
One of America's most important novelists
- WILLIAM BEEBE
Scientist, author, lecturer
- JOHN MASON BROWN
Dramatic critic, author of *Upstage*
- STUART CHASE
Economist, author of *Men and Machines*
- MAX EASTMAN
Social philosopher, critic, poet
- JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Critic, author of *The Modern Temper*
- ALBERT E. WIGGAM
Author of *The New Decalogue of Science*
— — and more than 150 other notable men and women of today — —

Meetings are held on week-day evenings from mid-October until April 1st, in McMillin Academic Theatre, Northeast Corner of Broadway and 116th Street, readily accessible from all parts of the city.

Admission to Institute events is by Members' Annual Ticket. You may become a member and enjoy these stimulating events by paying the annual subscription fee of \$15. (Double membership, \$25—two tickets registered in one name.) There are no registration fees and no "extras."

THE INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
Columbia University, New York

☐ I enclose \$_____ for a _____ membership (single membership, \$15; double membership, \$25), which will admit me to more than 150 Institute events.

Name _____

Address _____

Know these interesting subjects.

THE Extension School of Adult Education, New York University, offers a program of organized yet unrestricted study for those who know the importance of being well informed and conversationally interesting. There are no requirements beyond your ambition. Among the courses to be offered are An Approach to Shakespeare—Some Problems of Modern Social Life—What the Modern Writers are Doing—The Modern Poets.

Registration begins on Thursday, September 10th, and continues through Saturday, September 26th.

Apply for Bulletin now. Make plans for early registration. Write Dept. N

RUFUS D. SMITH, Director, University
Extension Division

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Washington Square East New York, N. Y.

Drama Good Intentions

THE audience which gathered at the Broadhurst Theater to welcome Owen Davis's "Just to Remind You" was almost pathetically well disposed. Civic consciousness (as the newspapers tell us) has been aroused at last, and surely there could be no easier way of demonstrating the fact than by applauding a play which is all about gangsters and their nefarious ways. No one could miss the blunt point of Mr. Davis's latest work, and no one cares to deny that things have come to a pretty pass when a nice young man gets shot just because he refuses to pay one hundred dollars a month for "protection." Hence everybody applauds when applause is called for and laughs when laughter is indicated.

Unfortunately, however, timeliness and good intentions are the only virtues with which it is possible to credit the play. When the fine upstanding young laundryman tells the gangsters that he intends to run his own business in his own way, everybody knows what is going to happen—and it does. A bomb explodes in the window, somebody pours acid into the wash, and just while the crooked judge is making a patriotic speech, the laundryman gets it in the back. Nor are the characters any more individualized or real than the plot is original. A nice young man, a sweet young girl, and a comic Chinaman constitute the chief members of the dramatis personae. All of them come straight out of any one of a thousand eminently forgettable plays, and they spout lines most of which Mr. Davis himself has probably used a dozen times before. Given his talents as a practical dramatist there is no reason why he should not have written "Just to Remind You" in ten of his off days, and I am more than inclined to suspect that he did. As for the actors, they do as well as could be expected with the material, but that is not very well.

Under the circumstances I should naturally like to hope that the play would "do good." Even before seeing it I thought gangsters very unpleasant people, and it would be nice to suppose that all the members of its audience would be turned into crusaders. Candor compels me to admit, however, that I have my doubts. Ever since—in my youth—I read William James's account of the nice Russian aristocrats who wept over the hardships of the poor while their coachman froze on his seat outside the theater, I have been inclined to suspect that the admiration which is awakened by the expression of noble sentiments in art tends rather to lull than to stimulate the conscience. It is so easy and so pleasant to put oneself on the right side of an imaginary conflict, so easy to be heroic and generous and noble when it costs nothing except a little applause. Personally, I felt that when I had approved of Mr. Davis's most ringing utterances I had done my bit toward cleaning up the city, and probably most of my fellow spectators felt much the same. All of us were on the right side; nobody failed to sympathize with the troubles of the young laundryman; and that is about all that can be expected of a good citizen. When the time comes we shall vote the straight ticket with an even clearer conscience than we could possibly have had if "Just to Remind You" had not given us such an excellent opportunity to show where we stand. "Pretty strong show and just about right too. How about stopping by Luigi's for a drink before we turn in?"

"Ladies of Creation" (Cort Theater) is a not unamusing comedy which would be an excellent one if it were always as funny as some of its lines. Unfortunately, however, this satire on the business woman, by Gladys Unger, has a good many

28 DAYS
of delightful
travel

\$205

**The Greatest
Travel Value**

**Tour
to**

RUSSIA

Includes: Ocean passage on S.S. EUROPA sailing October 15th, Modern Third Class—TOURIST CLASS SECTION—fare to Russia via Germany, hotels and meals en route to Russia and DURING 3 DAYS IN BERLIN AND 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

RETURN PASSAGE FROM GERMAN
OR FRENCH PORT INCLUDED.

Witness the enormous
NOVEMBER CELEBRATIONS
in Moscow on Nov. 7th and 8th.

A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered
in our booklet.

Amalgamated Bank

Travel Department

11-15 Union Square New York City

languid stretches despite the acting of an admirable cast. It is funniest when it consents to be frankly farcical and dullest when it goes in gravely for the psychology of the woman on her own. Chrystal Herne, Dorothy MacKaye and Spring Byington deserve all praise. Miss MacKaye especially has excruciating moments as the movie star who doesn't quite know what it is all about.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Finance

Back to 1926

IF the index of stock prices compiled by the *New York Times* be accepted as an epitome of stock values, all the gains of the great bull market since 1926 have now disappeared. The composite price of the fifty stocks included in the index has dipped below the point at which it stood five and a half years ago. Of more immediate significance, from the Wall Street point of view, is the fact that the heavy selling which occurred last week carried the average below the previous low point of this year, touched on June 2, and thus established a new "bottom."

Last week, in fact, was one of those periods which have occurred with unpleasant frequency during the last two years, when news affecting security values has been of an intense and almost unrelieved "blue." The Berlin Börse, closed for nearly two months, startled Wall Street by showing declines of 25 to 40 per cent in prices on the day business was resumed. The United States Treasury's offering of \$800,000,000 twenty-four-year 3 per cent bonds, instead of being subscribed eight times over, as was the issue of identical amount four months ago, brought forth applications less than 20 per cent in excess of the amount of bonds offered. It is true that the coupon rate of the present issue is $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent less than that of the June offering, and the bonds dropped to a discount of $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent on the first day's transactions on the Exchange. But one suspects that the relatively poor response of investors on this occasion means, among other things, that the purse-holding public is serving notice that it would like to see some indications of a balanced national budget before it pours out unlimited millions for government use. The hint was conveyed to London recently in no uncertain terms; why not to Washington?

Happenings among the railroad companies have come still closer home to the stock market, and the decline in the rail shares is responsible for the dip in the price average below this year's earlier minimum; industrial stocks have remained, thus far, above that point. Within the week the New York Central and New Haven roads reduced their quarterly dividend payments from \$1.50 to \$1 per share and the Rock Island and Maine Central omitted their common stock dividends. A few days previously the Lehigh Valley had also failed to make a payment. Rock Island shares, on the news of the dividend omission, promptly lost one-third of their market value.

In spite of these events and the despondency which they have created, it is possible to draw some hopeful inferences (in a very tentative fashion, it is true) from the showing of the stock price index, noted above. At no time since the beginning of the century, if we omit such extraordinary events as the outbreak of the world war in 1914 and our own participation in it in 1917, have average prices been as low at the end of any five-year period as they were at the beginning. Most of the indexes agree on this. Yet prices today stand where they stood more than five years ago. If 1926 be regarded as a fairly normal year, untainted by the speculative mania which later swept the markets, prices are now back to the average of "normalcy."

S. PALMER HARMAN

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL BOOK OF THIS DECADE

Some of the country's most prominent judges join with the press in welcoming
MORRIS GISNET'S
timely and daring book

A LAWYER TELLS THE TRUTH

Introduction by Norman Thomas

\$2 at all Bookstores—or—order direct

CONCORD PRESS, 1482 B'way, N. Y.

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

- *Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
- ‡Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way & 43 St.
- ‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
- *The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
- ‡The Third Little Show—Music Box—45 St. W. of B'way.
- ‡Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 4 Ave.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

VANDERBILT

West 48th Street
East of Broadway
Continuous 1 to 11 p.m.
POPULAR PRICES

TOBIS presents the GERMAN TALKING PICTURE KARAMAZOV

Based on DOSTOYEVSKY'S Immortal Novel
With FRITZ KORTNER, ANNA
STEN and Great Cast

THE GROUP

A Clearing House of Opinion

Meets At Auditorium 150 West 85th Street

Tuesday, September 22nd, at 8:30 p. m.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

will speak on:

"THE WORLD CRISIS—1931"

Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes, Chairman

Sunday Afternoon, September 27th at 4:30 p. m.

SEYMOUR A. SELIGSON will speak on:

"LOVE AND VIRTUE: THE GOSPEL OF HAVELOCK ELLIS"

Subscription 50c

Weekly Notices on Request

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL—2nd Ave and 14th St.

Lectures By

DR. G. F. BECK

AMERICA AT THE CROSSROADS

Every Sunday at 5 P. M.

Beginning Sunday, Sept. 20

"Our Economic Chaos"

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

Every Wednesday at 8:30 P. M.

Beginning September 23

"Hebrew Civilization"

(with lantern slides)

ADMISSION

25 CENTS

EXTRAORDINARY CELEBRATION TOUR TO THE SOVIET UNION

INCLUDING 14 DAYS IN U. S. S. R.

Specially arranged to witness the spectacular celebration of the 14th anniversary of the October Revolution.

Visiting: Leningrad, Moscow, Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, the Kremlin, a collective farm, Red Army and Workers' clubs, factories and many places of historical and cultural interest.

\$225 Includes round trip steamship ticket and all hotel accommodations and meals, rail-ways and sleepers, from New York to Moscow.

Sailing October 15
S. S. DEUTSCHLAND
S. S. EUROPA
S. S. AQUITANIA

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.

The First American Travel Organization
to Conduct Tours to the Soviet Union

175 Fifth Avenue ALgonquin 4-6656 New York

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author, satirist and cartoonist, is writing regularly for *The Nation*.

ALBERT EINSTEIN, the greatest of living scientists, is also the foremost conscientious objector to war.

DEVERE ALLEN, editor of the *World Tomorrow*, is at present in England.

ROBERT DELL has for many years been a contributor to *The Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

HERBERT ABEL is on the staff of the American Civil Liberties Union.

CLIFTON CUTHBERT is the editor of *Contempo*, published in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

H. L. MENCKEN is the editor of the *American Mercury* and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "America's Way Out."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Why We Fought."

SAMUEL BERNSTEIN, a student of socialism and labor, is preparing a history of modern socialism in France.

KARL F. GEISER is professor of political science at Oberlin College.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, after an absence of fifteen months in Europe, is resuming in this issue his regular dramatic articles for *The Nation*.

S. PALMER HARMAN was formerly on the financial staff of the *New York Evening Post*.



FOR RENT



FOR RENT



UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

65th STREET, 7 and 9 WEST—"Just Off Central Park West." Attractive, light apartments in an accessible location near Central Park. 1 ROOM and Private Bath from \$45 monthly (some with wood-burning fireplaces); 2 ROOMS with Private Bath and Kitchenette from \$65. Also 4 ROOMS at \$100. Woodburning fireplace. Apply Mr. Worthington, 7 West 65th Street, N. Y. C.

RIVERDALE

A five room apartment. Beautiful park surroundings. Excellent value. Elevator. Refrigeration. 3900 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway or phone Wickersham 2-6200.

LARGE new studio, duplex, 2 bedrooms, bath, porch, north skylight. \$75. N. Y. City garden spot. 17 minutes to Grand Central. 40-01 48th Street, Sunnyside. Phone Stillwell 4-8475.

ENTIRE top floor private house. Boro Hall Section (Brooklyn). Four light rooms, bath, fireplace, large closets, kitchen completely equipped, available October 1st. Cook, Main 4 6821.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS Lease—Entire floor in Artist's house—Living Room 13 x 18, fireplace; Bedroom 13 x 14—roomy kitchen and bath—\$65 a month. Appointment Main 4-4220.

UNFURNISHED AND FURNISHED

13th STREET, 204 WEST. One duplex apartment, 5 large rooms, unfurnished. Also 1, 2, 3, room apartments, furnished with taste and comfort. Open fireplaces, steam, Electrolux. All around a quiet leafy garden. Most unusual. Subway express at door, Eberle.

FURNISHED HOUSE

WHITESTONE, L. I. Charming, unusual 6 room house, 2 baths, garden, completely furnished. Located on beautiful water front estate. 30 minutes from Penn. Station. Also 10c fare subway and bus. \$65.00. Phone Watkins 9-6222.

FURNISHED ROOMS

FURNISHED ROOM in private house, kitchen privileges, share whole house with congenial person. Quiet, clean, Leroy St. near 7th Ave. For information phone Spring 7-8245 between 11 a. m. and 10 p. m.

WELL-FURNISHED large sunny front bedroom, for rent in ninth floor apartment, West 69th Street near park. Apartment, with two baths, is occupied by family of three. References exchanged. Box 498, c/o The Nation.

SHARE HOME—APARTMENT

PROFESSIONAL Couple, intellectually inclined, will share their comfortable suburban home with reliable business couple. References exchanged. Maid service. One half hour Times Square B. M. T. Subway. Box 499, c/o The Nation.

LADY will share exclusive furnished 5 room garden apartment Washington Heights section with two girls. Every modern convenience. Radio. \$45 monthly each. Miss Tebaut, 489 Fifth Ave.

COLLEGE GIRL will share beautiful 3-room apartment near ocean with one or two girls. Everything furnished. All privileges. 36 minutes from Times Square. \$10. Sheepshead 3-1894, Apt. D-11.

TWO boys would share apartment with third. A-1 location and conveniences. References. Box 496, c/o The Nation.

POSITIONS WANTED

YOUNG MAN, recent Ph.D. in Political Science, long resident abroad, experienced executive, Social case-worker, tutor, research worker, speaker, desires part- or full-time position. Address: A. F., P.O. Box 632, Rome, Ga.

STENOGRAPHER, exceptionally rapid and efficient (own typewriter). Riverside 9-9453.

SECRETARY, several years literary, commercial experience, looking for manuscripts to type, home or outside. Quick, accurate work on books, plays, scientific papers. French or English. Adirondack 4-2315. Box 497, c/o The Nation.



TOURS



Tours to the Soviet Union

All Expenses \$200, Soviet Visa Included
Frequent Sailings Throughout Fall Season
Rate Includes transportation New York to U.S.S.R. via England with stop over in London and seven days entertainment in Leningrad and Moscow; Sightseeing to factories, theatres and museums included.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS TO ATTEND
CELEBRATION OF REVOLUTION

For particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

OFFICIAL STEAMSHIP TICKET OFFICE
1133 Broadway New York City
CHelsea 3-5080-5081

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1931

No. 3456

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	319
EDITORIALS:	
The Austrian Triumph.....	321
Is Mr. Hoover Inevitable?.....	322
Stabilizing Business	323
The Power of Gandhi.....	323
Skyscrapers	324
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION. By Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	325
FREE TRADE—ITS MORAL ADVANTAGES. By Oswald Garrison Villard	326
THE BLUNDERING BRITISH BUDGET. By J. A. Hobson.....	328
THE TWILIGHT OF FREE WILL. By J. B. S. Haldane.....	329
MR. HOOVER'S CREDO. By Andrew M. Fairfield.....	330
HOPE FOR PORTO RICO. By Ernest Gruening.....	332
A DIFFERENT VIEW. By Theodore Schroeder.....	334
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	335
CORRESPONDENCE	335
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	335
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
Snake. By Jessie Lemont.....	336
A Serene Radical. By Henry Hazlitt.....	336
America's Two Cultures. By Ferner Nuhn.....	337
The Power of Pleasing. By Dorothy Van Doren.....	337
Middle-Class Tragedy. By Horace Gregory.....	338
Toward Classicism. By Eda Lou Walton.....	339
Books in Brief.....	340
Films: Pictures from Plays. By Henry Hazlitt.....	343
Drama: In Defense of Mac West. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	344
Finance: Needless Fears About Bonds. By S. Palmer Harman.....	346

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE FINAL SUSPENSION of gold payments has revealed at last the immense gravity of the crisis that Great Britain has been facing. Since the middle of July funds to the astonishing total of \$1,000,000,000 have been withdrawn from the London market. With a credit of \$250,000,000 from New York and Paris exhausted, and with a further credit of \$400,000,000 on the point of exhaustion, the Bank of England and the British Government felt that only by suspending gold payments could the remaining slim gold reserve of the bank be protected. The decision is one of the utmost seriousness. Its first effect must be another shaking of world confidence, already at an extremely low point; for London, even though it had already lost much of its power and prestige to New York, has been traditionally the world's financial center. The blow to British credit will of course be a heavy one. England has been forced temporarily to suspend free gold payments several times in the past, but only in war time and in two or three of the greatest financial crises of the nineteenth century. While admitting the gravity of the situation, however, certain American bankers, among them J. P. Morgan, are extremely optimistic over the ultimate outcome, and declare that British financing is closer to realities than it has been for years.

IT IS TOO EARLY to predict the consequences of the present decision. Historically the first effect of suspension of gold payments has been immediate depreciation of the currency, reflected first in the foreign-exchange market and later in a rise of internal prices. The extent of this depreciation will depend on the judgment of the markets of the world regarding the length of time that gold payments will be suspended, and on what conditions are likely to prevail after that. If the British expect to return to the former gold value of the pound, they must make confidence doubly sure by accumulating specially heavy gold reserves—possibly through the mobilization and liquidation of foreign securities—by balancing their budget, restoring their export trade, and so on. Otherwise the drain would begin all over again, and at a faster rate than before, as soon as gold payments were resumed. The great issue that will now be raised in England will be that of devaluating the pound. The suspension of specie payments that has already taken place is a declaration of embarrassment; devaluation of the pound would be a declaration of bankruptcy; it would involve a partial repudiation of internal debt. In a sense these phrases are less serious than they sound. Germany, after the war, went through a complete devaluation of its currency, an almost complete repudiation and bankruptcy; France, now so strong financially, virtually repudiated four-fifths of its internal obligations when it stabilized the franc at one-fifth of its former value. Great Britain alone, of all the great warring European nations, fought its way back from a pound depreciated to \$3.20 to the old par value of \$4.86, but it paid a tragic price in the fall of prices over a period of years and in the enormous war debt it was forced to carry. If the British should now decide, after all this, to devalue their currency from 10 to 25 per cent, the result would be a rise of a corresponding amount in internal prices, which would considerably ease the industrial crisis, and a corresponding fall in the internal debt, which would reduce the immense burden of taxation.

PRESIDENT HOOVER showed courage and leadership in hastily going to Detroit to appeal to the American Legion to abandon its proposal for an additional \$2,000,000,000 of bonus payments. True, Mr. Hoover did not mention this particular legislation, but he did make a straightforward request that the veterans join all other classes in the nation in preventing at this time additional financial burdens on the government from any quarter whatsoever. While we cannot concede that the President is wholly correct in saying "our economic strength is such that we would have recovered long since but for these forces from abroad"—meaning "the fundamental dislocations of economic and political forces caused by the Great war"—he is right in asking that only the most essential appropriations should be made this year for the carrying on of the necessary services, and for construction of public works which shall help to diminish unemployment. He did not, of course, fail to make his plea for the rich, declaring that "the rich can be taxed to the point of diminishing returns

and still the deficit in our ordinary and necessary expenditure would not be covered even on the basis of utmost economy." Considering the difference between the taxes paid in Germany and England today and those paid by the rich in the United States, Mr. Hoover might well have shaded this statement, if he could not admit that we still have great sources of taxation untouched. But waiving all that, it was fine of him to meet the Legion face to face and challenge it upon the question of this new raid upon the Treasury.

THE mystery of the role the American bankers played in the resignation of the Labor Government in England deepens if anything. From the best possible source we are informed that the American bankers made no suggestion whatever as to any cuts of any kind. They received a cable that their aid was needed and that the budget would be balanced. Would they help? The reply, we hear, was that they would. Later they were told that certain specific cuts would be made; were they satisfactory? They declined, with complete correctness, to express any opinion. We have no hesitation in accepting this statement as acquitting American private bankers of bringing any pressure whatsoever for a cut of the dole. It does not, however, take care of the statement printed in the London *Daily Herald* for August 25—a statement that has never been withdrawn or qualified in any way—which declared:

The late Government was informed by the Federal Reserve Bank that such credits would only be granted provided that specific and considerable economies were at once made in the administration or in the actual benefits paid under the unemployment-insurance scheme.

Nor does it eliminate the positive declarations by such high and responsible British officials as Dr. Christopher Addison, Minister of Education in the Labor Cabinet, and F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, Parliamentary Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that "foreign bankers" *did* bring pressure to bear. These questions then present themselves: Was the British Cabinet misinformed? Was the position of the American bankers misrepresented somewhere along the line between Wall Street, the London "City," and 10 Downing Street? Both Mr. MacDonald and Chancellor Snowden have denied any banking pressure. On this side Thomas W. Lamont declared, in announcing the credit, that there was no pressure from here. Yet the belief persists. What is the answer? Meanwhile we take this opportunity to add that leading American bankers deny that it was Bank of France pressure which ended the effort to grant long-term credits to Germany on this side as stated—on other high authority—in our issue of August 12. An editor has a hard time of it these days!

ASTOUNDING, indeed, is the mutiny of the British Atlantic fleet against the pay cuts proposed by the National Cabinet in its effort to balance the budget. When one considers the historic spirit of the English navy, when one remembers how the men of this same fleet endured the terrible strain of the war days when they lay at anchor in heartbreaking monotony, coupled with the ever present danger of a sudden attack, the spectacle of hundreds of sailors going ashore to cheer and dance and defy the orders of their admiral to hoist anchor and sail makes one begin to feel indeed that the British Empire is slipping. Against that unfair

budget we trust others will revolt, notably the school teachers, who have already registered their protest, and the destitute unemployed. As long as there are other resources to call upon, it is surely wrong to drive these groups nearer to despair. What could be more moving than the assertion of the mutineers that the proposed cuts in their pay "are a forerunner of tragedy, misery, and immorality among the families of the lower deck"; or the explanation of the men that "if these cuts go through there will be only one pound a week left to maintain the family after the rent is paid." We are all for mutinies like this one, scandalous as that may seem to our army and navy brethren. The quicker fleets and armies find they can strike through passive resistance, as the German fleet did in 1918, the quicker will those instruments of war lose their value in governmental eyes.

MORE AND MORE the White House flounders in its relationship with the press, until now we have had a deliberate attempt on the part of one of Mr. Hoover's secretaries, Theodore G. Joslin, to establish a complete censorship on all news relating to the business depression and to any measures which may be taken by the government to deal with the situation. This censorship proposal grew out of the conference held at the White House on September 14 with the bankers who compose the Federal Reserve Board's Advisory Council. The President refused to disclose what had been discussed, but the bankers freely informed the press that some had urged the President to extend at once a moratorium on debts while others favored legalizing 3 per cent beer to obtain additional revenue. Apparently the White House was furious over these disclosures and when a subsequent dispatch appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* which disclosed that they had also discussed the \$4,000,000,000 of assets frozen in bank and real-estate projects, Mr. Joslin demanded that all such stories be submitted in advance of publication to the White House. This created such a stir among the correspondents that a large group assembled and demanded that Mr. Joslin make further explanations. He then declared that "censorship had not entered my mind"; his desire being merely that he be consulted with a view to establishing "exact facts." The matter will fortunately not stop there. One hundred and fifty correspondents have signed a petition to the National Press Club asking for the appointment of a committee to study the situation and devise effective means of fighting what the *Editor and Publisher* calls the "evasion, misrepresentation, and downright lying of public officials," which is in fact effecting a censorship of government news.

THAT Germany achieved an excess of exports over imports in August of \$87,000,000—a higher excess than in any month since the war—is on the surface a highly encouraging sign, but too much importance could easily be attached to it. A large export excess is indispensable not only if Germany is to make any further reparation payments, but even if she is to meet the interest requirements on her huge borrowings—both governmental and private—abroad, or protect herself against another drain of funds when the present bankers' agreement to "freeze" short-term credits expires in February. The August export surplus cannot be expected to reflect a permanent change: it was achieved, not by greater exports—which, indeed, were smaller than in

July—but by the measures Germany has taken to limit imports. It is to be noted that only 13 per cent of the decline in imports was in finished goods, while the bulk of the reduction was in raw materials and foodstuffs. Imports of raw materials cannot be permanently smaller if Germany's exports of finished goods are to increase. But the foreign-trade figures for August are none the less a tribute to the heroic efforts Germany is making in the present crisis.

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, S. Parkes Cadman, Sherwood Eddy, Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Kirby Page, and Stephen S. Wise are among the assorted signers of a resolution just addressed to the President of the United States. The resolution has reference to the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court refusing citizenship to Marie Averill Bland and Professor Douglas C. Macintosh because of their refusal to promise to bear arms in time of war; the forty-eight signers declare that they "share the convictions of those who have been denied citizenship." They add:

Some of the undersigned find it impossible, because of religious and moral scruples, to render any kind of combatant service in time of war. Others share the conviction of one of the persons denied citizenship in the recent Supreme Court decision and cannot promise support to the Government until we have had the opportunity of weighing the moral issues involved in an international struggle.

It is a commendably courageous act to sign one's name to such a frank declaration when there is no immediate occasion for it. But there is no question that such a reservation will be in the minds of many thousands of our citizens in the event of another war. What they will do about it will depend upon their circumstances, their fortitude, and the strength of their convictions. But the fact that such convictions rest in the hearts of so many of our bona fide, native-born citizens makes it all the more preposterous that citizenship should be denied to otherwise highly desirable men and women because of their aversion to war.

ABRAVE, farsighted, and noble citizen, a great college president was David Starr Jordan, whose death in the fulness of years has been reported. The cause of peace in the United States had no more devoted advocate in season and out of season. When the folly and madness of the war lust were upon us in 1916-17, Dr. Jordan faced calumny and abuse with calmness and unflinching courage. He was tried but not found wanting, and unlike the many pre-war pacifists of the type of Nicholas Murray Butler, he refused to compromise or to recede in any way from his position that war was the crime of crimes. Indeed, it is heartening to record that this admirable patriot and great scientist and educator declared in his last utterance that "all war is murder, robbery, trickery, and no nation ever escaped great losses of men, prosperity, and virility. War knows no victor." He was the author of many volumes, seven of which were given to the cause of peace. His autobiography of his well-lived years he called "The Days of a Man." He was one of a great group of college presidents, including such men as Eliot of Harvard, Angell of Michigan, and Van Hise of Wisconsin, who not only advanced education and educational methods, but were inspiring citizens and leaders of public opinion as well.

The Austrian Triumph

THE idea of a republican democracy has won a significant victory in Austria. This country, while it lost all its wealth and strength by the peace treaties, still is the geographical center of Europe. Nothing can happen to Austria that will not happen to Germany immediately afterwards. Those two countries, notwithstanding their enforced separation, are really one in spirit. If the Heimwehr *Putsch* had succeeded in Austria, Hitler, who is an Austrian, might easily have won his game in Germany. Prince Starhemberg, the leader of the Austrian Heimwehr, is a Hitlerite. In his person the German Nazi movement is somewhat illogically connected with Dr. Ignaz Seipel, the great clerical schemer, who is trying hard to effect the restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy and the reunion of Austria and Hungary—which, of course, would mean an end of the Austrian-German *Anschluss* hopes. The rank and file of the illegal Heimwehr army is composed both of clerical Alpine peasants and of a radical and dissatisfied intelligentsia that will favor any movement as long as it promises to change the unbearable conditions of the most unhappy country in the world.

The general staff of the Heimwehr, on the other hand, consists of dispossessed aristocrats, of the generals and politicians of the ancient regime, who were beaten in the war and conquered but not destroyed in the peaceful revolution of 1918. This army has been trained, armed, and paid in preparation for civil war by Austrian capitalists, the remaining nobility, and by certain foreign Powers. It was ready to fight two years ago, when Starhemberg was Minister of the Interior, and it would have done so, had not Mussolini and Bethlen at the very last moment discontinued their support.

Since then the Austrian banks have collapsed and are no longer able to pay the Heimwehr; it had to strike now or disband. Dr. Pfriemer and Prince Starhemberg chose to move because they trusted in the help of the right wing of the ruling Christian Socialist Party. In fact most of the actual Cabinet ministers and provincial governors of Austria are, or have been, Heimwehr men. The governor of Styria, Dr. Rintelen, at least must have been aware of the coming *Putsch*. Nevertheless the movement collapsed ridiculously, because public opinion in Austria is sober and moderate, and because the Austrian industrial working class has been trained by the Socialist Party to maintain discipline and to remain calm under any provocation. The Republican Schutzbund organization at once mobilized quite as efficiently as the Heimwehr, and certainly would have fought had not the authorities after all moved to suppress the uprising, and had not the troops remained loyal.

The wonder of wonders is that so little blood was shed. The really miraculous political sense of the Austrian population has been vindicated once more, as in 1918, when Socialist Vienna resisted the bolshevik wave when it had overrun both Hungary and Bavaria. The Seipels and Starhembergs, the remnants of a regime that was responsible for the World War, have succeeded in proving the astonishing fact that unfortunate Austria has become, despite all her troubles and tribulations, a real republic.

Is Mr. Hoover Inevitable?

SOME readers have questioned our brief note last week on Senator Borah's chances for the Presidential nomination against President Hoover. They hold it to be an idle dream. What we said was that if Mr. Borah would choose and stick to his furrow with courage and speak his mind with the persuasive oratory for which he is famous, "he could head off the latter's [Mr. Hoover's] renomination." We see, on reflection, no need to change these words. There was a large "if" in them, for, as we also wrote, Mr. Borah is unstable and by no means always firm of purpose. But what we really had in mind was this: If Mr. Borah were to announce that he would rise in the Republican convention to oppose Mr. Hoover's renomination and that he would convict the President out of his own mouth of miscalculation, misinterpretation, and mishandling of the economic situation, he would arouse such a revolt as to head off the renomination.

There are thousands upon thousands of Republican leaders and high party workers who do not wish to vote for Mr. Hoover, who realize that his renomination spells almost inevitable defeat for their party, as he is obviously the most unpopular President since the Civil War. Unfortunately, they are today of the frame of mind which makes them sit back and declare that there is nothing to be done about it; that a President can always renominate himself; and that it is perhaps just as well that he should defend his record since nobody else could or would in sincerity defend it. They point out, too, that it is the Old Guard of federal office-holders which will dominate the convention, as in the past, and that self-interest always rules them, and the fear of the loss of the jobs they now hold.

Now while all this is true, it stands to reason that if Mr. Borah, or anyone else of sufficient stature, were to raise the standard of revolt there would be plenty to repair to it, provided they were assured that the real rebel meant business. Iowa, for example, is reported to be bitterly opposed to Mr. Hoover, and to be on the point of focusing upon Judge W. S. Kenyon, an able judge, formerly Senator from that State. If some of the men who say privately that they will never, never vote again for Mr. Hoover were to come out publicly to this effect and to approve the candidacy of Mr. Borah or Judge Kenyon or someone else, we are sure it would be astonishing how rapidly the rebellion would grow. It is cowardice that rules now, letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would." Men are afraid to take the first step lest they make themselves ridiculous, or place themselves in a situation where, if Mr. Hoover should by a miracle be re-elected, they would find themselves without influence and outside the party ramparts. But these are precisely the men who would take their courage in both hands if they were given a lead; who, if they felt there would be sufficient others to join them, would be willing to take the first perilous plunge.

We admit, of course, the power of the office-holders in the party convention; that is one of the grave faults of our political organization—that the President, wielding a power which he should never have, can force his own renomination.

But the control of these very office-holders in the convention may conceivably be used against Mr. Hoover, especially if one man like Senator Borah will stand up and tell the truth about Mr. Hoover and his record. These office-holders are the very ones who do not wish to lose their jobs. They will be hard to hold in line if times are still bad when the convention, dispirited and downhearted, comes together to go through the empty forms of praising a man whom nobody likes, and renominating one who everybody knows has not measured up to the highest office in the land, and is moreover without the slightest chance of reelection. That psychology of impending defeat may become so strong by the middle of next May as to lead the delegates suddenly to wake up, look each other in the face, and say, why must we do this foolish and hopeless thing?

We further base our belief that the renomination of Mr. Hoover can be headed off on the obvious fact that he will be without a great part of his former newspaper support. The Scripps-Howard newspapers, the largest group under one ownership in the country, will certainly fight Mr. Hoover this time, and so probably will Mr. Hearst's papers, while many important newspapers, like the Curtis publications, the *New York Sun*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and many others, give plenty of evidence in their frequent unfavorable criticism of the Hoover Administration that they would rejoice if they could break away from him altogether. The special importance of all this is that Mr. Hoover is not a fighter. Anyone who takes the trouble to look through the files of *The Nation* or of any daily newspaper will find innumerable instances of his having run away under fire. We think that Mr. Hoover would be profoundly affected by the news that William E. Borah proposed to stand up in the convention and denounce him, and that the New York State delegation, which largely opposed his nomination in 1928, and the delegations from Iowa, Wisconsin, and other States were proposing to tell the convention just what they thought of his mismanagement of our affairs. Wisconsin, of course—that brave delegation—will speak out this year, if nobody else does. It has, thanks to the La Follette family, said its unfettered say in every convention since the turn of the century.

For us of *The Nation* this is only a spectacle; we are onlookers; we shall support nobody whom the Republican convention nominates, nor the Democratic either. But barring an at present inconceivable popular uprising, the nominee of one of these conventions will be the next President. We should be less than human if we did not desire to see the old parties show some sense and intelligence, for the coming five years are going to be crucial in the life of the American democracy. There must be radical changes; the economic system must be made over; the Constitution must be revised, the State governments remodeled and rid of partisan politics. Nothing worse could happen than having Mr. Hoover in the White House during all of this period—unless, like the Communists, one favors having the least satisfactory and reliable man in the White House in the hope that he will quickly precipitate a terrific smash.

Stabilizing Business

FOR several reasons the plan proposed by Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, for "stabilization of industry" deserves very serious consideration. It is at once the most comprehensive, the most far-reaching, and the most detailed plan—one might almost be justified in calling it the only real plan—so far put forward by any responsible "captain of industry." It is not only Mr. Swope's plan, or the plan of the General Electric Company; Owen D. Young has asserted that all the leading concerns in the electrical manufacturing industry have indicated their willingness to put it into effect provided they can secure public and legal approval. The plan shows a consideration of the interests of labor rare in the statements of industrial leaders. It sets forth detailed proposals for workmen's compensation, life and disability insurance, pension systems, and unemployment insurance. It provides specifically for the representation of labor at least in the administration of the funds for these various insurance proposals, and it hints—though more vaguely—that labor should be given a voice in the management of industry itself. It proposes that all industrial and commercial companies with fifty or more employees, and doing an interstate business, shall form trade associations for the purpose of "coordinating" production and consumption, and for "the stabilization of prices," and it recognizes at least in part the necessary consequences of this when it suggests that these trade associations be "supervised" in the public interest either by the Federal Trade Commission or by some federal supervisory body specially constituted.

Many other business leaders will doubtless regard the Swope plan as radical. It is, on the contrary, essentially conservative; it is a recognition by one of our most intelligent industrialists that the capitalist system is now on trial and seriously threatened; it is an attempt to preserve that system by a drastic reorganization of it. While recognizing the many undoubted merits of the plan, we cannot be blind either to the great difficulties that stand in its way or to its limits even if it were realized. To permit these proposed trade associations to function in the manner outlined would require the repeal of the anti-trust acts; to make membership in such associations compulsory, and to carry out certain other provisions, would call for revision of our federal Constitution. Certain changes, it is true, might be instituted with little difficulty: for example, those calling for uniform systems of accounting, more frequent publication of accounts, and exchange and publication of information on production and consumption; and many individual companies could inaugurate one or two of the various workmen's insurance plans suggested without cooperation from other concerns.

But the most important problems would still remain to be solved. From the standpoint of the workers, the various pension, disability, and unemployment schemes outlined would of course be a very real advance over present conditions; they would constitute a recognition of industry's responsibility, and something is always better than nothing. But there are grave questions whether, under the proposals outlined by Mr. Swope, the lowest-paid workers would not be saddled with too heavy a share of the burden of premium

payments; whether the amount of insurance provided—particularly for unemployment—would be adequate; and whether the weaker industries, unaided by the government, would be able to carry such insurance at all.

From the standpoint of the public, there are still graver questions. Mr. Swope speaks of the "coordination of production and consumption," which necessarily implies at times the limitation of production, and he also speaks of price "stabilization." Who is to determine when production will be limited, and by just what amount, and in just what ratios among individual companies? In whose interests are prices to be "stabilized"? At what levels? By what principles? Mr. Young recognizes that the companies that participate in the Swope plan must surrender at least a part of their present individual freedom and initiative. He speaks of "the surrender of the individual units . . . to be made to the organized group," that is to say, to the trade organizations; but he does not dwell on the more important surrender of the trade organizations to federal control. Just how much control would the organizations be willing to see? As much as that which the Interstate Commerce Commission exercises over the railroads—which implies both a fixing of the price of the product and a definite limitation of capital return? These are some of the questions which the sponsors of Mr. Swope's plan will have to confront before any further steps can be taken.

The Power of Gandhi

WHEN before has the world seen a spectacle comparable to Mahatma Gandhi in St. James's Palace? Here is one naked little man, physically a ridiculous figure, negotiating with the British Empire. There are two parties to the Round Table—the Empire and Gandhi. The one is fortified by tradition of conquest, by caste, by oppression, by greed, by fear that the change which impends will mean its own destruction, and, let it also be said, by the honest belief, held by great multitudes of Englishmen, that any change will spell only misery, anarchy, and chaos for India. On the other hand is Mr. Gandhi, with his vacuum bottle of goat's milk in one hand and his picnic basket of dates and dried corn in the other, exemplifying, in his insignificant person and with his slow, calm English voice, the majesty of an idea. It is the doctrine of non-violent resistance which is giving him his power, which speaks through him, and which, in the last resort, if it is consistently adhered to, is certain to bring him victory.

There was, among Indian delegates as well as British, evidently not a little apprehension over what the Mahatma would say in his first address to the Round Table Conference. But Gandhi was so gentle, so calm, so sweetly reasonable that for the moment fears seem to be laid. Nor is this to say that he departed from his position, announced long ago and many times since, that India must be free.

If we are intent on complete independence [he said], it is not from any sense of arrogance, not because we want to parade before the universe that we have severed all connection with the British people. On the contrary you will find in that mandate that the congress contemplates a partnership. The congress contemplates a connection with the

British people, but that connection must be such as should exist between two absolute peoples. . . . I am here to put forward that claim in the gentlest manner possible, but in the firmest manner possible, with all the strength and energy at my command.

If these words were spoken gently, they were strong words for all that. And Gandhi must be clearly aware of his own strength. As a negotiator he has been criticized both for a too great insistence on irrelevant detail and for failure to demand, from the Moslems and from his own adherents, a clear statement of policy with which to proceed. In the present case he is evidently determined that general principles must be settled first and details afterward. Thus he was described as sitting by in evident boredom while interminable discussions were held concerning the means of electing delegates to the new India congress. In his own speech he said:

There was a time when I was proud of being called a British subject. Now I would far rather be called a rebel than a subject. But I have aspired and still aspire to be a citizen, not in the Empire but in a commonwealth—a partnership, if God wills it, indissoluble, but not a partnership imposed by one nation on another.

He comes back each time to the main issue. India must be a nation, in a society of nations of which England also is one, and only one. He says it softly, slowly, gently. But behind him there are millions of his countrymen for whom he is the one voice, the one word; and behind all of them there is the idea. In the Round Table Conference of last winter Muhammad Ali, the representative of the Moslems, also voiced the idea when he said: "Nobody wins in a battle. It involves only the will to kill, but all of our 320,000,000 people have the will to die for the birth of India as a free, united nation."

When subjects talk like this to their rulers, one can only pity the rulers. For there is, in the last analysis, no answer that a ruler can make and still be a ruler. And when a subject talks so, he is in fact no longer a subject. Lord Reading last winter declared peremptorily that there was no use in discussing the possibility of India's being received at present on terms of equality with the other dominions. Lord Reading, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is negotiating now, at the present conference, and there is no reason to believe that he has changed his views. Even Mr. MacDonald, desiring earnestly to be generous and just, last winter found it necessary also to temporize. India must wait, must learn, must grow to dominion stature before being granted dominion privileges. To this one can only say that Mr. Gandhi can wait also, that he also has not changed his views. And his is infinitely the easier task; for he need only quietly and gently refuse to obey the mandates of the Empire. The Empire must enforce them.

The power of Gandhi's idea is such that it makes specific considerations seem irrelevant. Hindu-Moslem unity will be achieved in time; it failed last winter by only a stroke. A program for India will be worked out. The opposition of Englishmen will eventually disappear, if not at once, then with time also; one hopes, by peaceful means, but if not, then by British force that must prove ineffective against quiet Indian resistance. The Mahatma need only continue to be resolute. Before strength such as his, empires must give way.

Skyscrapers

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, the distinguished Chicago architect, who was somewhat unaccountably excluded from the committee designed to plan next year's exposition, has just arrived in New York for a series of lectures at the New School for Social Research, and signaled his arrival by a broadside attack on the skyscraper. Denouncing its builders as men who abused their commercial privileges by robbing the citizen of his right to a simple life, he declared that Radio City would probably be the last atrocity committed upon a people already about to revolt, and that the American architecture of the future would be one tending to promote "a simplicity, an ease of living" in keeping with "what American life should be." In an interview appearing in the *New York Herald Tribune* he added:

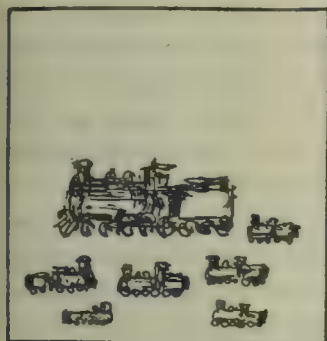
All our modern inventions and that amazing thing, the machine, have taken away from the city the excuse for its being. We don't need it any more. The city is centralization to the nth degree, and the skyscraper is its peak. The centralization ideal died when democracy was born. . . . How long we must wait for the funeral, that is a question of time. However, we have started toward a new integration—to an integration along the horizontal line which we call the great highway.

With certain of Mr. Wright's strictures we are naturally in sympathy. New York is too crowded and it is constantly getting more so. Nor is there any doubt that the apostle of decentralization scores a telling point when he insists that the machine which makes the modern city possible could also, if our means of transportation were used to that end, make this same city unnecessary. Undoubtedly, that is to say, the modern metropolis is not so completely the inevitable result of the logic of circumstances as some would have us believe. We boast that we have annihilated distance, yet we crowd everything closer together than we did in the days when a mile meant ten or fifteen minutes instead of one. The city is the result less of modern necessities than of modern preference.

But we are not so sure that the skyscraper is either false or ugly. Sometimes we think it the most impressive style which the twentieth century has developed. When one sees New York from the river in the early morning one is inclined to think that the single touch of fire contributed by a wandering sunbeam to the mooring mast on the Empire State Building justifies even that much-abused and purely rhetorical ornament. Perhaps the skyscraper is not wholly utilitarian, not wholly logical, and, from the standpoint of architectural metaphysics, not wholly "true." But were the great buildings of the past always so completely all these things as theorists would have us believe? Were not even the cathedrals extravagant, fantastic, and a little insane? Were they not built less for use than in order that the proud citizen might show what his community could do, and may not we be permitted to fling our towers into the sky with the same wanton exuberance? If the Woolworth Building was built, in part at least, in order that natives might have something to point out to visiting strangers, so for that matter was the cathedral at Chartres.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



THE Middle Ages had an expression, "Qui mange Pape en meurt." And believe me, the Middle Ages were right. Whatever you do, don't start a quarrel with the church. Never under any circumstances allow yourself to be drawn into a fight with the church, for you will die of it.

Once upon a time, when I was still very young, I got myself mixed up in a theological battle. I have seen a great deal of dirty fighting in my day. But motor-boat racing as practiced by some of our compatriots is a clean sport compared to such an encounter. What I am about to say, therefore, should not be construed as an invitation to a debate. But once in a while temptation is too great—I am sorry but here goes.

The Mother Church does not approve of birth control. That is expressing it rather mildly. No church approves of birth control, but the Mother Church happens to be a little more violent upon the subject than most of her children. And that reminds me. Why does not some enterprising and courageous publisher give us a good modern translation of all papal bulls and encyclicals? These interesting divine pronunciamientos come to us only in the form of half-sentences or three or four words of the half of one sentence. And I grant you that those two or three words as a rule sound very imposing. There is something solemn and otherworldly about them. But a correct translation of these documents would be a wow. For the Head of the Church rarely minces his words. A spade within the confines of the Vatican City is a spade and a mighty spade at that. A pernicious, dastardly, accursed, and damnable heretic is just that and nothing else. The Latin originals, done neatly and deftly into the American vernacular, would be a magnificent contribution to the current literature of billingsgate. Perhaps you do not believe me. Then, I pray you, get out the old Latin dictionary and have a try. But do not let the manuscript lie around where the kiddies might get hold of it. For you will be surprised, and so would they, could they lay hands on Papa's translation.

All that, however, is neither here nor there. I was talking about birth control. I have just finished the latest contribution upon the subject from the hands of a learned Man in Holy Orders. The "Nihil Obstat" and the "Imprimatur" proclaim the pontifical O. K. I have most carefully followed the line of reasoning, and I must confess that from a purely materialistic point of view I can find nothing to criticize. The economic argument is ingenious, to say the least. Twenty people can buy more goods than ten and a hundred can buy more than twenty. Therefore let us have a hundred people and all grow rich. Q. E. D., and very plausible as far as it goes.

But a question arises in my mind. How much do machines buy?

And there is where I agree with my Reverend Friend and Enemy.

Voltaire once got a medal from the Pope. I always had hopes, but here goes my last chance. For what I want to say is this: "Perillustrissimi Gentlemen of the Revealed Law, I fully agree with your general point of view, but let us get together upon this one point. If we are to do without birth control for people then we must have birth control for machines, and if we are to do without birth control for machines then we must have birth control for people. We cannot have our cake and eat it. We cannot survive in a world in which both flivvers and infants multiply ad lib."

I am of course familiar with the graphs submitted to us by the anti-birth-controllers, who show us by means of their Babsonian hocus-pocus that the world has vastly increased in wealth while at the same time increasing in numbers. But these graphs have failed to convince me. For "people" are not just "people." Does anyone remember the investigation made some thirty years ago by a commission of British sociologists in the slums of London? The wit of the committee came to the regretful conclusion that about 80 per cent of London's tenement population was conceived in "original gin." (Proofreader! please do not change to "sin." Even if this is *The Nation* our 1,458,398 readers will enjoy it. Thank you.) And that sort of progeny is not apt to get its just share of that pleasant graph of crescendo riches. On the contrary they will be part of that economic cannon-fodder of which Samuel Butler wrote eloquently:

The rain it raineth everywhere,
Upon the just and unjust fellers.
But mostly on the just because
The unjust got the justs' umbrellers.

Mere life, as I see it, has never been a boon to anyone. A reasonably good and decent life is undoubtedly the greatest gift the gods have it within their power to bestow upon us poor mortals. But living for the mere sake of being alive is a pretty dreary adventure. In most instances a downright repulsive experience. I should like to see a world in which the average infant had a chance at something a little more elevated and inspiring than the emotions experienced by a cauliflower or a Brussels sprout.

There is no short-cut to paradise, and the millennium would be as dreary as an ocean voyage with a dozen dry-leaders on board. But a reasonably good and decent life belongs to the possibilities of existence.

Machines have come to stay.

So apparently have babies.

But unless we want them to destroy each other we shall have to make a very definite choice. What do we want: birth control for babies or birth control for machines?

Free Trade—Its Moral Advantages*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE simplest facts about the evils of the protective tariff system are the hardest to grasp. Few people realize that when a government protects a given industry it goes into partnership with that industry in that it guarantees to that business a profit, on the assumption that its continuance is essential to the safety or welfare of the country. It does not stop to inquire whether the industry to be aided is well or badly managed; whether its inability to compete with foreigners is due to inefficiency of management, to ill-treatment or ineffective use of its labor, to over-capitalization, to lack of modern machinery, or to anything else. The government does not inquire into its bookkeeping methods or the ability of its sales force. It usually says: "You are not doing well? Why, let us help you; we have not forgotten how generously you contributed to our campaign fund last summer. How high a tariff do you wish?"

In this way industries are kept alive and profitable which are crookedly managed or are unable to stand on their own feet because of their own errors of management, while others are helped to greater profits than before. Examples of the latter are many; a particularly striking one is that of the Du Pont Powder Company, which was greatly interested in no less than fourteen paragraphs of the last tariff law, yet their net profits had risen from \$12,920,458 in 1922, to \$66,653,039 in 1928, while their surplus, carefully invested in bonds, stocks, and real estate, rose from \$234,000,000 to \$397,000,000. This was plainly not the case of a company dying because of successful foreign competition. More important was the fact that there are no more generous or more powerful backers of the Republican Party than the heads of the Du Pont concerns. It is an amusing fact that men of this type who profit by these governmental favors are the very ones who cry out most loudly that free competition is the life of trade and are most bitterly opposed to the Government's entering private business—save for the purpose of increasing profits. They, like President Hoover, believe that a government's giving cash to a needy individual destroys that man's moral fiber, weakens his character, and robs him of initiative, self-reliance, and self-respect. Yet they are quite certain that governmental grants to what they consider needy corporations have none of these evil effects upon the character, or practices, or initiative, or self-reliance of the several corporate managements.

Let me state here that I belong to that group which considers such legislative grants to corporations as wholly immoral. It seems to us unethical favoritism to single out any one group in the community for such governmental favors, for that procedure makes of the beneficiaries a specially favored class and favoritism of this kind is utterly repugnant to the spirit of true democracy or a sound Republic. Nor is the situation in the least bit changed if other groups, like the farmers, also seek and obtain tariff favors. Ethical values are not affected by numbers. The establish-

ment of any privileged class becomes at once a menace to the whole industrial order by destroying equality before the Government, by creating corruption, by sowing internal dissension. Whenever any line of business, such as the steamship owners or aviation companies, is subsidized by the Government there present themselves other industries to demand some profits, or greater profits. They are justified in so doing. There is no sound reason whatever why, if the Government decides to support or to aid the chemical industry and to insure vast profits to the steel industry, it should not in this hour of the distress of the oil companies come to their rescue with outright cash aid such as it gives to steamship owners under the thinly veiled but false excuse of paying for mail service rendered. If one group of American citizens is entitled to the sheltering wing of the Government, every other business likewise is entitled to it.

It is further immoral and unsocial for the Government to guarantee profits because it neither limits those profits nor prescribes the share of labor in them. It does not say—as it has in the case of the railroads—that $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent is a fair rate of profit; it fixes no limits whatever and it is indifferent if the conditions of labor in an industry are grievous beyond description. Nothing is hollower than the sham argument—for which our labor leaders have so stupidly fallen—that a tariff is necessary to keep up the "American standard of living." Take the protected woolen industry. There we find almost every evil of the protective system exemplified. Labor conditions are among the most evil under our flag; there is no pretense that thousands upon thousands of the employees of the American Woolen Company have an "American" living wage—when the average wage is something under \$16 a week. Yet the wool and cotton barons have dictated their own tariffs—they expressed themselves as entirely satisfied when the Fordney-McCumber tariff was passed. But it is characteristic of the protective system that the beneficiary is never satisfied for long, never has enough, and constantly calls for readjustments. The American Woolen Company's record is the very antithesis of what a corporation's ought to be. Its late head was worshiped as a great industrial leader. In five years the company paid him \$7,865,844, including \$2,284,375 for his income taxes—with the aid of the Government. After his death he was charged by the company with having been guilty of swindling—of course the Government in enriching him never inquired whether his industry was or was not decently conducted. Any really civilized government might rather have done its best to wipe out this company, even if it had for a decade to support the employees, rather than to maintain it and to bestow riches upon the managers and stockholders.

Wherever the protective system exists, there we find political corruption, favoritism, the buying and selling of legislation; the Government spying upon its own citizens; falsifying, misrepresentation, bribery. What could be more disgusting than our Government's recent searching of the luggage of Clarence H. Mackay and his wife on a New York pier after they had sworn declarations which proved to

* The fifth of a series of articles on free trade. A delay in the mails necessitates the postponement to our next issue of the article by Dr. Karl Polanyi, of Vienna, on Austria and Free Trade, which will conclude the series.
—EDITOR THE NATION.

be completely correct? The Government's defense is that some loathsome creature in Paris who has been "living comfortably on the 25 per cent paid to informers" (and has, doubtless, had enough left over to buy his tips from the clerks in stores in which Americans make their purchases) sent it a false tip about the Mackays. Thus it admits that it uses stool pigeons to spy abroad upon its own citizens. What a dirty business! And how can a government which indulges in practices like this ever expect to eradicate corruption among its customs officials and inspectors?

Yet this stool-pigeon business is little worse than the stationing in Europe of those American officials who have been demanding the right to inspect the books of all European concerns doing business with America to see what are their costs of production. For how many hours would American exporters permit similar snooping in their offices by French, or German, or English, or Japanese inspectors? Our Government has had to modify this procedure in response to indignant protests. It is, however, characteristic of the utter confusion, and the very bad and overbearing manners the protection policy produces that the Congress and President saw nothing wrong in thus demanding that our business rivals abroad reveal all their business secrets to us under threat of losing our trade. Adam Smith once wrote in the "Wealth of Nations" that the founding of a great empire in India for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers was "altogether unfit for a nation of shop-keepers, but extremely fit for a nation whose government is influenced by shop-keepers." The protective policy has given us a country controlled by manufacturers; it is a project altogether fit for a nation that has surrendered to its manufacturers, but it is utterly unfit for one which calls itself a democracy; which boasts, as President Hoover so often has said, that all its men and women start the race of life equally from scratch and achieve their positions in that race solely because of their own talents.

I believe that no man has as yet been able to evaluate the evil effects upon our public life of our tariff policy. Nothing to my mind has done more to lower the whole standard of American politics than this buying and selling of protective tariff favors. The repeated publications of the direct connection between tariff favors granted and the large campaign contributions raised every four years by the Republican Party for the purpose of buying the Presidency, speak for themselves. To my mind ex-Senator Grundy, of Pennsylvania, was quite within his rights in going down to Washington after the election of Hoover to demand a tariff wall so high that no article manufactured abroad which was also manufactured in the United States could scale that wall. He said quite frankly that the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, of which he was the head, had raised \$700,000 for Mr. Coolidge's election and \$547,000 for Mr. Hoover's, and that they wanted value for value paid. But what of the morality of this whole transaction? What part has this sort of thing not played in bringing American laws and American institutions into their present low repute in the eyes of the American people, so many of whom have only one idea in regard to their Government, that of getting what you can out of it while the going is good.

The tariff is further immoral because it taxes the bulk of the people to support a privileged few. It makes every citizen pay tribute to whoever has enough influence to get

Congress to interfere with natural trade laws, by the erecting of a tariff dam across the currents of international trade. Secretary Mellon sits in the Cabinet of the United States while every American man or woman who has to buy an aluminum utensil of any kind pays tribute to Mr. Mellon's aluminum trust, which has often had no difficulty whatever in getting its tariff fixed at the precise point the managers of that trust desire. In 1922 Congress raised the aluminum duty for this "great" Secretary of the Treasury from two to five cents per pound, and Mr. Mellon at once kindly raised the price of that metal to every American consumer by just three cents per pound. But he is an honored citizen; a pillar of the Republican Party; a member of the Government. Only a free-trade crank could see in this spectacle the degradation of the Government, an injury to every citizen, on behalf of a man whose annual income is now so huge that he could not possibly spend it unless he gave it away. And Mr. Mellon has built his great fortune out of tariff favors at the expense of his fellow-citizens (and out of the liquor traffic), so most of our great American fortunes hark back to the tariff. Free trade would at once stop this means of creating the vast fortunes which will inevitably lead to confiscatory inheritance taxes and super-taxes on great fortunes, taxes intended not to raise revenues so much as to control the piling up of wealth by a few. One can best realize the iniquity of this aluminum-trust situation when one thinks what an outcry there would be if Mr. Mellon came to Washington and demanded that, by means of a domestic tariff wall cutting off New York from the Union, he should be given the right to raise the price of aluminum to the people of the State of New York by three cents a pound. He would be locked up as a crazy man. Then why in law or ethics should he be given the privilege of utilizing the artificial national boundaries of our country to mulct every American who uses aluminum? This is nationalism gone wild.

So the coming of free trade would purify more than any other means our whole political life. Besides stopping endless corruption, visible and invisible, it would be a blow at the intense and narrow nationalism which makes for trade rivalries and wars—Richard Cobden also said that peace and free trade were synonymous, one and indivisible. It is hard to see how in this juncture, certainly if the capitalist system is to be saved, it will be possible to put off universal tariff reduction much longer. If England goes in for tariffs it will be a further long step in the direction of international collapse. And nothing could be more ridiculous than Arthur Henderson's proposal of a "temporary 10 per cent tariff." It is a case of the camel's getting his head inside the tent. Create great protected and vested interests and they have you by the throat. You suddenly find that they are your master and not you theirs. That has been the story in Germany and the United States and all other protected countries. There are vested interests enough in Great Britain now. Nobody dares to grapple there with the vested liquor trades, and until quite recently few have dared to oppose the vested interests of the munition-makers and warship builders, plus the power of the Admiralty and the War Office. When the whole world is suffering because trade is no longer free, to have one more country, and free-trade England at that, bar the goods of other nations is enough to make one despair of preventing the economic collapse of the world.

The Blundering British Budget

By J. A. HOBSON

London, September 12

THIS has been a strange week in our political history, of which by this time the cables have doubtless given you full details. The storm broke upon Britain with a sudden violence and came near to destroying the life of the pound sterling and plunging the country into commercial and industrial chaos, the end of which is not easily foreseen. Nor would it pay to discuss how far the trouble was attributable to the extravagance of our government coupled with the slump in revenue, and how far to the failure of our banks to keep a sufficiency of liquid resources against emergencies. I would only point out here that whatever else may be said about the wisdom of Mr. MacDonald's action in dissolving his government and framing the national one, nobody who knows him doubts that he was honestly convinced of the vital necessity of the step that he took. He must have been aware that he was jettisoning his own political career and losing the majority of his Labor followers. But it was probably a disappointment that virtually the whole of his party, including his trusted financial advisers, with the single exception of Mr. Snowden, and all the trained economists in the late government—Mr. William Graham, Dr. Dalton, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, Mr. Lee Smith, and Lord Passfield—refused to indorse the policy of the new government. Might it not have been better for him to have allowed the new government to be in form what it is in substance, a coalition of Conservatives and Liberals, since the Prime Minister has only eleven members of the largest party in the House with him? Labor, standing outside, might then have given its general aid in balancing the budget, though disassociating itself from injurious cuts in the social services. A pledge against the immediate introduction of a protective tariff might have enabled such a government to last until its work was done.

By common consent this emergency government will be short-lived. There is a furious drive on for an early election among Conservatives in and out of the new government, ready to risk further financial peril to get a tariff. Despite the opposition of the City and sober politicians of all parties, the hotheads may have their way. They think they could get a mandate from the electorate if an election could be held before the cuts had time to hurt. As events may show, most serious politicians think it impossible to consider the crisis over as soon as the budget is formally balanced. British credit has been so seriously impaired that it would be foolish to suppose that confidence can be restored before time has shown the efficacy of the new cuts and taxes. Had it been possible to put before the Labor Party in the House and in the country the full Snowden proposals for economy and taxation instead of concentrating attention on the cut in the dole, the situation might have been different. For though the principle of "equality of sacrifice" is destitute of meaning in comparing cuts upon a bare subsistence wage and on the income of a millionaire, the large reduction on high official salaries from the monarchy downwards and the increases of income tax and super tax would have had

some effect in abating the passionate resentment which the proposal to economize upon the poorest and most helpless section of the working class aroused.

The budget is balanced if the estimates of cuts and tax yields turn out correct. But will they? The proposals carry certain damaging reactions upon trade and employment that are left out of consideration. The reduction of the dole, and the cuts in incomes throughout the public services, national and local, involve, and are intended to involve, reduced consumption on the part of this large section of our people. This reduced consumption will be reflected in reduced production, and must throw out of employment a large number of workers in our productive and distributive trades. Thus more unemployed will come up on the cut dole, or upon Poor Law allowances, canceling the estimated economy. If, as is expected and hoped by many economists, cuts in the pay of public servants are followed by similar cuts in the general wage level, consumption will be still further reduced and more unemployment will ensue. Under such circumstances both wholesale and retail prices will continue to fall, and the yield of income tax will diminish with reduced or "passed" dividends.

The failure to take account of these perils is, I think, attributable to a too narrow conception of the balance of trade. We are told, and perhaps it is true, that if we were to go on living as we do, we should be confronted next year with a possible deficit in our trade balance of £1,000,000,000, partly from the shrinkage in visible exports, but mainly by the loss of invisible exports, that is, interest from our foreign securities, and the shipping, banking, and insurance connected with our foreign trade. Behind the gold drain and the budget-balancing lies this even graver menace to our security and prosperity. Unless like spendthrifts we are content to live upon our capital, we must pay for our imports by our exports. Now we can hardly count on any large expansion of our exports, though considerable wage cuts in these industries (already lower-waged than either our sheltered trades or our public services) might help us to secure some larger share of the contracted foreign markets, stimulating an international competition in wage-cutting and tariffs. But failing, as we should, to achieve any large expansion of exports, we must mainly rely on restricting our imports of foods, raw materials, and manufactured goods. How can we do this? By consuming less and so producing less. We can only reduce imports of food by eating less, imports of materials by cutting our expenditure on clothing and on the thousand and one articles into which foreign materials enter. Fully-manufactured goods and luxuries we could keep out by a tariff or an embargo. This policy, whether promoted by a tariff or not, would raise food prices, thus further crippling consumption, and would raise costs of production in most of our industries, inclusive of our export industries. The essential folly of this line of procedure should now be manifest. In the vain attempt to balance our budget and our national trade by reducing consumption (called in heroics "tightening our belts") we cut down production,

lower prices, increase unemployment, and reduce to futility the whole policy of economies.

Such absurdities arise from a failure to diagnose the disease from which we are suffering, and to apply the appropriate remedy. The visible malady of a productive power in agriculture, manufacture, transport, commerce, that is able to turn out goods faster than they can be bought and consumed can only be cured by monetary and other economic reforms which expand the consuming power of

the low-standard classes and peoples of the world, enabling them to raise consumption so as to keep pace with the accelerating powers of production. Such a budget as that of Mr. Snowden is the precise antithesis of such a remedy. It seeks to contract consumption instead of expanding it, and will increase the waste of idle capital and labor instead of absorbing them. The Labor Opposition resistance to wage and dole cuts that reduce the standard of life of the workers is based on sound economic instinct.

The Twilight of Free Will

By J. B. S. HALDANE

NINETEENTH-century science took determinism for granted. Events were thought to be inexorably linked by causal laws, so that if we knew the state of the universe at any moment it could be predicted for the rest of eternity. Furthermore, many believed that the movements of material objects (including human bodies) were determined by purely material causes, so that a sufficiently extended physics would enable us to foretell at least all such events as are accessible to the historian in the past.

This confidence has lately been shaken for several reasons. The law of causation has been called in question, and the physical world has turned out to be unexpectedly complex. Above all, Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy, which in one form or another is accepted by most physicists, states that the very nature of things imposes a definite limit to the accuracy of our observation, so that we can never say what will happen, but only what is the probability that a certain event will happen within a given time. Writers who are frankly hostile to science, and also certain eminent mathematicians who approach science from the point of view of the theorist rather than the experimenter, have announced this principle as a breach in the armor of science which might allow the ingress of indeterminism in the philosophical sense. The experimental physicist has been less perturbed. It has long been known that no microscope could show up a body much smaller than a wave-length of light. Matter is now found to share certain properties with radiation. In consequence similar limitations apply to all kinds of measurement.

All scientific laws are approximate. At one time it was thought that when two substances combined chemically their mass was quite unaltered. We now think it likely that in general it diminishes very slightly, but that the loss of mass is far too small to detect by any known means. The chemist therefore does not trouble about the change. So with human affairs. Science can never prove a complete negative. It can only show that some phenomenon, if it occurs, is on such a small scale as to elude observation and to be of no practical importance.

The question to be answered with regard to the human will is as follows. Can we give a nearly complete account of human behavior in terms of known causes, such as heredity and environment, or is there a definite residue left over which cannot be accounted for by such means? The strongest supporters of free will admit a certain influence of environment. Evil communications corrupt good morals, and

conversely. But they would claim that a large proportion of human actions, especially moral decisions, cannot be so explained, and are due to the free action of the soul. If this were the case scientific interpretation would, at a certain point, come up against a "brick wall." Otherwise, although the explanation would never be complete, the unexplained residue could be reduced indefinitely.

Now the explicable differences between the behavior of two men are due either to innate differences or to differences of environment. So if we could find two people with the same inborn characters, and put them in the same environment, they ought to behave in just the same way, except in so far as free will supervenes on ordinary causation. Clearly this is an impossible experiment, but we can observe something fairly near to it. There are considerable inborn differences between brothers, or between ordinary twins. One will inherit a certain parental character, say, brown eyes or immunity to diphtheria, the other will not. But so-called "identical" twins are formed from the same fertilized egg, and as Galton first showed, inherit the same characters. If separated in infancy, they may differ considerably, which proves that environment counts for a good deal. But if they are brought up together they resemble one another to an astonishing degree, not only in physique and intellect, but in moral choices, which show up the freedom of the will if this exists.

Lange investigated criminality in twins. Only about one in eight of the adult brothers of criminals commit a crime. So common ancestry and common environment together are not decisive. But in the case of thirteen criminals who had "identical" twin brothers or sisters, ten of their twins had committed similar crimes, and the three exceptions can be explained away on the basis of accidents and war wounds. In this group only about a quarter of the moral decisions which led its members into crime could have been due to anything defying analysis. Three-quarters at least fall within the province of the geneticist, who studies heredity, and the sociologist, who is concerned with environment. Probably the proportion is much greater, and indeterminism, if it is a fact, is of no real importance.

Now the view is sometimes taken that this scientific Calvinism denies the freedom of the will and moral responsibility. I do not agree with this criticism. When we feel ourselves to be acting freely we are merely experiencing causation from inside, so to say. I will to move my hand and it moves. This is a free action because both will and

motion are parts of my life. If I am handcuffed and action does not follow willing I am not free. If my hand moves without my will in an epileptic fit I am not free, nor responsible for what it may do.

To say that my actions are determined means that I have a perfectly definite character. Unless this is true, responsibility is a meaningless word. The new knowledge does not deny responsibility, but opens up the road to a scientific study of character and its formation. It is doubtless opposed to the retributive theory of punishment, according to which the world is better if a wrongdoer suffers; in other words, two blacks make a white. But it does not deny that punishment may be desirable as a deterrent or a reformatory. Yet it suggests that in future character may be controlled through heredity and environment rather than through a penal system.

Materialists may claim that the results so far obtained from the analysis of the causes of human diversity support their views. Character, they will say, is determined by the environment, which can be specified in physical terms, and by inherited qualities, which have also been shown to have a definite material basis. But results of this character,

though compatible with materialism, do not constitute an argument for it. If the differences between individuals are physically determined, it does not follow that their likenesses, and in particular their consciousness and will, are determined in the same way. The facts are equally explicable on the basis of absolute idealism, that high and difficult philosophy of which Samkara Acharya and F. H. Bradley are the exponents best known to citizens of the British Empire. The ultimate reality may be mind, and yet the distinction between finite minds may be determined by the less real appearances which we have been accustomed to call matter.

Of the various religious theories of the soul, that least compatible with the above view is the Hindu theory that it has had a long previous history, a theory which has engendered the most unpleasant of all forms of snobbery, the belief that one's present good fortune is the reward of virtue in former lives. But whatever its religious bearings, the scientific study of human diversity is making its definite start. It is too early to say whether its main practical effects will be to foster social reform or eugenics. But there can be no question that it will profoundly affect human belief and conduct.

Mr. Hoover's Credo

By ANDREW M. FAIRFIELD

THE average American President lays no claim to any *Weltanschauung*, any complete social philosophy. He is merely "a good American." He is a Democrat or a Republican, a standpatter or a political progressive of the Roosevelt type. He is blissfully unaware of the existence of hundreds of solid tomes on the questions of government, economics, political science, the philosophy of democracy and representative institutions.

But Herbert Hoover is not supposed to be an average President. He aspires to membership in a different and truly distinguished group—that of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Wilson. He is an Engineer, a Statistician, an Economist, an Organizer and Administrator *par excellence*. He is the man for the crisis, because he is not a politician or perpetual candidate, but a statesman of ripe and varied experience and sound profound convictions. He is no shifty opportunist; he has clear ideas and a firm faith in first principles. That this is Mr. Hoover's picture and conception of himself, neither his friends nor his foes, nor impartial bystanders, will deny. Let me, then, test Mr. Hoover in the light of his first principles and his philosophy.

He has not failed to supply us with abundant materials and tools for the proposed test. He has written a little book in defense of individualism, and has repeatedly called himself an individualist and an irreconcilable opponent of socialism, collectivism, communism, and bureaucracy. He has lauded "rugged individualism" and has warned us solemnly against "bureaucracy and domination," and against "too much government in business" and too little business method in government.

Now individualism is a perfectly definite philosophy of government and political organization. There is a school which expounds and defends that philosophy. To that school

belong such great thinkers as Herbert Spencer, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Bastiat, Proudhon, William G. Sumner, and Professor Fite. There is not a scintilla of evidence in Mr. Hoover's essays, messages, or speeches that he has ever opened a book of any one of the thinkers just named, or that he knows what individualism is or denotes. Let me tell him then. If he were a consistent, sincere individualist, he would favor and advocate—not necessarily in messages to Congress—free trade, free banking, free competition and free combination, and the repeal of prohibition and all other laws not absolutely and obviously necessary to the maintenance of peace and order. If he were a consistent individualist, he would oppose and denounce all subsidies, bounties, and special privileges.

Nay, more; he would liquidate sundry governmental business enterprises and demand the abolition of many federal departments and bureaus—the Children's Bureau, the Department of Commerce, even the Department of Agriculture. What justification is there, under individualism, for taxes to support armies of government commercial agents, drummers, and salesmen? A *laissez faire* policy limits the government strictly to police functions. With agriculture, commerce, and education it does not concern itself. All those matters are left entirely to private enterprise and voluntary associations.

Of course, no President of the United States could seriously ask Congress to establish and enthrone individualism by statutory law. But a President who really and intelligently espoused and entertained the doctrines and tenets of individualism would certainly feel morally bound to propose legislative steps toward the right objective, not steps away from it. Mr. Hoover's individualism is, as William Hard has shown in *The Nation*, a monstrous, misshapen, inde-

fensible hodge-podge, a thing of shreds and patches. If he is for any measure, it is consonant with his individualism, and if he is opposed to any proposal, it is branded by him as paternalistic, socialistic, un-American. Intellectual integrity and decent self-respect forbid such playing fast and loose with political science.

But, it may be objected, Mr. Hoover is a defender not of abstract and theoretically consistent individualism, but of the practical, reasonable American variety of that creed and system. But is that variety defensible and worthy of respect and honor? American individualism is plutocratic individualism, the individualism of the fortunate few, the interests in possession, the men and women who control the present order and profit by it. The professed individualism of such predatory groups is a sham and a mockery.

Mr. Hoover affects to contemplate America's false and dishonest individualism with pride and ecstatic veneration. His most intelligible—not intelligent—and frankest exposition of and appeal to the principles of that system will be found in the characteristic and revealing address he delivered at King's Mountain in October, 1930. In that carefully prepared piece Mr. Hoover restated his creed and attempted to define and describe the American social and economic system. What, he asked, was that system and what principles informed and governed it? He declared that he found no name or label at all adequate for it. Liberalism? No, that term had been corrupted by political use. Individualism? No, for it did not permit any class or group to override the equal opportunity of other classes and groups. Capitalism? No, for under it capital was a servant, not a master. Democracy? No, for democratic governments and institutions existed elsewhere under ideals which did not embrace equality of opportunity. Mr. Hoover concluded that the American system was—the American system. A very adroit and acceptable conclusion for a politician. But not for an economist, engineer, and statesman. The sincere thinker knows that there is no such thing as an American "system." A little democracy, a good deal of plutocracy and tyranny, a little pseudo-individualism, a little collectivism—that is the American system.

Mr. Hoover admits it is not perfect. We have, he concedes, some problems to grapple with and solve, but, he asserts, they are problems not of decadence and retrogression, but of growth and progress. This would be important if true. Is the rapid growth of farm tenancy a problem of growth and progress? Are thousands of bank failures an evidence of progress? Is chronic unemployment a monument to progress and equal opportunity? Are business cycles, depressions, crises outward signs of inward grace and sweet harmony? Are the racketeers, bootleggers, political crooks, brutal police officers, profiteers, and monopolists children of health and progress? Mr. Hoover shrinks from pretending that the American system is liberal or democratic. Skyscraper tariffs, Chinese and Japanese exclusion laws, deportation drives and raids, drastic restriction of white immigration, anti-evolution statutes, Volsteadism, Mann Acts, federal and local censorships, Comstock laws are not precisely shining exemplifications of liberalism.

As to the democracy, it exists in some States that have been intelligent enough to modernize their constitutions and to adopt the direct primary, the referendum, the initiative, and the recall. The federal government is autocratic, not

democratic. It was meant to be autocratic, and has remained so. The Cabinet is responsible to the President alone. The Senate is more powerful and less amenable to public opinion than any hereditary house of peers. Congressmen are elected and ordered to stay at home about thirteen months, the lame ducks being given four months of control after their repudiation by the electorate—and for no reason or rhyme whatever under present conditions. Five members of the federal Supreme Court veto any really progressive legislation they happen to dislike, and as they are apt to be elderly lawyers of reactionary proclivities, they dislike most legislation designed to correct injustice and to translate Pecksniffian phrases into living realities.

Mr. Hoover is of the opinion that the American democracy is vastly superior to the British, French, or German democracies because its social ideal embraces equality of opportunity. What exactly does he mean by "equality of opportunity"? Opportunity to be and do what? Every college graduate can become a bond salesman, at least when times are good and the security markets active, but is that equality of opportunity? What sort of equality and opportunity are enjoyed by the Negroes, by the women and children in the textile mills, by the coal miners, unionized or non-unionized? What are the opportunities of the aged poor, whose name is legion?

America has no political democracy and never had it, but for many decades it did enjoy social democracy and reasonable equality of economic opportunity. Mr. Hoover must have heard of the era of free land, of the great, wholesome influence of the American frontiers, of the initiative and self-reliance of the pioneers and their contempt for bureaucratic red tape and routine. But his dim notions of the American spirit have little relevance to the conditions of the present age. There are those who say that he has no magnanimity, no sense of social justice, no tenderness or sympathy. They may be right. But what is worse, *he has no sense of actuality*. Facts and statistics, when unpleasant, leave him, the engineer and economist, cold and indifferent. No wonder his tools and hirelings doctor and manipulate statistics and distort painful facts.

Mr. Hoover's distrust and hatred of bureaucracy and bureaucratic domination are natural and commendable. But had he taken the trouble to study the literature of constructive and scientific radicalism, he would not have committed himself to the absurdity that any departure from what he calls Americanism or American individualism necessarily involves an addition to the bureaucracy and all its works. Few enlightened American or European Socialists favor the extension of the functions and powers of the state as it exists. To nationalize this or that industry is no longer tantamount to turning it over to the clumsy and maladroit hands of politicians and bureaucrats. Mr. Hoover should read Norman Thomas's "America's Way Out." Public ownership and operation can and may mean public ownership and operation by the ablest and most efficient men available.

Mr. Hoover, as an engineer and organizer, might do much for genuine individualism and true democracy by opposing, not public ownership and pro-public operation of utilities and other essential industries, but political and bureaucratic operation and management of such enterprises. Under the system extolled by him, governmental business agencies—and there are many of them—are constantly ham-

pered and impeded by office-holders and office-seekers who think more of electioneering and campaign victories than of public assets and administrative efficiency. The Farm Board and its stabilization corporations have been coerced into price-fixing and market-pegging ventures. The heavy deficits in the national postal service are due to political meddling, the spoils system, and rate policies wholly alien to business principles. Mr. Hoover, notwithstanding his devotion to individualism, has never recommended the separation of the postal service from partisan and spoils politics, or its emancipation from "bureaucratic domination." Why not turn it over to a group of capable and alert business executives with instructions to operate it on sound economic principles but, of course, not for private or public profit? The same question arises in the case of Muscle Shoals. Mr. Hoover, the economist and engineer, is willing to waste public assets, but not to call upon public-spirited men of demonstrated capacity to conserve and utilize such assets.

What is the matter with Mr. Hoover? My diagnosis is perfectly simple. In the first place, he is ignorant or woefully behind the times. He uses catch phrases and tags, and these serve his purposes with the Babbitts and the plutocrats, big and little. He has no need of clear ideas and no conception of the scientific method as applied to politics and social economics. In the second place, Mr. Hoover is a pedant and doctrinaire. His farcical Children's Charter; his talk about the Home and the Family; his boasts (how sickly and ludicrous they sound now!) in connection with full garages, school attendance, radio sets, the decline and abolition of poverty—all sound hollow. They *are* hollow.

Mr. Hoover's whole creed is hollow and shallow. It may impose upon the sentimentalists, but it cannot impress or attract the man or woman who is able to form and entertain his own convictions upon social, economic, and political problems.

A word, finally, about Mr. Hoover's position on the question of federal relief appropriations, or doles. To urge State, county, and city relief organizations and funds is good horse sense. To emphasize *primary* local responsibility and local solidarity under such conditions as now exist is not, however, absolutely to bar federal aid should local efforts prove inadequate. Just what sacrosanct principle enjoins State, county, and municipal doles while forbidding federal doles? And why is character sapped and undermined by federal doles, but not by local doles, or by private charity? Bread lines and soup kitchens, according to Mr. Hoover, nourish and sustain self-respect and dignity, provided private and local public philanthropy alone finance these authentic American institutions. Such reasoning cannot be taken seriously. There is nothing "un-American" in federal aid and relief extended under exceptional and critical situations. If Mr. Hoover fears precedents, a habit of looking to Uncle Sam, he can guard against that peril by insisting on the maximum of effective cooperation between the States and their subdivisions, on the one hand, and the federal agencies on the other. Only a pedant can adhere stubbornly to the indefensible attitude he has adopted on the so-called dole question. And Mr. Hoover is not even a *consistent* pedant, since he makes concessions to hated doctrines from political and partisan motives.

Hope for Porto Rico

By ERNEST GRUENING

PORTO RICO and its plight have been receiving advertising unprecedented in the island's thirty-three years under the American flag. President Hoover's visit was the culmination of the recent effort to call to the attention of all agencies in the continental United States that might be helpful the pressing needs of a million and a half Porto Ricans. And back of this dramatization of national responsibility and duty to this small insular Caribbean territory lies an interesting tale of personal effort and achievement. It concerns Governor Theodore Roosevelt.

I'll confess that my estimate of young Teddy as a public servant was not high. Observation of some of his public acts and utterances confirmed a decidedly unfavorable opinion. I could specify amply, but why do it? Of course almost any one of us can look back on our younger days and recall what asses we sometimes made of ourselves—just a few years back. In Teddy's case, the fierce, white light of public office beat upon most of his performances. This digression—an expression of a purely personal view—is pertinent only in so far as it strengthens a favorable judgment on the eighteen months' service of Theodore Roosevelt as Governor of Porto Rico. To anticipate, I think he has found himself.

We "got" Porto Rico in the still romantic era of American thought. Those were the happy days before

Professor Beard had discovered the economic basis of our history. That was the epoch when we believed passionately that there was no privilege or opportunity equal to belonging to the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Those were the halcyon days expressed in music by John Philip Sousa's marches, in literature by Richard Harding Davis's adventurous gentlemen, in art by Frederick Remington's frontiersmen. We cheered from coast to coast the news "General Miles captures Porto Rico without a shot."

The Porto Ricans fully shared the hopefulness for a new and better era. Though the least rebellious colony of the Spanish crown in the New World, Porto Rico had suffered its share of exploitation, neglect, absentee landlordism, and military rule. We started off pretty well, too. Self-government and political freedom, which the Porto Ricans had never enjoyed, were to be theirs as rapidly as it seemed likely that they could adapt themselves to these profound transformations. The Foraker Act began the process; the Jones Act, now in force, extended citizenship to Porto Ricans in 1917. There was some early improvement in hygiene and sanitation under the efficient direction of the War Department's Bureau of Insular Affairs. Smallpox and yellow fever have been virtually eliminated. A substantial public-school system was initiated of which over a thousand new school buildings afford concrete evidence, and to which a

thirty-fold increase in the annual expenditure for primary and secondary education impressively testifies. Public works and good roads have been built.

And yet the generation under the Stars and Stripes has been a hope deferred. The Porto Ricans remain a poverty-stricken people, undernourished, a prey to disease, in the rural districts a peasantry unable to rise in the social and economic scale, weighted down by inherited handicaps beyond their power to remove unaided.

After thirty-two years of incorporation in the "land of opportunity," Porto Rico has an educational situation in the rural communities which was declared by the Brookings Institution survey in 1930 to be "nothing short of deplorable." Only 40 per cent of the children are registered; school buildings do not exist to take care of more than that proportion. The 1920 census reported 74 per cent of the adult rural population to be illiterate—and Porto Rico is essentially rural.

The mortality from tuberculosis—in a country where air and sunlight are hard to avoid—is higher than anywhere else in the Western Hemisphere, four and a half times that of the continental United States. Governor Roosevelt was shocked shortly after his arrival in October, 1929, upon an inspection of a municipal hospital for incurables, to find a woman dying of tuberculosis with her ten months' baby in bed beside her. Although the child was removed, it had already been infected. This case was not exceptional. Often in humble homes he saw mother and father racked by the cough of consumption in its advanced stages, surrounded by six or more children. Investigation disclosed that not only were existing facilities entirely inadequate, but that all funds that could possibly be diverted to combat this one disease would not begin to suffice. The one insular sanitarium had beds for 290 public patients. Local hospitals and various other institutions could take care of 200 more. Against this total of 490, some 35,000 cases required attention!

Similarly widespread are malaria and hookworm, with correspondingly inadequate means of combating them. Though these diseases take a relatively lower toll of life, their debilitating effects are disastrous, greatly reducing the victims' earning power. No material progress has been made in combating malaria in recent years. Some 600,000 Porto Ricans are afflicted with hookworm. Shoes, which are essential to prevent reinfection, are luxuries beyond the reach of a considerable portion of the population.

Coupled with disease is undernourishment. Sixty per cent of the island's children, Governor Roosevelt reported to Washington six months ago, were "greatly undernourished, many . . . on the verge of starvation." To meet the immediate situation he appealed to President Hoover, who arranged that the American Child Health Association should investigate the island. Its report led the American Relief Association Children's Fund to contribute \$100,000. The Golden Rule Foundation contributed \$50,000. Out of these funds some \$25,000 was spent to establish milk stations for babies. The rest was used through school lunchrooms, which automatically became an institution on the island, so great was the need for them. "A large percentage of the children would practically go unfed if these lunchrooms did not exist," Colonel Roosevelt subsequently reported to the War Department, which by a strange anomaly still has

charge of Porto Rico's destinies. "More often than not, the meal furnished by the school was the only substantial nourishment the children had to eat during the day." The funds from the above sources, in addition to what was raised in Porto Rico, did not suffice. For, as the Governor pointed out, while 220,000 children were attending school, 280,000 others for whom no school accommodations existed were equally underfed and undernourished.

The economic problem is an arc in the vicious circle. With sugar the major crop, coffee second, and little cultivation of foodstuffs for home consumption, these latter have to be imported at United States prices paid in Porto Rican wages. "We have, therefore," as Governor Roosevelt points out, "the anomaly of an island whose principal industry is agriculture importing most of its food." Considering the small margin of subsistence left from the workers' wages, it is plain that the island's economy, based in part on the sugar *central*, and thus making a large portion of its rural population not farmers but agricultural wage slaves, is scarcely beneficial to them, and definitely bars the road to their economic emancipation. The average annual wage on the island is about \$150. This is approximately doubled by what wife and children may bring in. But with families averaging eight persons, even \$300 a year means destitution beyond the conception of the average continental American.

The Brookings survey, headed by Dr. Victor S. Clark, last year summed up the situation thus:

While the standard of living on the whole appears to be somewhat higher than it was thirty years ago, there is no evidence to indicate that it has been improving in recent years. Indeed, it is possible that since the war period conditions have grown gradually worse.

Theodore Roosevelt decided to do something about it—and he has already made an excellent start. This effort is subdivided into a score or more of initiatives and enterprises. He familiarized himself with the problem at first hand, visiting the remotest hamlets and isolated mountain shacks where no insular executive had ever been seen. He made existing funds go farther by efficient administration. Next he, and Mrs. Roosevelt, have sought to develop all kinds of new smaller manufactures and crafts, reviving the fine Porto Rican needlework and finding a market for it at home and abroad. He has stimulated the growing of food staples by every rural family. At this point he has had difficulty with certain of the large sugar companies, though others have co-operated willingly.

Next he has sought for Porto Rico the aid which Congress under various acts extends to the States. He carried his efforts personally to Washington, and secured the island's first federal highway appropriation, a million dollars for asphaltting roads. He has sought to enlist the cooperation of everyone, from President Hoover down, in the effort to have extended to Porto Rico the Smith-Hughes and George-Reed Acts for education, the Fess-Kenyon Act for health work, the Smith-Lever and Clarke-McNary Acts for agriculture. He is having made a soil survey—never before undertaken—so that agriculture may be developed more scientifically. He is giving special attention to the studies in tropical agriculture pursued at the College of Agriculture at Mayaguez, a part of the University of Porto Rico, directed by Dr. Carlos E. Chardon, an expert in many phases of tropical cultivation who has recently become chancellor of

the university. This and the building up of a great School of Tropical Medicine, already established and operated in cooperation with Columbia University, offer opportunities not merely for self-help, but for international service.

Well-directed energy, enthusiasm, efficiency—these might have been expected of young Teddy. With it all is a very genuine modesty, which is perhaps a corollary to the evident immensity of the task. "The Porto Ricans are working their way out; I am just an instrument to try to clear some obstacles from their path," he insists.

Even more significant is an attitude which almost overnight secured the affection and cordial support of the Porto Rican people. His intensive study of Spanish, which soon enabled him not only to gain the confidence of the *jibaros*—the poor mountain whites—in his personal visits, but permitted his making all public addresses in Castilian, won him instant recognition as *simpático* and different from a great number of gubernatorial predecessors. (His accent is pronounced satisfactory, though his speech lacks the characteristic gestures, almost impossible of attainment by an adult, but which ten-year-old Quentin has mastered!)

Still more important is his formal recognition and appreciation of the Hispanic cultural heritage and his vision of Porto Rico as a meeting ground of the two cultures, Latin-Spanish and Anglo-Saxon, which share this hemisphere. Uniquely linked with both, lying between the two Americas, Porto Rico, as he visualizes it, may serve as a bridge to better understanding, a forum and laboratory for developing and extracting the best that is in each. The University of Porto Rico he conceives as a true university of the Americas—and indeed no other has its special potentialities for that role. "Where 'dollar diplomacy' has failed," he told assembled professors and students, "service, understanding, and sympathy will succeed." To this inter-American academy of learning, Latin Americans on their way to acquaintance with Anglo-America are to come. There Americans from the United States are to get their first initiation into the culture to the south of us. Teddy, recently initiated, is an ardent convert. He quotes with gusto the sonorous onomatopoeic rhythms of Luis Palos Matos—"the Porto Rican Vachel Lindsay," the Governor calls him.

"Can't some of you persuade Harry Stimson," he urged a group of university teachers and others in the First Seminar in the Caribbean, "to appoint some of our qualified Porto Rican young men to the diplomatic service in the Spanish-speaking countries?" And he pointed out how valuable the familiarity of Porto Rican Americans with the psychology, customs, and language of their Hispanic-American brothers would prove to the State Department.

The list of Porto Rico's problems is longer. Overpopulation, steadily increasing, cries aloud for more than palliatives. A volume could properly be dedicated thereto. "Unless the population remains at a standstill, Porto Rico is heading straight for disaster," is the sound view of Professor José C. Rosario, one of the island's foremost educators, who, moreover, voices the prevailing conviction of its social scientists, that while the birth rate remains at its present Himalayan height, approximately forty per thousand, "all solutions for problems will fail." Absentee ownership is an important obstacle to progress. This category of the Rooseveltian undertakings, too, is incomplete, and pending their further development had better be left so. But there is

little on the island that has not felt the quickening touch of his buoyant activity.

Contemplating, as I have for more than a decade, the darker aspects of our Caribbean policy, and the tragic bitterness and incalculable harm that our recent imperialistic ventures have created, it is heartening to come, unexpectedly, on a picture that is happily different. Porto Rico's plight, incidentally, is a caustic reminder that we might profitably have begun charity at home, and have expended some of the enforced benevolence which Haitians and Dominicans did not ask for on Caribbean territory where we have a legitimate mandate. And as those misguided excursions demand opposition, so, conversely, the gallant effort of the Roosevelts, Mr. and Mrs., and their genuine desire to make the vaunted blessings of American citizenship assume reality for Porto Rico's long-neglected Americans are worthy of encouragement and support. The job concerns us all.

A Different View

By THEODORE SCHROEDER

GOVERNOR Theodore Roosevelt cannot be justly appraised by merely knowing his performances. We must also know his opportunities and his evasions. Porto Rico's basic problem is overpopulation, with 460 persons per square mile, on nothing but agriculture. The result is women earning from 12 to 25 cents a day; and men from 40 to 60 cents a day on seasonal employment. With 60 per cent unemployed it is misleading piffle to talk about the average rates of wages or income. The Brookings survey says that with their birth rate of 39 per 1,000, all ordinary solutions must fail. For this overpopulation there is no remedy except birth control and education for emigration. The first offends a large moral superstition; the second offends American labor politicians, who always oppose the democratization of welfare. Neither solution for overpopulation could promote Mr. Roosevelt's Presidential ambitions. He evaded both issues.

The second big problem is the ownership of most of the best lands by American corporations, in apparent violation of the plain letter of the Organic Act of Porto Rico. The remedy is plainly escheat proceedings. But Mr. Roosevelt could not think of anything so offensive to the future source of campaign funds. Here silence reigns, probably because he understands that Porto Rico must not be made an issue in the United States as are the Philippines.

Mr. Roosevelt encouraged millions in Congressional appropriations to boom real estate, by harbor dredging and road building, but left the building of better human beings to private charities. Even here he exhibits himself as a canny politician. Porto Rico, with 1,600,000 people, has 35,000 tuberculosis victims, 200,000 malarial, 600,000 with hookworm, and 700,000 syphilitics. Roosevelt, to relieve this, picked tuberculosis for the major emphasis of his charitable enterprises. Here almost nothing can be accomplished, because no charity can permanently relieve the overcrowding and starvation which are the causes of tuberculosis. However, tuberculosis has a spectacular emotional appeal, in the States, which hookworm and syphilis do not

have. Presidential ambitions cannot be promoted by asking charity for hookworm and syphilis cures. They are practically ignored, therefore, in his American appeals.

It would take a long essay to exhibit young Roosevelt in the true perspective of Porto Rican realities, and I have been offered space only for this brief note. I believe that the whole story would show that predominantly Roosevelt's viewpoint is that of a medieval feudal baron, enhancing the value of his estates while evading the democratization of education and welfare.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just received the following communication from a woman whose name he withholds for reasons which he will subsequently explain:

Dear friend I am a miners wife I live in the coal fields of W. Va. where the miners and their families are suffering for food and clothing I have ten children and we are naked and barefooted and unless some good friend helps us I dont know what we are to do when the cold weather comes on. hundreds of families are throwed out of their houses on the county road with the sun and rain pouring down on them. If you have any clothing you can send me for my children just anything. I can sew and make over clothing to fit the children If you dont have anything will you pleas give this letter to some one who will send me their cast of clothing for my children.

Upon receipt of this letter the Drifter was instantly galvanized into action. He took the document to a generous friend who promised money; he took it to a lady with children of her own, who with tears in her eyes declared she would at once make up a box of cast-offs, as warm and good as possible, for the barefooted ten. He took it to one of his colleagues of *The Nation*, who demanded that it be instantly rushed into type, name, address, and all, to make without fail the coming issue.

* * * * *

AND then, acting upon the habit of a lifetime—one that he has vainly tried to shake off—he began to think. What will happen, he thought, if the letter of Mrs. X appears in next week's issue of *The Nation*? In the first place, Mrs. X will be at once the recipient of more clothing than even her ten children can manage to wear in ten years; in the second place, Mrs. Y, Z, A, B, C, and to the end of the alphabet many times over will immediately write to New York editors for aid, will receive that aid in rapidly diminishing degree, will learn to dislike and distrust the generosity of New York editors, and will eventually get nothing for their trouble, not even a letter of regret. Moreover, such irresponsible and sporadic relief of individuals without regard for the need as a whole would completely demoralize the organized relief that already exists in the various communities of striking miners and their families. These well-organized and well-managed relief committees are equipped to dispense quickly and effectively such money, clothing, and food as comes to them. They know the localities and the neediest families in each one. They suffer only from inadequacy of supplies.

WITH considerable reluctance, therefore, the Drifter has turned the letter of Mrs. X over to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, whose address is 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. He has recommended that Mrs. X be attended to as speedily as possible. And he urges that anybody with clothing or money to spare send it without delay to the committee, not only for Mrs. X and her ten, but for the hundreds of Mrs. X's facing a winter of unemployment or of insufficient wages for work done.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Miss Walton

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Lewis has acquired much information about Vermont, but he has something to learn about reviewing. Naturally I do not know whether Miss Walton read every word in the four Vermont books; perhaps she did and perhaps she didn't. What would Mr. Lewis have done if he had been handed four volumes, with the suggestion that he review them in about five hundred words? I suspect he would have read what interested him, done his best with the remainder, written his five hundred words, and pocketed his five dollars. It is a great tribute that he pays to *The Nation* and to *The Nation's* reviewers when he says he has learned to expect its reviewers to be conscientious. The quality of reviewing in *The Nation* is so high, in fact, that our Nobel Prize winner foams at the mouth at one example of what he considers incompetent and careless work.

There is another thing. Mr. Lewis says he knows nothing about the reviewer, but he does know the books in question. I know nothing about the books, but I know, simply from reading *The Nation*, something about the reviewer. For some time now I have read Miss Walton's reviews with growing admiration. I recall with particular pleasure her review of Miss Millay's "Fatal Interview," but that is only one of a great many intelligent and conscientious reviews she has written for you. All this has gone on with, so far as I know, no special commendation. And now she has perhaps slipped up for once, and Mr. Lewis mounts his high horse and sets out to annihilate her. His eloquence about the hard lot of authors of books may move some people, but I bet Miss Walton won't shed many tears, and I can think of at least one other *Nation* reviewer who has managed to remain dry-eyed.

Troy, September 12

GRANVILLE HICKS

Contributors to This Issue

J. B. S. HALDANE, Sir William Dunn Reader in Bio-chemistry at Cambridge University, is one of the most distinguished of British biologists and author of many important scientific works.

ERNEST GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, now editor of the *Portland Evening News*, is an authority on Caribbean affairs.

THEODORE SCHROEDER has spent many years in Porto Rico.

JESSIE LEMONT is the author of a book of poems, "White Nights."

FERNER NUHN contributed an essay, Art and Identity, to the last "American Caravan."

HORACE GREGORY has just published a translation of Catullus.

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

Books, Films, Drama

Snake

(Jardin des Plantes)

By JESSIE LEMONT

He curled there quiescent—
Imprisoned in the Garden,
Behind bars of metal
And thick walls of crystal
Apart in the stillness,
Withdrawn in the coils of
His own cryptic circles
That reach through the aeons—
Reach back to a Garden—
A mythical Woman
As slim as a birch-tree,
With hair spun of sunlight
And white naked body,
Arrested, transfixed by
His sinister splendor. . . .

Through bright veils of clear glass
His diamond eyes glittered;
Then slowly his head raised
High over the circles,
The tip of the coils' end
Rose upright and sent forth
The death-rattle warning—
Defensed by ringed armor,
His fangs as his javelins,
He rattled his signal,
His drum-beat of battle. . . .

Long, long since with languor
He stretched out his full length,
Each movement a silken
Slow rhythm of caressing,
Drew softly his sinuous
Voluptuous body
Against Earth's deep bosom —
Do his eyes hold visions
Of dimness of forests,
Of leaf-beds—trees arching—
Beyond bars of metal
And thick walls of crystal? . . .

A Serene Radical

More Essays of Love and Virtue. By Havelock Ellis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

TO former readers of Havelock Ellis, there will be few surprises in this latest volume of essays. They deal in the main with such questions as eugenics, birth control, and changing sexual morals and institutions, and Mr. Ellis's views on all these subjects are reasonably well known. Such modifications as appear here are mainly in emphasis and in minor details; and anyone who looks in the present volume for remarkably original ideas will be disappointed. But while

most of the ideas are familiar, we must not forget that it is Ellis who has helped to make them so. In spite of the fact that there is little that is strictly new in the present essays, they are still important and unfailingly interesting.

Current criticism is right in sensing that Ellis is a writer of real stature, but it is sometimes mistaken in its conception of just what qualities create that stature; and when we praise a writer for the wrong virtues we are certain to do him an ultimate injustice. It would be easy to name a number of living writers, like Freud, Jung, and Spengler, with more seminal minds than Ellis; or writers more acute and rigorous in their logic, like Bertrand Russell and Morris Cohen; or writers more vigorous, like Shaw; or greater artists in prose. But it would be difficult to name anyone with a mind that has achieved a finer balance and harmony, a mind at once so rich, so widely curious and receptive. This harmony is apparent in the reconciliation that Ellis has effected between a temperament that contains so much that is unmistakably romantic, and a style that embodies the great traditional classical virtues of clarity, order, and good sense—with the addition of a quiet but unflinching courage, and a serenity and dignity rare not only in our time but in any time. Ellis's stature as a writer, in brief, owes at least as much to his moral as to his intellectual qualities.

His chapter in the present volume on *The Revaluation of Obscenity* exemplifies his characteristic approach. Ellis might easily have become more indignant on this subject than he does; he prefers to let his humor play quietly over our human imbecilities:

Even the most estimable clergyman may safely refer to the action by which we are brought into the world by a word of Latin source in eight or more letters without risking his chances of a *congé d'élire*. But if in the course of a sermon he inadvertently referred to the same act by a good old English word of four letters—such as a child may chalk on the pavement without endangering the structure of society—he is less likely to find himself on the episcopal throne than in prison, unless by the strenuous exertions of his friends he is sent to a lunatic asylum. . . . We still live in a society which meekly permits a man to be fined or even sent to prison for the unfashionable use of perfectly correct synonyms.

Ellis then goes on to relate how impossible those who have been most energetic in the legal suppression of "obscenity" have found it to define what it is they are trying to suppress. He cites the most frequent legal definition—"which excites or promotes sexual desires"—and then asks what would happen if this definition were seriously applied. When one thousand college women were asked by Dr. Katharine Davis what they found most "sexually stimulating," the largest number replied: "Man." "The problem," comments Ellis, "thus becomes of tragic consequence, for we see that if obscenity is to be suppressed it can only be done by the extinction of one half of the human race. And as men, if asked the same question, would in an equal majority undoubtedly answer: 'Woman'—why, there goes the other half."

There are times in the present essays, however, when I wish Mr. Ellis had defined the issue more sharply, notably in his chapter on *The Function of Taboos*. Here he argues that taboos are essential in human life; that "below the surface there always are reasons" for them, whether those who act in accordance with them recognize those reasons or not; and that while it is often necessary to get rid of individual taboos, or to substitute good ones for bad ones, it is neither possible nor desirable to get rid of taboos generally. This line of reasoning seems to me extremely dubious, though the whole question may be simply one of definition. Mr. Ellis defines a taboo as,

roughly, "something that is 'not done.'" and then goes on to cite as illustrations such "taboos" as that against performing certain natural functions in public, and those against stealing and murder. But this seems to be stretching the word taboo unduly, to cover virtually the whole network of conventions. The essence of the taboo, it seems to me—regardless of whether any particular one happens to be socially advantageous or otherwise—is that it is observed *superstitiously*, or at best unthinkingly, rather than from any direct perception of its social consequences. If there are rational reasons against a certain act, and if the people of any society avoid that act consciously for those reasons, it is hardly fair, and it is certainly confusing, to call the avoidance a taboo, even if it happens to be supported by social pressure. Even if it were true that "there always are reasons" for taboos, no current taboo can ever be justified by its *historical* reasons, but only by its effect on current social welfare. But if any existing taboo is defensible only on the ground of its essential present rationality, it cannot be defended as a taboo.

HENRY HAZLITT

America's Two Cultures

America Hispana: A Portrait and a Prospect. By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

FOR years we have not lacked a voice here and there telling of valuable deposits south of the Rio Grande—and by that was not meant copper or *guano*. Connoisseurs of the Southwest like Mary Austin, and particularly that very devoted band, the scientists of the American Indian, have long insisted that the quality of aboriginal and present Spanish-Indian culture was being fatuously underappreciated. In the last decade or two these scattered enthusiasms have got large reinforcement. The world has become aware of an authentic renaissance in Mexico, truly based on the native life. Journalists, sociologists, folklorists, novelists, and even an ambassador of the United States have fallen in love with the land of mesa and mountain valley, Franciscan church, Indian dance, and folk festival—sensing, perhaps, in the slow tempo, the basking calm of Indian village, the bright hand-arts, communal cornfields, and moneyless marts, virtues lost and longed for in the specialized American world.

Waldo Frank's study takes in more than Mexico, takes in as well the whole of Central and South America. Developed from a lecture tour of the southern continent, his ambitious project has been to portray and then prognosticate the cultures of this entire world. His approach is by way of a geographical mysticism, first in affirming credence in an original land-bridge between Spain and Central America—the lost Atlantis, in fact—and likewise between Asia and America, which mythical connections become for him the symbol of a final spiritual unity. And secondly, in conjuring up the dominating earth influences of the various South American sections: of rock and sun in the Andes, the pampa of Argentina, Chile's Pacific slope, the forest of Brazil, etc. To this is added an historical analysis of the various racial qualities: greed and piety in the Spaniard, the social genius of the Incas, Aztec resignation, and negroid naturalism, with a speculation upon the resulting *mestizo*, whose crucial role and possibility of emergence along the lines of his best inheritance Mr. Frank believes in, but whose present state he describes as slothful and chaotic.

An interlude evokes the careers of San Martín and Bolívar. Then follows a prospect of the two Americas: "half worlds" both, according to Mr. Frank, the northern a body without a spirit, the southern a spirit without a body. For the northern world Mr. Frank holds out an idea of radical spiritual conversion by way of a new concept of the "relative" as opposed to

the absolute person. For the southern continent he outlines a process of organization involving "vertebration" or morale, federation of the more akin states, and "integration" of its practical with its spiritual life. Threading the whole book are Mr. Frank's oft-repeated philosophical tenets: of the cosmos as a "continuum," of the complementariness of power and love, etc.

On the plane of theory, much that Mr. Frank argues must be agreed with. North America is weak in ends, South America in means. On certain particulars there will be less agreement. Some will not prize the Conquest—Catholic heritage and all—as highly as Mr. Frank does, who ignores such a truly spiritual catastrophe (yet a proper part of the sort of "whole" built up by the medieval church) as the burning of Aztec and Maya libraries. Some will feel, in fact, that the Spanish spirit has been unduly advanced by Mr. Frank, at the expense of the native Indian. When it comes to our own country, some of us may feel that the absence of all qualities growing out of the Protestant movement, a tradition bitterly attacked by Mr. Frank, would result in a considerable spiritual impoverishment, and that his description of the virtue of toleration, for instance, as mere indifference is unfair to the whole libertarian struggle.

So much for the "argument" of the book. But now it must be noted that Mr. Frank's writing, here as elsewhere, has the unfortunate effect of being all "argument." At the crucial point of communication, when the reader is looking for the word which, to quote Robert Frost, is a "deed," there is only—more argument, more theory. We read that "the need of the United States is a new germinal value." That this value is "a new concept of the person," "the person as part of the whole." But the thing remains abstract. It is clear that what Mr. Frank is really interested in is not a value so much as a system. To work out his system engages him, and throughout his book all observations, all symbols, are so quickly abstracted into the system that they lose what evocative power they might have had. Along with this is a certain blindness to the creative power of the reader—as for instance when Mr. Frank compares the dilemma of the Hispanic world under North American economic aggression to the plight of spineless water creatures during the age when land rose and rivers flowed and (according to a theory) to keep their habitats in the current the creatures were forced to achieve vertebrae. One can imagine the enthusiasm of the young South American reading this and seeing himself likened to a jelly fish.

So "America Hispana," for all its pretensions, is likely to fall back to a level of publicism, where it should have an accomplishment in stimulating interest between the two Americas.

FERNER NUHN

The Power of Pleasing

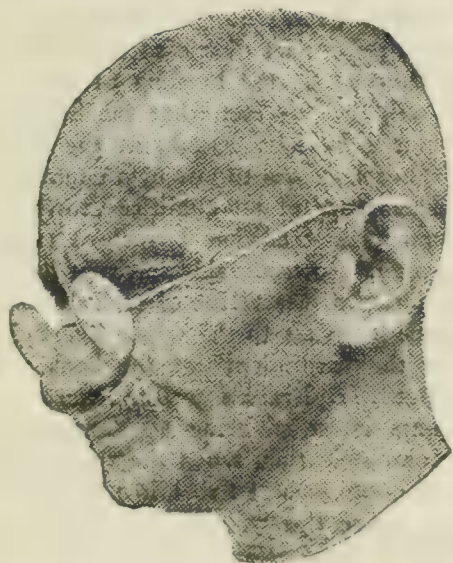
The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay (Frances Burney). Edited and Selected with a Preface and Notes by Muriel Masfield. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.75.

The Nun of the Ca'Frollo. The Life and Letters of Henrietta Gardner Macy. By Clementine Bacher and Jessie Orr White. William Farquar Payson. \$5.

WHEN she was twenty-six, Miss Fanny Burney, having lived quietly at home because she was, unlike her brothers and sisters, thought too shy to go to school, came up to London. Her subsequent career reads like a miracle. Literary lions bowed down before her; the great Dr. Johnson would have her sit beside him and listen to his playful flattery. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sheridan, Gibbon, Burke the famous, all vied with one another to do her honor. It is true that Miss Burney had been so foresighted as to write a novel called "Evelina"; but epoch-making as that book seemed

GANDHI

speaks for himself



MAHATMA GANDHI AT WORK

His Own Story Continued

Edited by C. F. Andrews

The epic story contained in this second volume of Gandhi's autobiography, edited by one of his closest friends, goes far to explain the beliefs and methods through which he has reached a unique place among the leaders of world thought. We can see here before our eyes, in its dramatic setting, an insignificant body of persecuted and despised men and women transformed into a conquering army. That "moral equivalent for war" which William James advocated, is set up as a practical working principle. To the West, in its efforts to recover from the disastrous effects of War, it offers a way of peace. No clearer understanding of Mahatma Gandhi's life, character, and program can be had than in this new book.

Just published \$2.50

MAHATMA GANDHI HIS OWN STORY

"... an almost incredible autobiography. ... And it is a necessary book to any who wishes to understand what is happening in India today," says the *New York Herald Tribune*. "The reason for this man's overwhelming influence emerges from this book."—*London Times*. \$2.50

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS

Gandhi's ideas and philosophy are set forth in his own writings, selected and edited, with a running commentary, by Mr. Andrews. For those who would understand the inner life of India's saint, there is no better exposition available. Read in conjunction with Gandhi's own story, this volume gives a fully rounded view of the man.

\$3.00

Obtainable at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY : NEW YORK

to a literary world to which simple realism was completely strange, it seems inadequately to explain the social triumph of its author. There was something about Fanny Burney herself that made her sought after by men and women more than twice her age and with more than twice her fame. From her letters and her diaries one gathers that she was by no means without wit. She could demurely hold her own in conversation even with the great. But besides wit she had great commonsense, a gentle and sympathetic manner, most of all, a refreshing goodness and kindness that must have been very winning.

This goodness is very evident in Miss Burney's later life, when as Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte she described herself as having experienced from the royal family nothing but the most warm-hearted affection and generosity. It was so also with her friends, both at the English court and later among the French émigrés to whom her marriage brought her. It is fairly plain that people were kind to Miss Burney because she was kind to them. She liked them, quite simply and wholeheartedly—except James Boswell, for whom she could never conquer her distaste.

This affection for people is demonstrated even more clearly in the life of Henrietta Gardner Macy, who, born in Illinois and educated at Antioch College and at Vassar, spent the last forty years of her life as a busy and happy expatriate in Venice. Miss Macy not only liked everybody; her likes took the form of the most ardent and unremitting generosity and love. In Venice the American Ambassador, the porter, the gondolier, the Mayor, various Marchesas, innumerable fish-women and wine-sellers, all the children in town, and the great Duse herself were among her unchanging friends. She was always poor in spite of a lifetime of fairly successful work as an artist, because whenever she had money, she had also some poor soul to share it with—or give it to entire. In her school for the children of the glass-blowers of Murana she taught thrift, kindness, cleanliness, punctuality, and the practical values of a life of work. In her own life she faithfully exemplified these virtues. She was courageous, resourceful, witty, and good. Her goodness was evidently unmistakable to anybody who saw her, and likewise irresistible.

As pictures, therefore, of two women who were universally admired and loved mainly because they were good, these books provide refreshing entertainment. Miss Masefield has been clever enough to let Fanny Burney do her own talking. Miss Macy's editors have interspersed her letters and notes with leaden-footed comments which fortunately do not much detract from the value of the book. Both Miss Burney and Miss Macy could write charmingly and with detachment of their own lives, which meant often of their disappointment and pain. Neither had an easy life but both had many friends. Their letters should not fail to make them more.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Middle-Class Tragedy

Saturday Night at the Greyhound. By John Hampson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

IT is very nearly impossible to read or write about John Hampson's first novel without enthusiasm. Here we have in the work of a young novelist something far more than the usual display of a natural talent. Mr. Hampson's people are mature and well-rounded characterizations, and the situation that he presents in "Saturday Night at the Greyhound" is one that has implications far beyond a mere statement of realistic facts.

"The Greyhound," an inn at Grovelace, one of those delightfully rural English villages, is the scene of action. The

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

time is Saturday night, a big night for business in any public house anywhere. The story is told by means of the internal monologue, each character speaking a part in language as crisp and direct as the dialogue of a well-written play.

We have Fred Flack, the big, bluff, drunken landlord; Ivy, his wife, who sees all too clearly the ruin of "The Greyhound" and her own life; and young Tom, her brother, assistant at the bar, whose love for his sister, and hatred of Fred, her husband, and whose own sense of frustration are bound together in a neurotic merry-go-round that leads nowhere but to disaster. And there is Clara, the barmaid, caught by an inevitable design of circumstances, in love with Flack, the landlord. The results are clear enough; they are all the materials of lower middle-class tragedy. One waits for the crash.

Behind the dramatic story is portrayed the decline of the English middle-class. Ivy and Tom were children of a respectable, well-to-do keeper of a public house in Birmingham. The death of the father and mother and the passing of "The Crown and Cushion" brought the tradition of material success to an end. Ivy had married attractive Fred Flack, a bounder and a braggart, product of an environment very like her own, and she did not have the strength to keep him in line. Tom had no other interest in life but his sister; her marriage had separated them, bitterly; but when Ivy had sunk her inheritance in "The Greyhound" and asked him to help her run the place, he could not refuse. The ideals and morality of middle-class society in decline are not strong enough to carry the weight of fundamental moral issues—and economic failure accelerates the process of disintegration.

Mr. Hampson presents his case curtly, frankly, decisively. His story is stripped for action; one may read the moral between the lines.

HORACE GREGORY

Toward Classicism

The Signature of Pain, and Other Poems. By Alan Porter. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

PRONOUNCEMENTS from all sides inform us that we are to return to the emphasis upon "taste" and the avoidance of "passion" prescribed by the eighteenth century. With T. S. Eliot, as always, leading, and with the younger, less creative critics following, the procession moves away from "feeling," from "mere sensation" in poetry toward lucidity and "purity" of form. This present century which, in Eliot's words is "with its elaborate equipment of science and psychological analysis even less fitted than the Victorian age to appreciate poetry as poetry" must be fled. The maudlin nineteenth century is, of course, the horror of horrors. But the procession comes to stay, at last, in the strictly defined realms of the eighteenth century and to blow its trumpets of admiration over those developments in the seventeenth century which moved toward the Classical Age.

Poets, therefore, who follow this procession must divorce themselves deliberately from the moving forces of their own day. Such simplicity as they aspire to can result only from working with ideas perfectly understood and long recognized. Such maturity as they would gain is possible only through living in the past; for the world of the present is forever in its childhood. Choosing a world whose "taste" is already judged, they must write down the ideas of that world in the patterns that world has perfected. They must set down poetry which is not the vulgar "metamorphosis of their own feeble desires and lust, or what they believe to be the intensity of passion," but poetry which is the mirror of a world fixed in time and space, of a mind reduced in its explorations to a small portion of the past already critically comprehended.

Just Published In The
MODERN LIBRARY
AT 95 CENTS A COPY

**WILLA
CATHER'S**

Famous Novel

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED IN ONE VOLUME



Other Recent Titles

A HISTORY OF THE BORGAS By Frederick Baron Corvo

THE LIVES OF THE TWELVE CAESARS By Suetonius

SANINE By Artzibashev

THE DECAMERON By Boccaccio

THE OLD WIVES' TALE By Arnold Bennett

THE COUNTERFEITERS By André Gide

THE MODERN LIBRARY GIANTS

These are books that obviously belong on the Modern Library list, but whose texts are much too long for the usual format. The "Giant" format has been designed to permit their publication in one compact volume, complete and unabridged.

TOLSTOY'S WAR AND PEACE
BOSWELL'S
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
VICTOR HUGO'S LES MISERABLES
One Dollar A Copy

At all booksellers

Send for the new Modern Library list

THE MODERN LIBRARY, INC., 20 East 57th Street, N. Y.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S

most important book in years

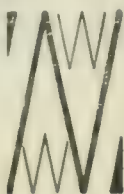
In *THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK* Bertrand Russell has written what he regards as one of his most important books. He analyzes the logic of Eddington and Jeans, who believe that science leads back to religion. He is equally opposed to the thinkers, Russian and others, who embrace technological society. And he establishes himself as one of the foremost wits of our day, in a book that will be quoted and discussed wherever thinking people gather. **\$3.00**

THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK

THE UNIVERSE in the Light of MODERN PHYSICS by Max Planck. The originator of the quantum theory writes his first book for the general reader. **\$2.00**

ECONOMICS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY by Theo Suranyi-Unger. EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN. A complete and important survey of modern economic thinking, in its philosophical and social implications. Published Oct. 8. **\$5.00**

W. W. NORTON & CO., INC.
70 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



WAR

Organized Destruction and Mass
Murder by Civilized Nations

By SCOTT NEARING

Author of "Black America," "The Twilight of
Empire," etc.

Dr. Nearing contends that war is not
■ relapse into barbarism—rather,
that it is the primary business of civ-
ilization.

At All Bookstores, \$3

The VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue New York City

Now, as Eliot, who is always one step ahead of his followers, has already pointed out, there is something to be gained by this retreat into the past: lucidity, critical values, perfection of form—and most important of all, a historic sense which corrects the extravagances and absurdities of a limited contemporary view. But there is also a loss: vitality is likely to be opposed to "maturity," and in restricting himself to the past and gaining, thereby, an adulthood, the poet is likely to lose emotional receptivity. He no longer taps the springs of his own life; he lives in a dead world.

Alan Porter in his book, "The Signature of Pain," is one of those poets who has returned to the late seventeenth century and its manner. He is complete master of the ideas and patterns of that century. He is hailed by English critics—always eager to praise technical perfection—as among the best of the moderns. The truth is that he is one of those moderns who, following the critical trend, have returned to the classical past. And he has both gained and lost thereby: something of the expertness and the maturity of point of view of the seventeenth century masters is his, but their passion—and there is no other word for the intensity which was Donne's, and even at times, Marvell's—is not his. How could it be? They felt the world in which they lived; Porter, born in the twentieth century, grasps that past world intellectually only, and not emotionally. The experiences of life have come to him second hand. He has made himself a poet through reliving, as it were, the ideas of older poets, not through experiencing life at first hand. All this is legitimate enough and it has, in Alan Porter's case, resulted in fine technical accomplishment; it has resulted in making him, for those who hold today for the classical renaissance, one of the leading figures. But for those of us who feel in this retreat into the past something artificial and timid, it names Porter another poet who proves that divorcement from the present, chaotic though it may be, is likely to result in an emotional emptiness out of which comes no great poetry. Precision and clarity, the banners flung on the wind today by certain of our critics, Alan Porter certainly has. But he has not what T. S. Eliot cannot escape, the sense of Life, of the immediacy of events, be they present or past; therefore, his verse, accomplished as it is, rings a little hollow.

EDA LOU WALTON

Books in Brief

The Rediscovery of the Frontier. By Percy H. Boynton. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Boynton has written a guide to reading rather than a piece of critical literature, but the result is no less valuable because the aim was modest. The American books to which he introduces us, and which he ably summarizes, are those which in the present generation, whether by way of criticism, of fiction, or of biography, have dealt with the idea of the frontier in a more or less realistic fashion. Scholars like Ralph Rusk and Dorothy Dondore, autobiographers like Hamlin Garland and Glenway Wescott, novelists like Edna Ferber, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, Ole Edvart Rølvaag, Martha Ostenso, and Herbert Quick are treated with an impartiality commendable in one who approaches so controversial a subject. There is always in the bargain a backward glance at figures in American literature who anticipated the present movement. Mr. Boynton has rendered any student of American literature a distinct and solid service.

Easy Pickings. By Al Hill. Brentano's. \$2.

This is the crudely written autobiography of a former professional crook, now an actor in Hollywood, the genuineness of which is vouched for by Jim Tully. Hill was a tough kid

in a tough neighborhood. He became a trapeze performer while still a youngster, traveling with a vaudeville act all over the United States. But he tired of the job and decided to live on his wits. He was thief, pickpocket, burglar; he became a drug addict, and finally wound up in prison. He seems to have been of superior caliber in some respects for he fought his habit secretly while in prison in order not to be classed with the "cokies," nearly dying during the ordeal. When his time was up he made no new resolutions. He would start straight and see. He was more fortunate than many, found work that enabled him to live, and now has achieved a measure of success. The book is a human document without heroics or exaggerations and as such is worth perusal.

The Books of the Emperor Wu Ti. By Walter Meckauer. Minton, Balch and Company. \$2.

This novel was awarded a German literary prize—it is hard to see what for. The style is without distinction, the matter without authority, the fantasy without imagination. Half of the book is dull fairy tale full of simpering symbolism, the other half revolution-, white-devil-, noble-martyr-stuff. The total effect is like that of a decorative panel in a chop suey restaurant, and as there are admirers of the latter there will perhaps be admirers of the former too.

Susan Spray. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

In *Susan Spray*, Sheila Kaye-Smith has created a female mystic who appears in mid-Victorian times on the familiar Sussex countryside. From her earliest poverty-stricken childhood Susan thinks of herself as one apart. She imagines she has visions and is not slow to realize that these redound greatly to her practical advantage. She early becomes a leader in the little sect known as Colgate Brethren—"The splendid gate, the holy gate, the Colgate"—and later founds a faith of her own. The character of Susan the preacher, the partly self-deceived and partly witting humbug, the vain and ambitious leader, is excellently developed. But Susan the woman in her loves and marriages is never quite real nor are her three husbands fully realized. The novel has been enthusiastically received in England; and it is a careful study of a certain type of mystic mind. But as a piece of art it falls far short of "Joanna Godden."

Little Essays from the Works of Henry David Thoreau. Selected by Charles R. Murphy. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

Mr. Murphy has looked through Thoreau's books—and not, incidentally, through his Journals—for perfect pieces of writing one page long. Sometimes they are two pages long. But they are always perfect, and it will be well for one who is not acquainted with Thoreau to meet him in this volume, where, to be sure, he never is allowed to get going on one of the subjects nearest to his pugnacious heart, but where he displays his writing gift—never surpassed in American prose—regularly to the best advantage. Mr. Murphy has supplied a valuable companion volume to "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals."

Rome and the Romans. By Grant Showerman. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

What Rome looked like, what it stood for to the rest of the Mediterranean world of which it became the source of law and fashion, how its institutions evolved and functioned, who its citizens were and how they spent their days—this is the domestication of Roman history that Professor Showerman attempts, on the whole successfully. His attitude, however, is that of the Latin classroom, uncritically reverent, toward a people undeniably great but as undeniably human.

GRAFT IN BUSINESS

By John T. Flynn

Investors and business men generally are the victims of a vicious system whereby business is stealthily tapped for secret, unearned and often dishonest profits.

\$3 At Bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue
New York City

A New Book

"full of good things"

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

By C. DELISLE BURNS

"He provides us, with singular charm and persuasiveness, with an announcement of practical salvation, into which all men of good-will can enter. . . . This is an extraordinarily competent exposition of political modernism, full of good things."—George E. G. Catlin in *The Nation*

"Here is one of, if not the sanest, coolest, most astute and therefore most interesting studies of modern life that has been published to date. . . . The book should produce a feeling in any attentive reader akin to that produced by a good meal."—*Philadelphia Ledger*

At all bookstores \$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY :: NEW YORK

Know these interesting subjects.

THE Extension School of Adult Education, New York University, offers a program of organized yet unrestricted study for those who know the importance of being well informed and conversationally interesting. There are no requirements beyond your ambition. Among the courses to be offered are An Approach to Shakespeare—Some Problems of Modern Social Life—What the Modern Writers are Doing—The Modern Poets.

Registration begins on Thursday, September 10th, and continues through Saturday, September 26th.

Apply for Bulletin now. Make plans for early registration. Write Dept. N

RUFUS D. SMITH, Director, University Extension Division

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Washington Square East New York, N. Y.

EXTRAORDINARY CELEBRATION TOUR TO THE SOVIET UNION

INCLUDING 14 DAYS IN U. S. S. R.

Specially arranged to witness the spectacular celebration of the 14th anniversary of the October Revolution.

Visiting: Leningrad, Moscow, Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, the Kremlin, a collective farm, Red Army and Workers' clubs, factories and many places of historical and cultural interest.

\$225

\$230 - \$235

Includes round trip steamship ticket and all hotel accommodations and meals, railways and sleepers, from New York to Moscow.

Sailing October 15
S. S. DEUTSCHLAND
S. S. EUROPA
S. S. AQUITANIA

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.

The First American Travel Organization
to Conduct Tours to the Soviet Union

175 Fifth Avenue ALgonquin 4-6656 New York

The Substitute Bride. By Clare Sheridan. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

Recently in "Naked Truth," an account of her extraordinary career as sculptress and journalist in Russia, Mexico, Ireland and Italy, Clare Sheridan revealed her talent for reporting the unusual. In "The Substitute Bride"—the American publisher's sensational title for what appeared in England as "El Caid"—she displays the same gift. The heroine, an unconventional and courageous French girl living in Algeria, finds it possible to penetrate behind the deceiving exterior of Arab life and to win the confidence both of El Caid, the ruler of Sidi Sersour, and of the inmates of "the women's quarter." There she meets a mysterious young girl with a rebellious spirit, and at considerable danger to herself rescues her from her cloistered life. The story at this point becomes sensational, and one suspects that Mrs. Sheridan is over-conscious of the possibilities that her subject presents for an exotic screen melodrama. Yet her novel is raised above this level by its powerful and convincing account of that little known part of the Algerian population which, ruled by ancient and merciless customs, has lived for centuries behind veils and walls.

Heinrich Heine: A Critical Examination of the Poet and His Works. By H. Walter. Bloch Publishing Company. \$4.25.

Coming from the department of Germanic languages and literature in McGill University, this critical biography is a commendable product of the academic method. The author is not rigidly impartial, for he frequently steps forward as a champion, but he presents both sides of every debatable point and leaves the reader freedom of choice. His style has neither modish brilliance of phrase nor the cold glitter of the psycho-analytic scalpel. Traditional snap-judgments are opposed by two of his contentions—that Heine had a strong character, and that he was an optimist beneath his mockery. Few will disagree with Professor Walter's concluding dictum: "Heine, the protagonist of individual liberty and the deadly foe of all chauvinistic patriotism, still stands right in the midst of these controversies, and is apt to be judged from the standpoint of one party or another." The lyricism of Heine was incidental to his eminently keen critical faculty.

The Life Story of Brigham Young. By Susa Young Gates in Collaboration with Leah D. Widtsoc. With a Foreword by Reed Smoot. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

This book is not the definitive biography of Brigham Young that has long been needed, for the joint authors, daughter and grand-daughter respectively of Brigham Young, have written not only with warm personal devotion but also with unquestioning acceptance of the divine inspiration and leadership which Young claimed, the miracles which he is said to have performed, and the polygamy which he accepted and practiced. The fact that Senator Smoot contributes a foreword, however, gives the book a kind of official standing, and the reader who is not repelled by the pervading adulation and the serene defense of Mormon tenets and practices will find it a mine of well-ordered information that richly repays reading. Mrs. Gates is at her best in describing the early experiences of the Mormons in Illinois and Missouri, the great trek across the plains and mountains of Utah, and the incidents of what, in her hands, becomes a simple, affectionate, and rather charming domestic life in the expanded family circle. The larger aspects of political Mormonism in its relations with the Federal government are less ably handled. Brigham Young himself emerges as a powerful character, an altogether extraordinary combination of physical vigor, religious zeal, masterful control of his followers, and shrewd business and practical sense. Most of the forty-odd illustrations are of the present day.

Films

Pictures from Plays

MOTION pictures are created in three main ways: they are written directly, adapted from novels, or adapted from the stage. It seems to me that up to now pictures adapted from the stage have by far the best average record—one need merely recall such films as "The Front Page," "Street Scene," "Outward Bound," "Disraeli," "Journey's End," "Holiday," and "The Royal Family." This record has been sustained in the past fortnight in "Five Star Final" (Winter Garden), "Waterloo Bridge" (Mayfair), and "The Guardsman" (Astor). None of these pictures is a masterpiece, but all of them command respect, and "The Guardsman" commands a great deal of it. To realize their quality one may merely compare them with such a picture as "This Modern Age," which opened at the Capitol in the same week. That picture was, so far as I know, written directly for the screen. It is typical of all the pictures of flaming youth in the last decade; it is, indeed, a sort of composite photograph of them. Miss Joan Crawford is obliged to take the part of the usual heroine who is outwardly wild but inwardly simple. It is not fair to blame actors when they fail to make themselves convincing under such requirements. Compared with "This Modern Age" Molnar's deft comedy seems far more deft than it is, and the admirable acting of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne seems almost incredibly subtle. "Waterloo Bridge," while it falls short of the level reached by "The Guardsman," retains a quality of sincerity and courage seldom met with in pictures written directly for the screen.

The reasons for the marked average superiority of the picture adapted from the stage to the picture directly built up for the screen are not mysterious. The picture written directly is designed for a mass audience of millions. The typical Hollywood producer, even when he is himself relatively intelligent, refuses to trust this mass audience to see anything but the most blatantly obvious. A play, however, because it can survive with so much smaller an audience, can afford a few nuances; a few plays can even afford to appeal directly to the intelligent, and they sometimes succeed. A play is unlikely to be adapted for screen production unless it has been already commercially successful; therefore when it is adapted it comes with the prestige of this success behind it. The director may really respect it; and even if he regards it as a little too intelligent, a little too honest, he may decide that it is safer—safer commercially—to leave it essentially alone than radically to alter it. The adapted novel finds more difficulty in protecting itself; the changes that *must* be made in adapting it are necessarily so much greater that it is much easier to cheapen and to caricature it. Occasionally the director adheres faithfully to the spirit of the novel, and then we have an honest picture like "All Quiet"; more often what happens is what happened to Mr. Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Yet the advantage *ought* to be with the picture directly conceived of in terms of the screen, for only such pictures can be expected to realize the medium's full possibilities. Even the best pictures adapted from plays, for example, are apt to retain a curious indoor and static quality, and to progress by means of talk rather than by talk integrated with action. One finds this both in "Waterloo Bridge" and in "The Guardsman." They are tied down by the physical limitations of this original medium. But those physical limitations are of minor importance compared with the psychological limitations that affect the great bulk of pictures written directly for the screen.

HENRY HAZLITT

ASPECTS OF MODERNISM

A series of seven lecture-discussions by distinguished artists and writers at The Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University.

LEWIS MUMFORD

Author of *Sticks and Stones*, *The Golden Day*, etc.

1. The Modern Spirit Wednesday, Oct. 14

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dramatic critic of *The Nation*

2. In Drama Wednesday, Oct. 21

MME. OLGA SAMAROFF

Member of faculty, Juilliard Graduate School of Music

3. In Music (illustrated) Wednesday, Oct. 28

JOHN ERSKINE

Author of *Helen of Troy*, *Galahad*, etc.

4. In Literature Wednesday, Nov. 4

JONAS LIE

American painter

5. In the Arts Wednesday, Nov. 11

H. A. OVERSTREET

Author of *The Enduring Quest*

6. In Philosophy Wednesday, Nov. 18

DR. L. T. JACKS

President, Manchester College, Oxford University
Author of *The Education of the Whole Man*

7. In Education Wednesday, Nov. 25

Admission to these stimulating discussions is by Members' Annual Ticket—which also admits to more than 150 other worthwhile events by such authorities and artists as Ruth St. Denis, Alfred North Whitehead, Rafael Sabatini, Max Eastman, William Beebe and Albert E. Wiggam

You may become a member of the Institute and participate in this outstanding program. Meetings are held on week-day evenings from mid-October until April 1st, in McMillin Academic Theatre, Northeast Corner of Broadway and 116th Street.

Members' Annual Ticket, admitting to more than 150 events, lectures, concerts, plays, and recitals, is but \$15. (Double membership, \$25.)

THE INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Columbia University

New York

☐ I enclose \$..... for a membership (single, \$15; double, \$25), which will admit me to more than 150 Institute events.

☐ Please send me complete announcement of the Institute program for 1931-1932.

Name

Address

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

"The most popular and the most scientific exposition of the subject which has ever been written."

—CHANCELLOR PHILIP SNOWDEN

Protection or Free Trade

By HENRY GEORGE

Unabridged-clothbound, Postpaid, \$1.00

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place New York City

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

After Tomorrow—John Golden—W. 58 St.
†Cloudy With Showers—Morosco—W. 45 St.
Friendship—Fulton—W. 46 St.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
I Love an Actress—Times Square—W. 42 St.
*Just to Remind You—Broadhurst—W. 44 St.
†Ladies of Creation—Cort—W. 48 St.
†Old Man Murphy—Hudson—W. 44 St.
‡Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way and 43 St.
‡The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
*The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
The Constant Sinner—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.
‡Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

Most Sensational Play of the Year!

MAE WEST

in THE CONSTANT SINNER

(See JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH'S Review in This Issue)

ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40
Mats.: Wed. & Sat.

EUROPA 154 West 55th St., Just East of 7th Ave., Circle 7-0129
Popular Prices — Continuous from noon to midnight!

Commencing Wednesday September 23rd!

The only worthy successor to "Two Hearts in Waltz Time!"
The romantic German screen operetta

"DIE LINDENWIRTIN VOM RHEIM"

("The Inn at the Rhine")

With the most enchanting musical score to come from abroad.
English explanatory titles!

With KÄTHE DORSCH, Germany's foremost light operetta diva.

THE GROUP

Invites its friends to its Fourteenth Anniversary

MUSICALE AND DANCE

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 29th, at 8:30 P. M., at 150 West 85th St.

JIM PHILLIPS

(well known Concert Singer) in a Recital of Songs

DANCING UNTIL PAST MID-NIGHT

Tuesday Evening, October 6th, at 8:30 P. M.

HEYWOOD BROWN

will speak on:

"IT SEEMS TO ME"

Sunday Afternoon, October 4th, at 4:30 P. M.

PROF. J. C. CHATTERJI

(President of the 'India Academy of America')

will speak on:

"MAHATMA GANDHI AS A WORLD FACTOR"
MUSICAL PROGRAM TEA SERVED

(Weekly Notices Mailed on Request)

Drama

In Defense of Mae West

DURING six years of professional play-going I managed to escape Miss Mae West. Last night I remedied this obvious defect in my education and after witnessing "The Constant Sinner" (Royale Theater) I am bound to confess that she is neither one-half so bad as I expected nor one-tenth so bad as the audience which gathered to see her.

I had, to be sure, supposed that the type of beauty which she represents was more completely passé than is apparently the case. Only sailors, I thought, still admired mere quantity in a woman, and I did not know that peroxide hair gleaming above curves which are laid out along truly epic lines was still supposed by a considerable section of the public to constitute Woman in her most irresistibly seductive form. But that, after all, is only a matter of fashion, and Miss West is doubtless only a kind of Lillian Russell gone slightly to seed. What really matters is that she has what the advertisements call "personality," and that she has, besides, a sound if not very subtle idea of stage technique. Suppose that she does pause every now and then in a manner which says as plainly as any words could say, "I am about to pull a gag and it's going to be dirty, too"? I have seen actresses as respectable as Ethel Barrymore descend to methods hardly more subtle, and the defense in each case is the same. Audiences laugh when they are told that they should.

As for the play—written and apparently staged by Miss West herself—it is simple-minded, lurid, and crude; but it is at least not dull with that discouraging, anemic dullness characteristic of half the respectable plays produced on Broadway. All about a woman who dragged men down and *down* and *DOWN*, it begins with a few dirty lines planted for the obvious purpose of assuring the audience that it is not going to be cheated out of what it came for; but once it gets under way it reveals itself as a very competent job of rough stage carpentering, and by comparison with, let us say, the drama which Arthur Hopkins has just withdrawn too promptly to give me a chance for comment, it is brilliant dramaturgy. In fact, I will go a good deal further. It is dramatically as sound and intellectually as respectable as a play like Belasco's "Lulu Belle," which ran for a year in one of our temples of art. And yet (if my memory serves me) Miss West once went actually to jail, while Mr. Belasco, so the newspapers inform us, is to have annual memorial services in several European capitals. It's the rich gets all the pleasure—and if someone will arise to proclaim in appropriate style that "they ain't done right by our Mae" I, for one, will whistle and stamp my feet.

The audience, as I have already indicated, is another matter. It is difficult to imagine just where its members come from, but I have a theory. All the little boys who, in the early days of the movies, used to emit loud "smacks" when the hero kissed the heroine, must have grown up and gathered at the Royale just for the sake of being children again. They greet every suggestive line with giggles, gurgles, shrieks, and other strange noises not usually heard in civilized society. Their minds are so active that they discover fabulous indecencies even when there is none in sight. And they exhibit a sort of famished appetite for all references to sexual matters which is at once pitiful and alarming. Nor do I see what possible good it would do to put Miss West in jail again. Her audience would still exist, and if any offense has been committed then the members of the audience committed it—not by going to the theater or by applauding what they saw there, but by *being* what they so obviously are.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

7 East 15 St.

Alg. 4-3094

Are you asking WHY—

about the puzzling problems which confront us.

The Rand School has always been in the vanguard in the field of Adult education and a leader in Workers' Education.

Stimulating and Provocative Courses and Lectures

Fall Registration Now On
Evening Sessions Only

Among a few of the Special Lecture Series are:

SOCIAL PLANNING

Various proposals for a Planned Economy

Mondays, 8.30 p.m. October 19—December 7

Lecturers: George Soule, Lewis L. Lorwin, Thomas L. Chadbourne, John T. Flynn, Lewis Mumford, H. Parker Willis, Algernon Lee

THE AMERICAN THEATRE TODAY

Thursdays, 8.30 p.m. October 8—November 12

Lecturers: Heywood Brown, Alexander Woollcott, Kenneth MacGowan, J. Brooks Atkinson, Anita Block

AUTHORS' NIGHTS

In co-operation with all of the important publishing houses—
Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m. First lecture, October 21

THE THEATRE AS A SOCIAL FACTOR THROUGHOUT THE AGES

David B. Rossi

THE CRISIS OF OUR CIVILIZATION AS REFLECTED IN MODERN LITERATURE

Elias L. Tartak

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIALISM

David P. Berenberg

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE PRESENT ECONOMIC ORDER

Harry Delson

PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY

Joseph N. Osman

POETRY—UP PARNASSUS TO FREEDOM, PEACE, AND PLENTY

Samuel A. DeWitt

APPRECIATION OF MODERN LITERATURE

David P. Berenberg

THE PHILOSOPHY OF VALUES

Felix Cohen

HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

Bela Low

THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

Peter M. Jack

AMERICAN SOCIALISM AT WORK

Louis Stanley

PRINCIPLES OF UNION ORGANIZATION

David J. Saposs

THEORETICAL ECONOMICS

Algernon Lee

SOCIAL CONFLICTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

William E. Bohn

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

Sidney E. Goldstein

No intelligent person can afford to be uninformed on economic and social problems.

Reasonable fees adjusted to meet the need of average workers

Write, phone, or call for Bulletin for details

LABOR FACT BOOK

Prepared by the

LABOR RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

Below-the-surface truths about labor in relation to industry, imperialism, war, government, etc., in handbook form. \$2.00

Timely diagnosis of "three sick giants."

Labor & Coal

By Anna Rochester

Labor & Textiles

By Robert W. Dunn and Jack Hardy

Labor & Silk

By Grace Hutchins

At bookstores, \$2. Complete Catalogue From

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS, 381 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

RESORTS

WE'LL TAKE YOU "for a ride"

No longer bother about trains and time-tables. Our bus leaves the city each Saturday afternoon, and takes you back Sunday night. You are in "Lodge" atmosphere from the moment you join the merry crowd at the starting point, and have ample opportunity to get acquainted with your fellow week-enders on the way up.

First trip: Saturday, Oct. 10th—in time for a most enjoyable

COLUMBUS DAY WEEK-END

Leaves every Saturday at 3.30 p. m. from Woodlawn Station (last stop on Jerome Ave. line) starting homeward Sundays at 9.30 p.m. Charge for round trip: \$1.00.

Restfully comfortable individual seats in a commodious bus, driven along a scenic route by a careful and courteous chauffeur.

(Columbus week-end return trip on Monday night)

Peekskill 1403

FURNACE
DOCK RD.

PEEKSKILL,
N. Y.


BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

RESORTS

For rest and recreation

HAMBURGER'S EVERGREEN FARM

Farmingdale, N. J.

Tel. 113

VEGETARIAN HOUSE

A farm resort in a delightful rural setting. Wholesome and delicious foods. Sun baths. Bathing. All modern conveniences and amusements. Write or phone for detailed information.

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y.

Phone: 300

A most gorgeous mansion situated on a beautiful 150 acre estate, surrounded by brooks, ponds, lake and forest. Bathing, rowing, fishing and all other sports on premises. Nearby golf and horses. 1½ hours on Erie, Bus or Route 17.

An Advertisement of

HOUSE TO RENT or APARTMENT TO RENT

in a space this size, will get answers, in The Nation.

Rate \$6.16

THE NATION - 20 Vesey St., N. Y.

New telephone number—COrtlandt 7-3330

An ideal place for Autumn vacations. **WESTERN VIEW FARM**, New Milford, Conn., 83 miles from Columbus Circle, elevation 1000 feet. Hospitality that is unique. It brings back friends year after year. Twelfth season. Riding, mountain climbing, tennis and swimming, or rest and quiet if you want it. Interesting people. Rates \$8 a day, \$49 a week. Telephone New Milford 440.

EDWARD G. OHMER, Proprietor.

Re ST CU PERATION CREATION

at THE CRYSTAL VILLA

Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c

combines country pleasures with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bathing, fishing, bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Phone, Park Ridge 404.

RIVERSIDE INN, Seymour, Conn.

On Lake Housatonic, boating, swimming, tennis, etc. Beautifully located among hills and woods. Only 65 miles from New York. September rates \$21 per week. \$3.50 per day.

FALL is the ideal time to vacation in the country. Come down to our southern colonial farmhouse to work or play. Golf, tennis, long walks in the woods, then pleasant evenings before the open fireplace. Southern hospitality, and unexcelled Virginia cooking.

Major Marshall W. MacDonald

MEDIA FARM

Charles Town, Jefferson Co., W. Va.

Rates: \$15 per week and up


Autumnal Colors in the
Connecticut Hills

Uncas Lodge

UNCASVILLE, CONN.

165 Acres Rustic Beauty

Private Lake

Tennis Courts—Handball

Horseback—Dancing

Catering to a congenial group

50 RATE \$22.50

Phone Norwiche 1858, Ring 5

Diana Berman Abe Berman

M and MRS. Arthur Hyatt Morse offer English Hospitality to limited number of discriminating adults at Erewhon, 100 acres. New York 49 miles Erie Main Line. Hiking, tennis, boating, swimming, saddle-horses nearby. \$5 daily: \$30 weekly. Telephone 13F3, Monroe.

FOR relaxation, beautiful country and pleasant companionship; phone to

The HIL-BERT HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

HIL FRIEDBERG, Prop. Tel. Mahopac 353

FOR delightful vacations—or week-ends. TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Swimming. Address: R.F.D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone: Ridgefield 648.

THE NATION

in the

CLASSROOM

is today of outstanding value as text and discussion material because of the timeliness and pertinence of its articles, the accuracy of its facts and forecasts, its freedom from taboos, and its high standing as literature.

Of all the magazines published in America it is probably the most sensitive to the meaning and trends of its times, and the most frank and direct in its approach to national and world problems.

25c a month

per student is the cost of the magazine for classroom use, on bulk orders for ten or more copies to a single address; or

3 months.....	\$.75
4 months.....	1.00
6 months.....	1.50
8 months.....	2.00

Instructor's Copy Free

The Nation 20 Vesey St. New York

For my class of students in (subject) send *The Nation* for the next 17 weeks at the special class-room rate of \$1 per student.

☐ \$.....enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

Name

Address

In full

9-30-31

Finance

Needless Fears About Bonds

THE poor earnings of the railroad companies as a group this year have apparently created apprehension in the minds of many investors that savings banks and insurance companies will soon be obliged to throw on the market large amounts of railroad bonds which have lost their "legal" status. It is surprising that Wall Street, which ought to be well posted about its own merchandise, has done so little to reassure the public on this point, but misconceptions as to what the law specifies seem to be rather widely held in that district, as elsewhere. The simple fact is that neither the New York savings-bank law nor the insurance law requires the sale of a bond which has lost its eligibility. Disposition of such bonds is left to the discretion of the State's supervising authorities.

Misunderstanding regarding the position of these bonds seems to have arisen from a not too careful reading of the law governing savings-bank investments. Savings banks may invest in the bonds of railroad corporations whose net earnings "in each year for at least five of the six fiscal years, and in the last fiscal year next preceding such investment" have amounted to not less than one and one-half times the railroad corporation's fixed charges. A compilation was recently circulated in Wall Street showing that, if results for the first half of this year be applied to the whole period, twenty-four railroads will earn the amount needed to make their bonds eligible, and forty-nine will not. Savings banks in New York have about 14 per cent of their resources invested in railroad securities.

In the case of insurance companies, there is no requirement in New York that net earnings shall bear a stated ratio to fixed charges. At the end of last year the life-insurance companies of the United States owned approximately \$2,900,000,000 of railroad bonds, about 17 per cent of their total investments.

To require the sale forthwith of bonds which are no longer eligible for purchase, regardless of the loss entailed, might defeat the very purpose for which the strict investment limitations were created—namely, the security of depositors and policy holders. A commercial bank's reserve is set up to enforce prudent management and to be called into use in emergencies, and a similar principle applies to the investments of savings banks and life-insurance companies. Otherwise, a variation of a few dollars in a railroad company's earnings might enforce costly liquidation on an already demoralized bond market—and the bonds thus thrown over might again be eligible after the lapse of a year. Commenting on the possible loss of eligibility of certain railroad bonds, the National City Bank remarks in a recent bulletin that "it is unlikely that the savings banks would be either required or inclined to sell them out at a sacrifice."

Even without such sales the position is not altogether comfortable, for the striking of railroad bonds from the "legal" list deprives them of the support they might otherwise derive from the bank and insurance-company purchasers. Moreover, a great market for new railroad issues is closed until the companies affected better their position, either through normal business recovery or increased freight rates. Individual owners of these securities, however, have little reason to fear a flood of legally required institutional selling. Indeed, the forcing down of prices of "legals" by unwarranted forebodings, regardless of intrinsic safety, may reveal one answer to the question which many investors must be asking: What security shall I put my surplus money into? A competent investment adviser should, of course, be consulted before making a purchase.

S. PALMER HARMAN

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1931

No. 3457

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	347
EDITORIALS:	
If Britain Devaluates.....	350
The Diminishing Wage.....	351
Japan and Manchuria.....	351
Manners	352
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	353
THE CENTENARY OF GODKIN. By O. G. V.....	354
SCENES FROM THE NEW RUSSIA. By Boris Pilnyak.....	355
A SOCIALIST LOOKS AT THE SWOPE PLAN. By Norman Thomas.....	357
HOW WE SOLVED IT AT OKLAHOMA CITY. By Karl Pretshold.....	359
AUSTRIA AND FREE TRADE. By Karl Polanyi.....	361
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	363
CORRESPONDENCE	364
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	365
FINANCE: ENGLAND—WORKSHOP OR BANK? By S. Palmer Harman.....	365
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
Toward the Mountain. By Howard McKinley Corning.....	366
The Cooling Melting-Pot. By William Seagle.....	366
A Mighty Legend. By Guy B. Johnson.....	367
The Changing South. By Virginia Moore.....	367
American Culture Again. By John Chamberlain.....	368
What Rights Have Neutrals? By Edwin M. Borchard.....	368
Books in Brief.....	370
Art: Charles Demuth. By Paul Rosenfeld.....	371
Drama: A Bad Joke. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	373

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE MORE PERSPECTIVE one obtains with the passing of time the more clear it becomes that Ramsay MacDonald bungled amazingly in his first measures when confronted by the English financial crisis. He began by declaring that the pound was threatened first and foremost by the lack of balance in the British budget, a theory whose falsity would have been evident to anyone who had troubled merely to look at the quotations of British government bonds in the New York market, where, until the actual suspension of gold payments, they were selling on a better credit basis than French government bonds. That the pound finally was forced off the gold basis *after* the new "balanced" budget had been presented and virtually approved by Parliament disposes of whatever plausibility may have been left in the contention that it was the government's unbalanced budget, and particularly the terrible dole, that was causing all the trouble. It is now at last generally acknowledged by competent British financiers that the immediate cause of the pressure on the pound was the fact that London bankers had borrowed from New York and Paris to lend to Berlin, and when Berlin banks could not pay their short-term obligations to London, London could not pay them to New York and Paris. Mr. Snowden, in presenting the gold-suspension act, estimated that the London banks now have some \$350,000,-

000 of their assets tied up in Germany; Sir Josiah Stamp, in a recent statement, presents this as the primary reason for the government's action in suspending gold payments and does not mention the budget at all. Mr. MacDonald, unfortunately accepting someone else's wrong diagnosis, naturally turned to the wrong cure, and the very development that his drastic measures were designed to prevent occurred anyway.

A READER WRITES that we have not been quite fair to President Hoover in attributing to him the desire to have the unemployed maintained only by private charity, and he adduces statements from the President to prove that he wishes municipal and State aid to supplement philanthropy. We have certainly not intended to be unjust to the President, but we are still of the opinion that he is opposed to money grants or a dole from any official source, precisely as is Governor Roosevelt who, in asking for \$25,000,000 for the New York State unemployed, told the legislature there would be no cash doles whatever, only clothing doles, food doles, and coal doles. If, however, our friendly critic is right, then the President's position seems to us weaker and less defensible than ever. What is the difference between a dollar given to an unemployed man by Uncle Sam and one given to him by a State or city which makes the federal gift so sinister, so certain to demoralize the recipient, so destructive to his initiative, his desire to work, or his self-respect? Moreover, as far as cash grants are concerned, we can see no difference in the effect upon the morale of the unemployed if a representative of a state gives a man a ten-dollar bill to buy coal or if the representative goes across the street and hands the ten dollars to a coal dealer and orders the coal to be delivered to the home of the unemployed. It seems infinitely more degrading for a self-respecting man to stand in a bread line for a private dole than for him to receive the means of life from the state which, if it demands the right to have him killed on the battle field whenever it pleases, is surely also obligated to keep him alive in time of peace.

WALTER S. GIFFORD, director of President Hoover's organization on unemployment relief, in his nation-wide appeal of September 27 had few suggestions to make. Governors, he hopes, will appoint State-wide committees of leading citizens. There should be an emergency committee in every community which should at once inform itself as to the conditions in its district and notify the State committee of its plans, aims, and needs. Since the emergency is so exceptional it is desirable, Mr. Gifford declares, that it be met by temporary and not permanent organizations. While many employers have already "spread" their work to give part-time employment to as many as possible, Mr. Gifford's committee is "endeavoring to see" if "anything else" can be done along these lines. It will not raise funds itself, but will aid the local groups which are planning a giving campaign between October 19 and November 25. These recommendations will obviously cause

heart disease in no one, but they are unexceptionable. As for spreading work and giving new jobs, that is fine, too. But in this connection we should like to ask Chairman Gifford how much spreading his own company, the American Telephone and Telegraph, has done since the crisis began, and how many men have been dropped by it in order to maintain its 9 per cent stock dividends.

WE ARE ASKED by a high federal official to call attention to the fact that the government is spending \$2,000,000 to create a town for the workers at Boulder Dam which is to be 2,000 feet above the canyon, at a point where the temperature is not more severe than that of the Sacramento Valley in California. This is in connection with the letter from Victor Castle describing conditions in Las Vegas, Nevada, which appeared in our issue of August 26. No allegation is made that Mr. Castle's terrible picture of working conditions in the Lewis construction camp was other than entirely accurate. We are merely asked to state that in the judgment of the officials no provision could have been made wholly to avert the hardships and dangers of the preparatory work in view of the great pressure to let the contract and give work to the unemployed just as soon as the plans were ready; also that the new town has been made a federal reservation for the express purpose of controlling the drinking, gambling, and other evils which now disgrace Las Vegas. More than that, the contractors are required to house 80 per cent of their men in the new town, which will be provided with sewage disposal, clean, cool water, electric light, and refrigeration. This is all to the good. We are glad to give credit to the officials who are striving to create model working conditions in a situation where the climatic conditions on the dam itself, down in the canyon, are bound to be dreadful. All of this does not, however, alter the fact that the shocking conditions truthfully reported by Mr. Castle should never have been allowed to exist, even if there was great pressure from labor and other sources to begin the preparatory work.

FOR ONCE we find ourselves in accord with the American Legion; we, too, believe in a national referendum on the prohibition issue and heartily wish that its demand for a plebiscite would be heeded, if only because that might prove the first step toward the permanent establishment, as it has been established in Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere, of the initiative and referendum in our federal law. The Legion will, of course, be told that there can be no referendum now because there is no machinery for it. That is nonsense. In no time at all after the outbreak of war we created an efficient voluntary organization for registering the youth of the land. Congress could similarly set up now a temporary organization for ascertaining the will of the people as to the repeal or modification of the prohibition law. Beyond that, however, one cannot read of the proceedings of the annual convention of the Legion with satisfaction. True, it did heed President Hoover's plea and defeated by 902 to 507 the proposal for further cash bonus payments. But, on the other hand, it voted for an increase of the regular army up to 165,000 and an unsurpassed navy. More than that, without a record vote, it passed a resolution that the President revive the non-partisan war-time Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission with war-time dicta-

torial powers to deal with the present industrial emergency—something which the New York *Evening Post* correctly describes as "the worst proposal yet." Veteran organizations from time immemorial have leaned readily to dictatorships.

THE VISIT OF LAVAL and Briand began most auspiciously with genuine acclaim by the Berlin crowds and the absence of any hostile demonstrations by the National Socialists, in obedience to orders from their chief. The announcement by Premier Laval and M. Briand that a Franco-German economic commission will be formed to "devise means of cooperation between France and Germany" is a highly encouraging sequel to that felicitous beginning. We believe that the bulk of the German people desire this cooperation. They want to live in amity with France, and the cheers for peace which Laval and Briand heard as they departed from Paris give corresponding proof that the plain people of France similarly desire complete concord with their ancient enemy. If the French need still another reason for genuine cooperation with the Brüning Government, let them read the disheartening figures from the just-concluded Hamburg municipal election. There the National Socialists increased their vote to 202,465 from the 144,684 votes polled in the Reichstag elections of last year and the 14,760 in 1928, while the Communists gained 33,389 votes over 1930, totaling 168,618. The Social Democrats and People's Party together lost 60,000 votes.

HARLAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, where there is a mine strike going on, might seem to have come in for more than its share of criticism during the past few weeks. A Mr. Thomas P. Hull, of Hollywood, California, wrote to Sheriff Blair of Harlan, repeating some of the unkind things that had been said about him and his deputies and asking him what he thought about it. The Sheriff replied at length, in a highly illuminating epistle that we reprint from the *Hollywood Citizen*:

I am just in receipt of your clipping received today, and wish to say in the beginning that the old adage in this case is quite true, "You cannot believe anything you hear, and, very little that you see." . . . Now, as to miners receiving only \$1.50 per day, that is the bunk, and it is untrue about the prices being so high in the company stores, still they are some higher than the chain stores here in Harlan on a few items, but you must take into consideration that these goods have to be taken out to these company stores which are from five to twenty-five miles out of town. . . . It is untrue about miners being put out of company houses in thirty minutes; that is always done by due process of law, which requires several days.

This county has been a seething hotbed of I. W. W. and communistic activities for the past four or five months, but I am glad to say that at this time they are not so active and I expect to keep after these "reds" until Harlan County is again 100 per cent American. We certainly can run our own business here without the help of any "reds" or "I. W. W's."

THIS GIVES A GOOD IDEA of Sheriff Blair's temper, information, and sympathies. Another document, however, can be presented in evidence of the state of mind of Harlan County officialdom. Mrs. Jessie Wakefield, field worker for the International Labor Defense, indicted for

criminal syndicalism, was charged in the indictment with "advising, counseling, and suggesting that divers persons free the miners who was [*sic*] then in jail, and to wipe J. H. Blair, the duly elected, qualified, and acting Sheriff of Harlan County, and Judge D. C. Jones, the duly elected, qualified, and acting Judge of Harlan County, from off the map, and to not leave a sign of them." For this crime Mrs. Wakefield was first held in \$5,000 bond and \$5,000 additional to keep the peace. Subsequently, the duly elected, qualified, and acting Sheriff Blair released her without submitting the bond on her own agreement to leave the State but to return for her trial, whenever it should take place. In spite of the Sheriff's confidence that he is fully competent to deal with the "reds" and "I. W. W.'s," however, there are those who suspect that if Mrs. Wakefield should neglect to appear for trial, Harlan County would shed few tears. The crime of desiring to wipe off the map is perhaps not so clearly indicated as, in the first flush of the Sheriff's enthusiasm, it seemed to be. But the "industrial war" in Harlan County, as Louis Stark calls it in the first of a series of articles in the *New York Times*, goes on, with life daily held cheaper and armed hostility a matter of course.

A LITTLE PRIVATE REVOLUTION is going on in Iowa over whether the government shall or shall not make tuberculin tests on cattle. Cedar County, Iowa, has been put under martial law and national guardsmen have arrested the alleged leader of the protestant farmers, one J. W. Lenker, who himself sold his herd rather than submit to the tests. Farmers with pitchforks and mud-balls kept the government testers away from the cattle for a day or so, but the National Guard with machine-guns turned the tide of battle, and the unprotesting cattle were led, herd after herd, into the inclosures where the tests were made. This is by no means the first instance of protest against government methods of disease control, and against the officials who attempt to put the methods into effect. Farmers pretty generally can be found who believe that tuberculin tests are incompetently made, that cows are left diseased as a result of the serum injection, and that subsequent calves of tested cows suffer harm. Moreover, a farmer who has paid several hundred dollars for his cow is understandably disgruntled when the government offers him a fourth of that sum for the meat, pronounced diseased, and insists that he take it. There is enough disagreement among medical experts over the treatment and transmission of tuberculosis to make the farmers' objections worth taking into account.

WE HAVE SO OFTEN expressed a high opinion of the *Christian Science Monitor* as a newspaper conducted, despite its narrow religious tenets, as a clean, high-minded, and responsible daily that we can hardly express our dismay at its summary dismissal of its Washington correspondent, Robert S. Allen. Ordinarily it is a newspaper's own affair whom it hires and dismisses. But there are certain circumstances in this case which make it a matter of widespread concern. In the first place, Robert Allen has been one of the best and most outspoken of the liberal correspondents in Washington. Next, the utterly inadequate excuse given for his dismissal is that he is a coauthor with several other correspondents of "Washington Merry-Go-

Round," and that the *Monitor* did not like some of the criticisms of public officials therein. Third, the rumor persists that the *Monitor* took this action because of pressure from the White House—which is by no means unlikely, since Mr. Allen has been one of the severest critics of the present incumbent, and the White House, as our readers are aware, has been trying to censor the Washington correspondents. Fourth, and worst of all, is the fact that Mr. Allen was dismissed, if we are correctly informed, without even the courtesy of a hearing. All these things make it highly desirable for the *Monitor* to explain its position and to defend its act—if it can.

DISARM! is the title given a new magazine published by the League for Industrial Democracy and designed to promote "constructive discussion of the war and disarmament problem." Among the contributors are such well-known writers on peace as Albert Einstein, Norman Thomas, Harriot Stanton Blatch, Harry F. Ward, and John Nevin Sayre; cartoons by Art Young, Robert Minor, and Reginald Marsh enliven its pages; and Heywood Broun adds his own particular touch in a page on the effect of brass bands on the pacifist's morale. Indeed, although others of the contributors offer more statistics, more ideas, and more devastating data on what war does and cannot do, one suspects that Mr. Broun, by indirection and a light touch, has hit the nail on the head and described accurately the most dangerous aspect of the war fever. Everybody hates war, says Mr. Broun, but nobody can see a parade without a rising pulse; what, in our work for no more wars, is to be done about that? Mr. Broun does not quite know. But every contributor agrees that earnest pacifists must do more than sit idly by while wars are being made. Discussion of the matter by large numbers of persons will undoubtedly help; and as it furthers this discussion, *Disarm!*, like the automobile caravan of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, just ending a triumphant tour of the country, will have made its contribution to the cause.

A GOOD MANY OF OUR READERS have probably seen a folder advertising an American edition of Ludwig Lewisohn's "The Case of Mr. Crump." The author is described in glowing terms which would certainly suggest that the publisher has of him a very high opinion, and most of those who have seen it will probably be surprised to learn that Mr. Lewisohn has never received (and in all probability never will receive) one penny from this ardent admirer, who is attempting to make a substantial profit from the work. Owing to legal difficulties the book cannot be openly published in America despite the supreme praise which it has received from as distinguished a man of letters as Thomas Mann; and therefore it cannot be protected from pirates who publish and run. The same situation has, to be sure, arisen many times before, notably in the case of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and "Ulysses," illegally printed in this country with not a cent of profit to their authors. But the incident is one more illustration of the way in which prohibitions and censorships all contribute to the prosperity of this type of entrepreneur. "Purity" campaigns support the blackmailer, prohibition supports the racketeer, and banned books give the pirate his bread and jam.

If Britain Devaluates

NOW that Great Britain has taken the decisive step of suspending gold payments, an action which has already brought in its train a series of suspensions by Sweden, Norway, and Egypt, one would like to believe that the new National Government has thought through a program for dealing with the new and very perilous situation that exists. But nothing in the address of Chancellor Snowden in presenting the gold-suspension act, or in the official utterance of anyone else, has indicated that the new government has anything to offer but pious hopes. True, Mr. Snowden has hinted strongly that Great Britain would welcome an international gold conference to straighten out the whole matter, but this suggestion seems both vague and unrealistic. If such a conference is to have any prospect of concrete achievement, England must first have a definite set of proposals to make, and there must be a reasonable possibility that at least France and America, if not, indeed, every important nation on earth, may be brought to accept them. But Mr. Snowden has not even hinted at what the British proposals would be. To indicate vaguely that the problem could be solved by a "redistribution of gold" gets one little farther than it would to argue that all our economic problems would be solved by a redistribution of wealth: these are statements of aims, and tell us nothing of means. The British banks cannot expect American banks to turn gold over to them as a free gift, and if the gold were merely loaned, it would quickly find its way back, under the economic conditions that have been prevailing ever since the war, to American vaults. The truth is that the gold problem could be handled better indirectly than directly; there might easily be a better distribution, for example, if we consented to lower our tariff and reduce the war debts.

It is most likely that in throwing out this suggestion for an international gold conference, Mr. Snowden had in mind the recommendations made to Parliament last June by the so-called Macmillan committee, which consisted of prominent bankers, industrialists, and economists, among them J. Maynard Keynes, Reginald McKenna, and Lord Bradbury. The majority of the committee, apparently reflecting the views of Mr. Keynes, suggested cooperation among the central banks for the purpose of raising the international price level. The price level was to be raised and stabilized by international agreement controlling money rates, which it was supposed would control volume of bank credit. This, it was hoped, in turn would control price levels. It is, however, not only highly improbable that such international agreement could be obtained, but many bankers and economists contend, rightly, we think, that money rates are only one among many factors controlling the volume of credit, and they do not believe there is any exact or even direct relation between the volume of credit and the level of prices. Finally, there is no assured prospect that the English could even agree among themselves as to the recommendations to lay before such a conference. Lord Bradbury, for example, in a dissenting report dismissed the majority recommendations of the Macmillan committee as "in conception too ambitious and for application too nebulous."

While Mr. Snowden is toying with these almost baseless hopes from an international conference, the British pound has been allowed to become the football of international speculators, fluctuating in value more than 10 per cent within a period of twenty-four hours. At the time of writing it has already sold below \$3.50, which represents a discount of nearly 30 per cent. If the new British government has any definite intention of restoring gold payments at the end of the six months' period implied in the gold-suspension act, this discount is extremely serious. Within a short time commodity prices in England will rise to adjust themselves to the depreciated pound, and if the pound is then restored to parity Great Britain will face the same painful deflation that occurred after 1920.

There remains the question of devaluation. So far no one in a responsible position in the British government has breathed the word, but actual policy has pointed in that direction. In some quarters devaluation has been hailed as if it would be a panacea for British economic ills. Undoubtedly it would have stimulating effects in several directions. A reduction in the gold value of the British pound of, say, 25 per cent, would temporarily stimulate British exports and cut down imports; it would reduce by one-quarter Britain's staggering internal-debt burden; as prices would rise much faster than wage levels, it would stimulate employment; it would reduce the government's dole payments, absolutely by reducing the number of unemployed, and relatively by leading to a higher money volume of taxes as a result of higher prices and greater volume of business.

On the other side of the ledger, there would be a heavy price to pay. The step would probably strike a permanent blow at London as a financial center. Sir Josiah Stamp estimates that England now draws some \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 a year in banking commissions and other such services as a result of London's position as an international financial center. If this means of paying for imports is cut off it is doubtful whether any temporary gain in exports could offset it. Further, Great Britain still holds billions of pounds of foreign investments in terms of sterling, and if sterling is reduced 25 per cent in value, the British would be reducing their own foreign sterling investments by the same percentage. Finally, most of the results of devaluation, such as the stimulation of exports and the differential in favor of prices as compared with wages, would be only temporary, existing merely in the transitional period; and others, if thought desirable, could be achieved more directly. For example, if it was imperative that the British debt burden be cut, it could have been cut directly by any percentage the government desired, without affecting anything else. This, of course, would have been partial repudiation; but so is the act of devaluating the currency. Again, wages could have been cut directly if the unions had permitted it. The advantage of depreciated currency, apparently, is that it involves a general voluntary deception, like daylight saving, and union leaders who would never consent to see money wages reduced will greet even with enthusiasm a rise in prices that brings about a reduction in real wages.

The Diminishing Wage

THE publicity given to the 10 per cent reduction in wages by the United States Steel Corporation and most of the comment upon it tend to give the impression that this is the beginning of a widespread move to cut wages. The Steel Corporation's action is, rather, a sort of official recognition of the reductions in wages which have already taken place throughout industry. Despite the fact that President Hoover and his Cabinet had been talking for the last two years as if there had been no wage cuts, both official and private statistics are perfectly clear on the point that wages started to slide downward almost as soon as the depression began, and that they have been going down ever since. Only last April we had the enlightening comment of the chief statistician of the Department of Labor on the downward process. "Some banks and some bankers," said Mr. Stewart, "are hell-bent to get wages back to the 1913 level. I have said this often and I repeat it." The Department of Labor itself has reported that during the first six months of this year more than 1,400 individual manufacturing concerns voluntarily reported wage cuts averaging 10 per cent each. And of these, 248 were in the iron and steel industry. But while the thousands of smaller concerns could cut wages more or less in the dark, the leading corporations, because of the light of publicity which beats upon them, could not act until the country was psychologically receptive. The Steel Corporation prepared the ground last July, when it reduced the dividend on its common stock from \$7 to \$4 a share and cut the salaries of its officers and white-collar workers. Could it be altogether blamed if an international crisis and the failure of a fall upturn in business forced further retrenchment?

Thus this latest move by the leading corporations—for General Motors, United States Rubber, and others quickly followed suit—represents the continuance rather than the beginning of the movement. Indeed, there are those who believe that it indicates more nearly the conclusion. They point to 1921, when business activity picked up following reductions in wages by the Steel Corporation, and they say—or hope—that history will repeat itself this fall. The theory behind this prediction is that the lower wage rates will make possible lower production costs, which, in turn, will be reflected in lower prices. The lower prices, theoretically, will bring more buyers into the market, and the resulting increased demand for products will make necessary a similar increase in production and employment. This will enable those on part time to work full time and, as business accelerates, some of the unemployed will be absorbed. To be sure, the wage rates will be lower, but it is contended quite reasonably that a man is better off if he works a full week at \$5 per day than if he works—as in the steel industry today—only a few days a week at a rate of \$6 or even \$7. Fundamentally, the theory is that a lower price for labor will inevitably create an increase in the demand, as it does in the case of commodities.

If this does not happen, the present acceleration given to wage-cutting can only be viewed as extremely serious. In the past two years the workers have already experienced

through unemployment and part-time employment the severest decline in wage income—which is far different from wage rates—in the history of the country. In 1930 the Standard Statistics Corporation has estimated the workers received approximately \$10,000,000,000 less than in 1929. For 1931 the reduction may be again as large. With the number of unemployed now approaching 10,000,000, the loss of earnings for this group alone would be close to \$ 0,000,000,000. If we assume that the 40,000,000 persons, roughly, who still hold jobs have suffered a reduction in earnings of only \$5 a week, through part time or wage cuts, we have another \$10,000,000,000 loss. But the pay-roll index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows even more clearly what has happened to earnings—rather than to wage rates—in manufacturing. According to this index the pay-roll totals in August of this year were more than 40 per cent under the 1929 level. In the iron and steel industry alone the drop has been even more drastic, with pay rolls in August more than 50 per cent under those of 1929. It can readily be seen what it will mean to trim another 10 per cent off the steel workers' earnings, which even now are less than half what they were two years ago.

How long the workers will be able, or inclined, to bear their burden peacefully is not a matter for happy speculation. Particularly while the Steel Corporation continues to pay unearned dividends on its common stock of more than \$30,000,000 per year—which happens to be approximately the amount the workers will lose unless business picks up.

Japan and Manchuria

JAPAN'S army has occupied Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, 170 miles beyond the Korean border; Changchun, the terminus of the South Manchuria Railway, 200 miles beyond; Kirin, a provincial capital 80 miles east of Changchun; and several other cities, perhaps including—though reports conflict—Taonanfu, 265 miles northwest of the South Manchuria line. With these cities in hand, Japan's forces dominate all Manchuria. Why? To what end? What does it portend?

The Japanese Cabinet solemnly disavows any intention to annex Manchuria. But the Japanese Cabinet has given no evidence of power to control its own military forces. So far as can be deduced from the fragmentary dispatches, the Japanese military has acted throughout this affair in total independence of civilian control. It initiated the forward movement; it directed it; it continued it.

Even if the Tokio Cabinet controlled its army, the Chinese would be justified in suspicion. They naturally recall the history of Korea, and the events of 1915. Japan had solemnly agreed in treaties with China, Russia, England, and Korea herself to respect Korea's independence; she declared war on Russia in 1904 ostensibly to safeguard it; Prince Ito, her leading statesman, declared when Resident General of Korea in 1908 that it was no part of Japan's purpose to annex Korea; and in 1910 she did annex Korea. In 1915 she forced a series of humiliating treaties upon a weak and distraught China, and the representatives of her foreign office gave to the correspondents of the world press false copies of their texts and denied the existence of clauses

which did in fact exist. The Chinese have long memories and naturally distrust the present-day assurances.

Behind this sudden Japanese coup lies, of course, a lengthy history of involved disputes. Japan inherited in 1905 Russia's position and Russia's treaty rights in South Manchuria, and the South Manchuria Railway. She has a treaty right to police that line, though its extent was hotly disputed at the Washington conference of 1921 and at other times and places. Her railway—one-half government-owned—is a government in itself; she has sought to prevent the Chinese from building their own railway lines within its area of potential expansion and has been in constant dispute over the terms of the contracts under which she has built railway lines for the Chinese. She has wanted, furthermore, to construct strategic railway lines linking Manchuria more closely to her garrisons in Korea, and the Chinese have refused this permission and have tried to build their own lines without Japanese assistance or interference. Japan has also sought privileges of land-holding and of exploration in the interior which the Chinese have been loath to grant. Conflicts have arisen over the protection of the Korean residents—Japanese subjects since 1910—within Manchurian territory; and this summer men were killed on both sides of the border in Korean-Chinese riots. Two months ago a Japanese officer, exploring in remote Manchuria, was killed, and while the Chinese authorities expressed regret, the Japanese were not satisfied with the punitive measures.

Immediately preceding the recent military movement the South Manchuria Railway line apparently was bombed—foreign correspondents, a week later, were shown the warped rails, bodies of uniformed Chinese soldiers nearby, and blood stains leading to a Chinese barracks, since occupied by the Japanese, as proof that the offense had been committed by Chinese soldiers. Perhaps it was; perhaps not. At any rate, without waiting for diplomatic discussions or assessment of responsibility, without consulting their civilian superiors, without submitting even such an ultimatum as Austria presented to Serbia after Serajevo, the Japanese army marched, unannounced and in the dead of night, upon the Chinese barracks, bombarded them, occupied them, took over the arsenal at Mukden and the Chinese city, and sent advance parties to the other leading cities.

Beyond that we are still uncertain of details and facts. Certainly the Japanese advance was at first exaggerated—but by the Japanese themselves. Civilian Japan pleads that the advance was magnified by "patriots" in Japan for their own purpose; an excuse which, upon reflection, becomes an accusation. Today Japan announces that the advance has stopped, and that no more troops are being sent. It is unnecessary; Japan holds all the trump cards in Manchuria now. Granting the entire Japanese case as thus far presented, there is no possible excuse for the sudden, violent attack upon the Manchurian cities. This is, if anything can ever be, aggression, resort to violence, such as was abjured by the Kellogg Pact. But the temper of at least a part of the Chinese people in the situation is indicated by the violence done C. C. Wang, Minister of Foreign Affairs, when he was beaten by a mob of students in Nanking for failing to induce intervention by the League of Nations in the crisis. The incident may be kept a mere incident; it looks dangerously like the early stages of the "assimilation" of Korea—which the Chinese may not accept without protest.

Manners

THIS is the time of year when travelers return, and if one may judge by the conversations heard in deck chairs and smoking-rooms it is a very good thing that there is no duty on grudges. The man who went to Chartres seems to remember his row with a porter far more vividly than he remembers the cathedral he went to see; the college professor who made a pilgrimage to Rome appears to have been more impressed by the tone of voice habitually employed by the Fascist guard on his train than by the frescoes in the Sistine chapel. Each traveler seems to be convinced that the nation he visited is the most disagreeable on earth, and he will probably continue to hold that opinion until he meets a customs official in the good old U. S. A. or has his first conversation with a traffic policeman in New York City. For all the travelers are right. Perhaps the much-discussed speed of modern life frays the nerves; perhaps there is some other reason. But the fact remains that most of the inhabitants of the globe seem ready to snap viciously at any other inhabitant whom circumstances put for an instant in their power.

Time was when rudeness was the privilege of the upper classes. The records seem to indicate that in the good old days the peasant or the laboring man pulled his forelock while the "gentleman" roared and bullied. But democracy has triumphed and we now have bad manners for all. The apartment dweller approaches his janitor with a tip in his trembling hand and the first-class passenger who has been accustomed for a week to the mercenary good humor of his steward gets the shock of his life when the customs officer (who is forbidden to accept gratuities) says, "Hey you, why in the hell did you itemize all that junk? Why didn't you lump it?"

Perhaps it is human nature, or perhaps it is only human nature of the twentieth century, but everybody seems to have a deep-lying grudge which he is ready to work off upon the first helpless victim. And the worst of it is that the grudge may be more dangerous than it seems. The impulse which leads the taxi driver to swear at the pedestrian whom he has nearly run down, and the impulse which leads the porter to vent his spite on a foreigner who does not understand the language, may possibly be the same which produces atrocities in war time and "white terrors" in Hungary or elsewhere. The man who is as insulting as he dares to be may be the same who burns people at the stake when he gets a chance.

In any event bad manners are sufficiently unpleasant even if they are not a sign of danger, and it is odd how little they are resented—how complacently Americans accept them from even the pettiest of officials. Is there, for example, any real reason why a traffic policeman should swear at his victims? Most motorists do not seem to mind. In fact, they boast of the soft words with which they have succeeded in turning away wrath. Probably when they get downtown they kick the office boy in order to relieve their feelings, but it might be just as well if some commissioner of police were to enforce an order for good manners. If he cannot do that, why should we suppose that he is capable of controlling his force in even more important respects?

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



HANSEL and I were driving from Lake Placid to Dorset and it was getting late and the experience of the last few days had taught us to eschew the different "Eats" and the "Meals" and the "Tourists Accommodated." So I said, "Listen, son, we had better get some soup, for we will be frozen by

the time we get there and a couple of cans of soup will do the trick." And so we stopped in one of those towns that once upon a time may have been a fit spot for human habitation, but that now have been "improved" into something resembling an oil refinery and a repair shop, and while Hansel did something to the entrails of Lizzie I went into the store and asked for soup. The soup was there. Enough soup to drown an army. But the price mark had dropped off the shelf and the woman who waited on me seemed to be an amateur saleslady (the most glorious word of our modern linguistic pharmacopoeia), so she addressed herself to the Person in Authority who was busy in the front part of the store. This Person in Authority was an interesting specimen for those who want to make a first-hand study of the so-called Fall of the Roman Empire. Rome, as a matter of fact, never fell. It was "absorbed" by the barbarian as New England is being absorbed by the "foreigner" today. The pinch-hitting and slightly frayed old woman who was in charge of the canned goods was unmistakably a native. The Person in Charge was either the youngish wife of the proprietor or his older daughter and was a fine example of the Italian-American high-school graduate. Everything she wore was most sublimely out of place. A \$7.89 lacy dress by Katz, Finkelstein, and Morris out of the Rue de la Paix, together with an Eugénie hat (it was very near closing time) with a chicken feather disguised as a small ostrich plume and shoes on stilts, was the costume in which the dear creature had elected to sell onions and carrots and peaches. But she was the Person in Authority and she knew it. And when New England asked, "How much is this soup?" she snapped back, "Twelve cents apiece—two for a quarter," and continued to select peaches from a barrel with the air of someone who says, "I am doing something very important, please don't bother me again."

For a moment New England seemed inclined to accept this ukase. But the land of Calvin Coolidge has never been accused of slackness in the matter of practical and applied mathematics.

"But that can't be," she shouted back, "then we would never sell more than a single can at a time."

Little Italy turned around upon her too high heels and gave the poor slavey what the novelists used to call a "withering look." "You heard me the first time," she said. "They have always been that way—twelve cents a can and two for a quarter."

I bought first one can and then a second one, got my penny and left the store. Little Italy looked at me with scorn as I passed her. I smiled pleasantly and said, "Good-night, Mrs. Law." She sniffed and said, "Don't be smart," and went to the back of the store to have a final row with the rebellious subordinate who had questioned the correctness of her economic views, and I got into the flivver and said to my son, "Ever hear of John Law?"

"Sure," he said, "was not he the fellow who tried to make everybody rich or something? Git up, Lizzie, git up."

It was a far cry from Vermont to that dark canal in Venice where the bones of poor John Law enjoy the only rest they have ever known, but somehow or other I could not keep him out of the picture. For John had been a man of brilliant parts. The poor, to whom he was exceedingly generous, called him the Chevalier Law but he most certainly was no Chevalier d'Industrie. The only trouble with Law had been his irrepressible faith that he could solve the insolvable and unscrew the inscrutable. He failed because the thing he tried to do was impossible. And it was impossible because nobody any longer understood what it was all about.

Law died almost two generations before the beginning of the French Revolution. The Mississippi bubble belonged to the year 1719 and the French monarchy was not abolished until 1792. During those seventy-three years an entire library of books and pamphlets was published, all of them dealing with "the crisis." Most of that literature is utterly unreadable. But it is quite interesting to open some of those volumes near the end and peruse the inevitable "conclusions" of the learned authors. Almost invariably one gets the feeling "the poor fellow has not the slightest idea what he is really talking about."

Today we are in the midst of another "crisis." The newspapers devote column after column to erudite discussions of the "situation." Statesmen and Financiers and Experts are all of them on the job to explain and elucidate and interpret and rationalize. The House of Morgan breaks the Fundamental Law of its Dynasty by talking for publication. Even *The Nation* prints an occasional editorial of warning and woe. But right here and now I am willing to stand up before the multitudes (any multitudes will do) and proclaim that in my humble view there is not one man in a million who has even the vaguest notion what it is all about or how, where, and when we may expect to get out of our difficulties.

It was perhaps unfair to drag that poor delicatessen female into the discussion. But when it comes to the great International Muddle of the Year of Grace 1931, the average citizen or citizeness is just as much at sea as the girl who expected to make a profit on "twelve cents apiece and two for a quarter." The man in the street has long since given up hope. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he does not even bother to read "that stuff." In which he probably shows more wisdom than we are willing to concede.

The Centenary of Godkin

IT was on October 3, 1831, that Edwin Lawrence Godkin was born at Moyne, County Wicklow, in Ireland. Nearly thirty-four years later he became, with his lifelong associate, Wendell Phillips Garrison, a founder of *The Nation* and entered upon the career which made him unique in American journalism and beyond doubt the ablest editorial writer the American press has ever known. Not that he was a great editor in the sense of being a tremendous directive force with a nose for news and sensation, like the elder James Gordon Bennett; nor did he have the scintillatingly original and journalistically suggestive mind of Joseph Pulitzer. When he became editor of the *Evening Post* in 1881, he brought to it no sense of responsibility for its news development. He was insistent that it should observe the highest canons of a high-minded, responsible journalism, and he frequently suggested and ordered valuable and illuminating articles. But it was his pen and not his executive ability which made him great, which for thirty-six years illuminated, ridiculed, exposed, revealed, and denounced those forces which moved against the ideals of American life which Godkin accepted unreservedly the day he arrived in America, which he cherished with a passionate devotion unsurpassed by any American-born editor.

For he brought to his task an extraordinary mental equipment which put him head and shoulders above nearly all his associates and rivals and made him the intellectual peer of men of highest literary, scientific, and general scholarship. He had an incomparable sense of justice and he had, for American journalism, a rare detachment in that he was without personal or social ambition and was never for an instant to be tempted by political office. No tie of friendship or social obligation could prevent this trenchant editor from writing what he deemed it to be his duty to say, and there never was a moment in his entire life when the public weal did not bulk larger with him than any other thing. And, of course, he had to contend, like other reform editors, with the hackneyed taunt that he was destructive and not constructive. Like the elder Garrison (and like some of his successors), he was constantly assured that if only his pen were not so bitter, or so censorious, or so complaining; if only he would not indulge in personalities and deal such sledge-hammer blows, his influence would be far greater, the circulation of his weekly, or daily, far more impressive.

Never did Mr. Godkin let this specious reasoning deter him. He called names whenever he felt it was time to do so, and he called deeds by their right names whenever he applied adjectives. Had he pussyfooted, had he been polite and kindly about the Tammany men he excoriated, had he been as gentle and as willing to balance the good and the evil in pleasant terms as some others were, he would have been without that amazing influence which, as a distinguished and rascally New York Governor once said, caused "every editor in the State to read his damned sheet." But he was not a mere wielder of the journalistic bludgeon. He had the most biting and amusing sarcasm, the most delightful wit, and a good cheer in all his personal contacts which absolutely belied the usual opinion of him as a sour,

pessimistic old man. He suffered in that he was the first of the free intellectual journalistic critics of the United States. He would in some respects have fared a great deal better in this century than in the nineteenth. Not that he would have been one of the muckraking group of the Rooseveltian days who so soon burned their little candles and then disappeared. But the atmosphere in which Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair, H. L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser, to mention only a few, have worked and written would have been a far easier milieu than the one in which he labored and in which he was so widely misunderstood and abused.

In *The Nation* Mr. Godkin created a journal such as had never before existed in the United States. Primarily started to champion the cause of the newly freed blacks, he made of it the delight of the intellectuals of the day. There came to it first and last as contributors all the men who really made their mark in the collegiate, or literary, or scientific world of the time. There they said their say and wielded great influence under the leadership of one who brought to the discussion of the problems of his time a rare philosophic understanding, an amazing depth of learning, and endless resources to combat the forces of evil about him. The latter were, of course, not those of today save in municipal life (how joyously would he not have welcomed a Mayor Walker to ridicule, to dissect, and to flay with all that mordant sarcasm, that amazing lightness of touch!), for the world has marched so fast since his death on May 2, 1902, that if he were to return it would surely take him months, if not years, to relate the America of today, with its overwhelming economic and international problems, to the America which he served and loved. Deeply steeped, for example, in the teachings of the Manchester school, he would find it hard today to understand the extent to which the laissez faire policy has been abandoned by many of his most ardent disciples, there being no other way out because of the economic selfishness of the capitalist regime.

As for *The Nation* of today, he would often find it crude, unpolished, and lacking the scholarship which under him made it unique. He would perhaps recognize some of his own passion for justice; he would see that in its format and its vision it had retraced its steps toward the original paper of 1865, for *The Nation* of that date was a totally different journal from the narrow philosophical weekly, edited for scholars only, which it became when it was the weekly edition of the New York *Evening Post*, reprinting Godkin's editorials days after their original appearance. So *The Nation* lives to celebrate his centenary, in all gratitude and admiration, in new and parlous and desperately dangerous times—far more difficult than the days in which he wrote so justly, so vigorously, so bravely. He made his mark. Why not? He was a crusader. His soul was his own, his pen untrammelled. All his life having ideas and faiths, he could say what he wished when he wished, fearing no man, yielding only to truth. What richer, or happier, or more useful life could anyone desire?

O. G. V.

Scenes from the New Russia

By BORIS PILNYAK

AS I write these lines it is night. I am writing on the thirtieth floor of a New York skyscraper hotel. At twilight this evening I took a stroll in Central Park. Standing by the granite rocks protruding from the ground I thought: these rocks were here when the first European, the first ancestor of present-day New Yorkers, stepped on the shores of an unknown river now called the Hudson.

Here in New York I received a letter from my daughter. She writes:

DEAR PAPA: They sent me your address yesterday, so I am writing you today. At present I am writing not only stories but also poems. I even gave up writing stories for a time. I have written a poem for the school wall-newspaper. I am devoting a lot of time to music and physical exercises. Yesterday I stood on my head; I fell and sprained my neck. It hurts me very much. The frost is fierce here. I have given up skating; it is too cold. We went to the regional Soviet Congress, and brought greetings from the Pioneers. I have been devoting a lot of time to Pioneer activities. One of the girls in my school writes poems very well. We read books and study German together. Best of all, I like Pushkin's works.

I received this letter from my daughter Natasha, a girl of thirteen not very different from other Soviet girls of her age. My children—my daughter Natasha and my son Andrey—live in Kolomna, about sixty miles from Moscow. Every two weeks I make a trip to visit them for a day or two. The visit before my last took place on December 24. I arrived in Kolomna at night. Everybody was asleep, surrounded by the stillness of a frosty night in a small Russian town. All of Kolomna was asleep. I thought to myself: tonight, all over the world, people are celebrating the birth of Christ two thousand years ago. I recalled my own childhood, and the Christmas trees, and the yule logs; fortune-telling, high-school vacations, dances, parties in troika sleighs.

My children awoke me in the morning. They were gay and in a great hurry.

"What's your hurry?" I asked.

"We've got to rush off to school," Natasha said. "After school we shall visit the machine factory to see how iron castings are made. I'll be home at three o'clock."

"Don't you know, Natasha," I said, "that the whole world is celebrating Christmas today?"

"Yes, they told us in school about this survival from the Middle Ages," Natasha said, and hurried out into the sharp frost.

I was waiting for my daughter's return from school in order to talk to her; not to teach her but to learn from her, to understand her world. She came hurrying home accompanied by several girl friends, all ruddy-cheeked from the frost, and happy after their day's work. I asked about the fathers of her girl friends and learned that one of them was a shoemaker, another a physician, and a third a factory worker. The three girls all spoke more or less in the spirit of Natasha's letter which I have quoted above. Our conversation was interrupted by my son Andrey, who is passing

through the adventurous period of his life. He is, of course, a bandit, a hunter, an Indian chief; his head is full of Jack London and Fenimore Cooper; his pockets are full of all kinds of rubbish—nails, pieces of string, percussion caps for toy rifles, pictures of American Indians.

After the girls had left and Andrey had gone away with his skates and a toy rifle slung across his back (he is apparently hunting elephants), Natasha said:

"Do you know what has happened to Andrey? As you know, one must be at least nine years old in order to join the Pioneers, and Andrey is only eight years old. He lied about his age and the Pioneers admitted him. Then all of a sudden they discovered he had lied about his age. The comrades of his unit, boys and girls, brought him to trial. How could he, a Pioneer, who had sworn to be honest and never tell a lie, tell such an awful lie? They nearly expelled him from the Pioneers. Later, however, they decided not to punish him so severely, and let him off with a severe reprimand. You should have seen how he suffered! For several days he ate nothing and drank nothing."

Other letters from Soviet Russia are lying on the table. One is from my wife. It says:

Here is another glorious event: Duniasha was elected a member of the Moscow Soviet. You cannot imagine how happy, how elated she is. When she was elected she was greeted with applause and the singing of the "Internationale." The only thing which marred her happiness was the fact that her parents were not present to see her triumph.

Duniasha is our servant, a twenty-seven-year-old peasant girl of heroic physical proportions. I reread the letter and think of Duniasha and am glad. Duniasha—a member of the Moscow Soviet! She is thus my superior; she is in authority over me, and not over me alone but over the entire city of Moscow. I live in a small house on the outskirts of Moscow. In the kitchen Duniasha is mistress of the pots and pans. I am intrusted with all kinds of duties, especially with chopping wood and fueling the stove. On a frosty day it is not at all bad to struggle with a log and to win, and to sit at twilight in front of the fire. At twilight the snow behind the walls freezes in Russia with a remarkable blue frost. Once I heard at twilight the following words which Duniasha, carrying the firewood, said to my wife:

"Comrade Vladimir Ilych Lenin has said that every cook should learn how to govern. Well, I am learning."

Duniasha did not study in vain. Every evening at seven o'clock Duniasha went to school to learn how to read and write and how to govern the country. Or she would go to her club where they discussed public affairs. Once I visited Duniasha's village. During the days when the collective farms were being organized I went with Duniasha's brother, an ordinary peasant lad, to see how the collective farms are being built up. Duniasha went with us to visit her parents. In order to see everything at close range, I adopted the mode of life lived by Duniasha's brother, Stepan Romanovitch; nevertheless, I was tempted to buy tickets for

the first-class railway carriage. Duniasha asked about it:

"Are those tickets going to cost much more?"

"About five rubles more for each ticket," I said.

"Well, for five rubles we might just as well sit the whole night on the hard seats," Duniasha decided.

We took the hard seats. We had to sit up and could not sleep. All night Stepan Romanovitch recited to me poems by the classic Russian poets. He also sang some popular ballads, such as:

Be quiet, Vanka, don't cry:

They took mother to school;

She has no time to feed you at her breast,

We must all learn how to read.

Stepan told me how he served in the red army, where he learned to write verses. We did not sleep all night. At dawn we arrived at our final station. We hired one of those primitive Russian wagons and crawled along through the vast spaces of the dusty steppe until sunset. We arrived in a primitive Russian village with thatched roofs set in the melancholy of great spaces and wide fields.

Roman Arkhipovitch, the father of Duniasha and Stepan Romanovitch, was a poor peasant who did not even own a horse. There is an old custom of surprising people by an unexpected appearance, so we approached the house stealthily, and before we entered we looked through the window to see what was going on inside. Roman Arkhipovitch was sitting at a table and reading a book by the light of a tiny smoky lamp. When we entered I was curious to see what book he was reading. It was Veresayev's "Memoirs of a Physician." I was amazed because this is a book for very cultured readers. Fifteen minutes later Roman Arkhipovitch's hut was full of peasants; the table glistened with vodka glasses; peasants' eyes sparkled from behind thick beards, in the corners of the room. They asked me:

"Well, how are things in Moscow? Well, and how about the Poles? Tell us about the Germans, the English, the French."

The peasants wanted to know everything. With me they discussed public affairs. They told me they had closed the village church because it was no longer needed. When the church was closed, the priest shaved his beard off and delivered a speech on the evils of the clergy. The church was converted into a peasants' club containing a library, a reading-room, and a radio-room. Soon Roman Arkhipovitch's hut was buzzing like a beehive; everybody was discussing collective farming, tractors, economic necessity, agriculture, electrification. Serious thoughts were emphasized by good old Russian oaths which turned Duniasha's ears red.

A quiet, bearded little peasant who, in spite of the spring weather, wore a sheepskin coat and held a fur cap in his hand observed in a low voice:

"Of course, there's a lot of difference between the old ways of our grandfathers and the new ways. A tractor is not a horse. You can't drive it with a whip. For example, a hundred years ago here in Russia the American potato made its first appearance. At that time the authorities forced the people to plant them. There were terrible revolts against this in our country. At that time the kulaks declared that the potato was the devil's seed, that the people would lose their faith on account of it, and would fall into the hands of the Anti-Christ. There was a potato revolt in our province; the peasants killed about ten policemen; the au-

thorities had the peasants flogged. Will we peasants revolt now if they take away our potatoes and forbid us to plant them? We are a revolutionary nation; we are an example to the whole world, and must inevitably build collective farms, get electricity and tractors, and live in an enlightened and civilized way."

The bearded little peasant spoke quietly, in a low voice; his eyes were clear and simple, and they gazed at a corner of the ceiling, at a spot where the ikons used to hang before they were removed to the barn. Through the window we could see a row of tractors come chugging from the fields into the garage. The village was settling down for the night. But the peasants did not go home; they continued talking for many hours, and listened to tales of my travels.

These are Duniasha's people—these peasants—Duniasha who is now a member of the Moscow Soviet! She struggles with the pots and pans, and rules Moscow!

A Russian village. Spring. A little mound of earth around a peasant hut. A Russian peasant with felt boots and a sheepskin coat sits on the mound enjoying nature and spring. It is twilight. Birds are flying through the dusk. The sun is setting. Everything seems to be at peace and happy—the earth, the sky, the peasant, the immemorial landscape. But there are possibly changes. Perhaps on the other side of the street a sign on a church says it is now a hospital; perhaps the cross on the dome has been replaced by a red flag. On the outskirts of the village a new red school has been built. The cows have returned from the fields. Girls operating tractors are coming in from the fields in the machine they have mastered. The little peasant sits on the mound of earth, in his felt boots and sheepskin coat, and is content.

The girls have driven home from the fields in their tractors. Immediately after the war it became fashionable for women to wear short skirts. That fashion also became prevalent in the Russian villages, bringing sorrow to the women. The women were sad because the fashion magazines told about short skirts, but told nothing about what should be worn underneath these skirts. And the women in the Russian villages suffered for a long time from this lack of information, for no matter how they sat in the short skirts the lace of the long old-fashioned pantalettes protruded. This crying need of Russian women was met by the cooperatives, which turned out an infinite quantity of silk shorts. However, in the Soviet Union there is no free trading; trade and goods are distributed equally, according to a general plan. Hence silk shorts for women were sent to the most remote Russian villages. It so happened that these shorts arrived in the cooperative store at the same time as the tractors which were sent to the collective farms. Nobody knows who originated the idea, but somehow it was decided that these silk shorts were to go with the tractors; they became the uniform for the women who operated the tractors. Now the girls operating the tractors on collective farms wear only silk shorts, without any skirts at all, thus going far beyond all European and American skirt reductions, and creating their own collective-farm fashion.

Here in New York it is night. I see the innumerable lights of these extraordinary, beautiful, wicked structures. Across the seas, across thousands of miles, I try to see and

hear my own country, which covers one-sixth of the earth's surface. I listen and I hear:

I hear the iron tread of the revolution. I see how all of Soviet Russia goes on, changes the tempo of life, builds. I hear the sound of axes, the groaning of excavators. I see them building, building, building. They are changing the old ways and creating a new man and new human relations. The locomotives are whistling. The country works day and night. Everyone works; nobody has the privilege of not working. Throughout the land, all those who do not work have been destroyed. All those who are against the revolution are wiped out by the revolution. Vast hydro-electric stations loom over the rivers. Smoke pours from the chimneys of factories and mills. Shafts are sunk into the mountains. Tractors crawl over the fields and steppes. From the White Sea to the Black Sea, from the Pacific to the Baltic, they are building, building, building.

Here, on the thirtieth floor of a New York skyscraper, I sit and think; I try to analyze the differences between the United States of America and the Union of Russian Soviets:

First, in the United States the man who works has to look for his job and when he has a job he must tremble lest he lose it. In the Soviet Union the job seeks the man. In the Soviet Union it is not only man's right to work but his duty. In the United States people are afraid of unemployment; in the Soviet Union only a loafer would attempt to escape work and such a loafer is a dishonorable person, because in the Soviet Union it is against the law to be unemployed.

Second, in the United States it is considered an honor to be distinguished for wealth, to be a millionaire. In the

Soviet Union it is a disgrace to be conspicuous for wealth, and the ruble is neither an aim nor an incentive.

The average standard of living in the United States is six times higher than the average in the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is pushing the Five-Year Plan in order to raise the living standards of all the inhabitants of the Soviet Union. There will be a second Five-Year Plan, with the eventual aim of creating a classless society in which the concepts of rank and estate will be abolished; a society in which there will be no noblemen, peasants, bourgeois groups, workers, or artisans. There will be only one concept—the man who works.

The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is building, building, building. In one of the southern towns of Soviet Russia a perfume factory has been constructed under the Five-Year Plan. Last year the flower called Victoria Regia blossomed on the plantations around the factory for the first time in Soviet Russia. I visited that factory; it was as factories go—machines, motors, transmission belts; the equipment from the United States. Even now many of the factory's perfumes are being exported from the Soviet Union to Coty in France. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in my opinion, constructs history by the factory method, and by the insistence that only those who work and do not exploit others who work have the right to enjoy the fruits of labor.

It is dawn in New York, and I sit looking out of the window on the thirtieth floor of a Manhattan skyscraper. There, beyond the seas, stretches Soviet Russia. I hear it building, building, building. I think: Duniasha is a member of the Moscow Soviet!

A Socialist Looks at the Swope Plan

By NORMAN THOMAS

GERARD SWOPE'S speech proposing a plan to unify industry and stabilize employment may come to rank as a milestone in American economic history. Certainly it is significant that at last one of our authentic captains of industry, one of the real rulers of America, has overcome the profound and bewildered reluctance of the high and mighty to go beyond the sorriest platitudes in telling us how to break the depression they did so much to cause and so little to avert. Obviously Mr. Swope's speech had its good points. It was a clear-cut admission that we cannot be saved by any automatic laws, that somebody must plan, that industry is responsible for its workers, and that public regulation of national industry cannot be efficiently exercised by forty-eight different States. This last admission was one of the most interesting things in the speech, for heretofore Mr. Swope's colleagues in high industrial circles have always favored State regulation, if any, and played up to States'-rights traditions and prejudices in the sure knowledge that the States would continue to prove inefficient regulators of enterprises mightier than they.

But after one has leaned over backward to give credit to Mr. Swope, the fact remains that his plan has in it few possibilities for good and many for evil, that it is far more likely, if it succeeds at all, which I doubt, to fasten upon us

a curious semi-syndicalist form of capitalism than to give us planned production and distribution for use rather than profit. Let me list my objections:

1. The plan comes too late to have merit as a creative expression of the so-called new capitalism. If Mr. Swope or any other spokesman for big industry had proposed this plan even as late as the summer of 1929, we might have had some confidence in the foresight, breadth of vision, and statesmanship of our capitalist overlords. They said nothing. They let the market go plunging on. Mr. Swope's own company, the General Electric, has always been one of the chief sinners in the matter of those simple understandable forms of standardized corporation reports for which Mr. Swope pleads. Now, two years after the crash, with no relief in sight, it is impossible to have much faith in the wisdom or public spirit of big industrialists who have only begun to talk about doing that which they refused to consider in times of prosperity.

2. Mr. Swope's plan for helping workers by stabilizing employment and putting in a system of unemployment insurance involving equal contributions by employees and employers is far from satisfactory. Obviously this plan will be of no benefit in the present crisis, for the unemployed now are already unemployed and cannot participate in a fund

which is still to be set up and which cannot accumulate any reserve for some years to come. But even looking to the future, the plan of unemployment insurance by industries is inadequate and unsatisfactory. Some industries, as the history of unemployment-insurance funds in the needle trade has already proved, simply cannot support the burden of adequate insurance if they have to meet that burden without state aid. Stronger industries united in the associations which Mr. Swope recommends can dodge the burden of unemployment insurance by passing it on to consumers. Perhaps consumers can and should bear some of the burden, but they should scarcely bear it all when the real beneficiaries of capitalism, the profit-takers, go untouched and unmentioned. In Mr. Swope's plan, part of the cost which is not passed on to consumers will be paid by the workers. Contributions aggregating 50 per cent of the total fund taken out of the inadequate wages now paid in all our industries would be a very serious burden upon the workers. To force them to carry it while the income taxpayer contributes nothing to employment insurance is a long way from that more equitable distribution of the national income which is the foundation principle of any true conquest of poverty and economic insecurity.

Even the stabilization of employment which Mr. Swope indorses and for which there is nowadays a general hurrah needs to be critically examined. Stabilization of employment in an age of great technical progress without the social compulsion of the five-day week means simply the creation of a class of permanently unemployed. The ten million now out of work can stay out of work and by technical improvements those now at work can produce what a more prosperous society may demand. At any rate, Mr. Swope offers us nothing to prevent this outcome.

3. The heart of the Swope plan is, of course, the creation of trade associations subject to some degree of control by a federal supervisory body. My first reaction to this was that Mr. Swope is more of a utopian than any Socialist I know if he thinks his scheme is practicable. It faces immense legal difficulties. Not only will the Sherman anti-trust act have to be amended or abolished; the Constitution of the United States itself will have to be changed (or radically reinterpreted by obliging lawyers) to permit any federal body to bring pressure on recalcitrant employers or corporations. Of the latter there will be plenty, never fear. In the present temper of the American business man no one can imagine the textile or the bituminous-coal industry voluntarily forming the kind of association Mr. Swope has in mind. Neither of these industries can possibly set its own house in order without closing down surplus mills or mines. The same thing is true in many another line. Mr. Swope's "voluntary associations" will face immensely greater difficulties than were faced by the redoubtable Governor Murray of Oklahoma when he used the State militia to force complacent oil operators to stop production until the price of oil went up. It will take the sternest sort of federal compulsion, not mere regulation, to line up these industries. I suspect Mr. Swope of deliberately "pulling his punches" at this point, or perhaps I should say of putting such a heavy coating of sugar on his pill that the bitterness of compulsion inherent in it was unnoticed by his listeners. Moreover, I suspect that Mr. Swope himself would not want the degree of compulsion required unless he had reasonable hope that big busi-

ness could control the government, which would force little business to fall in line and be good.

Now I fully believe in the use of government as an agent in socializing basic industries. I am very suspicious, however, of the bureaucracy, tyranny, and inefficiency of using government on such a vast regulatory scale as Mr. Swope proposes. There is nothing in the history of the most successful of our regulatory authorities—the Interstate Commerce Commission—to make us look to an extension of its powers over other industries as the way out. Indeed, it looks as if the condition of the railroads would soon be forcing railroad executives to go beyond associations and regulation by the federal commission to government ownership—always providing that they can unload their securities at a high price!

In short, Mr. Swope's scheme of regulation is a probably unconstitutional plan for putting the power of government behind the formation of strong capitalist syndicates which will seek to control the government which regulates them and, failing that, will fight it.

4. Even supposing all the hurdles in the way of effective organization of trade associations were leaped, we should still be up against the question of the coordination of industries and of economic processes generally. A series of trade associations will not automatically give us a planned national economy. Mr. Swope has entirely left out the function of banks and stock markets. How can his associations regulate production and distribution if their stocks continue to be pawns and prizes for Wall Street's gamblers? Who is to take care of the entire credit situation? Suppose the Swope plan had been tried in England, would it have averted the crisis arising primarily out of banking and credit which now threatens to bring the mighty structure of British capitalism to the ground?

It is significant that on the very day after Mr. Swope's address J. S. Baker, a high official of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, one of the most powerful and presumably one of the soundest New York banks, solemnly exhorted all classes of New York bankers to stand against any and all changes in the banking laws. That is to say, commercial banks must be allowed to play with thrift accounts, which may or may not be properly segregated. Ambitious bank managements can form affiliates and use the depositors' money to buy the securities which the affiliates sell. It is nonsense to talk platitudes about how "laws, regulation, and supervision can never take the place of honesty, sound judgment, and conservative policy in the conduct of a bank's affairs." As long as it is legal for the First National Bank to have affiliates, the Bank of United States will play the same game. And all but the strongest of Mr. Swope's trade associations will still be the victims of bankers strong enough to come close to controlling credit throughout the United States, but not strong enough or willing enough to prevent wholesale failures in time of depression. It is amazing that the first authoritative statement on anything like a plan for industry should omit to make any mention of the role of the banks and of the stock exchange. It is perhaps even more amazing that Mr. Swope has nothing to say about the correlation and coordination of his trade associations with each other and with the financial markets. One would think that each association could live to itself, whereas, as a matter of fact, they require coordination in a general plan even more

than our original States required coordination in a federal Union. Unless Mr. Swope wants to add a second chapter to his plan, he stands convicted of giving us a scheme with all the disadvantages of syndicalism without its great advantage—that in theory it eliminated private profit.

5. The mention of private profit brings us to the final and conclusive objection to the Swope plan, which is that it is consciously dedicated to the preservation of private profit. Mr. Swope takes away the older orthodox justifications of capitalism. He no longer trusts individual initiative, competition, and the automatic working of markets. We must have association and regulation, an economic government of engineers rather than of promoters. Yet we are still to keep the old structure of corporation securities. We are still to take care of absentee stockholders. We are still to keep private profit even when the search for profit has so far failed in managing basic industries and resources that one of our mightiest captains is forced to argue in favor of an extraordinary degree of regulation. Under the circumstances it is a wonder that his plan is no worse. The plan is weak because Mr. Swope's underlying philosophy is still weaker. For the immense mass of workers with hand and brain the question of purpose precedes the question of plan.

Are we with single devotion to plan to harness the billion wild horses of industry to the service of mankind? Are we genuinely to seek that relative economic equality without which we shall not get lasting prosperity, or freedom, or peace, or brotherhood? If so, it is idle to try to dodge the issue: shall we keep the division of mankind into owners and workers? Mr. Swope's own plan is the best possible admission of the uselessness of the stockholding class. Under it more than ever are these owners divorced from responsibility. The engineer, the executive, the expert, the worker—these are the men who alone can make Mr. Swope's plan succeed at all, even as these are the men who today keep our crazy system from utter collapse.

Why not, then, be candid enough to face the facts which by implication we have all admitted? Why not accept the logic of public ownership of things necessary for the common life? There will still be difficult questions to answer. The new social order will have to be experimental. It cannot be established overnight. But it cannot be established at all unless we have some compass to steer by and some conception of the goal we want to reach. These are the things that doom to ultimate failure any scheme for plastering plan on to the essential planlessness of the profit system.

How We Solved It at Oklahoma City

By KARL PRETSHOLD

Oklahoma City, September 11

OKLAHOMA CITY long regarded its unemployment problem as a simple one. Long after the Hoover depression had hit the rest of the country, Oklahoma City boosters, chamber-of-commerce officials, and merchants proudly boasted that Oklahoma City was still "the white spot on the business map." But thousands of persons (no one took the trouble to find out the exact number) were unemployed. Hundreds of families, the victims of unemployment, lived in the "river bottom" section of the city as squatters, sheltered in tents, shacks, and hovels.

The condition of the "river bottom" folk did not worry anyone, because it was generally felt they were not really residents of Oklahoma City. They were thought of as "floaters." Many of them were tenant farmers and "share croppers" driven to the city after the drought of last year; here they hoped something would turn up. Others were families which had moved here in the hope that the oil-field boom advertised by the chamber of commerce would furnish work for the "men folks." No matter what their status they were generally left out when the charities affiliated with the community-chest organization distributed their largess.

Then the Veterans of Foreign Wars started a soup kitchen in the "river bottom." The Veterans collected discarded food from wholesale produce houses and scraps from butcher shops and restaurants, and with the aid of former army cooks turned this stuff into stew which could be eaten by a genuinely hungry person. The effort was denounced. It would, said the critics, attract families from all over the Southwest to Oklahoma City, where they would live in luxury and idleness on what would otherwise be thrown

away. The Veterans ignored the criticism and fed thousands of persons daily. No questions were asked of anyone applying for food. If the men at the kitchen suspected applicants of "trying to pull any funny stuff" they dealt with each case in direct, crude, but human "army style," and they think they managed to cut "cheating" to a minimum. They were so indifferent to the necessities of scientific social-work standards that they couldn't see any harm in a hungry man getting food even if he was one of the "undeserving poor," and they didn't care if some people got two helpings.

Each day hundreds of children were given doles of stale bread and skimmed milk. All delicacies (such as figs that had spoiled and canned fruit that had gone a bit sour) were saved for the children. The critics of the soup line were, almost without exception, careful to stay away from the soup line, where they would have been compelled to see those children marching past for what (had it not been for the Veterans) would otherwise have been garbage.

With the encouragement of a committee appointed by Governor Murray, several other soup lines were established under loose State supervision. But the management of these soup kitchens became involved in bills, authority, and red tape. Their affairs have not been wholly straightened out yet. When spring came the soup kitchens of the State and that of the veterans also were closed.

With the winter safely weathered, a chamber-of-commerce committee was appointed to "assist the unemployed." The jobless residents of the city were urged to register and were promised help in finding work. Between 7,000 and 8,000 men and women listed themselves as seeking work. After a check had been made to ascertain whether they were "deserving," Jack Owens, popular civic leader, vice-presi-

dent of the chamber of commerce, and head of one of the local utilities, as head of the committee placed office space and telephones at the disposal of clubwomen. These clubwomen telephoned householders asking if they could give work to unemployed persons. Grass cutting, cleaning yards, removal of trash, painting, and the usual sort of "made" work were located.

The actual placement of unemployed persons was left to already existing groups and agencies, though there were many charges of favoritism. Before this effort to help the unemployed petered out, several socially prominent members of the Junior League saw their pictures in the local papers, sitting at telephones, smiling, helping in the good work. The utility headed by Owens lost nothing by its kindness to the unemployed and the clubwomen who used its offices and telephones.

Then city administrations changed, and a new chief of police was appointed. John Watt had been a business man with a hobbyist's interest in crime and police affairs. Crime was said to be on the increase in the city, and Chief Watt, realizing that there was a relation between unemployment and crime waves, ordered a "drive" on the river-bottom squatters. The first series of raids netted more than ninety men, all of whom were charged with vagrancy. Brought to trial in police court (without benefit of counsel) the men arrested all agreed to "find work or leave town." Chief Watt announced that when the arrests had been made, his men had found the squatters in possession of clothing "which might have been stolen."

The new city administration indicated that the economic problem of unemployment and the social problem of poverty would be left in the hands of Chief Watt and his assistants. When Grover Whalen was police commissioner of New York, he used to say that there was plenty of law at the end of a cop's nightstick. Chief Watt turned his police billies into magic wands for the solution of social-economic problems, and Oklahoma City voiced no objection.

But Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray did. He issued an order to the police directing them to "cease and desist" from arresting "citizens of Oklahoma City" on vagrancy charges when their only offense was being without a job. The city administration, led by Mayor C. J. Blinn, replied that Murray should run the State, they would run the city. Murray retorted that anyone who had been arrested for vagrancy was forthwith pardoned, and anyone the police arrested in future would also be pardoned.

Probably for the first time in this country the chief executive of a State moved to halt police abuse of vagrancy laws. Murray's stand was praised by Walter Harrison, editor of the conservative *Oklahoma City Times*. He joined with Murray in demanding that the city "provide work as a test of whether a man is a vagrant. A vagrant is not a man out of work."

Carl Magee, editor of the *Scripps-Howard Oklahoma News* and possessor of a national reputation as a liberal, denounced Harrison and Murray in a column-long editorial. Magee became alarmed at the sight of a governor exercising clemency for whole classes of offenders—but remained calm while the police jailed, tried, sentenced, and banished scores of men whose sole offense was joblessness. Magee denounced the conditions of life in the "bottoms"—but ignored any responsibility the city might have for those conditions. He

wrote his impassioned defense of a city administration he had helped elect to office a few days after returning from a chamber-of-commerce "good-will trip" through the region from which many of the squatters had been recruited.

The police continued to arrest squatters and others on vagrancy charges. One man who had a job as night watchman was arrested while on his way to work, taken to jail, and charged with vagrancy. He had \$14 in his pockets and claimed that he had \$161 in the bank. His bail was fixed at \$20; the police refused to accept his \$14 and a \$6 check as bail although it is not unusual for the Oklahoma City police to accept checks as bail. He was held in jail twenty-three hours, tried, and fined \$19. The fine was remitted by the police judge on the man's promise to "get work or get out of town within twenty-four hours." Released, the man found that his failure to report for work had cost him his job.

Lillian Brewster, twenty, who had been arrested several times on various charges involving immorality, was arrested twice in one evening, both times on vagrancy charges. The first time she was with a "boy friend" in a car. Both were arrested, tried, and fined; the boy friend paid both fines. Later the same evening she was arrested again and fined \$11. Unable to pay, she was sent to jail to "serve it out." Lillian admitted that she wasn't a "good girl." "I got into trouble several times," she said. "Things wouldn't go right. I was broke and hungry, and I knew I wasn't going to a soup line." (Would Mr. Hoover admire this sturdy individualism, this refusal to accept a dole?) "I solicited men sometimes, but not regularly. I used narcotics a little, but I haven't for three months."

Lillian had come to Oklahoma City from downstate after her father, her grandfather, and brother-in-law had been killed in a family feud. Her father had known Governor Murray slightly. Murray, hearing of her arrest, chose to take her case, and using it as a test, fight it out with the Oklahoma City police. He telephoned the night chief of police and ordered her release. After consulting the city counsel the police decided to stand on their dignity.

A telephoned executive pardon would receive no attention, and Murray was again instructed to run the State, the city would run its own affairs. After a twenty-four-hour wordy squabble in defense of police and city prestige, Lillian was released on a written order signed by Murray.

"The Governor's order was according to law and my only course was to turn her loose," declared Chief Watt. "But before I did so I called the girl into my office and with the Governor's representative present I read to her reports of the nine times she had been arrested by the police." Chief Watt won a moral victory when "she admitted every charge" made against her and promised to "straighten up."

Governor Murray's pardon releasing Lillian again ordered Oklahoma City police to "desist" from arresting "any other persons . . . who reside in Oklahoma City and who are citizens of Oklahoma City; that is, who have resided in Oklahoma one year, in Oklahoma County six months, and in their voting precincts thirty days, which term of residence constitutes citizenship; and they shall not, in the future, be molested, nor shall any attempt be made to banish them from the city." Chief Watt then ordered that in future all vagrancy charges must be specific; that they

should read "vagrancy by using narcotics" or some other particular offense.

Meanwhile Oklahoma City health authorities handled the squatter problem by ordering every family in the "bottom" section to move. Most of them, it was reported by the police, "are leaving the city." "Insanitary living conditions" was given as the reason for the eviction orders.

Murray had won; Chief Watt had saved police-department dignity; Oklahoma City had won, since it considered that the squatters made up all there was of its unemployment problem and they had been driven off; and "citizens of Oklahoma City," whether jobless or not, are protected in "their constitutional rights"—provided they have "resided in their voting precinct thirty days." Neither the city administration, Governor Murray, nor Oklahoma City residents thought it strange for a city to have its economic-social problems handled by its police department.

But somehow the police solution of the problem has not kept the problem solved. A new committee on unemployment has been appointed—this time by the mayor. At this writing the committee has been in existence more than a week, but as yet has not held a meeting. A new registration of the unemployed was thought necessary and is now going forward. More than 7,500 jobless adults registered during the first three days of what Walter Harrison of the *Times* describes as a "desultory campaign" to list jobless job-seekers. He estimates that "there must be at least 10,000 and possibly 12,000 without employment. If there

are 10,000 adults in Oklahoma County without employment, there are at least 25,000 to be given assistance out of a population of 185,000. That is more than 13 per cent of the population. One out of every eight persons is without work."

But, insists Mr. Harrison, "we have every reason to believe Oklahoma City and County is in much better condition than the vast majority of urban communities in the nation." Urging serious consideration of the problem, he declared \$600,000 to be a "ridiculously low" estimate of what it will cost to take care of the needy of Oklahoma City this winter. Handling the job of getting that sum will "require the generous use of city, county, and State funds administered by an alert, efficient, special organization, with complete cooperation from all branches of authority, to meet this emergency. This week is not a day too early to set up the elements of the big machine to handle this greatest of civic jobs."

But "this week" has passed and no move has been made to "set up the big machine." Some weeks ago Mr. Harrison warned that the unemployed must not be "put on the dole." He urged that jobless persons be made to do some sort of work, if it "is only shoveling dirt from one side of the road to the other." Indications are that the jobless of Oklahoma City will not be given an opportunity to move much dirt "from one side of the road to the other" this winter. It is more probable that the police will again be handling the "greatest of civic jobs" by the time the snow flies.

Austria and Free Trade*

By KARL POLANYI

Vienna, September 18

CLASSICAL free trade seems dead as a door-nail. It sounds today incredible that President Wilson should have declared that the war was being fought for "the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers." Had it been fought and won for customs tariffs, the result could not have been more eminently satisfactory. America not only refused to ratify the Covenant of the League, she also voted the Fordney tariff. In Europe new countries like Czecho-Slovakia established tariffs to protect their new industries; old countries raised theirs to protect their old ones; Fascist Italy declared on principle for high tariffs; Communist Russia declared on opposing principles for still higher ones. One of the largest free-trade territories of the world, Austria-Hungary, was broken up and transformed into a network of customs barriers. The League of Nations has not only failed to achieve disarmament, it has also signally failed to lower European tariffs. And when the Austro-German plan for a customs union proposed this spring to establish *freer* trade in Central Europe, this move did not meet with general approval. Quite the contrary.

Indeed, the war has proved absolutely disastrous to free trade. In Central and Eastern Europe, especially in Austria, where the war originated, the tragedy of free trade was keenly understood. Austria-Hungary had never before

been so centralized and unified politically as during the war, and yet under the surface she was economically quietly disintegrating under the pressure of war and blockade. Hungary practically put an embargo on foodstuffs and some agricultural raw materials to prevent their export to Austria; Austria retorted by similar measures in respect to various manufactured articles; towns were isolated from their hinterlands; province cut itself off from province; the great empire of the Hapsburgs, very nearly self-sufficient in time of peace, broke up into economically isolated regions, jealously protecting their own products, united only by the coercive power of the central military authorities. Not import prohibitions at all but embargoes on exports were thus the origin of trade restrictions. The post-war period began. Depreciation of currencies became a new barrier to trade—this time, of course, in the opposite direction, hindering imports into and furthering exports from the country suffering from inflation. The result in other countries in danger of being flooded by dumped goods was that they imposed anti-dumping duties in defense of their own wage and profit levels. Retaliation followed, although protective tariffs were often in reality independent measures having retaliation only as their excuse. Finally there is the law of inertia. In England all measures of a protectionist character—McKenna duties, key industries, anti-dumping, safeguarding—are the direct heritage of the war.

But inertia is not a sufficient factor in itself, nor are

* The sixth and last of a series of articles on free trade.—EDITOR THE NATION.

customs tariffs more than a symptom. Free trade has never meant merely the absence of protective tariffs. It has meant the free flow of capital and labor, and equality of opportunity for human beings all over the world irrespective of the state and its authority. For a long time, at least for a whole generation, we have been getting farther and farther from this. Tariffs are only one of the impediments, and not by any means the greatest, in the way of free interchange of capital and labor, just as they are only one of the many characteristics of an independent economic entity today. Modern economic entities have very much more than protective tariffs to emphasize their independence of one another. It is not tariffs at all which prevent capital or labor from migrating; it is the cleft which all-pervading state activity is increasingly widening between one economic unit and the other. The one new development of our times is all-round state activity. Social services, health and unemployment insurance, labor exchanges, factory laws, open and secret subsidies, grants and bounties to industry, export schemes and trade facilities, grants in aid of public works or communal housing, freight rebates for many industries, state aid for banks and big enterprises—aid often made dependent by the state upon the readiness of the enterprise to engage a number of employees, to maintain wages at a fixed level, or to keep down the price of its product—these make national economies more and more different from each other. National economies become separate entities even if they do not become unities at the same time. Capitalist state activity may transform them into a very chaos; but each chaos will be separate and different from the others. The migration of labor has been held up quite as much by the existence of unemployment insurance in Europe as by the American immigration-restriction laws. In Eastern Europe foreign capital has often been "nationalized," that is, the nationals of the different countries have enjoyed very pronounced preferences in the matter of management of the foreign capital invested in their country. This is only an extreme instance of the quite general tendency of all national and nationalistic state governments to foster the great industries, especially those connected with armaments, by every means in their power. In many new states the government of the day is by far the biggest customer in the home market, and political pressure is ruthlessly brought to bear upon it to place all orders at home. Above all, that terrible consequence of the war and the peace treaties, political insecurity, is the great deterrent of loans and investments from abroad, restricting almost entirely any flow of capital and often of labor too.

Customs tariffs were once merely a commercial policy; today they are part and parcel of the whole economic fabric of a country, indissolubly bound up with the fine balance of innumerable favors and counter-favors granted to groups and individuals. The burdens of social services are sometimes the cause, though more often perhaps only the pretext, of the granting of customs duties to an industry or branch of industry, which today means more and more this or that individual trust or combine. Moreover, the twentieth century has in Europe made the working class into a political power, and the instrument with which this was achieved was trade unionism, organization by crafts. In consequence, the political influence of the masses, which was formerly that of consumers, has become more and more that of producers. It may win from the government duties in favor of the

products of an industry which may help that industry to carry more easily the costs of social services.

Take again cartels. Here also customs are only one item in a tremendous protectionist machinery—an item, it is true, closely linked up with the whole. **International cartels** are as a rule a very much greater impediment to trade than are customs duties. The latter only hinder trade, while cartels often prevent it altogether. Now international cartels are based on national ones; national cartels, again, are generally based on customs duties, which secure for the weakest unit of the cartel a remunerative price at the cost of the consumer. Yet it is not true to say that cartels could not exist without tariffs. They would be merely more expensive to set up and less profitable in the long run. In the case of the most important cartels, for example, the International Steel Cartel, the duty was imposed in Germany explicitly in order to facilitate the creation of a national cartel which was to merge in the international one, the whole arrangement being regarded as vital to Franco-German understanding. As a matter of fact, it was not. How far, however, must our continent have already departed from free trade if governments link up peace and customs tariffs in this manner! A return to free trade, in the classical meaning of the term, without changes of a sweeping character is altogether impossible on the Continent today. State and communal activity in every sphere of economic and social life, out-of-work relief and public works included, the restriction of immigration and the trade unionism partly based upon it, international organization of trade, the growing political influence of the working classes, the new forms of the state as reflected in Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia—they are all involved. Some of them no doubt should be scrapped; but whether you think they should or should not, you cannot have free trade back on easier terms.

Austria is a typical instance of the irresistible force of this protectionist process. From a free market of some fifty-six million persons, some fifty millions were lost to Austria by the treaty. What remained of her was a small, mainly industrial region, which has to purchase its foodstuffs on the world market by exporting manufactured goods—the typical export country. There is, indeed, hardly any other land in Europe which exports a greater part of its industrial products than Austria; the percentage is nearly 40. In the first years of her new existence, famished Austria was rescued by artificial nutrition; later depreciation of the currency restricted imports and stimulated exports; stabilization of the currency in 1922 started Austria as the country in Central Europe destined to be the very champion of free trade. *Scrap customs tariffs and the economic problem of Austria is solved the same day.* As a matter of fact, for several years she represented, as it were, the free-trade conscience of Europe. Look at her now. By a piecemeal raising of duties in the course of years she has ceased altogether to be a free-trade country. Customs duties on total imports attain now some 13 per cent—not less than the average in the ill-famed protectionist countries around us.

The one specific factor which speeded up this development was the Eastern European agrarian crisis. It forced up agricultural tariffs in Germany, and consequently in Austria, to formerly unheard-of levels (this sinister sort of solidarity between agrarians and industrialists was in practice on the Continent even before the war), and thereby it

forced up tariffs for manufactured articles to an equal extent. The agrarian crisis is at present the strongest single factor working for customs tariffs in Central and Eastern Europe. Central Europe is taking the lead by establishing protective tariffs against the grain surplus of Eastern Europe; Eastern Europe retaliates with protective tariffs on manufactured articles as a bargaining asset. The result is a foregone conclusion: the organized interests in both groups of countries agree to stabilize both agricultural and industrial tariffs on a maximum level. The agrarian problem in Europe is of course widely different from that existing in the United States, where farming is more or less regarded as business. With us it is that condition of life to which God has called the peasantry; it is neither an occupation nor a business, it is a tradition. Growing grain on small patches of land which have been for generations, sometimes for centuries, in the possession of one family is called agriculture in Europe. It would be of no more avail to the typical peasant to keep accounts of profits and losses than it would have been to a medieval husbandman. He sits on the land like the lichen on the rock. Free importation of grain would tear out at a single pull this artificially nourished overgrowth, lay bare the foundations of society, deprive it of its conservative trappings, and make the working class politically supreme. This is the social and economic background of the idea of *regional preferences* which was so closely bound up with the Austro-German customs-union plan, shattered to pieces at the last meeting of the League Council at Geneva. The regional-preference plan is, in short, this: Consider the grain-exporting states of Eastern Europe (Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, eventually also Bulgaria and Poland) as forming one group; the grain-importing states of Central Europe (Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany) as forming another group. Would not a regional understanding between these two groups naturally lead to a much more rational organization of trade than exists at present? A reciprocal agreement between the two homogeneous groups for lower industrial tariffs on the one hand and for lower agrarian tariffs on the other would realize a measure of free trade in this large territory.

A measure of free trade, *freer trade*—we cannot ask for more. Free trade as a slogan of international commerce was only a substitute for larger economic units. The historical function of free trade was the abolition of provincial barriers to trade, the establishment of the United States of America, of United France, United Italy, United Germany. When no further step toward still larger units was possible on a national basis, the emphasis of free trade shifted to the international: the abolition of customs tariffs between states, the establishment of bilateral commercial agreements and most-favored-nation clauses—the characteristics of pre-war free-trade practice. We have shown how the war and the treaties, working-class emancipation, and modern state action have started a wave of protectionism all over Europe. Does that mean that the essence of free trade, the subdivision of the world's labor with its highly favorable concomitant effects, has at last spent its force? Not at all. Instead of indiscriminate international freedom of interchange free trade is working back to the old lines of creating larger free-trade territories, larger than the old national states. Integration is proceeding anew. The United States is the main free-trade territory in the world today. New Russia follows

next. The British Empire has been since the war linking up its parts more closely. All three are increasingly protectionist, whether we like it or not. The Central and Eastern European agrarian crisis is working for *freer trade* in this vast territory.

The question is today: how can we have freer trade *between these territories*? The sooner Central and Eastern Europe organize into a new economic unit—a customs union between Germany and France is the key also to this question—the easier and the better this all-including problem can be tackled. Russia is definitely seeking an agreement with Western Europe and America, and wishes to organize trade with them on a large scale. But what about Europe and America? Russian customs duties are indeed prohibitive, but the foreign-trade monopoly makes them illusory: exporters to Russia sell to the foreign-trade commissariat, not to individual Russian consumers; the amount of the duties does not affect them. Between Europe and the United States it is different. Customs tariffs may become here just as great an impediment to trade as the Soviet foreign-trade monopoly. But while Communist Russia is increasingly organizing trade between itself and the rest of the world, the capitalist United States is fast abolishing trade between itself and Europe.

In the Driftway

A FRIEND of the Drifter's is building a house in the country. It is an extremely modest house, four rooms on one floor with an open attic above. Designed for a woman no longer young who will live in it sometimes alone, it is equipped with such labor-saving devices as a small country house can have—no extra steps to climb, no water to fetch from a well, a modest furnace instead of the more picturesque and troublesome stoves and open fires. The tenant frankly expects to eat her meals in the pleasant kitchen. But it is a house on the edge of an orchard and just above a brook; the design is copied from much older New England farmhouses nearby; the new pine woodwork is unpainted and warmly amber in color. The Drifter has wandered in and out of the house himself a number of times, listening to the comments of visitors and workmen. And with no prejudices of his own about houses one way or another, for this small new house he has heard nothing but praise.

* * * * *

THE general approval is not entirely explained by the charming situation, the good sense shown in construction and planning, or the agreeable appearance of the rooms now they are completed. The contractor brought his wife up to show her the house while it was building, although he is engaged at the same time on several other dwellings. The carpenter brought his wife also; two or three farmer neighbors dropped in and looked around, and in a day or so their women-folks in turn made a tour of inspection and departed, half in satisfaction and half in envy. City dwellers, tied to penthouse apartments in which they have every comfort and asset that large rents can buy, were loud in their delight. The pattern of their remarks followed the comment of the

contractor to Mrs. Contractor: "Look here," he said, "look at this little house. Neat, isn't it, and comfortable? Just as nice as it can be. Why do we have to live in a great big house full of rooms, when there are only two of us? Why can't we live in a little house like this?"

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

THE Drifter, listening in, is moved to the profound although perhaps not entirely original observation that everyone would like to simplify his life. From a large house full of rooms to a small one; from a city full of mechanical wonders to the orderly peace of an orchard and a brook; from acetylene lamps blazing on every corner to black roads lit only by a moon and kerosene lamps for light within: this is the direction the spirit takes, if the feet are loath or unable to follow. It might be well for our latest and most ardent pioneers, those engaged in making a new Russia, to ponder a little upon this strange quirk in human nature. For they are engaged with all their vast energy, their stupendous natural wealth, their millions of men and women in making life more complicated, in increasing wants, in introducing new devices, new tools, new processes by which the machine can be glorified and man released from slavery. They may find, when the Five-Year Plan and succeeding five-year plans have made this possible, that in realization the complications are more burdensome than helpful. Man is an irrational animal. When society is completely and finally organized, in large, economical, utilitarian units in which there are no waste and no false motions, it may be that small houses set by themselves will seem to him very comforting.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Clifford Hershel Moore

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the death of Clifford Hershel Moore a strong personality is lost not only to American classical scholarship but also to university education as a whole. Dean Moore passed the greater portion of his life in the service of Harvard University. But he taught for a while at the University of Chicago, and in his early years he had some experience of secondary teaching at Phillips Academy, Andover. He also served for a long period as a trustee of Phillips Academy. He consequently had occasion throughout his life to become well acquainted with the problems of American education in both school and college. A man of warm personal attachments, he maintained close relations with friends and colleagues in many institutions, and those associations also contributed to his exceptionally broad knowledge of the academic world.

His own career was admirably representative of the best traditions of the profession. He was one of the most effective Latin teachers of his generation. But his own interest was always strongly directed toward literature and history, and particularly toward the history of the Greek and Roman religions. During the last years of his life he was increasingly occupied with educational administration. He became dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at a time when the president of the university found it necessary to delegate to the dean many powers and duties previously exercised or discharged by himself and his predecessors. In particular, the dean

took over the management of the faculty budget and of departmental appointments. So Dean Moore rapidly became, next to President Lowell, the most important administrative officer in the Cambridge departments of the university. His new duties called for business efficiency, a firm will, and the conscientious exercise of judgment. Not only did he discharge them successfully, but he found the time and energy to take a large share in planning and promoting some of President Lowell's more important educational projects, such as the house plan and the tutorial system. He was a loyal supporter of the administration and at the same time a man of independent mind.

Cambridge, Mass., September 8

F. N. ROBINSON

The Daily Nation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Boston *Daily Advertiser* of December 23, 1872, contains a letter from its New York correspondent, dated December 20. In part it reads as follows:

Mr. Croly, who lately resigned the managing editorship of the *World*, is said to be arranging for the publication of an illustrated daily paper. Others possibly hit nearer the truth when they say that he is to take the managing editorship of Mr. Godkin's *Daily Nation*. This new enterprise, a daily edition of *The Nation*, Mr. Godkin is said to have determined to start with a capital of \$100,000. He is a courageous man and has a wonderful faith in the American reading public if he does so. The idea he has, I understand, is a sort of American *Pall Mall Gazette*.

New York, August 10

PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

Can Such Things Be?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have been much pleased by reading in *The Nation* your impartial presentation of vital problems. But your view of the tariff question does not seem to us to befit a magazine of your caliber. Do away with the tariff and immediately the Roman Catholic convents of all countries will dump their goods into this country. American factories and labor will be at a standstill and the convents with their child labor will prosper. There are Roman Catholic convents in the United States that use free child labor, pay no taxes or license fees, and sell their products to the greedy department stores at a large profit, while American labor which pays taxes is walking the streets. Can you approve of that, and, besides, clamor for the abolishment of the tariff in order to make matters worse?

Chicago, September 15

G. S. GARTONG

The New River Ruling

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on President Hoover's appointments in *The Nation* of July 22 I stated that the Federal Power Commission had "completely flabbergasted the pessimists by administering a body blow to parties bent on dismembering the Water Power Act." That statement was based on the face of the record and is in keeping with the judgment of most commentators on the subject; but I am informed by a Washington friend who is familiar with the technicalities of the power situation that it needs grave modification, if not cancelation. According to the version of my technical adviser, the commission held

"that the construction of the plant at the point designated would affect interstate and foreign commerce below." This is a clear holding that the New River was non-navigable at the point of construction, which holding was directly and is directly opposed to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. In other words, the only holding that could be made to protect the public interest would be a direct holding that the river was navigable at the point of construction, and the Power Commission simply straddled the question. I should like to enter a warning to your readers against assuming that this single ruling of the Power Commission has settled anything vital in the public interest.

New Milford, Conn., September 15 CHARLES A. BEARD

French Aims

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was most encouraging to read Mr. Villard's article in *The Nation* of August 12. I am a stranger here and am often amazed how little the majority of American journals and newspapers know of the aims of France. How can anyone except a French person excuse the intriguing of France and its jealousy and envy of other nations? It has always tried to keep Italy irritated and Germany utterly "down and out." Fortunately your paper is not afraid. It is refreshing also to read Senator Borah's remarks. Good luck to you all in trying to crush these war aims!

New York, August 15

H. S. REID

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 23, in an article *Gun-Rule in Kentucky*, Herbert Abel speaks of "the shooting from ambush of Bruce Crawford, editor from Norton Gap, West Virginia." That statement is incorrect as Mr. Crawford is the editor of *Crawford's Weekly*, published in Norton, Virginia.

New York, September 16

FRANK PALMER

Contributors to This Issue

BORIS PILNYAK is the author of "The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea."

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "America's Way Out."

KARL PRETHOLD is an Oklahoma newspaperman, at present engaged in publicity work.

KARL POLANYI is one of the editors of the Austrian *Volkswirt*, the foremost economic journal of Vienna.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING is the author of a book of poems, "The Mountain in the Sky."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*.

GUY B. JOHNSON is the author of "John Henry: Tracking Down a Negro Legend."

VIRGINIA MOORE is a Southern poet.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is on the staff of the *New York Times Book Review*.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD is professor of international law at Yale University.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art" and one of the editors of "The American Caravan."

Finance

England—Workshop or Bank?

THE sharp rise in prices on the stock and bond markets early last week, followed immediately by a heavy downward reaction, was apparently an impulsive response to the news of industrial wage cuts and, strange as it may seem, to the suspension of gold payments at London. From one point of view, Wall Street doubtless regarded both events as part of the same "constructive" story; namely, the lightening of an impossible burden resting on the shoulders of enterprise and a step toward bringing down production costs. Certain British newspapers are quoted as regarding the lapse from gold as almost an unmixed blessing.

If this view gains ground, will England make the effort to bring sterling back to the old parity and resume payments at that level, as was done in 1821 and 1925 and on two or three intervening occasions? The familiar advantages of a depreciated currency are claimed for sterling in its present state. It is expected to stimulate British exports by making it cheaper for foreigners to remit money into the country, to check imports by increasing their cost, and to bring about that reduction in wages and in "contractual" incomes which the Macmillan committee, in its recent report, regarded as so desirable but so hard to attain. Concerning most of these expected developments it will be well to suspend judgment. The food and raw materials which England must import in such enormous amounts may be expected to rise in price proportionately to the fall in sterling quotations. Even so, unless wages advance correspondingly, one factor in the cost of manufacturing, relative to foreign costs, will be lower.

But in the British economic scheme London the world's banker is not invariably in harmony with England the world's workshop. An international money center, according to tradition, must be a place from which foreigners can always take out as much money, in gold value, as they previously put in, and a fluctuating or depreciated pound sterling defeats this ideal. A currency not firmly based on gold is regarded as an impossible currency for a nation which aspires to do a great share of the world's banking business. When gold payments were resumed in 1925, the maintenance of London's position as a money market was a powerful motive, though the probable ill effects on labor and industry were clearly stated by critical observers.

There are some grounds for doubting whether the blot on sterling's escutcheon will itself cause a drastic curtailment of London's financial activities. For a hundred years that city happened to possess the most stable, the most liquid, the best-located, and the cheapest money market in the world. It also happened to be the only market where gold could be had on demand, but whether this was the *sine qua non* of London's preeminence has not been conclusively demonstrated.

New York, immovably enthroned on a mountain of gold, may provide the test. That center will need to develop the skill and the world-wide connections which London enjoys. It will also need, one may suspect, to provide markets in which call-loan rates no longer oscillate violently between 1 and 10 per cent, in which the Stock Exchange's most famous security does not drop precipitously from \$260 to \$75, and in which bill rates can be depended on to maintain a fairly level course. Foreigners, whether they come to us as borrowers or lenders, are likely to attach some importance to the market value of the instruments which they can convert into gold on demand.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Art, Drama

Toward the Mountain

By HOWARD McKINLEY CORNING

Inordinate and cool and white
The mountain crystals on the sight.
The mountain where the traveler sets
His sore tread on lean parapets
That lead him to high levels, where
He leans against the lens of air.
As now I lean. As men before
Have risen from the valley's floor,
And in the thinning air beheld
The white peak nearer, and were quelled.
As now I stand—nor will to go
Over the higher crest of snow.
Nor wish to turn back; nor can live
Without this mountain; fugitive
From low terrains, from shade, from earth
That would draw back the dust to birth.
Yet cannot mount. And in this calm
Replenished, and in this cool balm
Made sure of heights the mountain shares,
And sure beyond the pride's despairs,
I wait. And thereby taste of heaven—
The body of this death forgiven.

The Cooling Melting-Pot

Deportation of Aliens from the United States to Europe. By Jane Perry Clark. Columbia University Press. \$5.

SEVERAL years ago, while preparing a book on obscenity, I had occasion to interview Louis F. Post, who had been Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Wilson Cabinet. Previously, as a magazine editor, he had campaigned against the postal censorship. The obscenity laws are worth mentioning here, because since the time of my visit the zeal of reformers has secured the privilege of judicial review in cases in which the United States Customs threatens to bar a book from the country. Judicial review is not a matter of right to an alien threatened with deportation. The situation thus is that a shipment of "The Arabian Nights" is far better secured in these United States than the happiness of thousands of aliens. At the time I talked to Post he was a shattered man in his last illness, and I have always believed that the experiences which he described in his "The Deportations Delirium of 1920" had a great deal to do with hastening his death. His sensitiveness must have made Post a martyr, but he died in vain. In 1920 only some 3,000 aliens were deported. In 1930 almost 17,000 aliens were deported, and the number is increasing. Some 100,000 aliens a year must be going through the deportation mill. What not even patriotism could accomplish is now being brought to pass under the strain of economic depression. The Knights of American Labor, the sons of immigrants themselves, want strict deportation laws, and the redoubtable Mr. Doak is straining himself to enforce those on the books.

Miss Clark has performed a great public service in executing her present survey. Indeed, it has been mentioned with every token of approval by the Wickersham Commission in its recently issued report on the deportation of aliens. If Miss

Clark is more objective than any immediate descendant of immigrant parents would be, it is perhaps just as well, for her revelations are all the more damning when recounted without indignation. Nevertheless, it seems to me that no American of any generation should be able to read her book without experiencing a marked feeling of disgust for the manner in which the great government of the United States is abandoning its long-standing tradition of hospitality toward the alien.

Miss Clark's description of the present deportation laws makes it quite clear that they represent a complete discard of all the fundamental notions of civilized jurisprudence. Deportation legislation may be *ex post facto*, and may thus be changed in such a way as to affect an alien's rights even after entry. The normal criminal law of all civilized countries recognizes statutes of limitation, but most of the violations under the deportation laws cannot be canceled by time. Even where limitations exist, the courts have impaired them by holding that "entry" means not the time of original entry into the country but of last entry. Thus an alien of twenty years' residence who goes for a week's vacation to Canada "enters" the country when he recrosses the border. Moreover, an alien once deported upon even the most technical ground may never seek to reenter the country. Deportation is permanent banishment. It is normally conceded that laws should be definite and certain in their application, but the grounds of deportation in our immigration laws are often vague and uncertain in the extreme. What is a crime involving such "moral turpitude" that it will allow the deportation of an alien? Originally a provision intended to protect political refugees, it has proved a boomerang, for it has made it possible for even misdemeanors to be held to involve turpitude. Petit larceny, violations of liquor statutes, or filing a false income-tax return may constitute it. The possibility of deportation for radical opinion opens a wide door, although it must be confessed that Miss Clark's investigation does not show a frequent resort to this ground at present. It is hardly necessary where the availability of the notorious "L. P. C." provision is considered. This makes it possible to deport any alien within five years of entry when at the time of entry he was "liable to become a public charge"—a prescription of so elastic a character that it has terrorized that part of the immigrant population which has been unable to stand the strain of the breakdown of prosperity.

However, Miss Clark has not contented herself merely with an examination of the deportation laws. These show merely the possibilities. She gives a vivid picture of their administration which shows the disgraceful extent to which possibilities have been realized. In addition to her study of the general factors in the situation, she offers 612 case histories in two groups from the years 1925 and 1930 respectively.

It is, of course, impossible for me here to recount these "human interest" stories, and it must suffice for me to say that a number of them are almost incredible. The administration of the deportation laws is not even remotely calculated to protect the alien's rights. Warrants are often issued as the result of anonymous and secret information. Indeed, the immigration service, which is undermanned, depends a great deal upon the widespread snooping of public organizations and philanthropic agencies and on private sneaks. Social workers report that aliens in want will not apply to charities for fear of being reported as an "L. P. C." Once arrested, the alien has to meet tremendous odds to escape being railroaded out of the country. He is usually too poor even to employ counsel; he is encouraged to make statements under circumstances in which he has only a faint idea of the gravity of his situation, and immigration inspectors act as judges, juries, and prosecutors, all in one. Since the advisory board of review within the Department of Labor

acts upon the evidence of the inspectors, it is small protection to the alien. And, as far as judicial review is concerned, where the alien has sufficient means to secure it, it is confined to narrow jurisdictional questions, and does not afford reexamination of the facts. Perhaps the most outrageous treatment of the alien lies in the forms of detention to which he is subjected both while awaiting hearing and before deportation. He is often thrown into a common county jail with ordinary criminals. Ironically, in some cases aliens have escaped deportation because no passports could be secured from the country of origin.

What can be done in this lamentable situation? Even illegal entrants are not always miscreants. Sometimes they are lured into the country by villainous labor racketeers. We have some responsibility even toward alien criminals who may be the victims of our own social conditions. Miss Clark shows a rare intelligence in dealing with the remedies for the abuses of deportation. Changes in the law there must be, of course. Even under existing law the erection of a special administrative court with personnel and procedure approximating that of the ordinary courts can no doubt accomplish much in the way of alleviation. If the alien cannot have the benefits of our native constitutional law, he should at least have that of the *droit administratif*, which fittingly enough is of European inspiration. To be sure, not too much is to be expected of an administrative court when the far from satisfactory record of our ordinary courts in deportation cases is considered. Miss Clark sees very clearly that the problem of deportation is international in its bearings, and that its ultimate solution cannot be achieved in a world of national states. As long as these exist, we must be prepared to see enforced some deportation laws. In truth, as I see it, deportation and exclusion laws belong to the same category of measures as tariff laws. It is no less important for national states to exclude foreign goods than foreign labor. It is no mere coincidence that we have the highest tariff laws in our history at the same time that we have the most savage enforcement of deportation laws.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

A Mighty Legend

John Henry. By Roark Bradford. With Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE Negro legend about John Henry, strong man who "beat the steam drill down" but "died with his hammer in his hand," is one of the masterpieces of American folklore. And now Roark Bradford has written a book about John Henry—but not the John Henry of the legend. His is a jazz version, so to speak, adapted to a lower Mississippi River setting. The old John Henry was a tragic, almost a sacred, figure. He symbolized man versus the machine. This new John Henry is a tragic personality also, but in so far as he symbolizes anything it is man versus woman. True, he meets his death in a contest with a machine as did John Henry of old, but the parallelism does not extend much beyond that fact. Not that it matters much, but one rather hates to see one's favorite American ballad and legend sprout more new variants between the covers of one novel than it would in fifty years of normal folk growth.

The night John Henry was born the moon was copper-colored and the sky was black. . . . The panthers squalled in the brake like a baby and the Mississippi River ran upstream a thousand miles. John Henry weighed forty-four pounds. . . . He came into the world with a cotton-hook for a right hand and a river song on his tongue. . . .

Thus begins this tall tale of the black Paul Bunyan. John Henry soon wanted to be "gittin' around," so he went to the

steamboat landing and began to roust cotton. He would take a five-hundred-pound bale on his shoulders and tote it while the other Negroes rolled theirs. Then he went up to the Black River country and roused ten thousand tall razor-back hogs for the Big Jim White to haul down the river so that the folks down there could have hog meat with their turnip greens. Next he went to the Bends and showed everybody how to pick the big cotton crop. He showed old Billie Bob Russell something about building the Yellow Dog railroad. They built it before the sun went down, "but John Henry wasn't there when the job was done. For John Henry was a man and he meant to get around!"

That was John Henry—he could outwork a dozen men because he was "f'm de Black River country whar de sun don't never shine," and he had to be on the move. But he couldn't handle the women. There was Poor Selma the whore-lady, the kittenish Ruby, the "too anxious" Delia, and the only woman he ever really cared for, the faithless Julie Anne. He could quit Delia and Ruby and even Poor Selma, whose boast was that she couldn't be quit, but Julie Anne quit *him*, and he couldn't get her off his mind. When he found her she was penitent. "I never did love no man but you," she told him, "but I got so lonesome in dat Yaller Dog camp, darlin', I'd a run off wid a mule efn he had pants on." But next day it was the same old story. While John Henry was working hard rousting cotton and boasting about his good woman, that inevitable "nigger named Sam" was creeping to Julie Anne's back door. Finally John Henry couldn't stand it any longer, and to ease his weary soul he went to the church where old Hell-buster was preaching and let the Lord take his burden. He told his Julie Anne goodbye and went out to roust some cotton. But there was a steam winch on the job now, and John Henry tried to beat it loading cotton. He died with his hook in his hand just as the sun went down.

"John Henry" just misses being a brilliant piece of work. At times it almost gets down to something vital, something elemental in Negro life. There is a little too much of the tall-tale and big-talk sort of thing—and yet it may be that it will live for just that reason. The dialect is of a sort that never was on land or sea, but that is perhaps appropriate and quite forgivable in a strong-man extravaganza like this. If it is a whopping tale told interestingly that one wants, then here it is, but Bradford will not do his best Negro work until he gets rid of his tendency toward burlesque.

GUY B. JOHNSON

The Changing South

Penhally. By Caroline Gordon. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THE unit of the old South was the family and not the individual. Caroline Gordon, in reciting the emotional history over a period of a hundred years of the Llewellyn-Crenfrew-Allard connection, which is simply "family" on a more inclusive scale, produces in the reader by cumulative effect a sad and powerful sense of changing time and interrupted destiny. In "Penhally" she has not swung to the extreme of sentimentality which used to distort and prejudice many novels about the South, or to the opposite and latter-day extreme of hard disparagement—I regret to say by Southerners—which is likewise falsifying many novels about the South. She has taken the middle way of implicit praise and censure, of divination by sympathy, of sensitive observation and honest reporting. She has realized that the truth about the South before the war, during the war, and since the war is a blending of many elements; is a question of relation and proportion. Her charac-

ters are not saints and villains. In them the strengths and weaknesses of humanity are more subtly mixed. Old Nicholas Llewellyn, who quarreled with his brother Ralph and made so much trouble for their descendants, was himself not devoid of some of the sustaining virtues. John Llewellyn, the old gentleman's heir, and to my notion the finest single study in a complex book, would have done better by himself and others to have kept false pride from tainting justifiable pride in the matter of Alice Blair. Alice Blair, of the blighted love, in the end took the weary consequences of both courage and cowardice. Chance, John Llewellyn's estimable grandson, had no call to shoot his brother on the last page of the book, though the brother had sold a birthright for a mess of pottage—Penhally for a hundred thousand dollars. Indeed, that final violence leaves me not entirely convinced. Like the last third of the book it is not quite so clearly and solidly motivated as the rest of the story. I would prefer the quiet rehearsal of quiet events (unemphasized, as the word is used by Yeats, who says all good style is "unemphasized") to carry the quiet meaning to its modern, tragic, and humiliating conclusion.

But this is a small reservation in a large admiration. "Penhally" is a novel far above the ordinary. More, it is important, because it condemns by worthier example those novels which betray the South and put her in derision by a treatment either too saccharine or too brutal. It approaches in excellence, and is not unlike in style, Elizabeth Madox Roberts's novels of Kentucky. (Is Penhally in Kentucky or Tennessee? The publisher on the dust-cover and the author in the story seem to give ground for thinking the one or the other.) Like Stark Young's "River House" it centers around an estate and is in part the record of family estrangement. But it has its own particular character because the mind which engendered it is like no other. In what, it is to be hoped, will be a true renaissance of literature in the South, this mind cannot be spared. It is in quality distinguished and lovely.

VIRGINIA MOORE

American Culture Again

Culture and Education in America. By Harold Rugg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

THIS book offers special difficulties to the reviewer. For whom, first of all, was it written? The reader who is normally attracted by such a title as "Culture and Education in America," should he chance to pick up the book, would meet much familiar material in the first three hundred pages. If he had already read R. H. Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," the Beards's "The Rise of American Civilization," Mumford's "The Golden Day" and "Sticks and Stones," James's "Pragmatism," and a book or so by Dewey, then he would be justified in skipping the first three hundred pages. It is Dr. Rugg's thesis that an adequate description of society must precede any reconstruction in education, and by reference and summation he provides such a description. What the book amounts to, on this side, is a kind of table of contents to a literature, and should it fall into certain hands—say, the audience tapped by Mr. Haldeman-Julius, or young teachers who have not gone much beyond the three R's and the old history—why, it should have high value. But will it reach this audience? One rather doubts it—and then, there is the final rather technical sixth section of the book, which deals with education in terms too abstruse for those who would most profit by Dr. Rugg's description of society.

Yet one supposes that a review of forces leading to the development of Industria and the Great Technology can do no harm to anyone, no matter how well informed he may be. And Dr. Rugg is always intelligent in his résumé. He knows a good

book when he reads one, and he provides an adequate digest of Tawney, Beard, Emerson, Whitman, Louis Sullivan's "The Autobiography of an Idea," Frank, Brooks, Bourne, Peirce, Dewey, and James. Here, if anywhere (Tawney excepted, of course), are the seminal minds of American thought, and Dr. Rugg has the unerring wit to know it. His objections to pragmatism are well taken, and are mainly those offered by Bourne, Frank, and Harold Stearns ten or more years ago. There is some evidence that these objections have had their effect on Dewey himself, who seems to be revising his philosophy in their light, but it can do nothing but good to repeat them for the benefit of those who make a god of technique without asking, "To what end, this technique?"

On the whole there can be little objection to the thinking in the first sections of Dr. Rugg's book. In the sections devoted specifically to education, to the distinction between study of "intrinsic situations" and "described situations," there is little at which to cavil. The absurdities that have come to pass in the name of the New School do not beguile Dr. Rugg; he keeps his feet on the ground, and is willing to salvage much from traditional education. But he is blind to the impasse into which he is running. He hopes for the salvation of democracy through primary and secondary education, and does not see that this education can be no more than a reflex of the very political situation—government by Koenig men or Tammany men, Vare men or Grundy men—that he sincerely deplores. Dr. Rugg ought to be the first to know that the stream of mass education can rise no higher than its source in political representation; the school board is of a piece with plutocratic control in city hall and legislature. Certain endowed schools, no doubt, might be able to put Dr. Rugg's theories into very fruitful practice; but regeneration of the body politic as a whole must come, we feel, from some source outside of the public school. We may be wrong; but we are willing to make a little bet with Dr. Rugg: that George Counts, who decided a year ago that the American school was all dressed up with no place to go, would agree with us. A laissez faire society can tolerate nothing but a school system that will not embarrass by asking certain questions, and Dr. Rugg in his heart knows as much. The last section of his book, therefore, is premature; it should follow a number of treatises on government such as Americans, who like to hide behind talk of "new eras" and "rugged individualism" (the latter conceived in deceptive terms of the rule-bound track meet), do not know how to write.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

What Rights Have Neutrals?

Maritime Trade in War. Lectures on the Freedom of the Seas. By Lord Eustace Percy. Yale University Press. \$2.

THIS is quite a remarkable book. It consists of six lectures delivered at the Williamstown Institute of Politics by a distinguished Englishman—lectures in which he undertakes, in a broad sweep, to analyze and explain the legal relations between belligerents and neutrals in time of war, and to propose possible solutions for the present conflict of views. Recognizing what he claims is the confusion and uncertainty in the subject and the fact that the United States and Great Britain seem to entertain different views upon it, he undertakes to discuss the policies and justifications which led to the adoption of the British practices in the late war and indicates how far they might be modified in the future. Without once explaining to the reader what are the underlying reasons for the whole structure of maritime law in this respect, namely, the distinction between combatant and noncombatant and the necessity for a working compromise between belligerent mili-

tary and neutral trading privileges, he presents what in the main must be regarded as a defense of the British practices in the late war as the outcome of the "logic" of the existing rules—practices which ultimately wiped out any neutral rights. He freely admits that Great Britain by these practices, including blacklists, controlled the trade of the world, but suggests that Great Britain would not resort to these extremes in an ordinary war, but only in an extraordinary war (p. 49), and that the solution of the question of freedom of the seas in the future lies in a distinction to be made between just wars and unjust wars—the "just" belligerent to have a fairly free hand which neutrals shall concede, the "unjust" belligerent to be greatly restricted. Presumably if one cannot tell which is the "just" side—and that would be in most cases—the objective law shall prevail. The author now endeavors to justify as presumably lawful on "logical" grounds measures which the British Government, during the war, did not venture to excuse on any other ground than that of retaliation for enemy illegality. He is not impressed with the practicality of League wars against aggressors or with the possibility of abolishing the status of neutrality. He believes that the conflict (which occasionally he suggests—though, I believe, incorrectly—to be one between the Continental view and the Anglo-American view) must be settled before a new war breaks out, but he admits that an international conference would not be appropriate because it would probably make matters worse, and that the better mode of procedure would be for private groups of experts, first an Anglo-American group, endowed with a statesmanlike outlook, to undertake drafts of proposed rules which should be submitted for consideration to governmental bodies and public opinion, in order thus to accomplish the desired end without friction. He does not think that the United States and Great Britain would easily submit differences which arise in actual cases to an international tribunal until an agreement on the rules has been reached.

The argument of the book is fundamentally influenced by certain misconceptions which make its assumptions and conclusions unacceptable and even jeopardize any international understanding on the question. The learned author seems to believe that inasmuch as the law accords a belligerent the right to "blockade" and to seize contraband, therefore, if hard pressed, the belligerent can in "logic" use any measures he sees fit to keep goods from reaching his enemy, whether directly or indirectly, and can extend at will the contraband lists because anything might be of use to the enemy military plans. He thus explains why the British Government in the late war felt obliged by Orders-in-Council to prevent any goods, particularly foodstuffs, from reaching even neutral countries whence they might find their way into Germany, notwithstanding the fact that neutral traders had a perfect legal right not only to send these goods into neutral countries, but even directly into belligerent countries. The author seems to believe that the certainty of no trade at all is better for the neutral than the uncertainty as to what the belligerent will permit. The law—which is by no means so uncertain as the author seems to think—has grown through several hundred years so as to protect non-combatants against starvation, except by a prescribed limited type of blockade, and to protect neutrals in their right to trade in non-military goods even with belligerents. Blockade is a strictly limited military measure of investing a port, analogous to land siege. With such a specific siege or blockade, neutrals may not interfere. Lord Percy at times seems to believe that blockade looks only to a whole coast, and that as this was impossible to the British in the case of Germany, therefore they were justified in adopting other measures to achieve the same end. He does not concede that these "measures of blockade" were illegal, though Jefferson in 1793 and Wilson in 1915 correctly so characterized them. The author admits that the

"measures" were an economic weapon against the civilian population, though at times he defends the measures on the ground that the goods thus kept out of Germany might have reached military forces. Goods always might reach military forces, but that never has justified the exclusion of any except admittedly military goods, such as munitions and their analogues. To justify the seizure of goods conditionally contraband (like foodstuffs) their specific destination for military forces had to be not merely possible, but absolutely proved. Noncombatants also eat. Like Sir Samuel Evans, Lord Percy does not see the "logical" distinction between absolute contraband and goods "conditionally contraband." The emphasis on "logic" in this examination of the subject indicates fundamental misconceptions. The compromise between belligerent rights and neutral rights, of which this distinction is a part, was not logical but practical, and thenceforward became law, which both belligerent and neutral must strictly observe. It is true that the contraband list has never been fully agreed on; the author seems to believe that, by using the privilege of extending the contraband lists, the British Government legally escaped the restrictions placed on blockade, and contraband as well. It is hard to defend such a position. The mere fact that no agreement on the contraband list exists does not justify the inclusion of foodstuffs and hundreds of other articles never deemed of primary military use or justify the abolition of the distinction between goods absolutely and goods only conditionally contraband.

The argument that the late war was an exceptional war because all the enemy population was enlisted in it, that the enemy government controlled the food and other supplies, and that the enemy was a particularly unrighteous one was exactly the argument that Washington and Jefferson refused to admit as a justification for similar illegal practices in 1793. Time has not made the argument more valid now. The British blacklist was submitted to by the United States before 1917, but, strange to say, not by Canada; and Canada was right. So long as British spokesmen undertake to maintain the validity of the unheard-of practices undertaken in the late war, even though coupled with a promise of self-restraint in employing them, there is little possibility of an understanding between the United States and Great Britain. In this connection, it is well to observe that the agreement for the settlement of American neutrality claims against Great Britain indicates the rift, by the provision "that the right of each government to maintain in the future such position as it may deem appropriate with respect to the legality or illegality under international law of measures such as those giving rise to [the neutrality] claims is fully reserved, it being specifically understood that the juridical position of neither government is prejudiced by the present arrangement." It would be unfortunate if this supposed irreconcilability should tend to become a reality and if the British Government should continue to prefer to conceive itself as a potential belligerent rather than a potential neutral. The author makes no reference to the Swedish settlement, and probably similar settlements with other neutral countries, by which Great Britain paid damages for the injuries inflicted by some of its measures, and thereby presumably implicitly admitted their illegality. Great secrecy attaches to these settlements, which the British Government should lift. The author's suggestion that there is a distinction between just wars and unjust wars which should produce a difference in the reciprocal rights of belligerents and neutrals is hardly practical; it would only increase the propaganda and tend to drag neutrals into the conflict, because partiality is the easy road to belligerency, and because not all neutrals may take the same view of which is the "just" side in any particular war.

One cannot better indicate the author's misconceptions on the relation of logic to law and the effect of "logic" on the respective rights of belligerents and neutrals as built up through

DEPORTATION OF ALIENS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO EUROPE

By Jane Perry Clark

"... An outstanding work ... It is comprehensive and arranged in such an orderly fashion that any one ... can gain an accurate and complete knowledge of the subject." A criticism by P. F. Snyder, The Department of Labor. \$5.00

THE CONTRIBUTION OF SOCIOLOGY TO SOCIAL WORK

By Robert M. MacIver

This book, by an authority, shows how sociology orients the social worker in his tasks and aids him in making more specific studies in his own field of interest. A publication of the New York School of Social Work. \$2.00

Columbia University Press
2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

WAR

Organized Destruction and Mass
Murder by Civilized Nations

By SCOTT NEARING

Author of "Black America," "The Twilight of
Empire," etc.

Dr. Nearing contends that war is not
a relapse into barbarism—rather,
that it is the primary business of civ-
ilization.

At All Bookstores, \$3

The VANGUARD PRESS
100 Fifth Avenue New York City

the centuries than to quote from John Bassett Moore's review of Mr. Hyde's book (23 *Columbia Law Review*, 84):

The simple truth is that the distinction between what in very recent years has, inaccurately and unfortunately, been styled "conditional contraband," and articles absolutely contraband, never did rest on logic, in the sense that it was imagined that "conditional contraband," which includes foodstuffs, was not of military value, potentially even of capital military value, to belligerents ... The rule, so forcibly stated by Lord Salisbury during the Boer War, that "foodstuffs with a hostile destination can be considered contraband of war only if they are supplied for the enemy's forces," and that "it is not sufficient that they are capable of being so used," but that it "must be shown that this was in fact their destination at the time of the seizure," was not framed as a logical reconciliation of the right to trade with a supposed belligerent right to seize whatever might be used by the enemy for the purposes of the war. If framed in this sense, the rule would have made a laughing-stock of logic. In reality the rule represented and has continued to represent not a logical reconciliation of, but a practical compromise between, two claims either of which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would have destroyed the other, being in this particular like most other legal rules; and it further represented and represents the advance painfully made, through centuries of struggle, toward greater freedom of commerce in time of war.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Books in Brief

Hotel du Nord. By Eugène Dabit. Translated by Homer P. Earle. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This Parisian hostelry is quite unlike the English, German, and American hotels that have figured so prominently in recent novels and plays. The Hotel du Nord is a workingmen's establishment inhabited by bargemen and truck-drivers and their mistresses, a down-at-the-heels house on the edge of a dirty canal. In the cafe there is card-playing and drinking. In the bedrooms above there is considerable illicit love-making going on most of the time, resulting in tragedies and comedies. The story consists merely of a cross-section of proletarian hotel life involving many quite unrelated characters. It reminds one of "Street Scene" although there is no single dramatic event to hold the parts together. The book is quickly read and continuously absorbing.

Humanism and Science. By Cassius J. Keyser. Columbia University Press. \$3.

In many ways this is one of the very wisest of the many books thrown up by the humanist controversy. Some of the edge has been taken off it by the fact that many of the points made against the humanists in their handling of science were made by certain of the contributors to "The Critique of Humanism." It is good, nevertheless, to have them made all over again by Professor Keyser, as with his authority behind them they will be rather more difficult to laugh off. After examining Babbitt's humanism, religious humanism, and the pseudo-Marxian humanism of Mr. Leon Samson, Professor Keyser returns to the traditional conception of humanism as the effort of man to achieve the good life here on earth. He then undertakes to show the bearing of science and mathematics upon this task, elaborating his own conception of the difference between science and mathematics. In essence, he contends that "science is concerned with the actual world, mathematics with the world of the logically possible." He shows that both are fundamentally humanistic in origin and purpose and that a knowledge of both contributes to the development of a human-

istic outlook. Professor Keyser is somewhat discursive in his manner and ranges over a wide variety of related topics. He has some wise words to say about the despairing attitude of some of our contemporaries when confronted with the fruits of the scientific method and some debatable remarks to make about the nature of man and about free will. In fact, his attempt to show that man is not exactly continuous with nature leads him into some exceedingly dubious talk, and his effort to sustain his argument for the freedom of the will leads him to have recourse to a rigidly selected group of citations which carefully excludes authorities of equal eminence on the other side. But the total tendency of the book is admirable, and it is one that will bring comfort to those who refused to take the humanist indictment of science at all seriously.

Religions of the World: Their Nature and Their History. By Carl Clemen, in Collaboration with Eleven Other Eminent Authorities. Translated by A. K. Dallas. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

The religions described are the prehistoric and the primitive, the national religions of Babylon, Egypt, China, India, Persia, the classic world, Gaul, ancient Germany, ancient Russia, and Japan, and the world religions, Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam. Except for the article on Judaism, where the passionate defense of Jewish spirituality shines with a sudden though rather hectic glow, the contributions are dull. They are informative, carefully objective, scrupulously documented, but they lack color and that natural structural sense by which a good writer brings his communication within the vision of his audience. The reader of this volume must bring to it the student's sense of duty.

Art

Charles Demuth

SUMMER has proved the retrospective show of watercolor, oil, and tempera paintings by Charles Demuth, last of last season's exhibitions at An American Place, persistently impressive. The showing occurred too tardily for notice in this little chronicle; but so keen a sense of it has lingered through the vacation that I find myself eager to resume my monthly comment with a retrogression toward it. I had, of course, long enjoyed and admired Demuth's fastidious, impeccable art. But the airy superficiality, the sport with the textures and skins of things, the little sensations and naughtinesses, once taken by myself and a good portion of the interested public as significant of his quality, now appear mere superstratum to me. The satisfaction, the elation, I now feel about the body of the man's work, indeed, is a surprise to myself. But at present I know a deep artistic product where before I knew a merely charming one; a living symbol where I had recognized only an elegant decoration; and thirty years' work which records not the passage of the talented and sensitive craftsman I had inferred, but the ripening of a serious performer.

What is very curious is that this strong impression should have been made by a collection of pictures decidedly dainty and even precious in quality, and that it should have registered itself in harmony with the full discovery of their daintiness and preciousity. The show left no sensation of weight and power; exhibited none of the massive color and bold rhythm of certain other contemporary painters. What one saw was all refined, distilled, tempered, scrupulous. The phrase "the gentlemanly Johnny of American painting" returned almost compulsively as one stood amidst it. Demuth's watercolor is not

"COMMON GROUND"

a work on economics

by

Daniel Everett Lombard

If the old economic order passed into oblivion, what would the changes in our economic lives be, and how could they be accomplished? Would we step into Socialism immediately and if so what would be the best way to accomplish it? Here the author brings you a new thought on a new way of doing business, without confusion of changes, and without experimentation with its attendant evils of unemployment and poverty.

Common Ground regulates supply to demand both of commodities and workers. Solves problems of production and distribution, agricultural as well as industrial. Raises Federal funds by a new process abolishing tariffs and all other forms of Federal taxation. Abolishes immediately unemployment and poverty. Don't think if we rally from this depression that the improvement will last. They who wish capitalism to survive will be interested to see how the basis of "COMMON GROUND," adopted by capitalism, would entrench that system in power for generations to come.

Price \$2.00

COMMON GROUND
Publishing Co.

234 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

If you cannot get this book at your bookstore they are sold over the counter at the office. If you order by mail please print your name and address plainly. (Don't write them). Don't send money for packing and shipping.

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE By HENRY GEORGE

Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, keenest-minded of European statesmen, recently wrote:

"This work by Henry George (*Protection or Free Trade*) gets down to the fundamentals of the controversy. It is, at the same time, the most popular and the most scientific exposition of the subject which has ever been written . . . I earnestly commend its study to all who want to get a thorough grasp of the basic elementary facts of the case for Free Trade."

—PHILIP SNOWDEN.

A recent reprint of the unabridged, clothbound American edition, is now ready. ONE DOLLAR, post paid.

Robert Schalkenbach Foundation
15 Park Place New York City

□ MEETINGS □ LECTURES □

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.
Tuesday Evening, October 6th, at 8:30 P. M.

HEYWOOD BROWN

WILL SPEAK ON:

"IT SEEMS TO ME"

Rand School of Social Science

7 East 15th Street

Alg. 4-3094

DOSTOYEVSKY: THE ENEMY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

E. L. TARTAK Mon., 8.30 p.m., Oct. 5

POETRY—ITS USES AND ENJOYMENT

S. A. DeWITT Tues., 8.30 p.m., Oct. 6

ABSOLUTISM AND RELATIVISM IN ETHICS

FELIX COHEN Wed., 7 p.m., Oct. 7

POST-WAR SOCIETY AND LITERATURE

Huxley, Woolf, Joyce

PETER M. JACK Wed., 7 p.m., Oct. 7

CHANGING ASPECTS OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

SIDNEY E. GOLDSTEIN Thurs., 8.30 p.m., Oct. 8

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT Thurs., 8.30 p.m., Oct. 8

Single Admission 50c

Other study courses in Labor Problems, Economics, Socialism, History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Psychology, etc.
Write, phone, or call for detailed information

the free-running wash of John Marin, for example, but water-color carefully blotted and wiped. His rhythms are frequently light, suave, and graceful. Subtle, pearly tones, delicate, cool nuances and combinations of color, figure very largely in his color-schemes. Many of his textures are tender, silky, flowery; he has an opulent material sense, a love of rich, suave surfaces. All his product has a distinct gemminess; it is by no mere chance that his most distinguished illustrations are woven about tales by Pater and Henry James. His approach is often a humorous, ironic one; he likes his little joke; he will have his little naughtiness. And still, for all their comprehension in the exquisite category of things, his paintings reveal themselves as anything but weak, anemic, thin. For all their delicacy, the forms are tense, stripped, and steely. They are spontaneous creations, not induced and artificial things: they have roots beneath them. And they bring one into relation with life, with American life in particular.

It will be asked: by what evidence is one to distinguish the "deep" product from the superficial, the spontaneous creation from the induced and artificial one, the living symbol from the dead? The answer seems to be that the deep product is invariably a synthesis of strongly stated antitheses; that the spontaneous creation is invariably rhythmical, a harmonious correlation of all the parts of the picture—shape, line, texture, and color; and that the living symbol invariably corresponds to an objective reality, and brings that reality freshly to our eyes. These specifications are all met by Demuth's work, at least by those examples of it in which he has not striven for sculpturesque effect, as he may be said to have done in a certain large lily painting in the colors of a Della Robbia bas-relief. All his paintings proper contain effective, original antitheses of shape and color and line and texture, and the oppositions are never conventional or weak. The antithetical elements are boldly conceived and extremely heterogeneous. Demuth delights in playing gross and severe shapes, shapes of block letters and vegetables, and mechanical and architectural motives, against his tender and flowery ones. One finds him opposing intrinsically ugly colors, homely purples and magentas, and cheap aniline dyes, to the finest, rarest, most sumptuous whites. Contrasts of disagreeably smooth and wonderfully agreeable pulpy and living textures are equally common in his work; and oppositions of ruled lines and irregularly fluid, nervous, tendril-like markings. And these juxtapositions are generative. The antithetical shapes and colors and lines gain individual point in the contrast, and are helped to effect and significance by it. They are necessary to each other. And they establish a visual rhythm, an emotional correlation of all the parts—the different shapes and volumes and planes of the picture. The harmony of a Demuth painting is frequently an acid, astringent one, due perhaps to the association of extremely heterogeneous elements. But the pictures nevertheless hang together. The eye can seize them as wholes, and learn to follow the queer, unpredictable progress of the plastic volumes with pleasure.

The exhibition was rich in new revelations of the chance harmonies of the American scene. All inner rhythms flow from relations with objective reality; and Demuth's connect us with the objects "felt" by him in states of projection and relationship, and with a rare degree of fidelity. Demuth is the precise, lyrical depicter of the forms, the subtle veining, the velvet bloom of common fruits, flowers, roots; the accurate portraitist of severe and delicate New England houses and bell-fries; the keenly humorous commentator of vaudevillians and acrobats; the painter of the light of Gloucester and Bermuda, and of the grotesque and monstrous forms of the industrial landscape. He uses vulgar motives, painted signs, ventilators, fire-escapes, directive arrows, machine-made numerals, sometimes with a metaphorical intention, sometimes with a realistic

one; but invariably with a keen appreciation of their humor and identities. Indeed, many of the freshest, most original perceptions of the chance beauties of wharves, grain-elevators, chimneys, office-building rears and fronts, are to be found in the aristocratic company of his paintings, with their Vermeer-like surfaces; far more than in the rival performances of Charles Sheeler, Peter Bloom, Niles Spencer, and other accomplished craftsmen. The Demuth "Kootzie"—so-called from the favor with which the latest arbiter of American elegancies, Mr. Samuel L. Kootz, looks upon representations of the industrial scene—is likely to have the freshness, the integrity, the inner harmony of the spontaneous vision. Those of other "industrialists" and Kootziefactors are likely to show something of the staticity and incoherence of the induced, the synthetic, the merely virtuosic composition.

But the intensest result of the little retrospective exhibit was a fresh and affecting sense of the queer elegance instinctive in the American temperament. This peculiar elegance, this physical style and grace and athletic hardness, would seem to be both the reason and the content of this partly delicate and partly sharp, partly precious and partly severe body of water-color, oil, and tempera paintings. It would appear to be the triumphant quality of the artist's own nature and of the objects and scenes attractive to him and propulsive of his neat and suave, jazzy and refined, geometrical and delicate, sumptuous and acidulous art. Those flowers of Demuth's are never lush and soft; but always keen of edge in all their daintiness and silver, delicate veining. A muscular and acrobatic balance, the dizzy sureness of trapeze and vaudeville performers, speaks in his bold designs. The precise and clear-cut contours convey the gemlike cleanness, the touch of smartness and brightness, the machine-like edges, of physically young America. Doubtless there is a decided note of morbidity in Demuth, an expression of the lure and perfection of death; it appears very obviously in the illustrations to the stories of Henry James. There is also a certain nervous erotic suffusion in his paintings of wharves and chimneys: the blush and incandescence of things severe, angular, unyielding, and instantaneously charged by incalculable ecstasy. But even these feelings are of the race like the elegance and snap: products of the soil, the light and the blood of the people. And, like the elegance, the fine coolness, the smartness that speak so triumphantly from these paintings, these feelings merely help to identify the general expression as part of an American self-consciousness, a symbol of American life.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

A Bad Joke

ACCORDING to the French papers there was a riddle going the rounds of Paris last summer. "What," it was asked, "goes on four legs and says bow-wow?" The answer, after the victim had rejected the obvious and given up, was simply "A dog."

Now this does not seem to me like a very good joke. However, its point (if it has a point) is very much like that of Alfred Savoir's philosophical comedy "He," which the Theater Guild has just produced a good deal better than it deserves at the Guild Theater. The only surprise involved is the surprise of discovering after three acts of mystification that the answer is the one which every moderately intelligent playgoer has already rejected merely because it was so exquisitely obvious.

In the play there is a man who calls himself God. He ap-

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. ■ 8th Ave.
Penn 6-6100

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; evenings, 8:30

Most Sensational Play of the Year!

MAE WEST

in THE CONSTANT SINNER

"As sound and respectable as Belasco's 'Lulu Belle'."

—Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation*

ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40
Mats.: Wed. & Sat.

TOBIS VANDERBILT

West 48th Street
East of Broadway

Continuous 1 to 11 p.m.
POPULAR PRICES

3rd Big Week

GERMAN TALKING PICTURE
SENSATION

KARAMAZOV

Based on DOSTOYEVSKY'S Immortal Novel
With Fritz Kortner, Anna Sten and Great Cast

HEYWOOD BROWN

IN HIS NEW REVIEW

SHOOT THE WORKS

GEO. M. COHEN THEA., B'way & 43rd St.

Evenings 8:45, \$1-\$3. Mats. Wed. and Sat., \$1-\$2.50

The Institute of Arts and Sciences COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

October 13

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

"The International Mind"

October 14

LEWIS MUMFORD

"The Modern Spirit"

October 15

FRANK BOHN

"Following the News"

October 16

RAFAEL SABATINI

"Fiction in History and History in Fiction"

October 17

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Old Bill's American Adventures"

Members' Annual Ticket (\$15) admits to all these and to more than 150 other worthwhile events in McMillin Academic Theatre, n. e. corner of Broadway and 116th Street. Lectures begin promptly at 8:15 P.M. You may become a member and participate in this outstanding program.

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

INDIA NATIONAL CONGRESS

Invites You to

63rd GANDHI

BIRTHDAY PARTY
LUNCHEON

Sat., Oct. 3rd, 1 p.m.

Reservation

\$1.50

per person

Checks payable
to

M. S. NOVIK,
Chairman,
Luncheon
Committee

MAHATMA M. K. GANDHI
will respond to greetings in
transcontinental broadcast
over Station WOR—2 p.m.

All friends and admirers of Gandhi are urged to make immediate reservations, due to the lack of time and the limited capacity of the Hotel Governor Clinton.

Speakers:

HEYWOOD BROWN J. MUSTE
HON. DANIEL F. RABBI LOUIS I.
COHALAN NEUMAN
SAILENDRA NATH GHOSE MOHAN SINGH
BISHOP MCCONNELL NORMAN THOMAS

at GOVERNOR CLINTON HOTEL

32nd Street and Seventh Avenue

India National Congress of America
Room 608, 31 Union Sq., New York City.
Phone LExington 2-5024

TOURS

Something NEW!**A TOUR TO TURKESTAN**

Ten Other Interesting Itineraries
For Winter Travel in Soviet Russia

Sailings Every Week
Beginning October 15th on the
"Aquitania" of the Cunard Line
Prices for round trip \$200.00 and up

Write for Details

Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank or Amalgamated Bank
111 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 11-15 Union Sq., New York

RESORTS

WE'LL TAKE YOU "for a ride"

No longer bother about trains and time-tables. Our bus leaves the city each Saturday afternoon, and takes you back Sunday night. You are in "Lodge" atmosphere from the moment you join the merry crowd at the starting point, and have ample opportunity to get acquainted with your fellow week-enders on the way up.

First trip: Saturday, Oct. 10th—in time for a most enjoyable
COLUMBUS DAY WEEK-END

Leaves every Saturday at 3.30 p. m.
from Woodlawn Station (last stop on
Jerome Ave line) starting homeward
Sundays at 9.30 p. m. Charge for
round trip: \$1.00.

(Columbus week-end return trip on Monday night)

Bestfully comfortable individual seats
in a commodious bus, driven along
a scenic route by a careful and
courteous chauffeur.

Peekskill 1403

FURNACE
DOCK RD.

PEEKSKILL,
N. Y.



**BLUE MOUNTAIN
LODGE**

appears most inopportune at a convention of freethinkers assembled in Switzerland for the purpose of abolishing the deity by resolution, and though he refuses to perform any miracles on the ground that he never interferes with the laws of nature, he creates considerable havoc in the minds of the unbelievers. Finally, however, his keeper arrives to take him back to the asylum, and I, for one, am at a loss to know just what it is all supposed to signify. A hen crosses the road to get on the other side and a man who thinks he is God is crazy.

There are, to be sure, several incidental platitudes elaborately implied as though they were supposed to be very profound novelties. Thus there is a feeble-minded girl who asks very touchingly what is to become of her and her like if there is nothing to believe in; there is also a sort of minor Napoleon who suggests that if God did not exist it would behoove a man to invent him. But surely this has been said quite well enough before, and the saying is rather generally known. Only one thing really puzzles me, for when "God" discovers hospital stewards guarding the two exits of the room where he is confined, he thinks a moment and then escapes over the footlights through the auditorium. This I am inclined to suspect is what is sometimes called "pure theater," but I have always found it a little difficult to distinguish between "pure theater" and sheer nonsense. Tom Powers is extremely likable as a maniac, and several of the other players are good enough to make their predicament rather embarrassing. No one likes to realize after he has embarked on a tale that it will and should fall flat.

"I Love an Actress" (Times Square Theater) is another importation which is too thin to be made more than moderately amusing by a very skilful production; but Muriel Kirkland is so good in a part so entirely different from any she has previously attempted that one must begin to take her very seriously as a comedienne. She has delicacy, charm, intelligence and—what is much less common than any of these things—a real gift for impersonation. "Singin' the Blues" (Liberty Theater) is, despite its crudeness, as entertaining as anything so far offered on Broadway. Its mixture of melodrama and musical comedy is of course ridiculous, and no one could take it seriously as an example of dramatic art, but its colored cast is racy and more amusing than it always realizes. A considerable run would not be at all surprising.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RESORTS

UNUSUAL SHOPS

with unusual things to sell—



**MEET IN
THE NATION**



Unusual people with
UNUSUAL TASTES

Write us for rates. 20 Vesey St.

Tel. CO rtlandt 7-3330

Re ST
CUPERATION
CREATION
at THE CRYSTAL VILLA

Woodcliff Lake, N. J.
23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c
combines country pleasures with city conveniences. Ideal
for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bathing, fishing,
breeding walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Re-
finement. Congeniality. Phone, Park Ridge 461.

RIVERSIDE INN, Seymour, Conn.

On Lake Housatonic, boating, swimming, tennis,
etc. Beautifully located among hills and woods.
Only 65 miles from New York. September rates
\$21 per week. \$3.50 per day.

FOR relaxation, beautiful country and pleas-
ant companionship; phone to

THE HIL-BERT HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
HILL FRIEDBERG, Prop. Tel. Mahopac 353

FOR delightful vacations—or week-ends.
TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills,
restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses,
and provide instruction. Swimming. Address:



Autumnal Colors in the
Connecticut Hills

Uncas Lodge

UNCASVILLE, CONN.
165 Acres Rustic Beauty
Private Lake
Clay Tennis Courts—Handball
Horseback—Ping Pong
Special Columbus Day Week-
End, 3 Fine Days—\$10.00
Phone Norwich 1858 Ring
Diana Berman Abe Berman

Free Transportation from New London to Camp

MR and MRS. Arthur Hyatt Morse offer
English Hospitality to limited number of
discriminating adults at Erechon, 100 acres.
New York 49 miles Erie Main Line. Hiking,
tennis, boating, swimming, saddle-horses nearby.
\$5 daily; \$30 weekly. Telephone T3F3, Monroe.

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y. Phone
A Millionaire's estate of 150 acres surrounded by
most gorgeous woodland, orchards, ponds, brooks
and lake.
All outdoor and indoor sports; ideal for a vacation
or week-end.
1½ hours on Erie R.R., Bus or Route 17.
OPEN ALL YEAR

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1931

No. 3458

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	375
EDITORIALS:	
Dwight W. Morrow.....	377
The President, Congress, and the Navy.....	378
Mr. MacDonald's Score.....	379
Marriage and Divorce.....	379
Gentle Shakespeare?.....	380
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon....	381
HOOVER AND THE PRESS. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	382
GERMAN SOCIALISM IN THE BALANCE. By Harry W. Laidler.....	384
THE DEBTOR GETS REVENGE. THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DEPRECIATED POUND. By Maxwell S. Stewart.....	386
GET RID OF THAT TIN CAN! A Cartoon by Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	388
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	389
CORRESPONDENCE.....	389
FINANCE: WHY OUR GOLD IS "STERILE." By S. Palmer Harman.....	390
FALL BOOK SECTION	
INDIVIDUALISM AND AMERICAN WRITERS. By Newton Arvin.....	391
THE POETRY OF CONRAD AIKEN. By Stanley J. Kunitz.....	393
GREEN DOORS FOR YOUR TOMB. By Thomas Hornsby Ferrill.....	396
BOOKS:	
Power-Knowledge. By Henry Hazlitt.....	398
Androcles and the Lioness. By George Jean Nathan.....	398
Not Quite Classic. By Carl Van Doren.....	400
Perhaps Anderson. By Horace Gregory.....	401
"So Wrapped in Rectitude." By Eda Lou Walton.....	403
Men Like Walpole. By Robert Livingston Schuyler.....	404
A Finished First Novel. By Clifton Fadiman.....	405
Books in Brief.....	406
Films: Musical Talkies. By Evelyn Gerstein.....	407
Drama: A Promise Fulfilled. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	408
Some Notable Fall Books.....	410
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	416

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

CALVIN COOLIDGE'S announcement that he is for Herbert Hoover's reelection and is not himself a candidate has had one considerable result: it has brought him a large check from the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which his announcement appeared. Beyond that its effects are negligible. Everyone who knows anything of politics knew that Mr. Coolidge would have to come out for the President, while knowing also that privately Mr. Coolidge is no more enthusiastic about the Hoover Administration than the rest of his fellow-citizens. It takes a man with the force and daring of a Theodore Roosevelt to turn revolter against party rule and traditions under such conditions, and there is nothing of the revolutionist in Calvin Coolidge. The latter's announcement, moreover, does not mean that if, in an access of sanity and wisdom, the Republican convention should turn down Mr. Hoover and then decide to nominate Mr. Coolidge, he would necessarily be unwilling—if the times are then not too bad. The canny Calvin, who knew very well when to leave the White House, will not be eager to involve himself in disaster. Besides which, both he and Mr. Hoover

have just had the pleasure of reading the news that in the Congressional election held in the Seventh Missouri District on September 29, the Democratic candidate was chosen by the unprecedented majority of 9,000 votes, nearly four times what his predecessor received. It is even reported from Cincinnati that the seat of the late Speaker, Nicholas Longworth, is in doubt.

THE RECENT STATEMENTS of a number of prominent United States Senators in favor of a federal law against short selling of commodities and securities are not a very promising symptom of the attitude that the new Congress will take toward the extremely grave problems that will confront it in December. It is altogether probable that a prohibition of short selling would do vastly more harm than good. Short selling can never affect the major movements of any great world commodity or of stocks as a body; at best it can affect movements of several days or weeks, and it is very rarely that it can have any permanent adverse effect on price levels. A short sale must always eventually be completed by a purchase, and the purchase, or "covering," tends to send prices up on an average to the same extent as the preceding short sales may have sent them down. On the whole it is probable that short selling has an actual stabilizing effect; in times of panic, when an especially disturbing piece of news breaks, the repurchases of former short sellers may constitute the only substantial demand that exists. What may happen when an attempt is made to control prices by direct legislation of this sort was illustrated in 1864, when Congress passed an act forbidding all sales of gold and foreign exchange on "time" contracts. The resulting demoralization of the markets was so great that Congress repealed the act three weeks after it was passed. What is disquieting about the recent agitation against short selling is that it may deflect attention from the really basic questions. To seek to stop the fall of securities and commodities by legislating against short selling is essentially like trying to peg the thermometer as a satisfactory substitute for changing the temperature it records. It is significant that the most vociferous demand for a ban against short selling comes from the honorable Jim Watson, the same gentleman whose tragic stupidity or unmitigated gall is responsible for the suggestion that we raise our preposterous tariff still higher to protect ourselves against buying anything that Europe may have to sell.

ONE EXCUSE given for the many wage reductions recently announced is that living costs have dropped during the depression and that therefore "real wages" have increased. In some individual cases, where men have been employed full time, this is undoubtedly true. But for labor as a whole the excuse simply does not hold. In fact, according to Ethelbert Stewart, head of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, the total wage income of labor has dropped much farther than have living costs. Mr. Stewart has made public a statistical table showing that while living costs dropped 15 per cent in the period from December, 1925,

to June, 1931, the total wages paid out by manufacturing industries in the same period declined 40 per cent. Virtually the whole of the drop in wages has taken place since the depression began in 1929. In other words, then, "real wages" for the entire working class have actually decreased. It could be argued that inasmuch as the purchasing value of the dollar has increased during the depression the decrease in living costs is greater than the statistics suggest. But in reality the workingman's dollar is today worth only eighteen cents more than it was in 1925. Mr. Stewart has estimated that the net loss to the workers is "roughly 30 per cent." This means that the purchasing power of the working class has been reduced to 70 per cent of what it was a few years ago. It may be more than a coincidence that the industrial production of the country has been reduced in about the same proportion, that is, to about 70 per cent of what it was in 1929. Advocates of wage reductions might find some profit in studying the wage problem from this angle.

ALIEN RADICALS facing deportation to countries where death sentences almost certainly await them may now elect to go voluntarily to Soviet Russia instead of being sent to their native lands. The Department of Labor has so ruled in the case of Tao Hsuan Li, Chinese student of engineering at New York University. Tao was arrested a year ago on a charge of being an active Communist and therefore deportable under the immigration laws. The department announced that he would be sent to China, and it maintained this position despite the flood of protests it received from many persons who insisted that the department's action was tantamount to sending Tao to death. Not until the American Civil Liberties Union obtained a statement from the Chinese Legation in Washington to the effect that Communists are subject to the death penalty in China, did the Labor Department reconsider its ruling. Commissioner of Immigration Hull then announced that Tao could voluntarily depart for Russia. William W. Husband, Assistant Secretary of Labor, said a similar procedure would be followed in the case of Guido Serio, an Italian subject awaiting deportation to Italy, if it were shown that he would be put to death upon his return there for his anti-Fascist agitation.

HAS THE UNITED STATES abandoned the Kellogg Pact? Is this treaty which was to outlaw war simply another scrap of paper? Probably not. At least we hesitate to subscribe to such a depressing opinion. Yet it is a fact that the Kellogg Pact was all but forgotten in the several attempts that were made to prevent war between Japan and China as the result of the outbreak of hostilities in Manchuria. That the hostile action of the Japanese troops constituted a direct violation of the treaty can hardly be denied. It would perhaps have been too much to expect the League of Nations to put the Kellogg Pact ahead of its own peace machinery. But that Secretary of State Stimson should have elected to ignore the agreement which bears the name of his predecessor surprised and somewhat confused us. In his identic notes to Japan and China, Mr. Stimson was obviously satisfied to refer vaguely to "the existence of treaties, to several of which the United States is a party," without directly mentioning the Kellogg Pact. It is true that the Manchurian outbreak has not led to war—in any event, not yet.

It is nevertheless discouraging to note the lack of enthusiasm shown by the United States for the anti-war treaty when put to the test in the Manchurian crisis. If that is to be the attitude of the State Department whenever the Kellogg Pact is openly or covertly violated, it does not augur well for future efforts to ban war by international agreement.

WILL THE VISIT of MM. Laval and Briand to Berlin lead the way to a genuine and permanent rapprochement between France and Germany? We fervently hope so. More than that, certain incidents connected with the visit indicate at least a tendency toward reconciliation. The enthusiasm with which the French war-men were greeted by the people on the streets not only in Berlin but of other German cities, the promise of a Franco-German customs union—even though no mention is made of Austria—the fact that MM. Laval and Briand brought back with them to Paris the good-will of the responsible leaders of Germany, including that of the "war criminal," President von Hindenburg—all of these suggest that the current is at the moment flowing toward friendship and peace. Yet the problem of Franco-German rapprochement must be faced realistically; there are still tremendous obstacles to be overcome. Whether another attempt to solve the grave political problems separating France and Germany by bringing their economic interests together will succeed is doubted by many observers. John Elliott, Berlin correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrote a week after the visit of MM. Laval and Briand that until these political problems are settled "all hopes of economic cooperation are doomed in advance to defeat. On this point the Germans, regardless of party, are in agreement." We can only hope that the French will not let their political ambition stifle the good work done in Berlin.

CASTING ASIDE THEIR MANTILLAS, the women of Spain are, to the astonishment of no one, probably, more than themselves, to receive the sacred and inestimable right of exercising the franchise. Republican Spain has granted suffrage without any restriction to all women more than twenty-three years of age. Spain thus becomes the first Latin American country to make this gesture, and takes its place with the Scandinavian countries, Russia, the great North European nations, and the United States in this matter of doubling the number of its electorate. The women's suffrage movement in Spain has been well organized if not irresistibly powerful; doubtless the women who were actively engaged in it will transfer their activities to the new and important task of educating the new voters. If Spanish women in the past have remained in their homes, submitted implicitly to their husbands, borne children, and kept out of politics, that is not to say they will continue to do so. Those persons who predict that to give the franchise to women will be merely to duplicate the vote of Spanish men are quite possibly doomed to disappointment. The world is changing very fast; means of communication—the newspaper, the radio, the news-reel—are penetrating even to Spain. This does not mean, of course, that overnight an additional 5,000,000 alert, intelligent, and well-informed voters has been created; it does mean that in a young republic the women as well as the men will have an opportunity to learn to govern.

THE "DEVIL'S BREW," as it is called by Louis Stark in a series of articles in the *New York Times*, that is in the making in Harlan County, Kentucky, is getting worse instead of better. Any person remotely identifiable as sympathetic with the miners is liable to violence, assault, and even death. An organizer for the miners' union takes his life in his hands when he goes to Harlan; the operators are out to break the union, the deputies are out to kill "communism," by which they mean any activity from union organizing to feeding undernourished children that favors the miners, and the miners are arriving at a state of mind where ^{AN} will not hesitate a moment to use force to get food ^{REB} for their families and to keep the hand of the law out of ^{DE} houses. The *Editor and Publisher*, writing of Harlan, says:

Conditions more cruel and unjust than the feudalism of the Middle Ages, because even the right to work the land or eat the baron's bread is denied, are reported by trustworthy newspapers to exist in the soft-coal regions of Kentucky. . . . When honest reporters are shot by imported thugs of coal companies, dressed up in the official uniform of local government and drawing their blood money from corporation mine owners, and when a special writer of the *New York Times* staff finds it necessary to leave the district and go to Chicago to prepare his almost unbelievable account of Harlan County terror, there can be little doubt that events are occurring there which will not bear the scrutiny of the American people.

To these severe strictures and many like them the officials of Harlan reply only with frivolous and meaningless cries of "reds" and "Communists," the Kentucky newspapers in general tell observers from outside the State to mind their own business, and Governor Flem Sampson has not said a word.

THANKS TO THE COMPETENT and busy publicity staff of the new Waldorf Hotel in New York City, the opening of that institution assumed the color of a national event. For days news stories about the munificence of the new building, the splendor of its public rooms, the murals on the ballroom walls, the size of the lobby carpet, the tons of fruit and vegetables—strictly fresh and of the best grades—required for a day's meals, the loyalty of the residents of the old Waldorf have occupied columns in the *New York press*. Customers of the hotel will not be vulgarly known as guests but as "patrons"; they will not register and check out but "arrive" and "depart." Through all these doings Mr. Oscar-of-the-Waldorf was very much in evidence, even to having a sixty-fifth birthday, during which, of course, he did not stop to receive congratulations but kept on tirelessly making the hotel the emporium of magnificence par excellence; and to cap the climax, Mr. Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, made a speech over the radio which was broadcast at the hotel opening, in which he complimented America, hotel-keeping in general, and the Waldorf in particular for all the virtues in the calendar. This performance would move even a hard-hearted spectator to tears and cheers except for two small flies in the mellifluous ointment. One is that no huzzas were observed from the holders of bonds for the new Waldorf in a day when hotels are going into the hands of receivers daily; the other is that that priceless antique, that hostelry of honorable tradition, that old Waldorf of which the new is but the humble—in eight figures—descendant, opened its doors only thirty-eight years ago.

Dwight W. Morrow

THE sudden death of Senator Morrow is a genuine blow to our American public life. As our readers are aware, we are not of his political persuasion; indeed, we are among those of his friends who were disappointed by his brief, all too brief, career in the Senate. Yet we count our politics and our statesmanship much the poorer today because of this great loss. There are far too few men like him left in Washington, too few whose personal characters are beyond assail, who are so situated in life as to be above any temptation, who are moved by a desire to serve their country and not by mere personal ambition. In addition, he was a man of extraordinarily fine perceptions, of unusual intellectual powers, and was possessed of real political courage—that rarest of qualities—as is shown by his stand on prohibition.

Although a conservative he possessed strong streaks of liberalism. He was, for example, by no means hide-bound as to Russia, just as in Mexico he went counter to all accepted diplomatic conventions. Among his warmest friends and advisers were many of genuine liberalism and not one ever received from him other than a sympathetic and an understanding hearing. If that makes Mr. Morrow's votes in the last Congress the less understandable, we must still record the facts. It is obvious that he felt under great obligation to Mr. Hoover and that he was ill at ease in his new surroundings. The coming session would have definitely revealed his political choice and would have seen him well on the road to leadership in one camp or the other. One thing is certain, whatever choice he made, it would have been wrong to attribute it to his former business associations. Mr. Morrow did not seek one of the so highly prized posts with the firm of Morgan. He did not take it to make money and he was more than content to leave it for the public service. His only problem was to decide whether he should go into the diplomatic service or turn to Amherst, the college he so dearly loved, and follow his heart's desire by teaching there.

Great services Dwight Morrow rendered in the four short years that have elapsed since he went to Mexico City. No one in recent years has made so great contribution to pan-American good-will, because he went as a simple, well-mannered American citizen and not as the browbeating ambassador of a vast overpowering neighbor that cared only to be boss of the hemisphere. He had thus the right equipment for diplomacy—in addition to his great abilities. He did nothing because his secretaries of embassy told him to do it; he shocked them constantly by going his own way, and doing what his common sense told him was right. So he changed the whole attitude of our government toward Mexico while winning the regard of the Mexican people. That his services in London were equally valuable because of his ability as a negotiator, his patience and understanding, is also well known. It is idle to speculate how far he would have gone, for that would have depended on whether this successful negotiator could also have proved himself a successful Senator—they are very different things. There will always be friends and party associates to believe that Dwight Morrow's feet were well on the road to the White House.

The President, Congress, and the Navy

IT is gratifying, indeed, to record the President's insistence upon cuts in the navy budget and to read that he really became indignant at the undercover opposition to his economy plans by high officers of the navy. This is no new phenomenon. Even under Mr. Coolidge there was rank disloyalty to his half-hearted disarmament moves—disloyalty which went unrebuked. It would be interesting indeed, if it should be possible to reveal the precise relations between high naval officers and the Navy League, which is now weeping bitter tears over the straits to which the navy has already "been reduced." Nothing could give us a better standing on the naval side of the Geneva disarmament conference than the ability to say that we had substantially cut our budget before going to Geneva, had reduced the number of active ships and cut the enlisted personnel by thousands.

We welcome, too, the gage of battle which has been flung to President Hoover by Senator Frederick Hale of Maine and Congressman Britten of Illinois, respectively chairmen of the House and Senate Naval Committees. By all means let us have a show-down. Senator Hale, one of the smallest politicians in our public life, sees himself fighting the battle of an endangered Congress. The Constitution has empowered the Congress alone, he says, to decide what the national defense needs, and he proposes to protect the Constitution and the rights of Congress from the vicious assaults of President Hoover—provided, however, that at the critical moment the navy and the General Board inform him that it is really necessary to go through with the program of building up to the limit permitted by the London treaty for naval limitations. Ought not someone to defend the Congress from this unconstitutional prerogative of the admirals of dictating what the national defense shall be? As for Congressman Britten, who, as our readers are aware, recently induced the Navy Department to order the North Atlantic fleet, contrary to its wishes, to Montauk Point for a rest period, when he has a financial stake in the real-estate speculation there, we are perfectly willing to pit against him Chairman Will R. Wood of the Appropriations Committee, who has recently no less than three times publicly declared that it is time to cut military and naval appropriations to the bone, since there is no necessity whatsoever for the swollen armaments we now have. By all means let us have a show-down—preferably on the floor of the House and Senate. These army and navy appropriations bills are enormously important. For years they have slipped through without any adequate debate, although they have not only national but international ramifications. Nothing could be better than a first-class public give-and-take between those who still believe in the exploded theory of force and in useless weapons like the outmoded battleships, and those who wish to free the world from the curse of armaments.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover could go a good deal farther and faster than he is going. The budgets of West Point and Annapolis could and should be cut; there are too many cadets for the needs of either service and both institutions are heavily overstaffed in comparison with civilian colleges. Mr. Hoover does not propose to reduce the strength

of the navy below 75,700. Why do we need so large a force? There is only one fleet which rivals our own, and the country which possesses it trembles on the verge of bankruptcy and is even more eager for disarmament than are we. If ever a war with England was unthinkable, it is today in view of Great Britain's inability to raise funds to protect its own currency; its dire economic distress; its grave social unrest. Who else menaces us? Not Japan certainly; not Russia, which has no fleet; not Italy or France. We are maintaining our sixteen battleships merely because we have got into the habit of it; because our armament profiteers, Navy League, and naval officers, with their vested interest in maintaining a fleet, are constantly propagandizing for it and are trying to persuade the nation that we must continue to waste not only \$750,000,000 a year on army and navy upkeep in this industrial crisis, but actually spend \$750,000,000 more to build our fleet up to the limits permitted by the London agreement.

But while we think Mr. Hoover could cut much more vigorously than he has, we repeat that we are heartily grateful for the fight he is making. The whole spirit of the Administration fills us with hope that it at last means business. Here, for example, are excerpts from the remarkable speech made by William R. Castle, Jr., Undersecretary of State, before the Advertising Club of Boston:

It is safe enough to say that the seeds of the depression were sown in the World War. . . . The billions wasted in munitions brought no return whatsoever.

It is said that the world spends annually three billion dollars on armaments, and yet it is clear that the individual nations would be just as safe if the volume of this construction were proportionately cut one-half or three-quarters. Every nation needs an army for internal police purposes but beyond this every soldier is a potential offensive force.

We fought, or said we fought, a war to end war. We have made anti-war treaties that cover the globe, but as long as we pour money into competitive armaments we admit that war is always imminent. We make a travesty of our high-sounding treaties.

This is true statesmanship. This sounds a true call to the nation. This is the kind of courage and truth-telling that we have a right to expect from men in high office who seek to lead. We hope that every reader of *The Nation* will send his individual thanks to Mr. Castle. Meanwhile, even the United States Chamber of Commerce has seen the light and demands that "every possible step be taken for international disarmament."

There could be no better augury for the role which our country is to play at Geneva than this voice from the State Department. As we have said before, that conference may prove to be a milestone in the history of humanity; it may easily decide the fate of Europe. If it fails, the consequences will be so disastrous to the political and economic life of the whole world and the stability of all the capitalist nations that no one can look upon the possibility of failure without tremendous misgiving. We believe that if the Hoover delegation to Geneva shows the courage and frankness of Mr. Castle, it will win a great victory.

Mr. MacDonald's Score

HOW does the account now stand between Ramsay MacDonald and the British Labor Party which twice made him Prime Minister? It reads thus: On August 24 Mr. MacDonald dissolved his Labor Government, although a majority of the Cabinet favored all his budget-balancing proposals save only the cut in the dole, in order to preserve, as he said, England's financial standing and to safeguard the gold standard and, therefore, the pound. On September 20 the country was compelled to abandon the gold standard, and the sacrifice of the Labor Ministry was thus shown to have been in vain. Meanwhile Mr. MacDonald is about to dissolve Parliament and thus to bring on a new election which, so Raymond Swing of the New York *Evening Post* cables, will in the opinion of the ablest political observers deprive the Labor Party of some one hundred seats and thus throw it back to where it was prior to the election of 1924. In addition, Mr. MacDonald's act has enormously increased the prospects of England's adopting a high protective tariff, now the avowed object of the Conservative Party.

In other words, there is every evidence that Mr. MacDonald has made possible the triumph of the one party which above all others has opposed everything that the Labor Party has stood for. It is the party which abused him no end during the war, which has until now never failed to vilify him and to declare him a menace to the welfare of England. A short while ago the fact that he was being patted on the back and praised by the *London Times*, the *Morning Post*, and other Tory papers, would surely have made him wince and realize that he was on the wrong track. Today he seems to glory in this support and, like many another man who has yielded to the lure of high office, he has turned upon his former associates with reproaches and scorn. Yet it is already common gossip in London that if the new coalition of MacDonald, Baldwin, and Herbert Samuels wins in the next election, Mr. MacDonald will immediately be thrown out by his strange political bedfellows and will be sent to Washington as ambassador, or created a lord.

We are well aware that Mr. MacDonald himself is convinced that he not only saved England but the United States and the rest of the world by his dissolution of the Labor Ministry. He is not without adherents even in the Labor Party who believe that he performed a great patriotic service in so hastily wrecking his own party. But such a break with all one's previous principles and party affiliations is surely only to be justified if one knows one's goal exactly and has a clear road to that goal which seems so incapable as to warrant such a break and such a complete overturn in the political situation of one's country. But it is now perfectly clear that the MacDonald coalition has no genuine policy beyond that of getting permanently into office at the earliest possible moment. It has no greater vision than had the Labor Ministry; it can in no wise better forecast the events of the immediate future. More than that, as the *New Statesman and Nation* points out: "The budget revealed an astonishing incoherence of mind." Moreover, the best economic and financial advisers Mr. MacDonald had, all of whom, with the exception of Mr. Snowden, left him

when he formed his new Cabinet, are unanimously of the opinion that the budget will not only not accomplish what Mr. MacDonald expected it to, but will actually increase the difficulties which have brought about the tremendous financial humiliation that has come to England. Even the pretense that the budget was based on "equality of sacrifice" has completely broken down.

The truth is that, as in the case of the Zinoviev letter which terminated his first ministry in similar haste, Mr. MacDonald yielded to a sudden impulse due this time to misleading information. He is not steeped in finance and economics; indeed, this is his weakest side. But having started on his course there can be no turning back. We shall see him in the coming campaign denouncing his former associates, the men who gave him his opportunity to come back into public life when he was an outcast, with absolute certainty that his course is the only possible one. We have heretofore referred to the similarity between the careers of Woodrow Wilson and Ramsay MacDonald. The former, too, ended his career at the opposite pole from which he started. He, too, was so convinced of the absolute wisdom and rectitude of his every step that any dissent was as perfidious as it was base. But as Woodrow Wilson slew every liberal movement in America and paved the way for the utter corruption of the Harding Administration and the dull and injurious conservatism of Coolidge, so it now appears as if the net result of Mr. MacDonald's patriotic move would be to undo years of labor achievement, retard immeasurably the making over of England along the lines of the Labor Party's program, and intensify class strife and the misery of the British working classes. Certainly if the net result is a high protective tariff, not only the Labor Party but England's masses will rise up to call MacDonald anything but blessed.

Marriage and Divorce

THE unhappy compromise with regard to divorce reached by the Episcopal bishops assembled in convention at Denver deserves small praise and less respect. Putting aside the honest recommendations of the Commission on Marriage, which provided that remarriage after divorce might be performed within the church at the discretion of an ecclesiastical court after due examination of the facts in the case, the bishops reiterated that remarriage after divorce should be forbidden in all cases except that of the innocent party in a divorce for adultery, but—and in the but lies all the trouble—marriages "dissolved" by a civil court may, at the discretion of the church, be deemed "annulled" and remarriage may then be sanctioned, as if a former marriage had never taken place. The Episcopal church thus takes substantially the position of the Catholic church, refuses to countenance the word "divorce," but accepts the actuality of divorce under the disguise of "dissolution" or "annulment" of marriage. The grounds under which an "annulment" may be declared are many and varied, including consanguinity, mental deficiency, impotence, insanity, bigamy, and venereal disease. Actually, therefore, the position of the Episcopal synod is more liberal than it was; but its liberality is entirely vitiated by its eagerness to

avoid the letter while accepting the fact of divorce in modern life.

One may pass from the new canon with more than a touch of distaste to the admirable report of the Commission on Marriage. That body, which had spent six years in a study of the subject, saw clearly that while its immediate task was to formulate a possible divorce canon, its more important duty was to consider the nature of marriage itself. One might quote with approval most of its remarks on the subject, none more interesting or more worth remembering than the following paragraph:

The outstanding need in married life, however, is the realization that marriage, that every great human relationship, must be based on the spirit of self-sacrifice rather than that of self-satisfaction. In all achievement we must pay the price of struggle, disappointment, and sorrow. To achieve Christian marriage, as to achieve anything worth while in life, men and women must be prepared to make great joyful sacrifices.

This directly contravenes, the report went on, the "prevailing romantic idea" that marriages are made in heaven, and "that one has only to find his true mate to enjoy everlasting happiness." Marriage, to be successful, must be worked at, every hour of the day every day of the year. "It is unthinkable that marriage can be successful unless husbands and wives are pure, sober, and exercise control of temper and tongue. Nor can any two human beings live together happily unless their conduct is marked by the spirit of kindness and consideration."

This attitude shows the church at its strongest and best. Fully aware, as other sections of the report indicate, of the necessity for a more scientific outlook on sex, for education for marriage beginning "at birth," for a knowledge of psychoneuroses and sexual perversion, the commission nevertheless laid its greatest stress on forbearance, charity, kindness, and love. One cannot fail in respect for such an attitude, or in admiration for its wisdom. It is evident that once a marriage has utterly failed, divorce should end it. But there is always an interim during which hard and faithful endeavor on the part of both partners might save what anyone in his right mind would wish to save. Society is so constituted as to favor the maintenance of the family intact. At best divorce offers an unhappy and often unworkable solution of a bad problem; persons with imagination do not easily contract a second marriage when a first, fortunately begun, turns out badly; children who are admittedly rendered unhappy by disaffection between their parents are equally without anchor, divided between two families each often entirely at odds with the other. In view of these difficulties, the church, if it has any validity and *raison d'être* in modern life, should step in not as a party to the dissolution of the marriage but as teacher, arbitrator, and friend in marriage itself. Its influence should begin, as the Commission on Marriage was so clearly aware, long before any marriage takes place, in the proper education of the adolescent boy and girl on what living in a state of holy matrimony will mean, what it will demand of courage, self-reliance, and courtesy to another person, how much thought it will take, how much strength, how much time. Wise counsel is needed and wise men and women to administer it. One can only wonder, in the case of the Episcopal synod, if its sidestepping attitude on divorce indicates a capacity for such wisdom.

Gentle Shakespeare?

HOW gentle was the author of "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," and "King Lear"? It has always been hard to say, though the time-honored epithet which anyone may find by turning to Ben Jonson's poem opposite the portrait in the First Folio has by most persons never been questioned. "The gentle Shakespeare," we murmur, and let it go at that.

Yet there has always been a group of persons—recently, in a realistic generation, grown more numerous than ever before—who qualified the force of the epithet by claiming that Shakespeare in his plays revealed capacities for rage, resentment, scorn, disillusion, and envy. And now, it would seem, they have hired a detective to look into Shakespeare's life with a view to proving him at least once to have been possessed of malice. They have succeeded, too, as an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1931, and a book just published* make abundantly clear.

Leslie Hotson, the author of the article and the book, is the best detective who could have been put on this particular trail. A few years ago he unearthed in England some papers which showed under what circumstances Christopher Marlowe met his death. More lately he discovered a number of letters—long looked for in vain by other scholars—written by Shelley to Harriet Westbrook after their separation. And now he has rooted out some exceedingly interesting legal papers bearing on a quarrel which Shakespeare had with one William Gardiner in 1596. Most of the legal papers which have to do with Shakespeare are of little interest, since they reveal nothing about either his character as a man or his career and method as a playwright. These, however, were worth finding. Not only is Mr. Hotson able to prove that Shakespeare moved across the Thames in 1596; that he became associated in that year with the Swan Theater and its owner, Francis Langley; and that he first produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on April 23, 1597. He is able to show in addition just how some of the lines in this play came to be written.

The lines are those which characterize Justice Shallow and his thin-witted cousin, Abraham Slender, the one as absurdly ambitious and the other as a pitiful sycophant. Mr. Hotson establishes that Shallow and Slender were caricatures of William Gardiner, a grasping official whom Shakespeare and Langley had every reason to hate, and his insignificant toady of a stepson, William Wayte, whom Gardiner had actually once married to Joan Tayler (Anne Page) for her money, which he then stole. Shakespeare's revenge for many indignities was nothing less than the immortalizing of two dangerous enemies by reducing them to supreme silliness in a play. So the tolerant bard stands convicted of personal feeling at last. Yet the champions of his gentleness may take some comfort in the fact that he turned these villains into fools—and harmless ones at that. He must not have been very angry after all. Or at any rate the artist in him remained gentle—being satisfied, as Mr. Hotson says, with a picture of "inoffensive folly in a care-free atmosphere of perennial comedy."

* "Shakespeare Versus Shallow." By Leslie Hotson. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



"BUT don't they see? . . . Can't they just see? . . . Surely they must realize . . ."

"No, my dear, they won't see and realize until . . . but let me tell you a story."

(The curtain goes down two seconds to denote the passing of some two hundred years backward.)

His Majesty had moved to Versailles. His Majesty's armies might not always have been as victorious as His Majesty might have wished, but His Majesty had succeeded in making his court the center of that polite world which was more than a world, which was *the* World. All that World ate as His Majesty deigned to eat. All that World drank as His Majesty condescended to drink. All that World dressed its wives as His Majesty was pleased to dress his mistresses. As a result His Majesty's court at Versailles had become the school of manners for all the Young Men with an Eye to the Future. And His Majesty's capital city of Paris had become the fountainhead of fashion, which no one dared disregard for fear of being considered a Moscovite or a Prussian.

Even in far-away, gloomy London the younger set boxed the ears of its dressmakers if those unfortunate menials dared to be more than a fortnight behind the times as the "times" were understood in Paris and Versailles. Until those long-suffering habit-makers decided upon a step forward, as bold as it was practical and as new as it was fascinating. They made arrangements with their colleagues of the Rue St. Honoré to send them a fully dressed manikin once a week. Once a week (on Saturdays so as not to lose the Monday-morning trade) a manikin dressed in the latest French fashions was dispatched from Paris to Calais, was then loaded on board the packet for Dover, was then hoisted on top the stagecoach for London, and was delivered bright and early the next morning to Her Majesty's couturier, who thereupon consulted with his colleagues how to reevaluate the daring Gallic fashions into something a little more sedate for the home trade. That manikin and its sister (or brother—manikin is a little hard to define) traveled up and down and up and down between London and Paris for about a hundred years and all was well with the world.

(The curtain now descends one second to denote the passing of an entire century.)

When news of the fall of the Bastille reached London (it got to the British capital on the sixteenth of July, 1789, two days after the event) people shook their heads and said: "Oh, nothing my dear, nothing at all. The French have always been that way . . . merely a little disorder . . . the police will tend to that." When the Declaration of the Rights of Man, duly translated, appeared in the news-sheets of August, there was a slight murmuring or protest. That

sort of thing must be kept from the servants. It was a preposterous document and should be treated as such. When, two months later, the Royal Family was forced to leave Versailles and go to Paris, there were murmurings. This was really going too far. Going much too far. But there was one consolation. Things could not go on that way much longer. There must be a reaction. The decent people would soon flock to the support of the throne. The rabble would be taught a lesson.

Meanwhile Englishmen were warned against accepting any of those newfangled little bits of paper called assignats. They were not worth anything and soon would be worth even less than that. But for the rest, there was no cause for apprehension about the future. The French might be a flighty race but they had some common sense left. Of course, travel through French territory had become a bit irksome on account of the lack of respect on the part of postilions and waiters, and Paris was by no means so gay as it used to be. But that was all. Those wild-eyed, long-haired orators who held forth at the Palais Royal were a nuisance that should not be tolerated. That man Mirabeau, or whatever his name was, was a traitor, and no gentleman should have anything to do with him. Those other impossible creatures—one really could not remember all their names, there were so many of them and they had such funny names—would some day return to the dram-shops and the counters whence they had sallied forth to "save the nation." They were all of them preposterous fellows and should not be taken seriously. Of course, there always were gloomy prophets to predict that these crazy notions would sweep all over Europe, to forewarn of the dreadful outbreaks of violence that would occur once the hunger of the people had driven them to desperate measures. There should be a law passed to prevent the enemies of the state from publishing their broadsides with their "well-meant warnings."

The Court did not take the matter seriously. Those who were on speaking terms with bankers had heard from their own lips that the whole thing would soon blow over, and who would or could be better informed than a banker with correspondents all over the Continent? There were rumors that the King was about to leave his capital city and move to Strasbourg or some other loyal provincial town where he would not be exposed to the insults of the rabble. He could then return at the head of his troops and reestablish order. It was a question of weeks, perhaps of months. The best thing of all was not to pay too much attention to all this talk of revolution. It sounded so foolish. And so, business and pleasure and pleasure and business continued as usual.

On the tenth of August of the year 1792 the mob stormed the Tuileries, murdered the Swiss Guards, and took the King and Queen prisoner. That was bad news but nobody paid any particular attention to it. But six days later English Society suddenly realized that there was a revolution in France. For the first time in almost a century the weekly fashion manikin had failed to arrive.

Hoover and the Press

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 3

THE relations of Herbert Hoover with the newspapermen whose work brings them in immediate contact with the Presidential office have reached a stage of unpleasantness without a parallel during the present century. They are characterized by mutual dislike, unconcealed suspicion, and downright bitterness. This ugly condition has frequently been reflected in the utterances of the President and the conduct of his aides, and is bound to be reflected in some of the news dispatches, although to nothing like the extent of its actual existence.

It goes without saying that Hoover is mainly to blame. There is no excuse for any President failing to get along with the press. He is treated with a deference accorded to no other official. His virtues are enormously magnified and his mistakes, in the main, are minimized or ignored. He starts with a tremendous advantage. From the press of his own party he receives a blind and unquestioning loyalty. From the so-called non-partisan press he receives "the respect due the office." The opposition-party press handles him gingerly for fear of being accused of making "partisan attacks on the President." Anything he desires to say is immediately published. Much—entirely too much—that he wishes to keep out of print is suppressed. No fat man could ask for a softer feather bed. Yet every rose petal has been a thorn in the delicate skin of Herbert Hoover.

His incredible sensitiveness to unfavorable publicity arises from a peculiar but not illogical cause. Knowing that the newspapers made him, he assumes they can with equal ease destroy him. In this he is mistaken. He would be far better advised to follow the rule enunciated by his thick-skinned little predecessor: "When they're agin' me I don't read 'em." Unfortunately, the Hoover temperament makes this impossible. Such is the nature of this humorless and resentful man that he must know the worst that is said of him, must take steps to anticipate or prevent its repetition, and must, if possible, punish the responsible author.

At least two Washington correspondents, both able, honest, and popular, are firmly convinced that White House pressure was responsible for the loss of their jobs, and others believe the same influence was exerted to have them transferred. Whether this belief is correct I do not pretend to know. I do know that it exists, not only among the men directly concerned but also among a wide circle of their colleagues, and that it has seriously affected the relations of the President and the press.

The history of Hoover's estrangement from the men who report his actions is long and full of bitter irony. At one time he enjoyed a higher reputation among them, perhaps, than any man who was ever to enter the White House. Long before the death of Harding it became the custom of a group of correspondents, including some of the ablest in the business, to gather several afternoons each week in Hoover's office. There he talked freely not only about his own department but about the departments of his Cabinet colleagues and about the affairs of the Presidency. He did

not attempt to conceal the slight regard in which he held some of his associates, nor did he hesitate to disclose—although always "in confidence"—what they were up to. He was the best "grapevine" in Washington, and a perfect gold mine of "graveyard stuff." He was able, moreover, invariably to convey the impression that he knew what he was talking about. Gradually, during the Harding and Coolidge Administrations, an impression pervaded the Washington press corps, just as it pervaded their editors and the American public, that Hoover knew more about the affairs of the government and the actual condition of the country and the world than any man in the Administration.

It was after his nomination and during his campaign for the Presidency that his prestige among the reporters began to wane. The first awakening came when he began to evade all the important issues. Some of his admirers were plainly shocked; others excused his ignominious straddling on the ground that he was a novice in politics and fearful of committing a blunder. They assured themselves and others that as soon as he was elected, his old candor and decisiveness would reappear. It was poor comfort. Throughout the campaign he refused to answer pertinent questions and openly resented the fact that they were asked. But until the election was over, knowledge of his personal timidity and petulance apparently was confined largely to the reporters actually on the job. Most of their editors failed to appreciate it. Even among Democratic newspapers the impression persisted that although the better man probably had lost, a good man had been elected. They resolved to give Mr. Hoover his chance.

Then came the South American "good-will tour," where he made the amazing beginning of establishing a military censorship over all news dispatches sent from the battleships which carried him. George Barr Baker, who had been an official censor during the war, was taken along for that purpose. Under the orders issued, no dispatches could be sent until Baker had O. K.'d them. Disclosure of these facts caused some resentment, but the shock was softened by the official revelation that Mr. Hoover was planning decisive reforms in the manner of holding press conferences at the White House. They were announced at the very first conference after his inauguration.

Smiling, cordial, expansive, he informed the two hundred assembled correspondents that the worn-out Coolidge ghost, "the White House spokesman," had been abolished in favor of a more liberal system. Under the new rules the reporters would continue to submit written questions in advance, but the President's answers would be divided into three categories, as follows: (1) to be quoted directly in the first person; (2) to be attributed to the White House; and (3) to be used as information given by the correspondents upon their own authority, or as "background." The privilege of quotation was new and very desirable. In addition, one of the President's secretaries, George Akerson, himself a former correspondent, would meet the reporters twice a day to supply routine information requested by the

newspapers. It was an excellent plan, and I joined with other optimists in praising the fine liberal spirit which inspired it (*The Nation*, April 3, 1929).

Alas, its actual operation lasted as long as a jug of corn liquor at a Baptist camp meeting. The direct quotations promptly degenerated into mimeographed hand-outs of insignificant content. Press conferences were terminated as soon as they began, with the simple statement that there was no news. Sometimes the President varied this announcement by stating he had no answers because no questions had been submitted. After one such fiasco the reporters retired to the White House pressroom and promptly established by mutual confession that eight of them had submitted questions. Dissatisfaction was growing. On the other hand, it was no secret that Hoover was nursing a rising sense of injury against the correspondents and the newspapers they represented. Among the dinner guests at the White House and the week-end visitors to the Rapidan camp was a constant procession of newspaper owners and editors, and presently stories of personal reprisals were being carried from the White House pressroom to the National Press Club, the Senate and House galleries, the numerous Washington bureaus, and wherever the clan was accustomed to gather. One reporter, employed by a paper which rejoiced in a singularly decent managing editor and a singularly unscrupulous and society-minded owner, was frankly told by the editor that the White House had lodged complaint against him and that he had better look for another job before the ax fell. He did.

Meantime, the depression had flowered in all its melancholy splendor, and Hoover found occasion to complain that the press was not giving him the "breaks" it had given Coolidge. This was perfectly true, just as it was perfectly inevitable, but the man whose reputation had been made by the newspapers naturally looked to the newspapers to preserve it, and since he now occupied the most powerful position in the world he was partially able to enforce his desires. On the other hand, the diminishing esteem in which the working press held him was suddenly galvanized into active and bitter resentment by reports that men were being dismissed, demoted, or transferred in return for White House favors. I suppose there is nothing the average reporter hates and despises as he hates and despises a politician who pulls wires to get a reporter's job. As it happens, I do not join in that feeling. I consider that a politician or a politician's assistant who uses the prestige of office to have a reporter fired is a monument of courage and an ornament to the human race compared to the publisher or editor who yields to such pressure. But I am one of the group who has enjoyed security of tenure above the average, and it is easy to understand the feeling of those who find their position more vulnerable.

Akerson's information was often inaccurate, sometimes ludicrously so; but many decided he was not to blame. After all, he had been a competent and popular reporter. He drank like a gentleman and played the piano like a professor. He was energetic and never tried to "high hat" his old friends, and in my opinion made an honest effort to furnish the facts. Early this year he left for a more lucrative job with the movies and was succeeded by the vastly inferior Theodore G. Joslin of the *Boston Transcript*. Joslin, who had been regarded by his colleagues as a rather pompous but wholly harmless fellow, unfortunately developed delusions

of grandeur. The knowledge that only an unlocked door separated him from Greatness bore on him heavily. Then he perceived that this could be no mere accident, and from that time the relations of the President with the press have gone rapidly from bad to worse. It became difficult even to obtain the news of appointments and similar trivialities which composes the bulk of the press-association reports from the White House.

At the height of the moratorium negotiations the President made an unannounced departure for Washington from the Rapidan camp, leaving the unsuspecting correspondents behind. Next day the *New York Times* carried a dramatic and wholly sympathetic story of this heroic exploit, but incidentally conveyed the information that the Presidential party had made the trip at an average speed of better than fifty miles an hour. Other correspondents dismissed it as a typical piece of *Times* goose-greasing, but Mr. Hoover, for God knows what reason, was furious. The Secret Service was called on the carpet, and an official investigation of "news leaks" was launched. Joslin called in the correspondents, puffed out his cheeks and chest, and declared that thereafter news pertaining to the President's personal activities should come only from "stated sources." He was greeted with the celebrated Bronx salute, but the following week Frank Connor, veteran correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrecked his car and severely injured his wife trying to keep pace with the Presidential cavalcade as it plunged from the Rapidan to Washington. An explosion seemed imminent.

The Hoover technique is familiar: first he blusters, then he crawls. Accordingly at this juncture a "new era" was announced. For the first time since his inauguration the President appeared at a press conference with the correspondents' questions in his hand. His manner was affable, and he talked entertainingly and at length. Again I was one of the optimists who welcomed the dawn of a better day. The "new era" lasted two weeks, and the end was dramatic.

On the night of September 4 bankers composing the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board met at the White House. The "stated sources" would not disclose the subjects of discussion, but the bankers were less reticent. Promptly many newspapers carried the story that some of his guests had urged the President to extend the moratorium and that others had advocated legalizing 3 per cent beer. Next day the *Herald Tribune*, under the signature of Theodore C. Wallen, chief of its Washington bureau, reported there also had been a discussion of plans for liquefying assets frozen in real-estate projects and closed banks.

Simultaneously *Editor and Publisher*, trade and professional journal of the newspaper industry, published a striking editorial demanding an end of the "evasion, misrepresentation, and downright lying of public officials in Washington." A prudent Administration would have been warned, but Joslin chose this time to summon the correspondents to his office for another lecture. Although Hoover had complained to them six days before that the seriousness of the depression was being greatly exaggerated in the newspapers, Joslin opened his sermon with the declaration that "this country and the whole world are in an emergency second only to the World War." He concluded with the astonishing request that the reporters "consult with this office" before sending dispatches dealing with the depression or the Administra-

tion's efforts to break it. Later in the day he held another session in which he declared that "censorship never entered my mind." But he insisted that both statements be held "in confidence." In other words, the Administration in one breath was requesting the correspondents to protect it in an extremity which, in another breath, it declared had been "exaggerated"—and was demanding that neither the request nor the declaration be published!

It will be noted, of course, that I have dealt in this recital with the personal relations of the President with the press, to the exclusion of that larger field embracing the editorial attitude of the press toward his policies. I have

done so deliberately, first, because the newspaper reader has full opportunity to observe editorial reactions, while knowledge of the personal relations between President and press are necessarily limited to a few; and, second, because I believe the latter reveals the character of the man more clearly. Finally, it should be known that a tense and dynamic situation exists here. The Washington correspondents are being requested—and, as many of them believe, under duress—to swallow and act upon the theory that devotion to a rotten and inept political administration is synonymous with patriotism. Even the Republicans among them are in rebellion. Will they be able to stand their ground?

German Socialism in the Balance

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

THE startling results of the recent election for members of the House of Burgesses in Hamburg again brings to the front the grave situation in which the German Social Democrats find themselves as a result of their essaying the thankless task of tolerating, and cooperating with, a conservative government which they at heart really detest. The Hamburg result was the same as that in every election which has taken place since the Reichstag election of a year ago. This startled the whole world because it increased the National Socialist or Hitlerite representation in the Reichstag from a mere baker's dozen to 107 members. On September 26 the Hitlerites captured 43 of the total of 160 seats in the Hamburg municipal senate, which placed them almost on an even basis with the Social Democrats, whose 60 seats decreased to 46, while the Communists increased theirs from 27 to 35. As there are also 9 Nationalists who cooperate with the National Socialists, there will be 51 members of the right radical group. The National Socialists polled a total of 202,465 votes in Hamburg against 144,684 in the Reichstag election of September, 1930, and against 14,760 in the local Hamburg election of 1928—an increase in three years of 188,000 votes. The Communists gained 33,000 votes, whereas the Social Democratic vote decreased in a year from 240,984 to 214,509. Slowly but steadily the Social Democrats, the great supporters of the German republic, are losing votes to both the right and left radicals.

It is an extraordinary situation in which the Social Democrats find themselves. They are in genuine and sincere opposition to both wings. Their entire instinct is to go it alone. They know that they are compromising, and they know what price compromise exacts. If they did not, each recurring election would prove it to them. But the alternative is such that they cannot accept it. Were they to withdraw their support from Brüning they would throw him into the arms of Hitler, or there would have to be a new Reichstag election, in which, at the present rate of growth, the Hitlerites might easily become the dominant if not the majority party. So the Social Democrats, not without many misgivings and much heart-searching, are putting what they consider their patriotic duty before consistency and, probably, party advantage. They cannot accept the alternative of fascism, and perhaps civil war, with resultant financial and economic disaster to their country. At the

same time they are struggling desperately to retain in their ranks their more militant members and to attract the idealistic and extremely impatient young radicals of the country. The pros and cons of this policy of "toleration" (they decline the more positive term of cooperation) have occupied the attention of the party for many months past.* They were heatedly argued in the Leipzig convention of the party in June, and the question came prominently before the International Labor and Socialist Congress which I attended in Vienna late in July.

The principal argument against the Social Democracy's support of toleration of the government is a simple one: Social Democrats for the past few years have either cooperated with non-Socialists in coalition governments or have kept non-Socialists in power by their votes. They have not used these governments, but have been used by them. They have been compelled to accept anti-Socialist legislation; to vote for measures they abhorred. As a result, they have been in no position to furnish a militant leadership or to organize the masses for a frontal attack on capitalism. In the meantime economic conditions have become steadily worse. Masses of the people, especially among the young, have lost faith in the party's program and have gone over to the Hitlerites on the right and the Communists on the left. Today a large majority of dues-paying members of the party are above thirty-five years of age.

The party officials maintain that their support is necessary to prevent a dictatorship. But Brüning's Government, the left wing argues, is a dictatorship. His emergency decrees issued without the consent of the Reichstag indicate this. His censorship of the press confirms it. This suppression of parliamentary democracy has been a direct encouragement to fascism. The Brüning Cabinet, by its nationalistic policies, including the building of cruisers and the toleration of Stahlhelm meetings, has been creating a new war danger. The British Independent Labor Party declared in a resolution at its Vienna meeting:

The toleration of the Brüning Cabinet by the German Social Democratic Party is thus indirectly weakening the power of the working class and lowering its standards of

*Since this article was written seven Social Democrats in the Reichstag have rebelled against the "toleration" policy. Six of these men have formed a new political group called the Socialist Workers' Party, and the seventh has joined the Communist Party.—EDITOR THE NATION.

life. Therefore an independent policy of the German Socialist Party to secure power on a revolutionary Socialist program is urgently necessary. This involves the abandonment of the policy of cooperation with German capitalist parties.

James Maxton, the picturesque spokesman of the I. L. P., chided the German Social Democrats for appealing to the financiers to save the situation, and maintained that if they patched up things temporarily with long-term loans, it would be only for a short time. The crisis in Germany is not an accident. It is a part of a world-wide depression and the primary cause lies in the capitalist system. The main need is to fight against the system and for socialism.

The majority of the German Social Democrats answer these arguments with the declaration that the situation is not so simple as their opponents assume. It is true that Brüning's policy is reactionary and must be fought by all parliamentary means and through negotiation. Yet it is less dangerous to the working class and to democracy than would be the alternative government, the Hitler-Hugenberg combination. It is true that most of the Socialists refrained from voting against the "pocket battleship." But it must not be forgotten that if the Government had gone down as a result of Socialist votes and the extreme nationalists had come into power, bills might have been introduced not for one cruiser but for many cruisers.

It is true that the present Government, its defenders continue, possesses a number of the elements of a dictatorship, and that parliamentary life today is a mere caricature of real parliamentarianism, but there is nevertheless a very considerable difference between the present situation and the dictatorship which would be instituted by Hitler. Now, at least, Social Democrats have freedom of speech and assembly and they have far more freedom of the press than they would have under fascist rule. Italy and Hungary provide examples of the terrors of fascist dictatorships. Social Democrats have fought for years for certain civil liberties. They should not lightly part with these. A breakdown of the Brüning Government, moreover, would probably carry with it the dissolution of the Prussian Government. In Prussia, which includes the major part of the territory of Germany, Otto Braun, Premier, and Severing, Minister of the Interior among the other Social Democratic ministers, can do much to resist the lowering of living standards and maintain the social control that now prevails in Prussia. Further they are in command of the Prussian police, and are thus in a strategic position to defeat any fascist coup d'état. The same is true of some of the smaller German states—Baden and Hesse, for example.

Many Social Democrats also feel that a Hitler-Hugenberg Government would mean civil war, with economic collapse and possibly international war. Fascism has been growing in Europe during the past few years. It still dominates Italy, Hungary, and Poland. During the past year it secured complete control of Yugoslavia, although more recently there has been a reversion again to a constitutional monarchy. In other Balkan countries it is a powerful force. Last summer the Lapua movement almost overwhelmed Finland. German Socialists have a grave responsibility to contest every step in the further advance of fascism.

The first task of German Socialism, continues the majority, is to get Germany out of the present financial crisis.

To perform this task it is necessary to prevent civil war at home, while encouraging political and financial forces abroad to work out a policy of enlightened selfishness. The extension of long-term credits to Germany without humiliating conditions and the reduction of reparations and debts will at one and the same time, they believe, ameliorate economic conditions in Germany and prick the Hitlerite bubble. The second task is that of preserving the republican form of government. A majority of members of the Reichstag are opponents of democracy and this fact makes the self-appointed task of the Socialists a more difficult one. The third and greatest task is that of transforming capitalism into socialism, and of thus getting at the root causes of unemployment and of other social evils. But if Social Democracy neglects its other tasks, the majority urges, the task of building a new order might be delayed for many years.

Not the economic anarchy of capitalism [the party urged in its manifesto of July 14], but a systematic economic policy for the benefit of society as a whole! Not instigation of hatred among peoples, but friendly cooperation! Not frivolous acts of despair, but planful effort on behalf of the people and for socialism! Not dissension and division of the working class, but firm unity and resolute struggle against all hostile forces! That is the need of the hour.

The leaders of the party point with pride to the increase in dues-paying membership from 867,000 in 1928 to 1,037,000 at the end of 1930, despite the decline at the polls. They maintain that it is not true that the Communists and National Socialists alone are absorbing the young, but that cold figures indicate that the Social Democrats have more young people in their ranks than have the Communists and Hitlerites in their entire membership. Their organization has been kept thoroughly intact, and when the workers realize the emptiness of the promises of the fascist and Communist "magicians," they will desert the ranks of these parties.

As a trade-union leader declared to me a few days before the referendum for the dissolution of the Prussian Diet:

If it were possible to cooperate with the Communists, our advance toward socialism would be much swifter. Should the workers in the Communist Party in Germany be left free to make their own decisions, the possibility of cooperation might exist. But dictation from Moscow based largely on the needs of Russian Communists at any given moment makes that impossible at present. The alliance between the Hitlerites and the Communists in a common endeavor to overthrow the Prussian Government indicates the difficulties of any effective cooperation.

The race is thus on between the forces making for civil war and dictatorship and those making for democracy and the peaceful socialization of German life. If France refuses to extend long-term credits and to consider the drastic revision of reparations, if the League of Nations delays much longer in fulfilling its promise for the reduction of armaments, if the economic depression carries Germany to even greater depths of misery, the destructive forces in Germany may win. If, on the other hand, distinct improvement is evidenced within the not distant future in the international and domestic situation, the Reich may choose a more peaceful course, and German Social Democracy may have the chance to which it has long looked forward of concentrating on its central task of social reorganization.

The Debtor Gets Revenge

The Significance of the Depreciated Pound

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE world was stunned on the morning of September 21 to read that Great Britain had temporarily renounced the gold standard. There had been a warning, it is true, but we had somehow become so accustomed to associating the "City" with all that is sound and conservative in financial practice that it seemed incredible that it should sanction such an unorthodox and risky step. It was understandable for Russia, Mexico, or even Australia to abandon the gold standard, but British monetary policy had always held more firmly to gold than that of any other country. Only a few weeks ago the progressive Macmillan committee had declared that even granting a mistake had been made in restoring the pound to its former parity in 1925, British prestige demanded that no alteration be made in the gold standard at the present time. Similarly, less than a week before the momentous decision was reached we found economists, bankers, and politicians agreed on one point only—the pound must be saved. A week later we find these same men asserting that the suspension of the gold standard is the forerunner of the return of British prosperity. Such an inconsistency might seem odd if it were not for the rather general feeling that after all conditions could scarcely become much worse than they have been during the past few months.

There has been no lack of interpretations. We have been told, for example, that this step marks the end of British financial supremacy, and that the British people might as well resign themselves to becoming a second-rate nation. Those who hold this view maintain that the conditions which gave England an initial advantage in the early days of the industrial revolution have now definitely passed away, and that the empire which maintained her glory is rapidly slipping from her grasp. Others, on the contrary, have hailed the transition from gold as furnishing a necessary stimulant to British industry, which has been seriously depressed since the war. As both wages and interest are fixed in terms of sterling, it is argued that the devaluation which has followed the suspension of the gold standard would reduce industrial costs and serve as a bounty to the sick export industries. On the other hand, there are observers who see the British working class, especially the three million unemployed, crushed by the burden of a greatly increased cost of living, with suffering and starvation as the inevitable outcome.

It is possible that all of these prophecies are to a large extent accurate, but none of them deal with the fundamental significance of this move or with what is likely to be its most far-reaching effect. It is obvious that no such profound change in monetary values can be made without involving a serious loss of wealth for one portion of the population and a corresponding gain for the opposed economic class. Moreover, it is equally clear that such a change is not likely to be peacefully accepted by the dispossessed section of society except under extreme duress. In this case the dispossessed

group consists of the creditor class in general—bankers, bondholders, and landlords—together with those living on a fixed income, the professional classes, teachers, civil servants, white-collar workers, pensionaires, and, last but not least, those living on the benefits of unemployment insurance. Taken together these groups represent the most influential section of society, and only powerful pressure could induce them to surrender a large part of their wealth. What then has been the force that has driven the bankers and the *rentier* class to acquiesce in a step entailing a tremendous economic loss?

Put in its baldest and crudest form, the significant fact seems to be that the desertion of the gold standard must be interpreted as an economic victory for the producers of raw materials and foodstuffs—the farmers of the world—and for the debtor class, over the industrial and creditor classes. It was, in a sense, a belated revenge for the losses which the agricultural and raw material-producing countries have suffered during the past two years. The present world depression, as we all know, has hit the commodity-producing nations much harder than it has the industrial nations. Wheat, cotton, sugar, coffee, cocoa, rubber, copper, and silver have virtually halved in value, while the prices of industrial products have declined much more moderately. The appreciation of gold has borne most heavily upon the countries dependent upon the production of the basic commodities because they are, practically without exception, debtor countries. The industrial nations, by means of tariffs, conquest, and unscrupulous exploitation, have succeeded for many years in obtaining the lion's share of the world's wealth, and the events of the past two years must be considered as the inevitable outcome of the policies which they have followed.

However, Great Britain found herself in an especially vulnerable position as the effects of the depression gradually became more severe throughout the world. In the first place, the decline in the world price level has proved particularly unfortunate for England because of a peculiar lack of flexibility in the level of her industrial costs. Not only has Great Britain been struggling under the heaviest burden of national indebtedness of any country in the world, but industry has been further hampered by the fact that the labor unions have been strong enough to prevent any adjustment in money wages in spite of a decline in profits and a substantial decrease in the cost of living. This burden has rested particularly heavily upon Great Britain because all of her chief European competitors had contrived to rid themselves of their war-time obligations either by inflation or by revaloring their currencies at a lower gold content. In this manner wages as well as the public debt had been reduced appreciably, giving those countries a marked advantage over Britain in the competition for the world markets.

Moreover, as the chief creditor nation England was placed in a difficult position. As a small island with a popu-

lation that is 80 per cent urban, England is dependent upon imports for 60 per cent of her food supply. Being faced by steadily declining exports, she is forced to rely more and more upon the interest obtained from foreign investments to settle the growing adverse balance of trade. At the beginning of 1931 these overseas investments totaled \$18,888,500,000, which is over a billion dollars more than those of the United States; and in normal times interest on these foreign loans yielded more than a quarter of Britain's national income. But recent developments show that she had overreached herself. The unprecedented deflation of commodity prices during the past two years drove many of the chief raw material-producing countries into a state of insolvency. Argentina, Australia, and Mexico were forced off the gold standard. Chile, Bolivia, Brazil, and Peru suspended payments upon their indebtedness. All the debtor countries were forced to adopt a stringent program of retrenchment in order to meet their obligations, which resulted in a sharp contraction in orders for manufactured goods. As a consequence, Britain's exports declined in value even more than imports, despite the fact that the prices of the imported goods had fallen more than those of the manufactured goods which constitute the bulk of England's exports. This seeming paradox is explained by the following table, showing the changes in volume and value of imports and exports for 1930 as compared with 1928.

BRITISH FOREIGN TRADE FOR 1930 AS A PERCENTAGE OF 1928* (1928=100)

	Volume	Value	Price
Imports	103.4	89.1	86.1
Exports	84.6	78.5	92.8

This compact table gives the entire story in a nutshell. The first effect of the depression was to put England and other manufacturing nations in a position to exchange their products on a more favorable basis than ever before. This initial advantage was lost, however, when the low prices received for raw materials, coupled with restricted credit, forced the countries engaged in their production seriously to curtail foreign purchases. This led to a growing adverse balance of trade in industrial countries, particularly Great Britain, which could only be met by checking imports or artificially stimulating exports. In the United States we have been able to adopt the former course, but in England the situation was rendered much more difficult by the fact that her imports consisted largely of foodstuffs. A country may postpone the purchase of automobiles, machinery, luxury goods, in fact almost anything except food.

Even then Great Britain might have postponed the final day of reckoning for years if it had not been for some serious miscalculations in the field of international finance. The immediate events which preceded the fall of the pound are too well known to require repetition here. Despite her huge overseas investments, Great Britain was trapped in a position where she could not meet all the creditors who were pressing for immediate cash. Even the export of more than \$150,000,000 worth of gold and the use of the \$650,000,000 short-term credits which had been obtained from France and the United States were not sufficient to check the demands made against her. Raising the discount rate beyond its present level would have imposed an intolerable burden upon

industry just at the time when it needed the most assistance. Only two alternatives remained: a further shipment of gold, or the abandonment of the gold standard. The former course involved such a serious depletion of the gold reserve that it seemed advisable to suspend the gold standard in the hope that the consequences might not be so disastrous as they seemed. For there is no escaping the fact that the terms imposed upon England by the ironclad rules of international finance are hard ones. By leaving the gold standard she will either have to accept a cut in her national standard of living or, if she is fortunate, she will have to export more goods than at present in exchange for the same amount of imported goods.

There were, however, several considerations which made the abandonment of the gold standard, distasteful though it was, not altogether unpalatable even to the bankers. It presented, in the first place, a long-sought-for opportunity to reduce the wage level without any violent industrial or political repercussions. The Trade Union Congress had gone on record in favor of inflation; and although the devaluation of sterling would undoubtedly add to the cost of living, there was practically no objection to the step on the part of the Labor Party. This may be partially explained by the fact that the idea had occurred to them first, and that several of their leaders had declared in favor of the move. The advantage over a direct cut in wages seemed to lie primarily in the fact that the British working class, unlike that of Germany, had never experienced extreme inflation and had no concept of its effect upon their standard of living. The same considerations are true in reference to the dole. So far, apparently, no one has been so unkind as to point out to Mr. MacDonald that the departure from the gold standard completely nullifies the cost-of-living argument which he used as an excuse for submitting to a cut in unemployment-insurance benefits. If the pound settles under four dollars, the cost of living is almost certain to rise at least 10 or 15 per cent, which would more than wipe out any gains that had been obtained by the past year's decline. If, as now seems likely, a tariff is imposed in addition, the purchasing power of the unemployment benefits will shrink to scarcely half their former value. It is difficult to see how even a Tory can face such a prospect with equanimity.

It is true that the suspension of the gold standard should have a salutary effect on industry. Under ordinary circumstances Great Britain would probably be in a position to expand her exports considerably, and this would somewhat relieve the terrible burden of unemployment. Just at the present moment, however, with world purchasing power at its lowest ebb, it is doubtful whether even such a violent restorative will be effective. In the long run there must always be a balance of international payments, but under present conditions it is likely to be obtained by a drastic contraction of imports rather than the hoped-for expansion of exports. This is, of course, simply another way of saying that the much-vaunted British standard of living must come down. The pertinent point, however, is whose standard of living is to be primarily affected? Are the working class and the unemployed to bear the brunt of the sacrifice, or will a Socialist Government come into power which will insist upon a more equitable division of wealth? In the latter case, devaluation would be a real asset; in the former it is simply another weapon of exploitation.

* "The Course and Phases of the World Economic Depression," Geneva, Secretariat of the League of Nations, 1931, pp. 326, 328.



Get Rid of That Tin Can!

In the Driftway

AT the beginning of a hard winter, when the whole world is wrestling with the problem of its economic survival, the Drifter is reluctant to mention a further difficulty that besets mankind. Nevertheless, as a result of reading "The Insect Menace," by Dr. L. O. Howard (The Century Company), he feels it his duty to report that insects are well on the way to extinguish the race of man. The Drifter himself is not without experience of insect pests. He has been induced, on a number of occasions, to play nursemaid to the gardens of absent friends. He has faithfully picked beetles from roses, sprayed nicotine on lice, dusted cabbage worms with death-dealing powder, made up bluish-green mixtures of arsenic and copper sulphate which looked fully as unpleasant as did the insects they were designed to kill. In spite of these excursions into mass murder, however, he confesses that the insect as a menace to the future existence of man has not kept him awake nights.

BUT Dr. Howard is a well-known entomologist and has by his own confession worried about insects for fifty years. Moreover he adduces data that make the insect all too evidently a dangerous beast. When one considers that cockroaches, ants, and mosquitoes have been in existence in almost exactly their present form and size for millions of years, when scientists deduce that insects have been inhabiting the earth more than ten times as long as man, it seems not altogether preposterous to assume that they may go on inhabiting it long after the last example of *homo sapiens* has been permanently deprived of his breath. Dr. Howard points out a number of reasons for the survival of insects. They have an external skeleton which protects their tender organs from attack, they are small and easily concealed, they have arrived at incredibly successful protective shape and coloration that make them look like leaves or flowers or innocent twigs, the better to deceive both their enemies and the unsuspecting insects that must constitute their food. And most important of all, they have unrelenting and infinitely resourceful powers of multiplication. An insect, in short, has no other function except to eat to keep alive to reproduce its kind, after which it cheerfully gives up the ghost, secure in the knowledge of the tons of larvae it and its relatives have deposited safe against the ravages of time.

ALL this is incontrovertible and thoroughly convincing. There is no reason why flies, a single individual of which can reproduce 5,598,720,000,000 descendants in four or five months, should not speedily devour and populate the earth. The Drifter can offer no consolation to those of his readers who are disturbed by this possibility except that so far they have not done so. Dr. Howard would say, perhaps rightly, that this was a frivolous argument which would lead only to a bad end. He would point to hard and intelligent work on the part of agriculturists which has succeeded in checking or wiping out the Rocky Mountain locust, which destroyed crops by the millions of dollars' worth in the seventies, the cotton weevil, and the Mediterranean fruit fly,

which was eliminated in a little more than a year, and would say that only by taking thought can we hope to avert this threat to our continued existence. To that the Drifter would say amen, and yet in the long view, when the duration and extent of the universe are considered and man's episodic and infinitesimal status in them remembered, the battle between him and the insects takes a minor place.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Compulsory Military Training

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been fighting against militarism in this country for the past fifteen years, holding up America as a pattern of pacifism and a paragon of universal brotherhood. And now I am profoundly amazed to hear that one of your noted professors was dismissed from his position because he advocated the students' petition against compulsory military training in Ohio State University. Is the military training in your colleges and universities compulsory? And is that in America, the land of freedom? I who have cherished sweet memories of pre-war America, when there was no militarism in education, am now ashamed to see how stupid I have been these last fifteen years, not knowing that America, my second native land, has made a complete swing to jingoism since she joined in the World War! I remember arguing with my professor in an American university against America's plunging into the World War under the pretext either of making the world safe for democracy or of waging war to end war. I said at that time, I well remember, that woe betide America if she joined the World War, since war can never bring peace. The only way to peace is peace.

I held then and hold now that the fruit of war is war. Is my prophecy now nullified? Since the World War the annual expenditure for military equipments has increased from \$2,250,000,000 to \$3,750,000,000 today. Do these figures show that war has killed war? Does your compulsory military training show a retreat of militarism since America joined the World War? Do the building of giant dreadnaughts, the growth of the American Legion, of hundred per cent Americanism, of the Ku Klux Klan, and what not, which have been devastating the genuine American peace-loving spirit since the World War, bear testimony to progress in peace and in world-wide safety for democracy?

Tokio, Japan, August 11

RICHIRO HOASHI

A Dying Order

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Out here in the cow and alfalfa-seed country we are ground between the millstones of drought and depression. Times are very hard and there will be a few who have to have relief; but from our brother in the wheat region come the gasps of a dying economic order.

"It was dry last year but drier this," he writes. "My combine wasn't paid for and I went to see if I could get more time. They wouldn't hear to this and not only took my combine but also my seed wheat. So I'm broke again and out of the wheat game, but not much worse off than most others around here."

George is one of the type of substantial Germans who have

done so much materially for this country. He is one generation removed from the immigrants who were formerly so welcome to our shores and he has been himself a successful pioneer in eastern Washington, one of those who have built the great wheat ranches with their big houses, big barns, big windmills, and big families. In times past it has been a prosperous country, and George, with a sure practical mind, prospered until he became a banker when wheat was king; but he wasn't one who could take his neighbor's seed wheat in the lean years and he didn't last long at that job. For several years past he has been back on the ranch enjoying droughts and depressions.

Last winter I was in conversation with him and several others. Someone remarked: "It seems as if the rulers are destroying the middle class."

"Yes, they tried that once before," said big George, "and they lost their heads."

In today's mail comes a statement from the Federal Land Bank that there is little hope of getting a loan on land that has paid until this year of drought, because federal loan bonds cannot be marketed at a reasonable price. I wonder where a nation that abandons its farmers is going.

Moorhead, Mont., September 4 ALICE OLDENBURG

Guam or Samoa

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was a surprise to me to learn from Mr. Safford's letter in *The Nation* of July that someone has proposed to make the island of Guam a national park. To Mr. Safford this suggests "a playground for tired San Francisco business men . . . where the natives can scrub casino floors and serve up the drinks." I trust that no one will mistake this proposal for Guam, as characterized by Mr. Safford, for the suggestion which I have advanced that American Samoa be made an ethnological national park. The latter suggestion is obviously not to provide an island resort where Americans can reduce the natives to menial service, but to protect them as a society against foreign, i. e., American exploitation. It would seem that such a proposed national park as this should merit the support of all who may be interested in preserving Samoa for the Samoans. What sort of national park others may be planning for Guam I don't know, but certainly the two proposals should not be confused.

Berkeley, Cal., August 8

PAUL S. TAYLOR

Peace Patriots

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As *The Nation* is the most prominent paper in America advocating pacifism, your readers may be interested in a new drive for war resistance.

Peace Patriots, an association with offices at 114 East Thirty-first Street, New York City, will oppose all military preparation as inconsistent with the renunciation of war by fifty-nine nations. Demand will be made for universal total disarmament by the conference at Geneva in February, 1932.

Peace Patriots requests official recognition of exemptive status in the next war for all members of organizations previously pledged to refuse war service. It distributes "2 per cent" buttons symbolizing Einstein's idea that if 2 per cent of the people declare they will not fight, governments will not declare war.

Membership is open to all American citizens who believe that opposition to war is compatible with true patriotism.

New York, September 23 WILLIAM FLOYD, Director

Finance

Why Our Gold Is "Sterile"

NO formula for economic recovery is more frequently heard in these days than that which prescribes the redistribution of the world's gold supply, two-thirds of which is now concentrated in the United States and France. Redistribution on a minor scale, relative to the total, has recently been taking place in New York in the form of "earmarking" gold for foreign account by the Federal Reserve Bank. Metal thus segregated and warehoused since Great Britain suspended gold payments has reached the large total of \$251,000,000. The process is instructive, for it was made possible by the liquidation of American bills of exchange and other investments held by foreign banks. As long as the money was invested here it earned a return for its owners, but now that it is earmarked it is surely as unproductive as that vast mountain of treasure in our banks which foreign critics have so often condemned as "sterile."

The point is that the foreign banks have segregated gold as pure insurance against a "run" and not as a basis for extending additional commercial credit to their customers, for in the present state of affairs no sound basis exists in their countries for a large increase in the volume of credit, and there is no demand for more credit on the part of those who rank as prime commercial risks. It seems a bit inconsistent, therefore, that our foreign friends should inveigh against the sterility of our gold hoard, and criticize us for refusing to use it on a grand scale in creating credit abroad, when they are pursuing exactly the same policy themselves.

Albert H. Wiggin, just back from laboring over the German situation with the international committee at Basel, emphasizes this necessary connection between our gold stocks and an adequate basis of security in lending. "The gold of the world is concentrated in very few hands," he remarks. "The extension of credit is necessary, but credit alone is not enough, nor can adequate credit be given under existing conditions."

As matters stand, it is futile to talk about redistributing our gold. It came to us in the natural working out of the rules of the credit system, and it can only be shifted elsewhere by our conferring upon foreigners a valid claim to it, either through large purchases of foreign goods or through the extension of credit. During those years following the war when we lent some \$11,000,000,000 abroad, often with a most uncritical disregard of how we were to be paid back, we amply demonstrated the truth that "credit alone is not enough."

What, then, is required in addition? Mr. Wiggin thinks that action by the United States in accepting the recommendations of the Basel committee's report "will speedily turn the course of world affairs." That report, according to the published résumé, contains rather pointed allusions to the need of lightening the burden of German reparations and of intergovernmental debts. Opponents of debt revision in this country have tried to explain away these implications, but the report will apparently mean little unless it means a new deal on debts and reparations.

The United States owns \$5,000,000,000 in gold because foreigners owed us money which they could pay in no other way. There is no possibility of redistributing the gold under existing conditions. A growing body of informed opinion seems to hold that the next decisive move is up to the United States Government, into whose hands a large part of German reparations has indirectly flowed in the past and will flow again, when and if payments are resumed.

S. PALMER HARMAN

The Nation

Vol. CXXXIII, No. 3457

Wednesday, October 14, 1931



BONIBOOKS IN CLOTH — ONE DOLLAR

Octavo, 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$

IT has been the aim of the publishers to include in this new series only books of solid and enduring value, and to make them, editorially and in format, the high water mark in book values. Many important books, never before available in inexpensive editions, will be included in the series, some running to more than 1,000 pages in length. All are handsomely bound, and printed from the original plates of the expensive editions.

The following titles are now ready:

AMERICAN OXFORD DICTIONARY.....	Compiled by F. G. and H. W. Fowler
EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE.....	Bertrand Russell
GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD.....	Ed. by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber
OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE.....	Edited by Bliss Carman
ISRAEL.....	Ludwig Lewisohn
AGAINST THE GRAIN.....	J. K. Huysmans
OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION.....	James Truslow Adams
THE HIGH PLACE.....	James Branch Cabell
THIS EARTH OF OURS.....	Jean-Henri Fabre
WHAT IS WRONG WITH MARRIAGE.....	Hamilton & MacGowan
SOUTH WIND.....	Norman Douglas
MICHELANGELO.....	Romain Rolland
THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY.....	H. G. Wells
TAR.....	Sherwood Anderson

BONIBOOKS in paper covers, pocket size, at 50 cents are now known to all book buyers. There are now 49 titles in the series.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

"has the rare gift of stirring up one's brains with a spoon. His significant criticism stems historically from such figures as Mathew Arnold and Henry Adams." In this companion volume to OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION, one of the most quoted books of recent times, Mr. Adams deals with such vital problems as: diminishing returns in modern life, the responsibility of the bankers, the new mode in biography, present day values and standards.

THE TEMPO OF MODERN LIFE

Published Oct. 16

\$3.00

EDMUND S. WHITMAN

lived for six years on the banana frontier of Central America, where he came to know intimately the hard and varied life led in the whiskey-guzzling tropics. In this novel he gives a vivid and unusual picture of the typical reaction of a Northerner to the hot countries. It will open up to most Americans a world of which they have scarcely dreamed.

NO MINOR VICES

\$2.50

Albert & Charles Boni : Publishers : N. Y.

Lincoln Steffens' AUTOBIOGRAPHY

*Available for a short time in a
Limited One Volume Edition at \$3.75*

Its choice by the Literary Guild for October makes possible a limited, one volume edition of this great American autobiography, "the most important book of 1931" (Lewis Gannett), "one of those peculiar books which we know in our time is destined to be a classic" (Carl Sandburg). Printed complete from the plates of the two volume, \$7.50 edition. Illustrated, \$3.75

Liam O'Flaherty's I WENT TO RUSSIA

Liam O'Flaherty, author of "Two Years"

Individualist and realist, Liam O'Flaherty reports what he saw, did, and talked about in Soviet Russia. "One of our cleverest writers goes into the situation deeply, with a mind full of intelligence and original sin!"—*Daily Telegraph, London*. Informal and honest, his account reveals, better than more pretentious books, what life under the Soviets is like. \$2.50

BASQUE PEOPLE

Dorothy Canfield, author of "The Deepening Stream"

"Is there no poetry that is not written but lived?" Dorothy Canfield's revelation of Basque character, in stories taken from real life, are a curiously authentic answer to the question. "You will enjoy every one of these sensitive, serene studies of Basque men and women."—*N. Y. Sun*. \$2.50

IN KRUSACK'S HOUSE

Thames Williamson, author of "Hunky"

A new novel carrying on the tale of Jencic the Hunky. "Tells another engrossing story and contains the same inimitable sympathetic humor."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$2.00

ENDLESS RIVER

Felix Riesenbergh, author of "East Side, West Side"

"Mr. Riesenbergh has written a book as different from the current crop as *Tristram Shandy* was different in its day."—*Saturday Review*. \$2.50

THE MARVELLOUS BOY

Ernst Penzoldt

Thomas Chatterton, "the marvellous boy of Bristol" whose writings give him a place among the great English poets, committed suicide in his 18th year. His short life was a truly fabulous one. From the rare records and legends which have been handed down, it is here reconstructed, and the precocious child emerges in a novel of true Chattertonian atmosphere—a mingling of fact and fancy. \$2.50

PRINCE JALI

L. H. Myers

A historical novel of 16th century India, in the time of Akbar the great Mogul Emperor. It is a sequel to "The Near and the Far," about which the *N. Y. Times* wrote: "A notable book, very well written, the characters alive, the scene pictures deftly drawn." \$2.50

Lewis Mumford's The BROWN DECADES

Author of "Sticks and Stones," "The Golden Day"

Mr. Mumford's highly significant study of the arts in America, 1865-1895, traces the beginnings of the great artistic achievements in present-day America to the much derided "Gilded Age." "It is no accident that he has hit upon these riches: it is a result of his talent for discovery, his fine gift of refreshed appreciation, his power of taking in an age as a totality and interpreting its major motives."—*John Chamberlain, Forum*. \$3.00

Kenneth Burke's Counter-Statement

This first volume of Kenneth Burke's criticism fully establishes the reputation that he has been gaining for the past ten years. It offers a program that must materially affect critical and esthetic opinion in America, a counter-statement to the pagans and romantics who have preached the triumph of life over the artist. An eloquent book which will be welcomed by those who have sought a reasoned and penetrating philosophy of criticism in America. \$2.50

Fall Book Section

Individualism and American Writers

By NEWTON ARVIN

I

“THE artist, it cannot be too clearly understood,” says Arthur Symons in his book on the symbolist movement, “has no more part in society than a monk in domestic life.” The dogma of literary individualism has never been phrased more simply or more grotesquely; and, as Mr. Symons belongs to a generation now pretty completely superseded, it is no longer fashionable to say the thing in just these terms, or to appeal to such authority as his for support. But the spirit behind his epigram is a spirit that still operates not only in British but in American letters. Even sentimental aestheticism, though the cut of its clothes is no longer in the mode of the nineties, has by no means disappeared; and, on a less fatuous level, the doctrine of irresponsibility—in more forms than one, of course—is virtually the prevailing gospel. The breach between our writers and our society could hardly be wider: one gets a measure of it by trying to imagine a contemporary poet or novelist of distinction occupying the kind of official post—an ambassadorship, a professorship, the editorship of a prosperous magazine or newspaper—which, fifty and sixty years ago, was one of the natural rewards of literary celebrity. This sort of thing is now a joke, and a stale joke at that. Yet there is intrinsically nothing funny in the conception of a writer’s role in society as responsible to the point of officialdom; and many things are more unlikely than that we shall return to it in the course of events. Meanwhile, and for excellent reasons, the literary life in America is the scene of a sweeping separatism: the typical American writer is as tightly shut up in his own domain, and as jealous of his prerogatives, as one of the Free Cities of the late Middle Ages. Is this in the very nature of things, or is it a passing circumstance?

To ask such a question is to go, at once, below or beyond the purely literary terrain. It is to pose the whole problem of individuality and its life history. But it is to pose the problem in a form to which writers neither as writers nor as human beings can afford to be indifferent. There is really no more acute, no more concrete, no more pressingly personal a problem, at the moment, than this. Is our familiar individualism, our conception of ourselves as “simple, separate persons,” equivalent any longer to the achievement of a sound individuality? “Trust thyself”: does every heart still vibrate to that “iron string”? Specifically, can American writers hope to develop fully as individuals while divorcing themselves not only from society as a whole but from any class or group within society? With what group or class, indeed, can they ally themselves? Is the alternative to literary individualism the surrender to a merely political movement, or, worse still, to some form of repressive standardization? Are there now no supra-personal purposes with which a writer can affiliate himself?

Our answers to such questions will be really satisfactory only if, in giving them, we are able to look back upon the road we have come on. For the story of American letters

is the story of the blossoming, the fruition, and the corruption of exactly the individualism that is now on trial. It is far from being a new thing: it is a many times more than twice-told tale. In its origins it was a fruitful principle because it corresponded to a historical reality, to a historical reality that is now part of our past. In short, American writers have always belonged to the middle class, and not only in the literal sense of being born in it: they have belonged to the middle class spiritually, and their self-reliance, their self-expression, their self-consciousness have expressed the sociological individualism of their class heritage. It is no accident that, emblematically at least, at the very gateway of American literature should stand two autobiographies: no accident that Jonathan Edwards should have written his “Personal Narrative” or Franklin the story of his life. Nothing was more natural than that Edwards and Franklin should have taken themselves as subjects; between them, they span the whole reach, upward and downward, of the individualist principle; they are the sacred and profane extremes of one spirit—Edwards, with his Calvinistic particularism, his intense introspectiveness, his spiritual egoism; Franklin, with his complete system of self-help, his enlightened careerism, his pragmatic worship of frugality and diligence. Neither man can be imagined in a pre-capitalist order. Only one essential note in our national chorus remained to be struck, and that was the secessionist note of the frontier; when Fenimore Cooper created the character of Leatherstocking, the embodiment of backwoods resourcefulness, independence, and idiosyncrasy, the ensemble was complete.

Complete, that is, psychologically. In a literary sense, American individualism was not to reach its apogee until the generation which filled in the twenty or thirty years before the Civil War. These years witnessed, from a cultural point of view, the historic culmination of the principle of self-reliance: during these years that principle, because it rationalized the true needs of society, had a genuine spiritual authority. It was a period, in short, when our special form of individualism could really be reconciled with the deeper-lying claims of individuality; when a man could achieve distinction as a person without going much beyond the limits of self-reliance. This is, of course, what accounts for the literary preeminence, in the age, of Emerson (“Accept your genius and say what you think”), of Thoreau (“I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion”), and of Whitman (“I will effuse egotism”). In these three men our individualism, on its brighter side, attained its classic meridian. There was of course, even then, a darker side; there were men for whom the gospel of self-help—or the habit of estrangement, which is a form it may always take—proved to be the path toward confusion, morbidity, and a kind of impotence; and Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville, men of the richest endowments, paid a tragic price for sitting on pumpkins and effusing ego-

tism. Their careers suggest that the principle, from the artist's point of view, is at best a precarious one; and that its spiritual fruitfulness is exhausted almost before it is realized.

The sequel of the Civil War demonstrated the exhaustion at least of its youthful energies. The triumph of economic irresponsibility, in the feverish burgeoning of big business after the war, coincided with the corruption of individualism as a cultural motive. Two things happened: on the one hand, the writers of secondary talents watered down and deodorized the old contumacy until it became reconcilable with the mildest heresies and even with a conformity in which neither self-reliance nor self-expression had breathing-space; on the other hand, the writers of genius, incapable of such surrender, went still farther along the path taken by Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville. To turn from Emerson to G. W. Curtis, from Thoreau to John Muir, from Whitman to Burroughs, is to turn, as if in a single life-span, from Moses to Zedekiah. The contrast is instructive enough, yet it is less eloquent than the spectacle offered by the higher careers of Henry James, Mark Twain, and Henry Adams. Hawthorne's theme of estrangement, the Ishmaelite theme that obsessed Melville were driven by Henry James to a formulation still more extreme; and expatriation, the frankest form of desertion, became both his literary munition and his personal fate. With Mark Twain the Fenimore Cooper wheel came full circle: the old, heroic anarchism of the backwoods is travestied, in its decay, by Mark Twain's vacillation between a servile conformity and the puerile philosophy of self-interest outlined in "What is Man?" ("From his cradle to his grave a man never does a single thing which has any *first and foremost* object but one—to secure peace of mind, spiritual comfort *for himself*.") For Mark Twain the outcome was, not Emerson's and Whitman's "fatalistic optimism," but an equally fatalistic pessimism; and Henry Adams, who had a truer sense of the limits of self-interest, but whose social impotence and personal isolation were still more thoroughgoing, stands very close to Mark Twain as our first consistent preacher of futility.

II

By the turn of the century the old class basis of American literature was rapidly entering upon the cycle of erosion, subsidence, and reemergence. It was still true that American writers belonged personally to the middle classes, but the old bond between literary expression and the middle-class philosophy had been broken once for all; and henceforth there seemed to be only the choice between a loyalism that was the negation of individuality and a repudiation that too generally left its heresiarchs high and dry. For a fresh alignment of a positive sort the time was not yet ripe; and by the second decade of the century we found ourselves in the midst of an individualistic revolt which superficially seemed to appeal to the authority of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, but which, unlike theirs, was radically personal and anti-social. It had been anticipated, a few years before, by the Nietzschean egoism of Jack London and the antinomianism of Dreiser; and it was to mingle the elements of misanthropy, transcendentalism, anarchism, and high aspiration in bewildering proportions. The new individualism ran the whole gamut from the Menckonian-Cabellian praise of aristocracy to Anderson's primitivism and O'Neill's romantic affirmations, from Lewis's exposure of the standardized bourgeois

to Van Wyck Brooks's subtle studies in frustration. In the perspective of history, the high colors in which this generation dealt will doubtless show like the hues in the clouds that surround a setting sun. It was the last chapter of one volume, not the first of a new one; and of this essential belatedness the patriarchal gravity, the chilly sagacity of such poets as Robinson and Frost are but convenient measures.

The vitality of that movement was naturally still shorter-lived than the "Emersonian June" itself had been. The hopeless sterility of a pure individualism at this moment in history could hardly be more dramatically demonstrated than by the collapse of the Menckonian boom in our own "reconstruction" after the war. The men who led it, of course, still survive, but they have subsided either into silence or into a bewilderment that masks itself variously; and their juniors, for the most part, have drawn the moral from their experience in either one of two disastrous but natural ways. One group, the heirs of Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville, have retreated, in their despair of finding solid ground on which to build a personal life, to an explicit philosophy of negation; and pitched here and there on the sands of the Waste Land one describes the tents, black as Tamburlaine's on the third day of a siege, of Jeffers and MacLeish, of Krutch and Aiken, of Hemingway and Faulkner. The other group, less honest emotionally, but intellectually more impressive, has taken refuge from the high winds of individualism in the shelter of some archaic code, religious, authoritarian, or sociological: humanism, neo-Thomism, Alexandrianism, royalism, or agrarianism. Both the negativists and the authoritarians betray all the symptoms of corruption: both shine with the phosphorescence of decay; but the latter have at least the logic that goes with positive loyalties.

For the necessary answers to the questions we began with are becoming clearer and clearer to middle-class intellectuals; they have long been clear to our handful of working-class writers. That it is not possible for a writer to develop a rich individuality and remain loyal to an individualist society in its later stages—this was the discovery of the Menckonian generation. All questions of humanitarian sentiment aside, that generation discovered that to cooperate with an inhumane system is to be personally corrupted and demoralized. The experience of the last decade has shown, though the proof was hardly needed, that mere nonconformity leads nowhere but to barrenness. If individuality means anything, as distinguished from individualism, it means the achievement, personally, of a many-sided unity, a rich and complicated integration; and in an individualistic economy it is not possible for anyone, certainly not for a writer, either to develop freely on all sides or to unify his personal life in the only fruitful way—that is, by organizing it with reference to a significant purpose. It is the paradox of individuality that it is meaningless without its social pole: neither the variety nor the centrality that go to make it up can be described except with constant (though of course not exclusive) reference to a group. Now that American writers, consciously or unconsciously, have made their final break with the middle class, it should be obvious that, unless they prefer a bleak or an elegant futility, they can turn in but one direction, to the proletariat. By identifying their interests with the life and needs of that class they can at once enrich and unify their own lives in the one way now historically open to them. Far from being a merely political

or sociological affiliation, this joining of forces with the working class is chiefly important, even now, and certainly in the long run, on psychological and cultural grounds. It is a question, for the writer, not of sentiment or quixotism, but of self-preservation. Our literary history is the true argument, and this it would be idle to labor further.

How many things this may mean as time goes on, there is no space to say here; and indeed it would be both presumptuous and irrelevant, in this connection, to undertake to say them. One must grant that the case for a proletarian literature is not always cogently stated or wisely defended—any more than the case against it. One must insist that to adopt the proletarian point of view does not mean, for a novelist, to deal solely with economic conflicts, or, for a poet,

to be a voice only for protest, momentous as both things are and *implicit* as they are bound to be. That a truly proletarian literature, for us in America at least, would mean a break with the mood of self-pity, with the cult of romantic separatism, with sickly subjectivism and melodramatic misanthropy—this much is almost too clear to deserve stating. But the duty of the critic is certainly not to file an order for a particular sort of fiction or poetry before the event; his duty is to clarify, as best he can, the circumstances in which fiction and poetry must take shape, and to rationalize their manifestations when they arrive. For the moment the important thing is that American criticism should define its position: in the midst of so much confusion, so much wasted effort, so much hesitation, this will itself be an advance.

The Poetry of Conrad Aiken

By STANLEY J. KUNITZ

THERE are few events more cataclysmic in the life of an introspective young man than his first reading of the philosopher Hume. When Conrad Aiken was a student at Harvard it is probable that he came upon that triumphant passage in the "Treatise of Human Nature" affirming that we are

... nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement. The mind is a kind of theater, where several perceptions successively make their appearance, pass, repass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations. . . . The comparison of the theater must not mislead us. They are the successive perceptions only, that constitute the mind; nor have we the most distant notion of the place where these scenes are represented, or of the materials of which it is composed.

A letter from the poet to Houston Peterson, quoted in the latter's "Melody of Chaos," reveals Aiken haunted from the inception of his poetic career by the notion of

... a single human consciousness as simply a chorus: a chorus of voices, influences. As if one's sum total of awareness and identity were merely handed to one progressively and piecemeal by the environment. As if one were a mirror. As if one were a vaudeville stage across which a disjointed and comparatively meaningless series of acts was perpetually passing. This flux being one's being.

Aiken does not trace this picture of the self "to any particular source in his own experience, to any book or person," comments Mr. Peterson, as though to confirm his assumption that the original poet is original philosopher too. I am more inclined to accept the observation of I. A. Richards that one idea—even a borrowed one—is sufficient for the lifetime of a poet. Aiken was fortunate enough to borrow his idea in youth and to find it endlessly viable and fascinating.

The letter that served to elucidate the theory behind his early work, dating from about 1915, is also a perfect synopsis of his latest published poem, "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones."* Deriving its title and some of its substance

from the Book of the Dead, in which the deceased is always called Osiris, this technically ingenious work acquaints us with the late Mr. Jones by representing the objects he possessed and admired, the clothes he wore, the rooms he occupied. While Jones is being weighed in the Great Balance, the "things" of his mortal existence become vocal. They accuse him; they ignore him; they babble round him with the malice of unreason. Only his Books, symbolic of memory, defend his soul. The poem is a dramatization, in short, of the consciousness-as-chorus idea; stylistically the most clever and materially the most complete statement of Aiken's theme. If it appears less suggestive than, say, "Senlin," and more superficial than, say, "The House of Dust," the explanation is probably in its concision, its tougher diction, its freedom from mellifluous rhetoric. If it remains a minor performance, it is because of a grave error of proportion: too much trivial detail (Characteristic Comments, Inscriptions in Sundry Places, etc.) not compensated by bulk. You may catalogue flyspecks, metaphysical or otherwise, in a work the size of "Ulysses," but the Joycean humor is ill-advised in a forty-three-page poem. It takes too long for the details to add up to an emotion.

I have said that "The Coming Forth" is an offshoot of Aiken's old poetic root. Its departure in form, however, makes it something of a sport. I value it more than I should, perhaps, in the catalogue of Aiken's work, because of the gratifying certainty that I shall never confuse it with anything else he has written. All the symphonic poems except "Senlin"—though I know them well—mix in my head, dissolve into a single music. I see a pathetic, rusty-haired little fellow who eternally sits at a window, chin propped up in his hands, sleeves fuzzy at the elbows—eternally sits and dreams through the pane. Somewhere an invisible orchestra begins to play. Out of the crannies of his brain troop "nuns, murderers, and drunkards, saints and sinners, lover and dancing girl and sage and clown." A weird melodrama unfolds. The ghostly mummery, obedient to Hume's explicit stage directions, "pass, repass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations." When they are gone, all that remains for the observer is a confused awareness of the major tragedy of minor souls.

* Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

Is there a horn we should not blow as proudly
For the meanest of us all, who creeps his days
Guarding his heart from blows, to die obscurely?

Festus, the only one of Aiken's protagonists to attain heroic stature, fled from his own power, crying, "I will not have a god who is myself!" Why does the contemporary soul seek to divide itself among its adventures and possessions? Perhaps to evade the burden of conscience unrelieved by the promise of salvation. Perhaps because in the modern world only sensations and things have value.

One of the characteristics of an integrated poet—for example, Yeats—is that his works complement one another; Aiken's overlap. It is as though he has lacked the patience or the time utterly to drain from his consciousness the acid of his first creative impulse. Of all his long poems only "John Deth" impresses me as being wholly pure in concept, self-bounded in achievement.

The world is his poison; music is his anodyne; the ego is his companion. The study of the ego, in its ecstasies, in its intricate and ambiguous humiliations, is his passion. As for the problem of salvation, it scarcely enters into his lucubrations. He has little faith in grace, except the grace of love; and no faith at all in works. A poem, I should say, interests him less than its creation; suicide, less than despair; murder, less than jealousy; the event, less than the prelude. Hence the title, "Preludes," of his forthcoming volume, a collection (brilliant, on the whole) of sixty-four dramatic-lyric poems. Seeing a leaf fall, the poet meditates on the "wars of atoms in the twig."

This is the world; there is no more than this,
The unseen and disastrous prelude, shaking
The trivial act from the terrific action.
Speak: and the ghosts of change, past and to come,
Throng the brief word. The maelstrom has us all.

A study of the "Preludes" in proof sheets suggests that Aiken is beginning, with romantic bravura, to embrace the maelstrom. He speaks more frequently and familiarly of God than was his wont. "It is to self you come—and that is God," he writes. And again, "No gods abandon us, for we are gods." What will this divinity do with his time?

In the beginning, nothing; and in the end,
Nothing; and in between these useless nothings,
Brightness, music, God, one's self. . . . My love,
Heart that beats for my heart, breast on which I sleep,—
Be brightness, music, God, myself, for me.

In these new lyrics of Aiken one occasionally detects an uncomfortable straining for effect, a movement toward the monstrous and unforeseen conclusion—or, in its lighter phase, toward the paradoxical or merely shocking. The ultimate poetic manifestations of a thoroughgoing hedonistic solipsism might prove, at the least, curious.

Aiken's idealism has one undeniable virtue: it provokes him ceaselessly to poetry. Fertility may or may not be a sign of genius. In Aiken's case I do believe it marks him out as possessing or being possessed by that "queer thing." Continuously present in his work is the sense of musical delight, which, together with the power of producing it, Coleridge rightly defined as a gift of imagination, a sign of the poet born, not made. Aiken's imagination is apparently inexhaustible. Even though he should continue to rewrite his theme, his best work, unlike that of any other poet of his generation, seems to lie ahead of him.

It is commonly said that he is over-facile, and it is true that he at times deludes himself into the conviction that he is saying something when he is really saying nothing at all. An artificer at heart, he will, for the sake of rounding off a phrase, of arriving at a climax, or even of achieving a rhyme, betray himself miserably with words. He will stuff a poem with such cumulated emptiness as:

You in whose smile are the flamings and fadings of suns,
In whose laughter are hidden the secrets of the past,
In whose "yes" are the blue corridors of eternity,
In whose "no" flash the scarlet lightnings of death . . .

Having learned how simple it is "to invert the world inverting phrases," he is frequently quite content to play with ideas like the ubiquitous juggler in his poems. Having once written, "The world is intricate, and we are nothing," he is constrained to wonder why he might not just as well have said, "The world is nothing; we are intricate." He will strike off any number of bad poems in order to forge a good one, and he will publish them all, being reckless of his talent.

An almost pathologically savage concept of evil is embodied in his work. It is more than "the sound of breaking" at the center of the world; it is the living world full of decay:

Torrents of dead veins, rotted cells,
Tonsils decayed, and fingernails:
Dead hair, dead fur, dead claws, dead skin:
Nostrils and lids; and cauls and veils,

the "abysmal filth of Nothingness" that the Goya of his crapulous vision beheld pouring from time when the seconds cracked like seeds. A physician's son, Aiken is fully cognizant of the processes of katabolism. He is capable of anatomizing an emotional state with fiendish cruelty.

Nevertheless, there emanates from the body of his work an unmistakable vapor of sentimentalism. Sentimentalism is an easier word to spell than to define, but if you will carefully consider two verses, one reading

The melodious mystery of flesh,
and the other,

I had found unmysterious flesh,
you may agree with me in thinking the one flabbily adolescent in thought and expression, the other hard and mature. The first line is from Aiken's "Senlin"; the second from a lyric by Louise Bogan. Aiken began by being a "soft" poet. His latest work, notably "The Coming Forth," is considerably harder in texture. This is as much a matter of technique as of substance. In the beginning, persuaded by a musical analogy, he sought to record, as it were, the onomatopoeia of disillusion. In the long symphonic pieces he wished to compose a "music" distinguished by its "elusiveness, its fleetingness, and its richness in the shimmering overtones of hint and suggestion." He melted down the skeleton of syntax and poured it into the rhythm of his mood. Whereas, in the metaphysical poets, one can almost feel the bare delicate bones of grammar under the phrase, Aiken substituted melody for grammar. Time was his style. Whether or not he will ever withdraw from his twilights and fluxes is problematical, although his recent work hints at the possibility. It will not be enough for him merely to woo the pure crystalline beauty of the Uranian style: he must first tire of the perpetual vaudeville of his brain and drive from the theater his company of jugglers, acrobats, and clowns, leaving himself alone with the alone.

SOME NEW BORZOI BOOKS

THAT YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

A Modern Novel
By *Sigrid Undset*
The

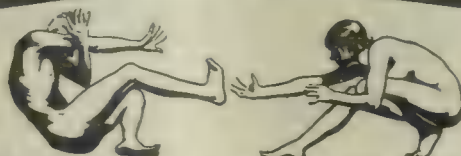
WILD ORCHID

Madame Undset, winner in 1928 of *The Nobel Prize for Literature* and author of *Kristin Lavransdatter*, famous saga of medieval Norway, turns to contemporary Norwegian life for the scene of this latest novel. In telling the story of Paul Selmer, his boyhood and youth and first love affair, of his search for some meaning in present day life, she shows herself once again to be a master of narrative and characterization. \$2.50



The Truth About
PUBLIC UTILITIES
POWER ETHICS
By *Jack Levin*

People's Legislative Service, Washington, D. C.
INTRODUCTION BY DR. JOHN H. GRAY
This analysis of the activities of the public utilities in the United States moved Professor E. A. Ross to hail it as "a most skilful extraction of the quintessence of the immense report of the Federal Trade Commission on public utility propaganda" which should "inspire wrath in the voter's soul." Senator Gerald P. Nye says, "Like a star-shell it lights up the insidious labyrinth of private utility propaganda." \$2.00



NUDISM IN MODERN LIFE

By *Maurice Parmelee*

With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis

A well-known sociologist discusses the cultural, ethical, aesthetic, and hygienic aspects of nudism in this remarkably outspoken book, analyzing the effect of nudism upon women and their relations with men. *With 29 illustrations.* 5½" x 8¼", 303pp. \$3.00

BONDY JR.

By *Ludwig Hatvany*

A Hungarian family history which Ludwig Lewisohn says "has a quality that is both intimate and epic; it tells the story of a family, a race, a country, as well as of an individual . . . Absorbing and moving." 373pp., \$3.00

THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY

By *R. E. Spencer*

A highly imaginative novel which Carl Van Vechten calls, "An extremely distinguished performance," and Louis Bromfield describes as "a book with the breath of life in it." It is the October Choice of the Book League of America. \$2.50

Your bookseller has these books

Willa Cather's

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

This first novel since *Death Comes for the Archbishop* is now in its 140th thousand. \$2.50

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES

Fifteen portraits of such famous corporations as Swift & Co., I. T. & T. and Standard Oil, revised and brought up to date since they appeared in *Fortune* magazine. \$5.00

NAPOLÉON AND EUGÉNIE

By *E. A. Rheinhardt*

The romantic and highly dramatic lives of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the great Napoleon, and his beautiful wife, Eugenia de Montijo. \$3.50

OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

The Story of the Founding of San Francisco

By *Herbert Eugene Bolton*

Professor of History, University of California

The history of Juan Bautista de Anza's two expeditions from Mexico to California. *With 11 maps and 66 illustrations.* 6¼" x 9½", 334pp. and Index. \$5.00

MEMOIRS OF A POLYGLOT

By *William Gerhardt*

The entertaining autobiography of the author of *Futility* and other novels. \$3.75

MAGGIE, together with GEORGE'S MOTHER and The Blue Hotel

By *Stephen Crane*

Stories by the author of *The Red Badge of Courage* with a new Introduction by Henry Hazlitt. \$2.00

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Screen Doors for Your Tomb

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

Here I go putting screen doors on your tomb
And telling you, New Mexico, to wait
Outside while I unfold your winding-sheet
To show you how I think you'd like it better.
I've raised you from the dead, New Mexico,
I've raised you from the dead to watch you die.

When will you pity me with bitter laughter?
When shall we laugh and fill a bowl with tears?
I will go north under the frosty horn
Of the goose-going moon, New Mexico,
Remembering you did not laugh at me,
Nor I at any vine or any bowl,
We only smiled like somber tamarisks.

You do not pity me? Do you not fear
Some day, New Mexico, when I am tired
Of prayer sticks and you have forgotten more
Of the hunting songs I told you to remember,
I'll lay you in a Studebaker wagon,
Shovel the old words into your new grave,
As I would be done by, and hurry home?

Why have they planted gourd vines over Pecos,
To wind through bones of rock where bones of men
Have moved out in the red light of the evening?
O gourd vine in my fingers, yellow bloom,
You are not honest, gourd vine in my fingers;
Who bade you clamber down the rocks of Pecos
Now that the bones are gone? Who told your yellow:
Pretend to be a gourd vine growing here?

New Mexico, I buy your water bowl,
You made the water bowl against my coming,
Our eyes are clear and big, like eyes of cattle;
How shall I say you fashioned for yourself
This curving clay because you needed water?
How will you say you made the bowl for me
Because I use no bowl for hoarding rain?
Have I forgotten Greece? Forgotten Egypt?
When shall I ask some bowl what beauty is?

Let rain dissolve the bowl, New Mexico,
And wash our hands! Come, let us walk together
Into the quiet sorrow of the greasewood;
The purple towers of rain are crumbling
On seven mesas made of panther fur;
Come, let us hurry while the towers are standing!
Call to the Badger of the South,
Wolf of the East,
Bear of the West,
Lion of the North,
Tell the Six Mountains: *Bid the rain stand still!*
Tell them we need no rain for making corn,
Show them the gleaming silver in my pocket,
Tell them we need only one bowl of rain

To give this bowl back to the grama grass,
Tell them we want the feel of something on
Our lids and lifted arms, New Mexico,
Like water that has nothing to believe.

Dissolve the bowl! Dare we remember dancers?
New Mexico, you are too old to dance,
Who are these dancers whom you call your children?
New Mexico, with coronet of leaves
Binding your snowy hair, I will remember
Your eyes are not upon the young men dancing.
The men are buffalo? Or are they eagles?
Perhaps the men are deer. You stare at me.
I am beyond the dance, you stare across
The drumming of the singers. I am here.
Old man with coronet of cottonwood,
You stand there like the ending of a myth
In which I play no part unless to break it.
I stare at you, I cannot look at dancers:
Slowly your crown of leaves turns into laurel,
You look as Bacchus looked when he was old
And they have painted stains like stains of grape
Too bright against your lameness and your eyes.
Bacchus, you hear no drums of Thessaly,
If there be deer, they die with Actaeon,
They are not here, nor is there here one eagle,
Nor is there here the brown mask of a bull
Nodding his horns into the song of hunters.
Old man, why can't you pity me for mourning
These hollow animals with dancers in them?
Are you too old? Have I too long to live?

Or are you still too young, New Mexico?
Were those your mummy fingers that today
Twisted my carburetor's needle valve
And filed the points of my distributor
In the arroyo where the sheep were crying?

The sheep are far enough away to sound
Like children. Do not go, New Mexico!
They will be safe tonight under the star
That never marches. Here in the grama grass
We lie together. Sing, New Mexico,
That I may know more of the shining wolf
That stalked the Holy Namer of the Earth
Before the Turquoise people built their houses;
We'll sing an honest interchange of wisdom,
And I will sing my songs that you may know
Tom Jefferson's position on the tariff,
Follow me closely that you understand,
From songs that Africa and Harlem taught me,
How cloth was woven by Priscilla Alden;
And you may ask me, when I've finished singing
About my Mammy Down in Tennessee,
If grama grass is grass or whirling orbits
Of protons and electrons, or of neither,

VIKING



BOOKS



*"Sombre, mysterious,
inscrutable"*

From a land shrouded in Medieval darkness comes Essad-Bey to tell such stories as modern ears have seldom heard. His tales of the heroes of the Caucasus from the founder of the sect of "assassins" to Stalin, ruler of Russia; his pictures of slave smuggling; his legends of the Village of the Poets and the Empire of the Jews; his stories of blood feuds, are all told in a book blended of legend and fact, brilliant with the colors of the East. \$3.00

12 SECRETS of the CAUCASUS

by Essad-Bey

"BY FAR, the most exciting and stimulating European work since *The Magic Mountain* of Thomas Mann," says John Cowper Powys of ALEXANDER-PLATZ, BERLIN, *The Story of Franz Biberkopf*, by ALFRED DÖBLIN — and André Maurois calls this colossal novel of the underworld "one of the most original novels of our times." Translated into the American by Eugene Jolas. Two volumes, boxed, \$5.00

He thrived on curses —

From all parts of Europe the Jews in the early 17th Century looked to a new Messiah to deliver them from persecution and wandering. How Sabbatai Zevi, one of the strangest characters in history, had himself proclaimed Messiah, how he first was cursed then blessed, how he sought to overthrow the Sultan of Turkey and was finally betrayed, is told for the first time in a brilliant modern biography.

The MESSIAH of ISMIR

by Jdsef Kastein
(\$3.50)

WEST . . . *it used to be a point of the compass*

A stirring American romance laid in the days of 1800 when John Bray, a Vermonter, went West to save souls and almost lost his own. What, in an ordinary setting, might have been merely an exciting tale of high adventure has been transmuted through its scene and its author's artistry into a faithful and fascinating reconstruction of our country in the beginning of its growth—a colorful pageant of American history. "It comes perilously close to being the long-sought Great American Novel."—Harry Emerson Wildes, *Phila. Public Ledger*. \$2.50

ALL YE PEOPLE

by
Merle Colby



18 East 48th St.

THE VIKING PRESS

New York City

And if old age could ever come to lambs
If lambs could gallop at the speed of light;
We'll sing together, but we must not laugh,
Nor mourn in lamentations deep as laughter.

Remember, you are beautiful to me,
I've raised you from the dead to watch you die,
Remember, while you're still too young to close
Your eyes upon these sheep that are not yours,
We must be somber as the tamarisk,
Grave as the darkness tree, New Mexico;
You must make bowls, and I must tell the gourd:
Pretend to be a gourd vine growing here.

Books

Power-Knowledge

The Scientific Outlook. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

MR. RUSSELL has been quoted as calling "The Scientific Outlook" his first serious volume in five years, but the book is essentially a popularization when compared, say, with the same author's "Analysis of Matter." The ease with which it reads must in part be attributed to Mr. Russell's remarkable gifts for lucidity and compact statement, but it is owing partly, also, to an avoidance of some of the more abstruse phases of the subject. It appears to be Mr. Russell's present ambition to combine the logical rigor of a Hume with the mordant wit of a Voltaire. The combination would undoubtedly be an attractive one, and Mr. Russell at times comes surprisingly near to achieving it; but it is also an unstable and perilous union, and it is to be feared that recently the wit has too often been getting the better of the logician. It is chiefly the love of paradox and striking statement, I think, that leads Mr. Russell into such an inconsistency as this, for example. On page 95 we find him saying: "The universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love." Yet, on page 107, where he is attacking the notion of free will, he remarks: "It is true that we cannot predict human actions with any completeness, but this is quite sufficiently accounted for by the complication of the mechanism, and by no means demands the hypothesis of complete lawlessness, which is found to be false wherever it can be carefully tested." On page 120 he goes still further, and remarks that it now seems "more probable than it ever was before that all natural phenomena are governed by the laws of physics."

Now clearly it would be difficult to reconcile these statements. The truth seems to be that our present knowledge does not permit us to say either that the universe is completely "orderly" or completely "chaotic." Certainly from our human standpoint we could not have a conception either of chaos or order unless we had had experience of both; and each concept necessarily implies the other.

Mr. Russell's book is divided into three parts. In Part One he discusses scientific method and the relations of science and religion. For scientific method he insists, of course, on the role of observation and experiment. But observation of particular facts is not enough to constitute science: the scientific ideal is to arrive by induction from these particular facts to a general law, and then by deduction from the general law to be able to infer and verify other particular facts: "A fact, in

science, is not a mere fact, but an instance." In his chapter on Science and Religion, the most forcible and eloquent in the volume, Mr. Russell devotes most of his space to attacking the recent pious conclusions of Messrs. Eddington and Jeans: "Eddington deduces religion from the fact that atoms do not obey the laws of mathematics. Jeans deduces it from the fact that they do. Both these arguments have been accepted with equal enthusiasm by the theologians."

In Part Two Mr. Russell discusses both the past and the probable future applications of science to nature and man. A hundred and fifty years of science, he tells us, have proved more explosive than five thousand years of pre-scientific culture, and it is likely that science will continue for centuries to come to produce more and more rapid changes. It is success in this practical test of power over the environment, or adaptation to it, indeed, which has given science its prestige among the masses. In this section Mr. Russell indulges himself a little too much in his familiar vein of half-serious, half-ironic, and sometimes almost masochistic prediction, much of which reads like an early H. G. Wells novel; but he does draw a significant distinction between "power-knowledge" and "love-knowledge." Science has increasingly substituted the former for the latter. It is power-knowledge—that knowledge about an object which enables us to manipulate it with advantage to ourselves—that is glorified by the philosophies of pragmatism and instrumentalism; and it is against the increasing dominance of this attitude in our age of industrialism that Mr. Russell pleads for understanding for its own sake, for disinterested contemplation, for love-knowledge—the kind of knowledge possessed by the lover, the artist, the poet, and the mystic. "Even more important than knowledge is the life of the emotions. A world without delight and without affection is a world destitute of value."

HENRY HAZLITT

Androcles and the Lioness

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence. Edited by Christopher St. John. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

DESPITE the profusion of sweethearts, darlings, dearests, and other such excursions into amorous terminology and despite the emphasis laid by the publisher's press agents upon its rich flavor of love, this is an impersonal book. The motions of love, at least on the part of its male contributor, are duly gone through, and on the part of his visioned Dulcinea there is an occasional shrewd imitation of reciprocation, but as for any real love story told through the medium of letters the impression gained is of a game of "post office" rather than anything resembling the grand passion. "Unlike many such correspondences, the letters were evidently written without a thought of their possible publication," announces a prefatory note. Tell that to the British equivalent of our marines, Christopher! That Miss Terry wrote her letters without a thought of their possible publication is doubtless true, but that Mr. Shaw, canny fellow, did not have at least one eye on the public when he composed his imposes a too considerable strain upon the credulity of anyone at all privy to the inner mechanism of the belletristic mind, and particularly such a one as that of the practical litterateur in point. Aware that the audience for sound dramatic criticism is neither wide nor, so far as book royalties go, profitable, and perhaps sagaciously looking ahead into a future whose prosperity he could not, in those early reviewing and playwrighting days, foresee, the cunning Bernard—appreciating that the public will always buy love letters even at the risk of foregoing dinner—simply wrote dramatic criticism in the form of amorous correspondence, bided his time, and will now undoubtedly reap the harvest.

It is as a dramatic critic and writer of prefaces rather than as a lover that Shaw, in terms of the present volume, should properly be appreciated. As a lover he is, and by his own interlinear and sometimes franker confession, something of a dud. But as a commentator on the drama his immense discernment is constantly manifest, for all the camouflage of verbal osculations and heart flutterings with which he cleverly addresses his hypothetical inamorata and thereby essays to persuade her to accept him not as a dramatic critic with high ambitions as a playwright, but as a wooer, gallant, and very intensive biological specimen. In the latter role, as I have observed, he is anything but convincing. His conduct of the theoretical love affair with Miss Terry, as revealed by these documents, suggests nothing so much as the amorous epistolary dalliance of a paradoxically articulate moving-picture fan with some remote movie belle. The tender phraseology, allowing for the Shavian skill at writing, is essentially the same; the technique of approach is, at bottom, not dissimilar; the attitude, if not the cloak of engaging literature in which it is here concealed, is much the same basic attitude. "Dear Miss Garbo: I have worshiped you at a distance for years. But I tremble to meet you in person lest it destroy my illusion." Change the Garbo to Terry, incorporate a short essay on how best to cut this or that Shakespearean play, and you have the essence of all the Shaw letters. And also, vice versa, minus the Shakespearean acumen, of many of Miss Terry's.

It is an interesting book, this. But its interest lies wholly apart from its pretenses in the direction of Strephon and Chloe. It is interesting for Shaw's views of the theater of the period and for his criticism of it. It is also interesting for the curiously disturbing picture of Miss Terry—the toast of her time—that Miss Terry's own letters present. Not only does this lady of fair illusion allow us to see her as a woman clever enough to coquet with a critic and playwright who might be of service to her, as a business woman with an eye to the main chance, and as an actress artfully skilled in the technique of oblique flattery, but—sad, sad revelation!—as something of a whiner and as a disillusioning recorder of a whole repertoire of sentimentally affronting physical defects and malaises. "I've ghastly aches all over me, a cold in every inch of my body"; "My red nose and pouring eyes"; "Aching, every inch of me. I've had the flu"; "I am so tired today, tired and cross"; "I'm cold as a vegetable marrow"; "My eyes are puffed up"; "The last three nights I've felt like frozen leather"; "I've rheumatism in my knee"; "I'm a real old hen"; "I have been ghastly this last week—neuralgia in the palate" (even Shaw gagged at this. "For heaven's sake, my dearest darling Ellen, don't tell me such frightful things about yourself! What new and horrible invention is 'neuralgia of the palate'?—it goes right down into my entrails!"); "I have new 'ralgia' or 'ritis' or some such thing." And so in every other letter, to the agonized despair of her romantic correspondent and other possible sentimentalists.

But—and this is the important point—it is plain that the lady went about the business of disillusioning Shaw deliberately. Even a casual reading of her replies to his many missives indicates that, like all actresses over thirty in contact with men of letters, she preferred to have him esteem her mental attainments rather than her person, and through such esteem to win him over to dramatic and critical uses. What is even more unmistakable is that she was, during much of this time, in love with her co-player, Henry Irving, and had heart and eyes for him alone. That Shaw suspected as much—a circumstance that may conceivably explain a share of his critical hostility toward Irving, despite the fact that no one can fail to admire the soundness of his devastating appraisals of the man as actor—is to be perceived in his inquiry, "Who is my rival? Is it Henry?" But Miss Terry made no bones about the matter. In the midst of all her terms of endearment for Shaw, it is Henry this and

Emotional love
as it affects the
fate of various
types of American
men and

women, represented
here by five generations
of one family, is
the theme of

EVELYN SCOTT'S masterpiece

A Calendar of Sin

Two volumes, boxed, \$5.00

THESE THIRTEEN

William Faulkner

The first collection of Faulkner's short stories to be published in book form.

Regular edition, \$2.50

Autographed, limited edition, \$7.50

RED BREAD

Maurice Hindus

"There have been any number of books on Russia—scientific, carefully written, clever, informative. But Hindus adds something else—the human touch. The public found that out when he wrote *Humanity Uprooted*. *Red Bread* is just as good."—HARRY HANSEN.

Illustrated, \$3.50

FIGHTING BOB EVANS

Edwin A. Falk

A fascinating biography of our greatest naval hero since the Civil War. Kipling described him as "the man who has lived more stories than Zogbaum or I could invent."

Foreword by FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Illustrated, \$5.00

WHY RECOGNIZE RUSSIA

Louis Fischer

"The best handbook available on the question."—LUDWELL DENNY, *Scrapps-Howard Newspaper Alliance*.

\$2.00

Startling disclosures in

America's Siberian Adventure

by MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM S. GRAVES

The commanding general of the American troops sent to Siberia in 1918 gives here a frank and at times startling account of exactly what went on during the nineteen months the expedition was there. Foreword by former Secretary of War NEWTON D. BAKER.

\$3.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

139 East 46th Street

New York, N. Y.

MACMILLAN Fall Books

of Special Interest to Nation Readers

MEXICO

By **STUART CHASE**

In collaboration with **Marian Tyler**

65th Thousand

A best-seller everywhere. "The basic philosophy which Chase has for some time been developing . . . finds its completest fruition in this latest essay. He has made a unique and valuable contribution to current enlightenment."

—ERNEST GRUENING in the *Saturday Review* \$3.00

MAHATMA GANDHI AT WORK

Edited by **C. F. ANDREWS**

The epic story contained in this second volume of Gandhi's autobiography goes far to explain the beliefs and methods through which he has reached a unique place among the leaders of world thought. \$2.50

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

By **C. DELISLE BURNS**

"He provides us, with singular charm and persuasiveness, with an announcement of practical salvation, into which all men of good-will can enter . . . This is an extraordinarily competent exposition of political modernism, full of good things."—GEORGE E. G. CATLIN in *The Nation* \$2.50

IN DEFENSE OF TOMORROW

By **ROBERT D. BOWDEN**

An analysis of modern American life and culture which won the \$3,000 prize given by Mr. John G. Agar for the best book on "The Soul of America." Publication late October. \$2.00

New \$1 Editions

A PREFACE TO MORALS

By **WALTER LIPPMANN**

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

By **STUART CHASE** and **F. S. SCHLINK**

FEAR

By **JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER**

A PLANNED SOCIETY

By **GEORGE SOULÉ**

The central problem of our civilization today is examined comprehensively in this new book. Mr. Soule presents a program for a rational and planned economy.

Probable price \$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue

New York

Henry that, ever solicitous for his health and welfare, defending him from his self-imagined rival's sneers, and putting his critic in his place with such gently sardonic and rebuking little-finger waggings as "dear gentleman!" "you are a dear, kind old fellow," "I find when I am halfway through your letter that I am puckering up my face and pitying you so," etc. But it is always "I think H. I. might not have seen the joke"; "H. I. will be wonderful and look his best. He comes out of that box well, I tell you!"; "H. has so much *character*. You'd like him"; "H. I. is no fool"; "I only do it [play certain parts] to please H. I."; "You say H. I. is cautious, as well he may be"; "I acted to please Henry when I was frightfully ill"; "If H. I. played Pisanio I'd suggest it at once, for he'd do it better than E. T."; "Henry in hurting his poor knee . . ."; "While Henry remains so ill"—H. I., Henry, always H. I., Henry. Yet when her epistolary worshiper suffers a grievous ailment of the foot, with operations necessary, with real work out of the question, and with sympathy—and maybe a little personal presence—from his adored one prayed for out of an unhappy heart, what does he get? He gets only this: "I'm afraid about that foot. Do tell Miss P. T. to come back and look after it, or somebody. Your mother probably would be best of all. Now don't neglect it. I do wish I knew what the doctor says about it. What doctor saw it? Tell me. Goodby, you pathetic old thing"—signed abruptly with initials.

No, the heroine of this pseudo-ecstatic correspondence is not Miss Ellen Terry, but the quiet, withdrawn, gentle, modest, intelligent, and understanding woman who moves, superior and doubtless highly amused, between its extravaganza lines—the Miss P. T. who came back and looked after Bernard's foot when Ellen was too unconcerned to bother, the charming then Miss Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend, the present Mrs. George Bernard Shaw. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Not Quite Classic

The Epic of America. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

HISTORIANS so excellent as James Truslow Adams, so learned, so vigorous, so enlightened, so often original in their opinions, ought either to learn how to write better or else to submit themselves to the warning, pruning hand of somebody who can take the trouble. Any reader of taste must wince when Mr. Adams, after working properly if not entirely out of sight behind his epic story for seven-eighths of the book, suddenly thrusts himself upon the page with a trivial anecdote about his father and the elder J. P. Morgan. The intrusion is as irritating as a grain of sand in an eye fixed eagerly upon a battle. Such a reader must wince several times again during the hurried remainder of the history, as at Mr. Adams's references to what he has written elsewhere or may still write about American manners, or at his hackneyed "'keeping up with the Joneses,'" here acutely out of pitch, or at his ardent paragraphs on the Library of Congress, which deserves all he says but which belongs in his Epilogue no more than in Abyssinia. It is possible, of course, that his sensitive reader will have gone beyond wincing while squirming at Mr. Adams's quotations from inferior poetry or at his variations on "Ol' Man River"—variations executed with what seems to have been a fine impulse to enrich the epic but without the skill which is always needed in the management of a refrain in prose. And yet a fastidious taste may insist on being fastidious while pardoning Mr. Adams, because of the weight of his substance, the heaviness of his style.

Of course he writes better than most of the members of the American Historical Association. Even some of the mem-

bers of the Modern Language Association of America do that. But in this book he has not the excuse which the blunt historians and downright antiquarians of those learned societies offer, generally with a proud self-satisfaction; he cannot say that as a scientist he is robustly outside the laws which govern men of letters. After all, he classed himself, at least in some degree, with the poets when he named his treatise an epic, not a history. His book is not a monograph or a chain of monographs, laboriously advancing new points or destroying old positions. He does not parade, in swelling footnotes or flaunting bibliographies, his manifold and erudite indebtednesses. He has only retold a story of which the plot is already familiar. Whatever sharp insight he may bring to his theme or whatever revealing interpretations, whatever novel proportions he may give the various episodes, whatever life he may put into what was dead—all these are literary and not scientific undertakings, as truly as were Shakespeare's dramatic versions of the moral Plutarch. Judged as a man of letters Mr. Adams may be said to have done less with his epic than might reasonably have been expected.

Perhaps genuine distinction of style was above his reach. No man who could write "It was an inevitable corollary of equality of opportunity" can have a good ear for tone or rhythm. But something less than genius, in fact, no more than determination or patience, is required to make prose careful, exact, even, fresh. If a writer demands these qualities of his prose, he runs the happy risk of making it harmonious as well. Mr. Adams, always energetic and sometimes eloquent, is apparently unaware of his occasional bathos and unafraid of innumerable expressions which were flat when they were first used and have become thin and slick from a long currency. His prose sounds as if it had been written in boiling haste, like much journalism. Perhaps it was. Perhaps Mr. Adams had no more time than he seems to have allowed himself. That explanation, however, will not lengthen the life of his book by a merciful second. In art there are no excuses.

It is worth some discomfort to be insistent, if not finical, on the question of Mr. Adams's style, because otherwise his shortcomings, which are almost the trade-mark of American historians, will probably not be pointed out. Allan Nevins, the only living historian who can write faster than Mr. Adams, considers "The Epic of America" "the best single volume on American history in existence." It is an excellent book. It is learned, vigorous, enlightened, original in its opinions. But it is not quite a classic. If a writer takes care of his matter, will his manner not take care of itself? It will not.

CARL VAN DOREN

Perhaps Anderson

Perhaps Women. By Sherwood Anderson. Horace Liveright. \$2.

IT'S impossible for me to review Sherwood Anderson. To be cold, impersonal, a trifle high hat. I'd be fooling myself with words and an attitude. Suddenly the attitude would crack, like enamel on a New York woman's face. It would be a silly subterfuge and I'd get personal. It's better to talk back at Anderson, to be Middle Western, the way you were born.

Perhaps I like Sherwood Anderson because I am a Middle Westerner. To read him is like going home. My father talks the way Sherwood Anderson writes. It's a language I can understand and a kind of poetry. None of your poetic kind of poetry that has gone stale and lost much of its meaning. But real poetry with concrete images and symbols and music that can be found in the cadences of American speech.

And now I have Anderson's latest book before me. It's a little book, and if you have quick eyes, you can read it in half

NEW FALL BOOKS FROM CHAPEL HILL

JULIA COLLIER HARRIS (Editor)

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS: EDITOR AND ESSAYIST. Miscellaneous literary, political and social writings. The general public is acquainted only with Uncle Remus—this volume presents the creator of Uncle Remus in a new light: that of a truthful, sympathetic interpreter of his section's problems and aspirations. October 30. \$4.00

JOHN C. BLANKENAGEL

THE DRAMAS OF HEINRICH VON KLEIST. A biographical and critical study. Since only a very few of Kleist's works have ever been translated, and these are not readily and easily available, Kleist is not known by the English reading public. Today Kleist is recognized as one of the greatest of German dramatists, and there are some critics who would give his *Prinz Von Homburg* rank equal to that of any play ever written. This volume will serve as an excellent introduction to Kleist. October 16. \$3.00

GEORGE S. MITCHELL

TEXTILE UNIONISM AND THE SOUTH. From the point of view of the general public welfare, what has been the contribution of textile unions to the South? Are textile unions socially desirable or not? To give intelligent answers to these questions it is necessary to know the history of the union movement, and the effect which unions have had or may have in the way of educating workers, managers, owners, and raising the general standard of living. September 4. \$1.00

WILLIAM WAY, Jr.

THE CLINCHFIELD RAILROAD. An economic history of the attempts to establish railway transportation across the rugged mountains between the Ohio Valley and the Southeastern Piedmont, and an account of the building of the Clinchfield Railroad, which passes through a country rich in natural resources, cuts athwart the Appalachian Mountains, crosses seven important divides, passes through some of the most rugged and picturesque country east of the Mississippi, has fifty-five tunnels and almost five miles of bridges. Fully illustrated. August 21. \$5.00

FRANCIS B. SIMKINS and R. H. WOODY

SOUTH CAROLINA DURING RECONSTRUCTION. Believing that South Carolina has been effected by Reconstruction more than by any other single phase of her history, the authors have set their purpose not only the telling of the political story but also the re-creating of "the life of a people during a short span of years." The book therefore contains such illuminating chapters as those dealing with the problems of agriculture and free labor, commerce, transportation, the church and religious life, progress in education, and the darker and brighter phases of social life. November 27. \$8.00

THEODORE SIZER AND OTHERS

ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. The Mary Tuttle Bourdon Lectures given at Mount Holyoke College, 1930-31. Contents: The Development of American Art, by Theodore Sizer; Some Reflections on the American Revolution, by Andrew C. McLaughlin; Are We Better than Our Ancestors, by Dixon Ryan Fox; Thoreau and the Machine Age, by Henry Seidel Canby. October 16. \$1.50

PAUL W. WARD

INTELLIGENCE IN POLITICS. A study of the possibilities of developing and enlisting more social intelligence in affairs of national and international importance. October 15. \$1.50

DUANE McCracken

STRIKE INJUNCTIONS IN THE NEW SOUTH. Case Studies of the effects of Injunctions in North Carolina, Elizabethton, Tennessee, and Danville, Virginia. October 16. \$3.00

A complete descriptive list of new and recent titles will be sent on request

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
CHAPEL HILL

MODERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY

By SUMNER H. SLICHTER

A vigorous and realistic exposition of the principles upon which our modern economic society is based. The book treats economic society as a living system, pulsating with the breath and imperfections of life itself. It is comprehensive in scope, scientific in attitude and written with the skill and lucidity of the seasoned stylist. \$5.00

AMERICAN LITERATURE

As An Expression of The National Mind

By RUSSELL BLANKENSHIP

In this one volume we have a complete critical history of American literature, given in terms of its social and cultural backgrounds. Incisive and forthright, this book throws new light on many aspects of our literary history. \$4.00

THE SOVIET'S CONQUER WHEAT

The Drama of Collective Farming

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

"A colorful and spirited narrative. . . . More than any other of our writers on Russia she has the gift of vivid and authentic detail. The fervor, the fanaticism, the confusion, the clamor, the vast churning up process now under way in Russia's fields are excellently suggested."—Simeon Strunsky, *N. Y. Times, Illustrated*. \$2.50

FASCISM

By MAJOR J. S. BARNES

Observations on Fascism, not as isolated phenomenon but as a method of political thought, which, whatever its faults in actual application, has many good points in a changing, shifting world. \$1.25

LIQUOR CONTROL

By GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

"Anyone who wishes to know all that is known and is worth knowing about alcoholic drinks will find most of it in this little book. . . . It is quite impartial and it covers the whole field."—*London Times Literary Supplement*. \$1.25

THE MEASUREMENT OF INTERESTS

By DOUGLAS FRYER

A thorough summary of all that has been done in the experimental measurement of human interest. The author emphasizes the intimate connection between one's natural interests and the choice of a career. Especially helpful to persons interested in vocational and educational guidance. \$4.50

THE TECHNIQUE OF SOCIAL PROGRESS

By HORNELL HART

A comprehensive and skillfully integrated study of human progress from our crude prehistoric beginnings to our present high development. Every phase of cultural advance is illustrated by a vast amount of pertinent detail. The book is a genuine contribution to the study of modern civilization. \$4.00

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

One Park Avenue

New York City

an hour. It is a poem written in essay form about women and machines. American women and American-made machines. Each little essay may be taken as a division of the poem. And each subdivision of the essays may be taken as a stanza.

The book made me think of something that happened nine years ago. I had a friend, another Middle Westerner. He was a big man, all of six feet two with a chest built like a tar barrel. He had been a football star at prep school. By the time he got to college something went wrong with his eyes. He dropped football, took to reading books, drinking raw alcohol, chasing town girls. When the war came, he was drafted out of college. He hated the army. It killed his personality and made him weak. He used to sit down and cry whenever he thought of his dead mother. She had been strong and he was weak. He was a big man and she had been a little woman.

Now he was having trouble with his wife. We were sitting in a noisy New York restaurant and talking about it. He was telling me not to get married. Get away, he said, run away, but don't get married. Women own this country. You have to leave this country to get away from women. Here you can't get away from sex and you can't get away from women. He said it was hell and American women were running the hell they made out of this country.

All this talk took place nine years ago. It's the same kind of talk I found in Sherwood Anderson's new book. My friend was a young man then, well under thirty. Perhaps he'd talk the same way now, but I doubt it. That kind of talk has been dead for some time, and it seems strange to hear Anderson repeating it today. It sounds funny to hear Sherwood Anderson talk like a Middle Western college boy of nine years ago.

Whenever Anderson writes about women, it's as though he had taken the words out of my friend's mouth. What he says about machines is pure poetry. I remember one essay, *Lift Up Thine Eyes*. It appeared in *The Nation* some time ago. Very likely a good many of *The Nation* readers will remember it. It's a good poem to remember, strong and lyrical. A terrifying indictment of the machine age, written by a man who stands in awe of all machinery. He is a Middle Western Ajax defying Jove. His knees are shaking, but his voice is heard rising above the thunder, above the roar of the machines.

Sherwood Anderson is a subtle man, a complex man. Young critics, fresh from Harvard, in derby hats and stiff white collars, borrowed from Irving Babbitt, are laughing at him. They say: Look at Anderson! He's ignorant. He's crude. He's naive.

They're wrong. It's the young critic who is ignorant and naive.

If a successful business man is ignorant of the business that made him wealthy, then Anderson is ignorant. If a fox is crude and naive, then Anderson is twice as crude and naive as any fox leading a huntsman into a Carolina swamp.

Anderson is an American business man turned inside out, like the great majority of writers who come from the Middle West. Sinclair Lewis is one and Carl Sandburg is another. They can't stand failure. Rather than fail, they will stop writing. But they are sensitive, abnormally sensitive.

One might say that Anderson stopped writing long ago. He is a story-teller, one of the best short-story writers America ever produced. He stopped writing stories. He could be more successful as a public figure. People would listen to him because he was Sherwood Anderson and no one else on earth. He is an individual. He cannot face failure in any form. It blots him out. The machine destroys an individual. Communism destroys what Anderson thinks he needs. I wish Sherwood Anderson would write more stories. They would give him discipline and strength. I wish he would go to Russia. Even against his will, his faith would be restored.

HORACE GREGORY

"So Wrapped in Rectitude"

Matthias at the Door. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

THE faiths whereby men live and how these sometimes fail—this is the subject matter of almost all Mr. Robinson's narrative poems. It was the philosophical approach made to the Arthurian tales; it has been the theme of the poet's last three narrative poems—of "Cavendar's House," of "The Glory of the Nightingales," and now of "Matthias at the Door." The poem is a study of how Matthias, whose faith is in his own rectitude, is stripped of complacency until nothing is left him, not even self-pity, and how he comes to understand the significance of lives other than his own.

No other living poet has Robinson's quiet comprehension of life as seen through the lense of the intelligent and very sensitive mind; no other poet is capable of treating such intricate characters. Frost's people are much simpler, and Jeffers's far more primitive. The characters of Robinson's poems are in general not only philosophically inclined but also poetically receptive to what they see and feel. In this latest poem we have the portrait of an imaginative and intense woman, Natalie, the wife of the righteous Matthias, the most completely realized study of a woman the poet has yet given us. We have also the fine portraits of three intelligent men: of Garth, the skeptic, whose life ends in futility and suicide; of Timberlake, the man of wisdom and folly, who deliberately makes of his weaknesses a kind of strength and who dies of drink and exposure; and of Matthias, "wrapped in rectitude," whose strength is his great weakness and who must live through to the end.

Robinson succeeds in the narrative form where almost all other modern poets fail because he is capable of selecting those incidents in drama which are highly significant and symbolic. He dwells upon these incidents to the exclusion of any exposition. When Matthias chooses a site for his house, for example, it is on a hill and with a calm outlook, even as is his life until its premises are questioned. Garth, seeking death, goes down into the gorge with its Egyptian-like grandeur and its door of darkness. Natalie, too, realizing the lie upon which her life is built, seeks out this gorge and its door of death. And after Timberlake's death, Matthias, isolated in his own disintegrating world, comes gradually to wish to die, until at last, walking in his sleep, he too goes down into the gorge and up to the dark door, and there, still held by his dream, hears the voice of Garth commanding him to return to life. He awakens there in the darkness to realize where he is and to understand that he must go back into the sunlight and to his house on the hill:

The night was cold,
And in the darkness was a feel of death,
But in Matthias was a warmth of life,
Or birth, defending and sustaining him
With Patience, and with an expectancy
That he had said would never in life again
Be his to know. There were long hours to wait,
And dark hours; and he met their length and darkness
With a vast gratitude that humbled him
And warmed him while he waited for the dawn.

And so always, in Robinson's lines, the reality of the subject—the scene and the character—is fused with the poet's vision. Presenting sensitive characters as he does, the poet can allow these characters fine feelings and symbolic and highly poetic language. The result, aesthetically, is a high level in beauty of language and feeling.

It has been said repeatedly that Robinson's deepest concern is with the idealism at the root of failure. It has not so fre-

UPTON SINCLAIR *gives us his greatest novel* **THE WET PARADE**

NOT since "The Jungle" has a book by Sinclair roused such controversy. It's the dramatic picture of three generations of an American family, whose women had cause to fear liquor. And it's a damning indictment of Prohibition which does not prohibit; of Mr. Hoover's "5% enforcement"; of Wall Street financing murder and corruption to maintain a rotting social structure. "The only novel which describes a bootlegger as he really is."—W. E. WOODWARD. \$2.50

MARGARET SANGER *tells the inside story of her life-long battle for women*

MY FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL dynamite! It took seventeen years to make birth control "respectable" and this one woman did it. A brave, human self-revealing document which tells for the first time the true story of the raids, the political persecutions, and the embattled superstition which she and her followers fought, and are still fighting. \$3.00

T. SWANN HARDING *dissects the downfall of the professions*

The DEGRADATION of SCIENCE

A FRONTAL attack on the current prostitution of science, medicine, journalism, religion, etc., that goes deep to the underlying causes in a civilization built on profits. \$3.00

SHERWOOD EDDY *puts a spotlight on Asia's unrest*

The CHALLENGE of the EAST

IN China, Japan, India, Korea, the Philippines, a new ferment is at work. What is it? What does it mean to the rest of the world? Who are its leaders? And what are they doing? The author of "The Challenge of Russia" presents a brilliant analysis. \$2.50

SOGLOW *hands you a laugh* **PRETTY PICTURES**

THE funniest book of the year. It contains all of Soglow's best work, 100 pages of published and couldn't be published drawings. It is a bawdy, truthful commentary upon life and manners, A.D. 1931. \$2.00

FARRAR & RINEHART, Publishers

A NEW BOOK BY
AMERICA'S FOREMOST THINKER

John Dewey's

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION

PROFESSOR DEWEY'S new book presents an admirable summary of his views on a wide variety of subjects. Anyone who is desirous of understanding the tenets of the man who has had so profound an influence on modern philosophic thought both here and abroad can do no better than to read this important book. *Also by John Dewey* THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY; INDIVIDUALISM, OLD AND NEW. \$5.00

MINTON, BALCH & Co., 2 W. 45th St., NEW YORK

THE MAKING OF CITIZENS

By Charles E. Merriam

A comparative study of the methods of eight great states. France, Germany, England, Italy, Soviet Russia, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, and the United States. \$3.00

CHINA IN REVOLUTION

By Harley F. MacNair

To clarify the conflicting aims, institutions, and personalities involved in a great struggle which has been in process for more than a generation. \$2.50

The University of Chicago Press

quently been pointed out that the intensities reached in his narrative poems are those of the dramatic interaction of character upon character. These last three poems prove the poet's ability in the treatment of human drama. They are a profound and important elaboration of his fundamental themes, themes which were heard in his earliest verse and which have continued to command the poet's analysis, and they present his matured understanding of human nature and of the forces that motivate it. No more can be asked of a poet than that he widen and deepen his observation until it becomes a comprehensive study of life, a poetic philosophy which is illuminating and satisfying to both the heart and the mind, and this is the accomplishment of the mature Robinson.

EDA LOU WALTON

Men Like Walpole

The Endless Adventure. By F. S. Oliver. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$7.50.

THE adventure to which Mr. Oliver refers in the title of his latest book is the adventure of governing men. His object is to show how British politicians of the first half of the eighteenth century carried on, "to consider their craftsmanship rather than their morals, and the effects which their actions produced, not so much on the felicity of their country as on their own careers." The first two volumes, here published in one, come to the year 1735, when Walpole was at the height of his power; and two more are promised. The first volume, which ends with the death of George I in 1727, was published in England two years ago.

The author has read widely and critically in the memoirs, letters, and diaries written during the times of which he treats, and of course he has not neglected modern histories and biographies. He records his special indebtedness to Lord Stanhope's "History." But, unlike Mr. Namier, whose recently published works have taught us so much about the realities of English politics in the mid-eighteenth century, he has not resorted to unpublished sources. Digging in manuscripts he regarded as unnecessary for his purpose, which was "merely to write a commentary on events which history has already accepted." The commentary has notable merits; it is frequently shrewd and penetrating in its description of personal traits and its estimate of motives. But history's acceptances are not always final, and it is precisely such investigation as Mr. Oliver has avoided that has often made it necessary to modify or reject them.

"The predominant motive of the politicians is ever their own advantage." So, speaking of Aaron Burr as a typical politician, Mr. Oliver wrote in the highly acclaimed book, published nearly twenty-five years ago, which introduced Alexander Hamilton to the British reading public. In a long and discursive introductory essay on politics and politicians he now returns to this proposition and rings the changes on it. The trouble with it is that it gives us a very uncertain test by which to determine whether or not an individual engaged in political activities belongs to the genus politician, for we can never be sure about the relative influence of motives. And if, as the author says, the special business of the politician is to gain, retain, and exercise power—"The prime motive of the politician is not to do good to humanity or even to his own country, but simply to gain power for himself"—it is somewhat startling to be told that politics is "the noblest career that any man can choose." Noble is not the adjective that most of us would choose to apply to Walpole or Bolingbroke or Newcastle or Pulteney or any of the other politicians whose performances are described in these pages.

The author is not much interested in political issues or

political thought and not at all interested in institutional evolution. It is true that during the early Georgian period there was not much significant political thinking in England, but it was then that the cabinet system was coming into existence. Mr. Oliver tells us nothing about its development. His concern is with the personalities and motives and political technique, the schemings and rivalries and jealousies of the men who contended for power and office in England two hundred years ago. Of these, Walpole was incomparably the ablest and most successful, and he properly holds the center of the stage; he is, for Mr. Oliver, "the archetype of the *normal* politician who forces his way into the highest positions." Nor are his contemporaries neglected. The character sketches in which the book abounds give it its chief distinction. Written with insight and great literary skill, they are all worth reading, and some of them are masterly. The author does not claim to have made contributions to history, and he has not done so. His work is a brilliant popularization of history, of the type that is in much vogue at present.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

A Finished First Novel

The Opening of a Door. By George Davis. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE most important fact about this first novel is that it was written by a young man of twenty-four. The smoothness of the prose, the unity of the tone, the author's calm refusal to pose any difficulties of whose solution he is not wholly confident: these are all the marks of a practiced craftsman. "The Opening of a Door" is one of the most un-fir-tish first novels I have ever read. It is difficult to believe it the work of one so young.

The material is an echo. Novels revolving about the decay of a family have been written before; and many of them achieve their particular poignancy, as does Mr. Davis's, by contrasting the vitality, humor, and assurance of the first generation with the disharmony and relative feebleness of the second. It is, for example, the formula of "The Matriarch," except that Mr. Davis suffuses it with a certain autumnal sadness of atmosphere very remote from Miss Stern's straightforward vigor. His people, too, are reminiscent—though it is quite probable that they are all drawn rigorously from life. His eccentric aunts and uncles we have surely met before: Alexandra, love-starved and finding consolation in Yogi mysticism and deep-breathing exercises; Theodora, the "vital" one, a faint reflection of Isadora Duncan; Lincoln, the childish sentimentalist, finding in alcoholic rages some relief for his wife-dominated, tortured existence; Flora, the tactless, humorless old maid. Amid these childish fumlbers is set a young boy, the nephew Edward: remote, critical, already the literary eye-and-mind—in a sense, the only adult in the book, if one excepts the very lightly sketched figure of Uncle Daniel. This device, too, has all the respectability of tradition. It is a legitimate mechanism for the imposing upon rather loose and refractory material the "point of view" Percy Lubbock so insisted on.

But what gives "The Opening of a Door" part of its undoubted value is Mr. Davis's calm refusal to treat his material as a hand-me-down. The force of the book derives, first, from the poetic haze which surrounds the story, an atmosphere not entirely unlike that which we associate with Willa Cather; and, second, from the clarity and certainty of the style. There are an occasional preciousness and half a dozen bits of fine writing which Mr. Davis is probably already regretting; but otherwise the style is remarkably finished and mature, certainly as effective in its own way as was Wescott's prose in "The Apple of the Eye."

Selected Books for NATION Readers...

PIE IN THE SKY

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN.—A rugged and moving novel of a family of American reds, and of the rebellion of the youngest son against revolutionary ideas. —\$2.50

PAN'S PARISH

By LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE.—A delightful fantasy, flavored with satire, of Pan in his Provençal parish. A book for discriminating readers. —\$2.00

CROSSINGS

By ALICE MASSIE.—A modern love story built on one of the most unusual devices ever used in modern fiction. A significant literary achievement. —\$2.00

CANE JUICE

By JOHN EARLE UHLER.—A story of the Louisiana cane sugar country, revealing the development of a raw son of the soil into a leader of his people. —\$2.50

THE YOUNG MRS. MEIGS

By ELIZABETH CORBETT.—The story of a "young woman of eighty" and some of the old-young people of her family. "A thoroughly delightful novel."—*N. Y. Times*. —\$2.00

Non-fiction

THE INSECT MENACE

By L. O. HOWARD.—Presenting a true picture of the warfare being waged between the insect world and the human race. "Rivals the best murder mystery stories." —\$3.50

SAVAGE PARADISE

By MARGARET MATCHES.—Something new and refreshing in travel-adventure books—the story of a vagabond girl who roamed the strange corners of the earth. Illustrated. —\$4.00

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Patriot and Traitor

By OSCAR SHERWIN.—A book which throws light on the life of Benedict Arnold. Harry Hansen says: "Mr. Sherwin writes a vivid, dramatic, swift-running narrative." Illustrated. —\$4.00

MEXICO and its HERITAGE

By ERNEST GRUENING.—Originally published at six dollars, this monumental work on Mexico is now available in a new low priced edition. Fully illustrated. —\$3.00

THE CENTURY CO.

Publishers of *The New Century Dictionary*

353 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

WAR

Organized Destruction and Mass Murder by Civilized Nations

By SCOTT NEARING

Author of "Black America," "The Twilight of
Empire," etc.

Dr. Nearing contends that war is not
a relapse into barbarism—rather,
that it is the primary business of civ-
ilization.

At All Bookstores, \$3

The VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue

New York City

PASSAGES FROM ARABIA DESERTA

by CHARLES M. DOUGHTY
Selected by Edward Garnett

ARABIA DESERTA is generally
conceded to be one of the great-
est prose works of our time, and the
greatest epic in all the literature of
travel. But the cost of Doughty's mas-
terpiece and its length—over thirteen
hundred pages—have placed natural
restrictions on its availability for many
readers. Therefore, *Passages from
Arabia Deserta* is a perfect solution
and offers booklovers a unique experi-
ence and delight. The selections by
Edward Garnett are of course admir-
able. 320 pages, with map and glossary.

\$2.50

Whether Mr. Davis has anything in particular to say is another problem. The book offers no clue. Edward, presumably the author's mouthpiece, is a relatively unimportant character and hardly emerges from the story except toward the end, where he is nipped by the pincers of the plot—what there is of it. "The Opening of a Door" is not a personal book at all; it is an exercise in observation rather than statement. And the observation itself, while always shrewd and intelligent, seems consciously undercharged. One feels that Mr. Davis, perhaps aware that his fey Scotch family tempts the operatic touch, has consciously decided to use cool grays and silver rather than a bold and dramatic chiaroscuro. It is a pity, for an injection of vigor and warmth would have lifted "The Opening of a Door" out of the class of the merely admirable into that of the really moving. Perhaps in his next book Mr. Davis will not be so fearful of letting go. Let us hope so: authors and women who are too careful tend to be disappointing.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Books in Brief

The Three Brothers. By Edwin Muir. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

This is the first novel to be published by the well-known young Scottish critic. It is laid in the middle of the sixteenth century during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, when Mr. Muir's native land was divided between Calvinists and Catholics, and England and France were struggling for its possession. To judge by the story's confinement to the fortunes of the now-outstanding Blackadder family, it may conceivably have been drawn from some obscure chronicle known to the author. It modestly declines to take the liberties usually taken by the historical novel; no great personages walk on its stage and we never find ourselves a witness, through the eyes of a character, to some famous event. A similar restraint is practiced with regard to the hero, David Blackadder, the sensitive brother, who is neither heroic, symbolic, nor typical. (Nor, for that matter, interesting: he finds relief in the end from his inner problems by going to sleep over them.) Above all, it is a *sensible* novel. Everything is muffled in order to avoid the mistake that is usually made, by bad novelists, at that point. As a result it has so many negative virtues that there is scarcely any reason for reading it. It lacks freshness, color, backbone, excitement—not to mention clarity and point—and even the author seems to agree that it is dull.

The Love of Mario Ferraro. By Johan Wigmore Fabricius. Translated by Winifred Katzin. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

One wishes that more popular writers were like Fabricius, the young Dutch novelist who is herewith introduced to the American public. He is not a snob or a merchant or a cutie or a scavenger. There is real love (along with the irresponsibility of love) in his Mario; and one feels that exactly the same is true of him. He has been blessed with that rare kind of light-heartedness which tinges his humor with a pathos such as we sometimes hear in a comic song. His Mario is first a young boatman in Capri, then a stowaway on a liner bound for South America, then a life-saving hero, then a ranch-owner in Alto-Paraguay, a cuckold, a jailbird, and finally the willing victim of a murderer's bullet. Not all parts of the story, unfortunately, are equally good. The best is on the boat, when we view the world from the steerage with that naive, imaginative wonder that comes only to the simple and the poor. Here Fabricius has created something, however fleeting. The appearance of an operetta-like talent such as his, at a time when the novel, except

commercially, has come to be considered almost solely a serious spiritual instrument, seems rather incongruous. This is hardly the day for a romancer. One hopes that he will find a form that will conserve and direct his talent, for it may lie within his innocence to produce some day the best kind of light popular comedy.

S. S. San Pedro. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

This short novel, which was first published in *Scribner's Magazine*, tells the story of a shipwreck in a manner which Conrad has made famous. In none of its passages is it so distinguished as Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat," either in writing or approach or effect. It is scarcely even dramatic or compelling, but it is not dull reading.

The Generations of Noah Edon. By David Pinski. The Macaulay Company. \$2.50.

This study of a Jewish family in parts is rather well done; it is sparsely written and to the point; but it resembles too closely a great many other novels. Strictly speaking, it is not a novel but a collection of short stories about people whose relation to each other is one of name and novelist's need only. The author tries by various and sundry devices, especially by means of the sudden catastrophic and melodramatic end, to pull it together. The house of Noah Edon collapses, but the unconnected sections stand as isolated from the ruin as before. The treatment is not profound enough to make it a work of distinction, but it is fairly good reading.

History of the Byzantine Empire. By A. A. Vasiliev. University of Wisconsin Studies. Two volumes. \$6.

Prefaced by an able, thorough, and interesting account of the literature of Byzantine history and civilization, Professor Vasiliev's work is of great value. It is the most complete and, with the exception of the chapters in the Cambridge Mediaeval History, the most penetrating and scholarly account available in English. Were it a little more graphically written and a little less given to documentary discussion in the middle of the narrative, it would be a truly distinguished piece of historical writing.

Films

Musical Talkies

THE talkies have slipped deftly into the diversions of the stage musical-comedy form without creating a form of their own. In "Palmy Days" (Rialto), we see a talkie version of the stage form, edition of 1931-32, more comic than musical, alert and lightly derisive, its dance routines still photographed from the studio rafters, a lush, extravagant, wisecracking machine revolving about the genuinely comic talents of the singing Eddie Cantor. Its girls are astonishingly beautiful in a world of great physical beauty, its close-ups are not too persistent, and the tempo of the dialogue never lags. Yet, essentially, it is the old Mack Sennett comedy, with the chase, the comic hero, the bathing beauties, and the man in the ladies' Turkish bath. It is still a comedy with music, photographed by the cameras rather than originated by them.

"Die Lindenwirtin" (Europa), a German counterpart of the Hollywood film, might have been written thirty years ago; its wisecracks form part of a long and unchanging tradition. It has nothing to do with a present-day Europe, with the stream of post-war literature, the sense of revolution and of death. It is a thoughtless paradise of bourgeois delights. *The Studenten,*

"The Best Single Volume on American History in Existence."—Allan Nevins

THE EPIC OF AMERICA

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

The author of "The Adams Family" has here given us a brilliant panorama of American life from Columbus to Hoover. An Atlantic Book. 65th thousand. 17 woodcuts. \$3.00

FISHERS OF BOOKS

BY BARTON CURRIE

A famous bibliophile discourses on his collection of rare books and his experiences in acquiring first issues and prized manuscripts. 76 illustrations. \$4.00

FIRST NIGHTS AND FIRST EDITIONS

BY HARRY B. SMITH

Abounding in anecdotes of the theatre, this volume tells of the famous librettist's 300 comedies and operettas and of his adventures in collecting books. 16 illustrations. \$3.50

The Atlantic \$5,000 Prize Book

FORTY-NINERS

BY ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

The author, a noted authority on Western history, after studying 250 original journals and diaries of the Forty-Niners, has given us a complete chronicle of what happened to the thousands of men and women on the Overland Trail. An Atlantic Book. 106 illustrations. (Ready October 23). \$3.50

GOOSE STEPS TO PEACE

BY JONATHAN MITCHELL

With breath-taking frankness the author tells us the inside story of the peace and disarmament conferences since Versailles. (Ready October 23). \$2.50

THE REDISCOVERY OF JONES

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

A delicious vindication of the derided average American, this volume, by an editorial writer of *The New York Times*, turns the table on the intellectuals. An Atlantic Book. \$2.00

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW

I. Secretary of State to Imperial Chancellor

"The most sensational and entertaining, if not the most important of all post-bellum diplomatic reminiscences."—*The New York Times*. Second printing. \$5.00

II. From the Morocco Crisis to Resignation

This second volume is even more arresting than the first. (Ready November 20th). \$5.00

REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH DRAMAS: VICTORIAN AND MODERN

EDITED BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

This new edition contains complete texts of 23 plays including Maugham and Coward, and shows the progress of the British drama from 1820 to the present. \$4.50

SHAKESPEARE VERSUS SHALLOW

BY LESLIE HOTSON

A centuries-buried chapter in Shakespeare's life is revealed by a distinguished scholar in his account of the most important single Shakespearean discovery. An Atlantic Book. \$4.00

These books are for sale at all booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Boston

for all their beer and spectacles and thick-bodied cavorting, are as unreal as the extravagant types of Hollywood. Yet the German types are excellent, the kitchen is real with the vapors of Schnitzel and beer, while the American kitchen of "Palmy Days" is a Hollywood absurdity.

The heroic type differs. The girls in "Palmy Days" are young and decorative. The German juveniles are middle-aged and smirk through long and gastronomic close-ups. "Die Lindenwirtin" is cruder and more middle-class than "Zwei Herzen," but its score is still in three-quarter time. "Palmy Days" is swifter, but the German film still falls on the beat of the waltz. Its humor is natural and sentimental, whereas the wisecracks of "Palmy Days" are manufactured on Broadway by a galaxy of wits. "Die Lindenwirtin" has no new massing of pictorial effects; its roots are in the stage tradition. The Hollywood piece in its absurd irrelevance to things material belongs to the great nonsense tradition of the films, their sole claim to distinction.

"Karamazov" (Tobis-Vanderbilt) represents the German studio film at its current best, a magnificently composed and photographed version of Dostoevski, a triumph of slow concentration of mood and of dark, corrosive film drama. It is a film of lights and pregnant shadows, of musical sleigh-bells and the sense of decay, an archaism of tortuous moods, with symbolic architectural close-ups in the new Russian manner. Fedor Ozep, the director, has given it the dulness of slow and silent and ingrown things without stopping the mobility of his cameras and the drama of his sound. His is a curious mixture of techniques—the rich luminosity of detail that marks the German school interspersed with the swift juxtapositions of bric-a-brac and branches heavy with rain that is peculiarly Russian. There may be something a little incongruous in the massing of German heads to set the Russian mood, but despite this, the film gives us a moving portrait of the old Russia that knew nothing of dynamos or tractors—a portrait which has a peculiar rich consistency too rare in the films.

EVELYN GERSTEIN

Drama

A Promise Fulfilled

FOR several years now the admirers of Paul Green have been eager to advance him from the ranks of the promising young playwrights into the small company of mature dramatists. Hitherto these efforts have seemed to me premature; but in "The House of Connelly" (Martin Beck Theater) Mr. Green is coming of age at last, and to say that his play is by far the most interesting presented this season on Broadway would be to say much too little. As a whole it is very, very good; in places it reveals writing as fine as it has ever been my privilege to admire in an American drama, and today we may safely speak not of "promise" but of accomplishment.

Hitherto Mr. Green has never sufficiently emerged as an individual from the group of which he was a part. Assiduous cultivator of the "folk drama" and savior of the Little Theater movement, his plays seemed so much what they were expected to be that the curse of an all-too-obvious worthiness was upon them, and they were made for the approval of a cult. But in "The House of Connelly" he achieves a fully developed individuality of method and of flavor; he speaks with a voice unmistakably his own; and he proves that he has something really valuable to give. Moreover, his tone seems doubly original for the reason that it is so little related to that of the best of our other playwrights. Howard, Stallings, Rice, and, to some extent, also O'Neill resemble one another at least to the extent

that they are harsh and violent, that they have made art out of crassness and brutality. But Paul Green introduces a fresh note of poetry of a different kind. He is gentle, elegiac, and melancholy. His play, despite its elements of violence, is tender without sentimentality and almost wholly beautiful.

Superficially, to be sure, the story which he tells is one which any other folk dramatist might have chosen. This tale of the aristocratic Connelys who were living (or rather dying) upon pride and memories until the plantation was rescued by the daughter of a poor-white tenant who took possession of the son of the family, is a tale which might easily be no more than laudably earnest, and it has, quite obviously, its sociological moral. But what raises it to its present high level is the fact that its author has discovered how to exploit in his own sensitive way the poetry of its implications. In his hands it becomes not so much a story as a quasi-musical "arrangement," in which we see and hear and feel a situation rich not only in conflicts but in pathos and charm and loveliness as well. Here is a civilization which is dying and which should die; a civilization which was founded upon arrogant privilege and which revealed its rottenness through the shameful, illegitimate misalliances which it commonly tolerated. But it was a civilization which had its elements of beauty as well as its pride and its fortitude, and Mr. Green makes us feel all these things. The collapse of the old order and the transformation of the last of the Connelys is not to be taken simply as the triumph of "progress." It is the end of something which was, like all things, both good and evil, and it is one more illustration of what "Uncle Bob," with his remote Latin culture, would surely and quite appropriately have called the *lacrimae rerum*.

The effect which Mr. Green achieves is one which irresistibly suggests one of the miracles of Chekhov, and it is accomplished in somewhat the same way—by the employment, that is to say, of scenes and dialogues which are almost magically suggestive. It is, perhaps, chiefly on those few occasions when the author strikes a false note that one realizes how frequently he has succeeded in suggesting what could never be effectively said. Thus I am sure that I was not the only one in the audience who winced when the daughter of the house struck the dinner gong and remarked that "for a hundred years this gong has called the Connelys to dinner." It was exactly the thing that had been said so eloquently in every previous gesture that it seemed now fatuous and banal. But these slips are rare and serve only to remind one how rare they are. Atmosphere is generated one hardly knows how, and emotion steals out over the footlights like some at first imperceptible perfume. One is relatively indifferent as to what finally happens and Mr. Green is certainly best when he is merely exhibiting his characters, but certain personages and certain scenes—like the Christmas dinner—will not easily be forgotten. They have a power without violence which is rare and memorable.

At best "The House of Connelly" would have a struggle to achieve the recognition which it deserves. Under the circumstances it is doubly unfortunate that the Theater Guild (which is said to have had the play on hand for several years) should relinquish it at last to its junior group while devoting its own great resources to pieces as hollow as some it has undertaken. The present company struggles manfully, but no member of it, with the exception of Morris Carnovsky as "Uncle Bob," is as good as the role he plays.

"If I Were You" (Ambassador Theater) is the first of a series of plays which Mauricé Schwartz plans to give on Broadway. Translated from the Yiddish of Sholem Aleichem, it is somewhat old-fashioned, but it has a simplicity and sincerity which are genuinely charming. "The Breadwinner" (Booth Theater) is mostly talk and very far from being Somerset Maugham at his best.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

After Tomorrow—John Golden—W. 58 St.
Civic Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.
Cloudy With Showers—Morosco—W. 45 St.
Good Companions—44 St. W. of B'way.
Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
He—Guild—52 W. of B'way.
If I Were You—Comedy—41 St. E. of B'way.
Ladies of Creation—Cort—W. 48 St.
Old Man Murphy—Hudson—W. 44 St.
Payment Deferred—Lyceum Theatre—45 St. E. of B'way.
Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way and 43 St.
Singin' The Blues—Liberty—W. 42 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Breadwinner—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Constant Sinner—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.
The House of Connelly—Martin Beck—45 St. & 1 Ave.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11th, AT 8:30

The Actor Managers, Inc., present

ANGNA ENTERS

Morosco in her Episodes and Compositions in Dance Form
Theatre 7 NEW NUMBERS to be included on program.
45th St. "Entertainment is her business and she knows her business."—Robert A. Simon, *The New Yorker*.
W. of B'way. Orch. \$2.50 Balcony \$1.50-\$1

EUROPA 154 West 55th St., Just East of 7th Ave., Circle 7-0129
Popular Prices — Continuous from noon to midnight!

The only worthy successor to "Two Hearts in Waltz Time"
The romantic German operetta

"DIE LINDERWIRTIN VOM RHEIM"

("The Inn on the Rhine")

With the most enchanting musical score to come from abroad.

English explanatory titles!

With KAETHE DORSCH, Germany's foremost light operetta diva.

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13th, AT 8:30 P. M.

W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D.

(Author of: "How To Be Happy Though Human")

WILL SPEAK ON:

"LIVING AS A FINE ART"

INGERSOLL FORUM

135 W. 70th St. PYTHIAN TEMPLE New York
Sundays: 1 P. M. Admission, 25c.

Oct. 11th: "Is Atheism the World's Greatest Need?"

George Bedborough vs. Joseph Brandon

For list of lectures and debates for next five months, write:

American Association for the Advancement of Atheism
307 East 14th Street New York City

The Institute of Arts and Sciences

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

A program of evening lectures, concerts, plays and recitals, carefully planned to cover the vital questions of the day in: International Affairs, Politics, Philosophy, Exploration, Science, Literature and the arts.

A few of the lecturers are:

WILLIAM BEEBE STUART CHASE
SHERWOOD ANDERSON H. A. OVERSTREET
MAX EASTMAN ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD
WILL DURANT RUTH ST. DENIS

Members' Annual Ticket (\$15) admits to these and to more than 150 other worthwhile events in McMillin Academic Theater, Broadway at 116th Street. You may become a member and participate in this outstanding program.

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

□ AMUSEMENTS □ LECTURES □

44th St. THEA., W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40; Mats, Wed. & Sat. 2:30
BEST SEATS, EVES. \$3; GOOD BALC. SEATS \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00

GOOD COMPANIONS

By J. B. Priestley & Edward Knoblock—From Priestley's Famous Novel

MAURICE SCHWARTZ

and his company of players present

"IF I WERE YOU"

By Sholem Aleichem

A Comedy for Cultured People

COMEDY THEATRE 41st St. E. of Broadway
Evenings, 8:40. Best seats, \$2.50
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Penn. 6-3558

GILBERT MILLER Presents

PAYMENT DEFERRED

A New Play by Jeffrey Dell

with CHARLES LAUGHTON

LYCEUM THEATRE, 45th St. E. of B'way
Evenings 8:30 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

Most Sensational Play of the Year!

MAE WEST

in THE CONSTANT SINNER

"As sound and respectable as Belasco's 'Lulu Belle'."

—Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation*

ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40
Mats. 1 Wed. & Sat.

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. Presents

"THE GEISHA" with JAMES T. POWERS

and All Star Cast

Next Opera Oct. 26—"PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

Eves. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.

ERLANGER THEATRE, W. 44th St. PE nn. 6-7963

Eves. 8:30

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. & 8th Ave.
PE nn 6-6100

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; evenings, 8:30

CHILD STUDY

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Offers through its Study Groups an intensive study of the whole range of childhood from infancy through adolescence with specific groups on sex education, progressive education and a group for governesses. Groups led by members of the staff and other specialists meet for fifteen consecutive weeks beginning week of October 26th.

STUDY GROUP REGISTRATION
OCTOBER 20th, 22nd and 23rd

Telephone (Circle 7-7780) or write for detailed information and complete program of activities to the Child Study Assn. of America at

221 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

WAR! WAR! WAR!

The Arbitrator advocates absolute pacifism. It condemns military training and conscription. It contends that "defensive" war must be abandoned in order to make the Kellogg Pact effective. It supports Einstein's idea that 2 per cent of the people can stop war by declaring now their refusal to render war service.

Universal total disarmament is demanded of the coming conference at Geneva.

Among its readers, convinced or not, are Jane Addams, Harry Elmer Barnes, Jerome Davis, John Dewey, Havelock Ellis, Irving Fisher, Felix Frankfurter, John Haynes Holmes, Rockwell Kent, Florence C. Lamont, William A. Neilson, Oswald Garrison Villard and William Allen White.

"*War Resistance*" (20 cents) a pamphlet to turn peace-lovers into pacifists, will be sent free to new subscribers; also a "2%" button. Send 60 cents for a year's subscription to 114 East 31st Street, New York City.

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

Pronunciation

Bad pronunciation is a serious handicap in every business or social circle. Correct your pronunciation by Webster's Collegiate.

Vocabulary

Build the comprehensive vocabulary that is worth so much by daily reference to the 106,000 words in Webster's Collegiate.

Definitions

Sure knowledge of words and their exact meanings is offered in clear, authoritative explanations in Webster's Collegiate.

Synonyms

Exactly the right word for every purpose is indicated in the full synonym treatment contained in Webster's Collegiate.

Word Usage

Why let blunders in your speech and writing put you at a disadvantage? Webster's Collegiate is a sure guide.

Webster's Collegiate

Will Quickly Clear up All Problems of Word Usage

It contains a full vocabulary of 106,000 words, with definitions, etymologies, pronunciations, and indications of proper use—a dictionary of Biography—a Gazetteer—a special section showing, with illustrations, the rules of punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.—Foreign words and phrases—1,256 pages—1,700 illustrations.

The Best Abridged Dictionary

because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"—Webster's New International Dictionary. Thin-Paper Edition: Special Merriam Cloth, \$5.00; Fabrikoid, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50.

Purchase of your book-seller or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information and free specimen pages.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.

Get The Best



No. 100
Broadway
Springfield,
Mass.

Some Notable Fall Books

ART, ARCHITECTURE

D'Harnoncourt, René. *Mexicana: A Book of Pictures*. Knopf. \$3.50.

Ozenfant. *Foundations of Modern Art*. Trans. E. Allen Ashburn. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$5.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

Adami, Giuseppe, Ed. *The Letters of Giacomo Puccini*. Trans. Ena Makin. Lippincott. \$3.50.

Andrews, C. F., Ed. *Mahatma Gandhi at Work*. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Archer, Charles. *William Archer*. Yale University. \$5.

Baker, Ray Stannard. *Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters*. Vols. III and IV. Doubleday. \$10.

Baldwin, Charles C. *Stanford White*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

Bekker, Paul. *Richard Wagner*. Trans. M. M. Bozman. Norton. \$5.

Botchinsky, Sophie and Pier, Florida. *The Kinsmen Know How to Die*. Morrow. \$3.

Botkin, Gleb. *The Real Romanovs*. Revell. \$3.

Carré, Jean Marie. *A Season in Hell: The Life of Arthur Rimbaud*. Trans. Hannah and Matthew Josephson. Macaulay. \$3.

Charteris, Evan. *The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse*. Harper. \$5.

Clarke, Tom. *My Northcliffe Diary*. Cosmopolitan. \$3.

Clemens, Clara. *My Father: Mark Twain*. Harper. \$5.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *Unpublished Letters of*. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. Smith. 2 vols.

De Casseres, Benjamin. *Love Letters of a Living Poet*. Smith. \$2.50.

Delacroix, Eugène. *The Journal of*. Trans. Wallace Brockway. Covici-Friede. 2 vols. \$10.

Drinkwater, John. *An Autobiography*. Holt. \$3.

Dudley, Dorothy. *Theodore Dreiser*. Cape and Smith. \$3.

Fay, Bernard. *George Washington: Republican Aristocrat*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.

Ferguson, J. De Lancey. *The Letters of Robert Burns*. Oxford. 2 vols. \$15.

Ford, Ford Madox. *Return to Yesterday: An Autobiography*. Liveright. \$4.

Gerhardi, William. *Memoirs of a Polyglot*. Knopf. \$3.75.

Garland, Hamlin. *Companions on the Trail*. Macmillan. \$3.50.

Goldman, Emma. *Living My Life*. Knopf. 2 vols. \$7.50.

Guedalla, Philip. *Wellington*. Harper. \$5.

Hackett, Francis. *The Life of Francis I*. Doubleday, Doran. \$5.

Hagedorn, Hermann. *Leonard Wood: A Biography*. Harper. 2 vols. \$10.

Hall, Walter P. *Mr. Gladstone*. Norton. \$3.

Hapgood, Norman. *Shelley*. Norton. \$3.

Harris, Frank. *Bernard Shaw*. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

Harris, Julia Collier. *Joel Chandler Harris: Editor and Essayist*. University of North Carolina. \$4.

Harrison, Charles Yale. *Clarence Darrow: Man of the People*. Cape and Smith. \$4.

Hergesheimer, Joseph. *Sheridan*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.

Holt, Anne. *The life of Joseph Priestley*. Oxford. \$3.50.

Hyden, Walford. *Pavlova*. Little, Brown. \$3.

Josephson, Matthew. *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.

- Kaun, Alexander. Maxim Gorky and His Russia. Cape and Smith. \$5.
- Koht, Halvdan. The Life of Ibsen. Trans. Ruth Lima. Norton. 2 vols. \$7.50.
- Lewis, D. B. Wyndham. Charles of Europe: Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire and a Renaissance Conflict. Coward-McCann. \$5.
- Ludwig, Emil. Gifts of Life. Trans. Ethel Colburn Mayne and M. I. Robertson. Little, Brown. \$4.
- Masefield, Muriel, Ed. The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay (Frances Burney). Dutton. \$3.75.
- Maurois, André. Lyautey. Appleton. \$3.50.
- McAdoo, William Gibbs. Crowded Years. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
- Michaud, Regis. William James. Holt. \$3.50.
- Newman, Ernest. Fact and Fiction About Wagner. Knopf. \$3.50.
- Petrie, Flinders. Seventy Years in Archaeology. Holt. \$5.
- Palmer, Frederick. Newton D. Baker: America at War. Dodd, Mead. 2 vols. \$7.50.
- Porter, Kenneth W. John Jacob Astor. Harvard University. 2 vols. \$10.
- Postgate, R. W. Dear Robert Emmet. Vanguard. \$3.50.
- Pound, Arthur and Moore, Samuel Taylor, Eds. More They Told Barron: Notes of the Late Clarence W. Barron. Harper. \$5.
- Pringle, Henry F. Theodore Roosevelt. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.
- Reese, Lizette Woodworth. The York Road. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
- Reid, Edith Gittings. The Great Physician. Oxford. \$3.50.
- Restarick, Henry Bond. Sun Yat Sen. Yale. \$2.50.
- Rhys, Ernest. Everyman Remembers. Cosmopolitan. \$4.
- Ritter, Halsted L. Washington as a Business Man. Sears. \$3.50.
- Russell, Charles Edward. Blaine of Maine: His Life and Times. Cosmopolitan. \$5.
- Rynning, Thomas H. Gun Notches. Stokes. \$3.
- St. John, Christopher. Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence. Putnam. \$5.
- Sanger, Margaret. My Fight for Birth Control. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
- Spiller, Robert E. Fenimore Cooper: Critic of His Times. Minton, Balch. \$3.50.
- Tate, Allen. Robert E. Lee. Minton, Balch. \$5.
- Todd, Mabel Loomis, Ed. Letters of Emily Dickinson. Harper. \$5.
- Tomlinson, H. M. Norman Douglas. Harper. \$2.50.
- Weigall, Arthur. The Life and Times of Marc Antony. Putnam. \$5.
- Wright, Frank Lloyd. An Autobiography. Longmans, Green. \$5.

DRAMA, MUSIC

- Galsworthy, John. The Roof. Scribner. \$1.
- Hanau, Stella and Deutsch, Helen. The Provincetown: A Story of the Theatre. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
- Huxley, Aldous. The World of Light. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.
- Larkin, Margaret and Black, Helen. Singing Cowboy. Knopf. \$3.50.
- Nicoll, Allardyce. Masks, Mimes, and Miracles. Harcourt, Brace. \$15.
- Nicoll, Allardyce. The Theory of Drama. Cromwell. \$2.50.
- O'Neill, Eugene. Mourning Becomes Electra. Liveright. \$2.50.
- Pirandello, Luigi. As You Desire Me. Dutton. \$2.50.
- Pirandello, Luigi. Lazzaro. Dutton. \$2.50.
- Sobel, Bernard. Burlesque Days. Farrar and Rinehart. \$5.

Russian Linen Smocks

Every one is an individual design depicting emotions of the peasant women who have been making these smocks for themselves for centuries. They are washable, made of homespun linen embroidered with the characteristic cross stitch.

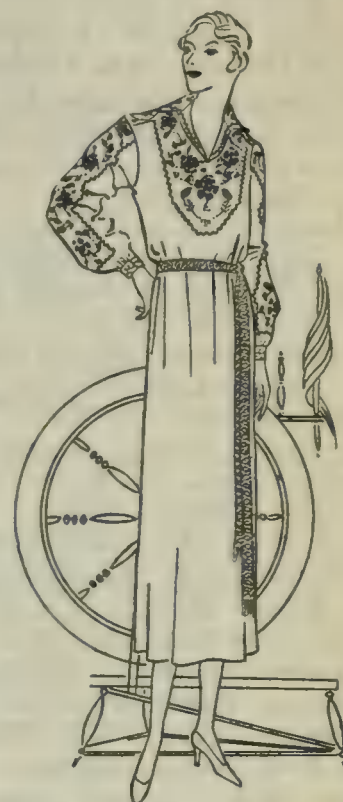
Buy One Now!
\$7.75 and \$9.75

Handwoven Belt 50c & \$1.

Never, anywhere, have Russian Smocks of this quality been sold at this price.

Mail orders filled and money refunded if you are not satisfied.

We carry also a full line of peasant dresses and blouses in silk and wool—as well as children's dresses.



PLEASANT ART IMPORTING CO., INC.
38 WEST 57 STREET

From earliest times to the rise of Capitalism, by Russia's brilliant historian and present Vice-Commissar of Education.

HISTORY OF RUSSIA

By Prof. M. N. Pokrovsky (\$3.50)

THE 5-YEAR PLAN OF THE SOVIET UNION

By G. T. Grinko (\$3.50)

SUCCESS OF THE 5-YEAR PLAN

By V. M. Molotov (\$1.25)

RED VILLAGES

By Y. A. Yakovlev (\$1.50)

Three highly authoritative, first-hand accounts of the Five Year Plan.

At all Bookstores

Complete Catalog From

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS

381 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Wilder, Thornton. *The Long Christmas Dinner and Other Plays*. Coward-McCann and Yale University. \$2.50.

ECONOMICS, SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, LAW

Anderson, Sherwood. *Perhaps Women*. Liveright. \$2.
 Angell, Norman. *The Unseen Assassins*. Harper. \$3.
 Anonymous. *Washington Merry-Go-Round*. Liveright. \$3.
 Bimba, Anthony. *The Molly Maguires*. International. \$1.50.
 Beard, Mary R. *On Understanding Women*. Longmans, Green. \$3.50.
 Calverton, V. F. and Schmalhausen, Samuel D. *Woman's Coming of Age*. Liveright. \$5.
 Davis, Michael M. *Paying Your Sickness Bills*. University of Chicago. \$2.50.
 Duffield, Marcus. *King Legion: A Study of the American Legion*. Cape and Smith. \$3.
 Ehrenburg, Ilya. *10 H.P.: The Life of the Auto*. Trans. George Reavey. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Embree, Edwin R. *Brown America: The Story of a New Race*. Viking. \$2.50.
 Ernst, Morris L. *America's Primer*. Putnam. \$2.
 Fetter, Frank A. *The Masquerade of Monopoly*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.
 Flynn, John T. *Graft in Business*. Vanguard. \$3.
 Fraenkel, Osmond K. *The Sacco-Vanzetti Case*. Knopf. \$5.
 Gauvreau, Emile. *Hot News*. Macaulay. \$2.
 Gruening, Ernest. *"The Public Pays": A Study of Power Propaganda*. Vanguard. \$2.50.
 Hale, Ruth. *Woman's Advance in America*. Duffield and Green. \$3.50.
 Hopkins, Ernest Jerome. *Our Lawless Police*. Viking. \$3.
 Keynes, John Maynard and Others. *Unemployment as a World-Problem*. University of Chicago. \$3.
 Knickerbocker, H. R. *Fighting the Red Trade Menace*. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.
 Labor Research Association. *Labor Fact Book*. International. \$2.
 Laidler, Harry W. *Concentration of Control in American Industry*. Crowell. \$3.75.
 Levin, Jack. *Power Ethics*. Knopf. \$2.
 Levine, Isaac Don. *Red Smoke*. McBride. \$3.50.
 Lichtenberger, J. P. *Divorce: A Social Interpretation*. Whittlesey House. \$4.
 Lief, Alfred, Ed. *Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes*. Vanguard. \$4.50.
 Long, Ray. *One Unprejudiced View of Russia*. Smith. \$1.50.
 McCracken, Duane. *Strike Injunctions in the New South*. University of North Carolina. \$3.
 Nearing, Scott. *War*. Vanguard. \$3.
 Pink, Alderton. *A Realist Looks at Democracy*. Stokes. \$2.50.
 Playne, Caroline E. *Society at War*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.
 Schacht, Hjalmar. *The End of Reparations*. Trans. Lewis Gannett. Cape and Smith. \$3.
 Shields, Art and Lowell, Esther. *Labor in the South*. International. \$2.
 Strunsky, Simeon. *The Rediscovery of Jones*. Little, Brown. \$2.
 Soule, George. *A Planned Society*. Macmillan.
 Strong, Anna Louise. *The Soviets Conquer Wheat*. Holt. \$2.50.
 Suranyi-Unger, Theo. *Economics in the Twentieth Century*. Norton. \$4.
 Wingfield-Stratford, Esmé. *They That Take the Sword*. Morrow. \$4.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, LITERARY HISTORY

Bercovici, Konrad. *Manhattan Side Show*. Century. \$5.

Boynton, Percy Holmes. *The Rediscovery of the Frontier*. University of Chicago. \$2.50.

Burke, Kenneth. *Counter-Statement*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

Canby, Henry Seidel. *Classic Americans*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

Chapman, John Jay. *Lucian, Plato and Greek Morals*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Collier, John, Ed. *The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey*. Appleton. \$2.50.

De Sanctis, Francesco. *History of Italian Literature*. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. \$7.50.

Eastman, Max. *The Literary Mind: Its Place in the Age of Science*. Scribner. \$2.50.

Ellis, Havelock. *More Essays of Love and Virtue*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.

Firor, Ruth A. *Folkways in Thomas Hardy*. University of Pennsylvania. \$3.

Knight, G. Wilson. *The Imperial Theme*. Oxford. \$5.

Langdon, Stephen Herbert. *Semitic Mythology*. Vol. V of the *Mythology of All Races*. Marshall Jones. \$10.

Lawrence, D. H. *Apocalypse*. Knopf. \$2.50.

Macaulay, Rose. *Some Religious Elements in English Literature*. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.25.

Macy, John. *American Writers on American Literature*. Liveright. \$5.

Mumford, Lewis. *The Brown Decades: A Study of the Arts in America, 1865-1895*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.

Rascoe, Burton, Ed. *Holy Hollywood*. King. \$2.

Repplier, Agnes. *Times and Tendencies*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Stewart, Jean. *Poetry in France and England*. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.25.

Strachey, Lytton. *Portraits in Miniature and Other Essays*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

Thorndike, Ashley H. *The Outlook for Literature*. Macmillan. \$2.

FICTION

Aldington, Richard. *The Colonel's Daughter*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

Baker, George. *Ebenezer Walks with God*. Macmillan. \$2.

Barnes, Margaret Ayer. *Westward Passage*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

Bradford, Roark. *John Henry*. Harper. \$2.50.

Brown, Rollo Walter. *The Firemakers*. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

Burnett, W. R. *The Silver Eagle*. Dial. \$2.

Canfield, Dorothy. *Basque People*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

Cantwell, Robert. *Laugh and Lie Down*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

Cather, Willa. *Shadows on the Rock*. Knopf. \$2.50.

Colby, Merle. *All Ye People*. Viking. \$2.50.

Colette. *The Other One*. Cosmopolitan. \$2.

Cozzens, James Gould. *S.S. San Pedro*. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.50.

Cronin, A. J. *Hatter's Castle*. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

Dabit, Eugène. *Hotel Du Nord*. Trans. Homer P. Earle. Knopf. \$2.50.

Davis, George. *The Opening of a Door*. Harper. \$2.50.

Dell, Floyd. *Love Without Money*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

Döblin, Alfred. *Alexanderplatz, Berlin*. Trans. Eugene Jolas. Viking. 2 vols. \$5.

Dos Passos, John. 1919. Harper. \$2.50.

Dunsany, Lord. *The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens*. Putnam. \$2.

Eidlitz, Walther. *Zodia*. Trans. Eric Sutton. Harper. \$2.50.

Erskine, John. *Unfinished Business*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

RESORTS

SCHILDKRAUT'S ON THE HUDSON

Open all winter

Schildkraut's Pine Terrace Hotel and Camp, at Highland Falls, is now fantastically garbed in a riot of autumn colors to thrill your very soul.

A big variety of outdoor sports to promote health, pleasure and happiness awaits you.

Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity for Columbus Day Weekend.

Saturday, Oct. 10, to Monday, Columbus Day, Oct. 12—reduced rate **\$12.50**

We pay your fare both ways on bus or train, or Day Line. Bus leaves for Highland Falls 4:30 P.M. at Nevins Bus Terminal, 31st St. and 6th Ave., or 33rd St.

Tel. Highland Falls 340 or 923

SUCCESSFUL CONFERENCES

require the superb facilities of UNITY

Large social hall, special conference rooms, lounges and porches for smaller group meetings, and an ideal setting in the Pocono Mountains.

Spring Conferences Conducted in past seasons by
FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION
Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., Students Division, etc.

Complete camp facilities with hotel comforts. Accommodations for 600 delegates or smaller groups.

UNITY HOUSE

FOREST PARK, PA.

Operated on non-profit basis by I.L.G.W.U.

For details write

J. HALPERN

Mgr.
3 W. 16th St.
New York City

OPEN SHELF

ATHEISM

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.

Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism

117 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Esoterica.

Send for Catalogue

The Falstaff Press

Dept. M., 222 Fifth Ave., New York

CURIOUS BOOKS

A Best Seller
for One Dollar

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

By STUART CHASE
and F. J. SCHLINK

A book that will pay for itself in one day's purchases.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY - NEW YORK

PERSONAL

A NEWLY formed Jewish American group devoted to free discussion of vital topics and sociability wishes a few additional young men and women, ages 23 to 30. No dues. Box 518, c/o The Nation.

An Advertisement of
HOUSE TO RENT or
APARTMENT TO RENT

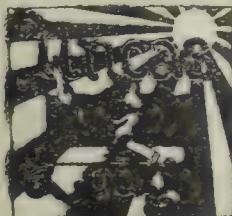
in a space this size, will get answers, in The Nation.

Rate \$6.16

THE NATION - 20 Vesey St., N. Y.
New telephone number—COrtlandt 7-3330

An ideal place for Autumn vacations. **WESTERN VIEW FARM**, New Milford, Conn., 83 miles from Columbus Circle, elevation 1000 feet. Hospitality that is unique. It brings back friends year after year. Twelfth season. Riding, mountain climbing, tennis and swimming, or rest and quiet if you want it. Interesting people. Rates \$8 a day, \$49 a week. Telephone New Milford 440.

EDWARD G. OHMER, Proprietor.



Autumnal Colors in the
Connecticut Hills

Uncas Lodge

UNCASVILLE, CONN.
165 Acres Rustic Beauty
Private Lake
Tennis Courts—Handball
Horseback—Ping Pong
Special Columbus Day Week-
End. 3 Fine Days—\$10.00
Phone Norwich 1858, Ring 5
Diana Norman, Abo Berman

Free Transportation from London to Camp

ReSTCUPERATION
CREATION
at THE CRYSTAL VILLA

Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone, Park Ridge 404.

FOR relaxation, beautiful country and pleasant companionship; phone to

The HIL-BERT HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

HILL FRIEDBERG, Prop.

Tel. Mahopac 353

UNUSUAL SHOPS

with unusual things to sell—

MEET IN
THE NATION

Unusual people with
UNUSUAL TASTES

Write us for rates.

20 Vesey St.

Tel. COrtlandt 7-3330



All Autumn week ends at the lodge are delightful,—but one stands out prominently as a gala occasion. Reserve accommodations early for Oct. 31st. You'll have lots of fun here on

HALLOWE'EN

For the convenience of weekend guests: Our bus leaves the city each Saturday at 8:30 P.M. (from WOODLAWN STATION; last stop on Jerome Ave. line) and starts homeward from the Lodge each Sunday at 9:30 P.M. \$1.00 for the round trip.

By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon station

**BLUE MOUNTAIN
LODGE**

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEESKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEESKILL 1403

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y.

Phone 300

A Millionaire's estate of 150 acres surrounded by most gorgeous woodland, orchards, ponds, brooks and lake.

All outdoor and indoor sports; ideal for a vacation or week-end.

1½ hours on Erie R.R., Bus or Route 17.

OPEN ALL YEAR

M. M. and MRS. Arthur Hyatt Morse offer English Hospitality to limited number of discriminating adults at Erewhon, 100 acres. New York 49 miles Erie Main Line. Hiking, tennis, boating, swimming, saddle-horses nearby. \$5 daily; \$30 weekly. Telephone 13F3, Monroe.

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends. **TOPSTONE FARM**, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Swimming. Address: R. F. D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone: Ridgefield 648.

NATURE PATH RESORT
Watching Mountains

Original vegetarian meals. Modern improvements. 45 minutes out. \$20 a week. \$3 a day. Mt. Bethel Rd., Plainfield, N. J. Plainfield 6-1474—J1.

- Fabricsius, Johan. *The Love of Mario Ferraro*. Trans. Winifred Katzin. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.
- Faulkner, William. *These Thirteen*. Cape and Smith. \$2.50.
- Ferber, Edna. *American Beauty*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.
- Galsworthy, John. *Maid in Waiting*. Scribner. \$2.50.
- Giono, Jean. *Lovers Are Never Losers*. Brentano's. \$2.
- Gordon, Caroline. *Penhally*. Scribner. \$2.50.
- Gregory, Alyse. *Hester Craddock*. Longmans, Green. \$2.
- Hamsun, Knut. *August*. Coward-McCann. \$3.
- Hecht, Ben. *The Champion from Far Away*. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.
- Herrick, Robert. *The End of Desire*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
- Kaye-Smith, Sheila. *Susan Spray*. Harper. \$2.50.
- Kennedy, Margaret. *Return I Dare Not*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.
- Kipling, Rudyard. *New Stories*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.
- Kuhn, Franz and Endore, Guy, Trans. Kin Ping Meh. Kendall. \$5.
- La Farge, Oliver. *Sparks Fly Upward*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
- Leonov, Leonid. *The Thief*. Trans. Hubert Butler. Dial. \$3.
- Lewisohn, Ludwig. *The Golden Vase*. Harper. \$2.50.
- Mann, F. O. *Albert Grope*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
- Maugham, W. Somerset. *In the First Person Singular*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.
- Millin, Sarah Gertrude. *The Sons of Mrs. Aab*. Liveright. \$2.50.
- Milne, A. A. *Two People*. Dutton. \$2.50.
- Mitchison, Naomi. *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.
- Muir, Edwin. *The Three Brothers*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.
- O'Neil, George. *Special Hunger: The Tragedy of Keats*. Liveright. \$2.50.
- Ossorgin, Michael. *My Sister's Story*. Dial. \$2.
- Penzoldt, Ernst. *The Marvellous Boy*. Trans. Eleanor Wolff and John J. Trounstein. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
- Pilnyak, Boris. *The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea*. Cosmopolitan. \$2.50.
- Pinski, David. *The Generations of Noah Edon*. Macaulay. \$2.50.
- Powys, John Cowper. *A Glastonbury Romance*. Simon and Schuster. Vol. I. \$3.
- Proust, Marcel. *The Past Recaptured*. A. and C. Boni. \$2.50.
- Putnam, Samuel, Ed. *The European Caravan*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$5.
- Raynolds, Robert. *Brothers in the West*. Harper. \$2.50.
- Roberts, Elizabeth Madox. *A Buried Treasure*. Viking. \$2.50.
- Rölvaag, O. E. *Their Fathers' Gold*. Harper. \$2.50.
- Roth, Joseph. *Job: The Story of a Simple Man*. Trans. Dorothy Thompson. \$2.50.
- Saint-Mandé, Milfred. *Men at War*. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.
- Schnitzler, Arthur. *Flight into Darkness*. Trans. William A. Drake. Simon and Schuster. \$2.
- Scott, Evelyn. *A Calendar of Sin*. Cape and Smith. 2 vols. \$5.
- Sinclair, Upton. *The Wet Parade*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
- Smith, Susan. *The Glories of Venus*. Harper. \$2.50.
- Stone, Grace Zaring. *The Almond Tree*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.
- Suckow, Ruth. *Children and Older People*. Knopf. \$2.50.
- Undset, Sigrid. *The Wild Orchid*. Trans. Arthur G. Chater. Knopf. \$2.50.
- Vandercook, John. *Forty Stay In*. Harper. \$2.50.
- Wassermann, Jacob. *Doctor Kerkhoven*. Trans. C. H. Brooks. Liveright. \$3.
- Williamson, Henry. *The Dream of Fair Women*. Dutton. \$2.50.
- Williamson, Thames. *In Krusack's House*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.
- Woolf, Virginia. *The Waves*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

HISTORY

- Adams, James Truslow. *The Epic of America*. Little, Brown. \$4.
- Barker, Ruth Laughlin. *Caballeros: The Romance of Santa Fe and the Southwest*. Appleton. \$3.
- Baumont, Maurice. *The Fall of the Kaiser*. Knopf. \$2.75.
- Bolton, Herbert Eugene. *Outpost of Empire: The Story of the Founding of San Francisco*. Knopf. \$5.
- Chase, Stuart and Tyler, Marian. *Mexico: A Study of Two Americas*. Macmillan. \$3.
- Churchill, Winston S. *The Unknown War: The Story of the World War on the Eastern Front*. Scribner. \$5.
- Diffie, Bailey W. and White, Justine. *Porto Rico: A Broken Pledge*. Vanguard. \$2.
- Eddy, Sherwood. *The Challenge of the East*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
- Friedell, Egon. *A Cultural History of the Modern Age*. Vol. II: *From the Thirty Years' War to the Congress of Vienna*. Trans. Charles Francis Atkinson. Knopf. \$5.
- Graves, William S. *America's Siberian Adventure*. Cape and Smith. \$3.
- Grousset, René. *India*. Vol. II of "The Civilizations of the East." Trans. Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. \$7.50.
- Johnson, Charles S. *Bitter Canaan: The Story of Slavery in Liberia*. Holt. \$3.50.
- Langer, William L. *European Alliances and Alignments*. Knopf. \$5.
- Mars, Price. *Black Gods*. Mohawk. \$3.50.
- Morand, Paul. *1900 A. D.* Payson. \$2.50.
- Morse, Hosea Ballou and MacNair, Harley Farnsworth. *Far Eastern International Relations*. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.
- Rippy, J. Fred. *The Capitalists and Colombia*. Vanguard. \$2.
- Rosenberg, Arthur. *The Rise of the German Republic*. Trans. Ian Morrow. Oxford. \$5.
- Schneider, Hermann. *The History of World Civilizations: From Prehistoric Times to the Middle Ages*. Trans. Margaret M. Green. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. \$10.
- Schuyler, George. *Slaves Today! The Story of Liberia*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.50.
- Sforza, Count Carlo. *European Dictatorships*. Brentano's. \$3.
- Showerman, Grant. *Rome and the Romans*. Macmillan. \$5.
- Sieburg, Friedrich. *France at the Crossroads*. Trans. Alan Harris. Macmillan. \$2.50.
- Trotsky, Leon. *The History of the Russian Revolution*. Trans. Max Eastman. A. and C. Boni. \$5.
- Webster, C. K. *The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, 1812-1815*. Harcourt, Brace. \$7.50.
- Wilson, Sir Arnold. *Mesopotamia, 1917-1920: A Clash of Loyalties*. Oxford. Vol. II. \$10.
- Yakhontoff, Victor A. *Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far-East*. Coward-McCann. \$5.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, EDUCATION, SCIENCE, ANTHOPOLOGY

- Adams, Grace. *Psychology: Science or Superstition?* Covici-Friede. \$2.50.
- Adams, James Truslow. *The Tempo of Modern Life*. A. and C. Boni. \$3.
- Austin, Mary. *Experiences Facing Death*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

MEETINGS

"The Vagabonds Club"

52 East 8th St., N. Y. C.

One Flight Up

Wed.—8:30 P.M.—Book Review—Discussion.
 Fri.—8:30 P.M.—Lecture—Discussion.
 Sat.—8:30 P.M.—"The Bohemian Party."
 Sun.—8:30 P.M.—Poetry Recital or Musicales.
 Refreshments Gratis Subscription—50 Cents

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1931.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss:
 COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Margaret De Silver, 98 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Katherine S. Dreier, 88 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.; Mary Knoblauch, 55th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Brown Leach, 170 East 64th Street, New York, N. Y.; Ellen McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Maria C. Scattergood, 355 Bourse Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. L. Selene, 334 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Edward S. Waters, 52 William Street, New York, N. Y.; Maurice Wertheim, 57 William Street, New York, N. Y.; Estate of J. Wertheim, Central Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company are trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1931.

R. B. COUSINS

My commission expires March 30, 1933.
 (Seal)

RENTALS

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

COOPERATIVE renting—A group of professional people are taking roomy, old house in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. Two 3-room apartments and two single rooms still available. Write to Box 515, c/o *The Nation*.

ROOMS

IN charming Swiss home, conveniently situated in Rye, top floor, two bedrooms and studio. For one to two persons board can be arranged. If elements in this appeal to you, please telephone Rye 1647, 12-2.

LARGE room, with or without board. Either one or two persons. Quiet neighborhood; fine transportation; 40 minutes from downtown Manhattan. Private family. Staten Island. Tel. Beekman 3-1577. Mr. Barnard.

GERMANY—BOARD

BEDROOM, private sitting room and bath, with board, in a private family in Munich. Very reasonable rates. Write STEINDLER, Munchen 23, Mainzerstrasse 5. (Germany).

APARTMENT WANTED

PROFESSIONAL couple seek city apartment. Will exchange for rent, responsible occupancy, or several hours daily of business, secretarial or literary services. References exchanged. Box 517, c/o *The Nation*.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

UNIVERSITY graduate, 26, wishes to find personable, mature minded young woman to share her furnished apartment. Living expenses very moderate. Very convenient locality. Near I.R.T. and 5th Ave. Bus. Tel. Watkins 9-9636.

FARM FOR SALE

RESTLESS author will see 85 acre farm; unspoiled Pennsylvania Dutch hill country; 75 miles from New York; fine old stone house, rooms, furnace, electricity, running water, fireplace; 3 outbuildings remodeled for living; stream, woodland, immense stone barn, chicken house, silo, etc.; pheasant, quail on property; 1 mile Delaware river. HOOVER SACRIFICE at \$6,500; terms. Phone Spring 7-8245 or write Box 519, c/o *The Nation*.

CHILDREN—BOARD

AMERICAN Jewish lady with large beautiful home at seashore, will board a few children of school age. Call Mayflower 9-4924.

PARTNER WANTED

Partner wanted to vegetarian resort.
 Write DR. ISRAEL SHMID,
 MOUNT BETHEL ROAD PLAINFIELD, N. J.
 Telephone Plainfield 6-1474—J1.

Landlords:—



If you are worrying about renting your apartments or houses, there are 35,000 readers of *The Nation* who consult *The Nation* for all their needs.

STOP WORRYING—an

advertisement in this section will only cost you

\$3.08 for 30 words (minimum) and will be seen for a week.

THE NATION

20 Vesey St., N. Y. CO 7-3330

When writing to advertisers please mention *The Nation*

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

BEACON HILL SCHOOL
 Harting, Petersfield, England

Bertrand and Dora Russell. Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

The Durlach Study Group

Twenty-four Hour Education!

Through our special program school and home combine to give the child the benefit of modern training during the entire day. Hours 9-1.

875 Park Ave., N. Y. C. Ages 3-7

EDUCATIONAL

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH
SPANISH - ITALIAN - GERMAN

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers. **UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES**
 1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN
GERMAN, RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers. Private lessons. 75c short courses 9 to 9 daily. 22nd year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
 1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

TEACHER (lady) Russian language, simple efficient methods, special training for those contemplating trip. \$1.00 lesson. Tel. Ludlow 7-2332, or Box 521, c/o *The Nation*.

HELP WANTED

EXTRA MONEY SPARE TIME
SELL XMAS CARDS

Sell Beautiful 24 Card Christmas box assortment for \$1. Your profit 50c a box. Friends, neighbors buy on sight. Extraordinary value. Amazing money-maker. No experience needed. Sample box sent approval. (Address nearest office.)

CRAFT ENGRAVING CO.
 480 Canal Street (Dept. N), New York, N. Y.
 2032 Locust Street (Dept. N), St. Louis, Mo.
 787 Thirty-third Ave (Dept. N), San Francisco, Cal.

PROFESSIONAL

EXCELLENT opportunities for Jewish Naturopath or Debunked M.D. sincerely desiring ideal simple life in Florida. Write qualifications fully to Natural Health Foods Co., Zephyr Hills, Florida.

POSITIONS WANTED

NEWSPAPER man, college education, tested literary ability, interested in social sciences, age 24 and desperate, will take anything anywhere. Box 513, c/o *The Nation*.

YOUNG college woman, able to do manuscript work, part or full time. Experience in office routine. Box 514, c/o *The Nation*.

GRADUATE NURSE-COMPANION-HOUSE-KEEPER, German. College graduate. Highest references, wishes position in city, sleep out. Box 516, c/o *The Nation*.

ATTORNEY, admitted three years, thoroughly experienced, desires connection, salary secondary. Box 520, c/o *The Nation*.

YOUNG man, married, A.B., LL.B., graduate student economics, experienced teaching and law, seeks work, part, full time. Box 522, c/o *The Nation*.

STENOGRAPHER, intelligent; exceptionally rapid, technical, legal, literary. Box 523, c/o *The Nation*.

MEDICAL STUDENT (female) will exchange services for room and board—lower Manhattan. Box 524, c/o *The Nation*.

- Burns, C. Delisle. *Modern Civilization on Trial*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
- Clendening, Logan. *The Care and Feeding of Adults*. Knopf. \$2.50.
- Delamain, Jacques. *Why the Birds Sing*. Trans. Ruth and Anna Sarason. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.
- Dewey, John. *Philosophy and Civilization*. Minton, Balch. \$5.
- Dorsey, George A. *Man's Own Show: Civilization*. Harper. \$5.
- Everyman's Encyclopaedia. Dutton. 12 vols. \$30.
- Frank, Waldo. *America Hispania*. Scribner. \$3.50.
- Geddes, Patrick and Thomson, J. Arthur. *Life: Outlines of General Biology*. Harper. 2 vols. \$15.
- Harding, T. Swann. *The Degradation of Science*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
- Heard, Gerald. *Social Substance of Religion*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.
- Huxley, Julian S. *Problems in Relative Growth*. Dial. \$3.
- Huxley, Julian S. *What Dare I Think? The Challenge of Modern Science*. Harper. \$2.50.
- Jung, C. G. and Wilhelm, Richard. *The Secret of the Golden Flower*. Trans. Cary F. Baynes. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.
- Keith, Arthur. *The Place of Prejudice in Modern Civilization*. Day. \$1.25.
- Living Philosophies: A Series of Intimate Credos. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.
- Planck, Max. *The Universe in the Light of Modern Times*. Norton. \$2.
- Powys, Llewelyn. *Impassioned Clay*. Longmans, Green. \$2.
- Reik, Theodor. *Ritual: Psychoanalytic Studies*. Norton. \$5.
- Rose, William, Ed. *An Outline of Modern Thought*. By Twenty-Four Contributors. Putnam. \$5.
- Russell, Bertrand. *The Scientific Outlook*. Norton. \$3.

POETRY

- Adams, Franklin P. *Christopher Columbus*. Viking. \$2.
- Aiken, Conrad. *The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris*. Jones. Scribner. \$2.
- Aiken, Conrad. *Preludes: Poems*. Scribner. \$2.50.
- Auslander, Joseph, Trans. *The Sonnets of Petrarch*. Longmans, Green. \$2.50.
- Bynner, Witter. *Eden Tree*. Knopf. \$2.50.
- Cendrars, Blaise. *Panama or the Adventures of My Seven Uncles*. Trans. and illus. John Dos Passos. Harper. \$3.50.
- Cummings, E. E. W. (Viva). *Liveright*. \$2.50.
- Dillon, George. *The Flowering Stone*. Viking. \$1.75.
- Jeffers, Robinson. *Poems*. Random House. \$7.50.
- Masefield, John. *Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes*. Macmillan. \$1.75.
- Masters, Edgar Lee. *Godbey*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.
- Porter, Alan. *The Signature of Pain and Other Poems*. Day. \$2.50.
- Robinson, E. A. *Matthias at the Door*. Macmillan. \$1.75.
- Stephens, James. *Strict Joy and Other Poems*. Macmillan. \$1.50.
- Untermeyer, Louis. *American Poetry*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.
- Walton, Eda Lou. *Jane Matthew and Other Poems*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, ARCHAEOLOGY

- Hrdlicka, Ales. *From My Journeys*. Liveright. \$4.
- Kent, Rockwell. *A Letter from Greenland*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.50.
- O'Flaherty, Liam. *I Went to Russia*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
- Spratling, William. *Little Mexico*. Cape and Smith. \$4.
- Waugh, Alec. *Most Women*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

Forthcoming OXFORD BOOKS of special interest to readers of *The Nation*

The Rise of the GERMAN REPUBLIC

By Arthur Rosenberg
Translated by Ian Morrow

Deals authoritatively with the breakup of Bismarck's constitution under the stress of war. By the official Reporter to the Reichstag Commission.

Probable Price, \$5.00

ENGLAND and the International Policy of the European Powers, 1874-1914.

By A. F. Pribram
An Austrian view.
Probable Price, \$4.50

The English in INDIA

By Sir John Marriott
An historical consideration of the present problem. \$2.50

A History of the POUND STERLING

By A. F. Feavearyear \$5.00

FOR 80 YEARS THE HOUSE OF DUTTON

HAS PUBLISHED
BOOKS OF QUALITY
FOR THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

If you will send us your name and address, we will be delighted to mail you a free copy of our new illustrated Fall Catalogue, giving complete descriptions of all our new Fall books.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
300 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Contributors to This Issue

- PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.
- HARRY W. LAIDLER, a director of the League for Industrial Democracy and the author of "Concentration of Control in American Industry," has recently returned from Germany.
- MAXWELL S. STEWART is an economist on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.
- NEWTON ARVIN is professor of English at Smith College.
- STANLEY J. KUNITZ is the author of a volume of poems, "Intellectual Things."
- THOMAS HORNSBY FERRILL was the winner of *The Nation's* poetry contest in 1927.
- GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, the author of "Testament of a Critic," is the dramatic critic of *Vanity Fair*.
- CARL VAN DOREN, a contributing editor of *The Nation* and editor-in-chief of the Literary Guild, is the author of "Swift."
- HORACE GREGORY has recently published a translation of Catullus.
- EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."
- ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER is professor of history at Columbia University.
- CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1931

No. 3459

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	417
EDITORIALS:	
The Manchurian Crisis.....	419
More Dictators Abroad.....	420
Hoover and the Banks.....	421
China's Great Tragedy.....	421
The New Renaissance.....	422
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon...	423
CAN CAPITALISM PLAN? By Louis Fischer.....	424
WHAT I BELIEVE. By Everett Dean Martin.....	426
THE WHITE HOUSE MAGICIANS. I. PROSPERITY INVOCATIONS. By W. P. Mangold.....	429
RELIGION AND THE LOST LEADERSHIP. By Benjamin Ginzburg.....	432
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	433
CORRESPONDENCE.....	433
FINANCE: "BROADENING" THE RESERVE BANKS. By S. Palmer Harman.....	434
BOOKS, DRAMA, MUSIC:	
After-Comer. By Leslie Nelson Jennings.....	435
Genius and Insanity. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	435
Garland of the Academy. By Granville Hicks.....	435
The Poetry of Unfeeling. By Gerald Sykes.....	436
Laying War's Foundation. By Raymond Leslie Buell.....	437
For Civilized Readers. By Witter Bynner.....	438
Russian "Types." By Louis Fischer.....	438
Books in Brief.....	439
Music: Carl Weinrich. By Arthur Mendel.....	439
Architecture: A New Pace in Building. By Douglas Haskell.....	440
Drama: Realism and Drama. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	440
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Intolerance in Vienna. By Noah Fabricant.....	442
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	444

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

CHARGES OF A MOST SERIOUS nature have been brought against the Reichsbank by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who was its president for six years. Addressing the Nationalist mass-meeting at Bad Harzburg, he accused the present management of having falsified its reports. He asserted that the amount and character of the bank's indebtedness had been misrepresented, and added that at least half its supposedly negotiable paper was worthless. The Brüning Government, through Finance Minister Dietrich, promptly denied the charges, while the moderate press angrily demanded Schacht's arrest for treason. It may be that Schacht is willing to risk wrecking the country in order to advance his personal political ambitions, as the moderate press asserted, but it must not be forgotten that too many of his seemingly irresponsible observations on Germany's financial situation in the past have turned out to be true. Moreover, according to H. R. Knickerbocker, Berlin correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, the Reichsbank itself, in a subsequent communiqué, "substantially confirmed his charges." Even Dietrich failed in his denial to comment on the character of the bills held by the bank, and it was this point that Schacht stressed. For the sake of

Germany and of the rest of Europe, we trust that the Schacht charges will be thoroughly investigated. Evasion and the concealment of facts regarding Germany's financial status will not help that country.

ADOLF HITLER is again very much to the front in Germany. At the moment of writing, with the Reichstag about to reconvene after a half year's recess, it is doubtful to many whether the Brüning Cabinet can survive another attack from the combined opposition. It is generally admitted that the increasing intensity of the economic situation has weakened Chancellor Brüning's position. Dispatches from Berlin also say that the right wing has gained in strength, partly through defections from the moderate parties, including primarily the People's Party, but more particularly because of the unity shown by the fascists and their allies at the Bad Harzburg demonstration. On the Social Democratic left further desertions of individual Reichstag members from the Brüning banner have been reported, although the Social Democratic Party as a whole has voted to see the Government through another crisis. A few days before the Reichstag met, President von Hindenburg received Hitler for the first time since the rise of the National Socialists. Details of their conversation have not been disclosed, but it is certainly remarkable that von Hindenburg should have chosen so critical an hour to encourage the National Socialists by conferring with their leader.

CONVENED "TO CONSIDER all obstacles, direct or indirect, that tend to hinder commerce, and the measures that may be adopted to promote trade between the American republics," the Fourth Pan-American Commercial Conference, which has been meeting in Washington, succeeded nevertheless in neatly sidestepping public discussion of the greatest of all trade obstacles, the tariff. It was not that the delegates were reluctant to air the question of tariffs. Quite the contrary, the Panamanian, Cuban, Mexican, and other delegations were outspoken in their insistence that the subject be considered on the floor of the conference. Gonzalo Gutierrez, Cuba, declared that high tariffs were one of the "two subjects which have the whole world in a state of nervousness," while Ramon Arias, Panama, urged the conference to strive for "the elimination of all barriers which may cause economic and political unrest between the nations of this continent." Even non-delegates who addressed the meeting, including Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and James S. Carson, New York public-utilities official, criticized existing tariffs. But every time the topic was brought up for debate the matter was referred by the chair to the committee on resolutions. That was likewise the fate of the very important proposal for a two-year tariff truce offered by Señor Gutierrez. Though discussion by delegates likely to attack high tariffs was suppressed, Henry P. Fletcher, chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, was permitted to make a long speech in which he vigorously defended the outrageous Smoot-Grundy law. Thus do our officials help to stimulate international trade which is so essential to economic recovery.

EIGHTEEN MEN AND WOMEN, active leaders in public affairs in New York City, have started a non-partisan campaign to elect Norman Thomas to the presidency of Manhattan Borough. They have taken this action because they "are utterly disgusted with the bi-partisan regime of corruption in our city." They see in Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, a man of "rare understanding and statesmanship." They believe with him that

... we must end the slums that serve as breeding spots for delinquency as well as for disease, and that the city must engage in a municipal housing, park, and playground program that will provide homes and recreational facilities for the workers of our community. Norman Thomas is right in insisting upon unified transit facilities owned and managed by the city, and upon public ownership and operation of other public utilities such as gas, electricity, and telephones. . . . Norman Thomas is engaged, not in a political campaign, but in a crusade to cleanse the city of crime, corruption, and incompetence, and to establish a system of city government that will be maintained in the interest of the citizens and not for the enrichment of political groups that serve not the citizens but themselves.

This is a crusade which we unreservedly indorse.

STEADILY THE MOVEMENT for disarmament grows. The Pope in an entirely unexpected encyclical has denounced "the unbridled race of armaments" as in large degree responsible for the present misery of the world. From Holland comes the news of a most extraordinary display of popular interest in this issue. The eighty-four daily newspapers in that little country banded themselves together and printed this petition to the Geneva disarmament conference: "I request your conference to take immediately, in the name of humanity, the necessary steps to bring about the disarmament of nations." No fewer than 2,438,900 out of a total of something over 4,000,000 Hollanders cut these petitions out of their daily newspapers and mailed them in—a genuine popular referendum voluntarily conducted but entirely effective—and a superb example for some of our chains of dailies to follow. In this country the usually fire-eating Senator Swanson of Virginia has declared for the naval holiday provided the 5-5-3 ratio is preserved. As he is the ranking minority member of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, his opinion that such a treaty could now be negotiated with Japan and Great Britain carries great weight. The triumphal ending of the Peace Caravan of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, after its cordial reception in New York and Philadelphia, has carried to Washington 150,000 signatures taken on the way.

DETROIT HAS REPLIED with a thundering negative to the charge that government aid for the unemployed constitutes squandering of public funds. In the non-partisan municipal primaries the Detroit voters gave Mayor Frank Murphy an absolute majority over seven other candidates. His vote was three times that of the runner up, Harold Emmons, the candidate of the business interests of the city. Under the Detroit law Emmons will have another chance against Murphy in the November election, but the primary results indicate that he will again be left far behind by the present mayor. Fighting without the aid of a political organization of any sort, Murphy stood squarely on

his welfare record. During his year in office he had subordinated all but the most essential tasks to that of extending relief to families and homeless men who were victims of the depression. A summary of his record was published by *The Nation* in its issue of May 13. He pressed his program with unflagging vigor despite a hostile press, a bitterly antagonistic business community, and a rebellious city council. During the campaign six of his seven opponents concentrated their oratorical fire on the mayor's record, accusing him of wasting the taxpayers' money on the jobless. Only relatively less impressive was the victory of several independent liberal candidates for the council. Frank Couzens, relative of the United States Senator, led the list, his vote being nearly double that of the next candidate.

THE GHOSTS OF OUR PAST LIVES arise to confront us! Here is Mr. Somerset Maugham bringing action in London for libel against Elinor Mordaunt, author of "Full Circle," and against the publishers. "Full Circle" has just appeared in London. It was published anonymously in this country last winter under the title of "Gin and Bitters" and it took severely to task an English novelist who had just written a book about a great English poet and his barmaid wife. The poet was recognized by assiduous persons as Thomas Hardy; equally assiduous persons thought they saw in the protagonist of "Gin and Bitters" the slinking figure of Mr. Maugham, hiding behind life to make literature. Both groups were probably wrong. As Mr. Maugham himself has so often and so pointedly declared, verisimilitude in literature is inevitable; the actual reproduction of a living person—or one lately dead—is impossible. There have been, however, a number of persons who felt themselves all too unkindly lampooned by Mr. Maugham in various of his novels. And they will doubtless take a wicked pleasure in his discomfort at what he considers a portrait, however distorted, of himself. Because he is such a fine writer, and because he has used so adroitly and so tellingly the stuff of life, whether of his own life, his friends' lives, or a melange of all of them, one rather wishes he had not thought the libel suit necessary. "Gin and Bitters," at least as it appeared in this country, was an inconsiderable little effort that lost its force by its very malice and bitterness. To dignify it by a court action is to give it more attention than it deserves.

MARC CONNELLY, Elmer Rice, and Arthur Richman, representatives of the Dramatists' Guild on the proposed Conference Board of the Theater in New York City, have announced their withdrawal from that body. Judging by the response made to their letter of resignation by Paul Dullzel, executive secretary of the Actors' Equity Association, that the "machinery [for effective censorship of the stage] has been set up and is, in fact, stronger now than it could have been with a half-hearted allegiance from the guild," it was none too soon. The Dramatists' Guild representatives have declared themselves "unalterably opposed to the imposition of any political, religious, or extra-legal restrictions on the freedom of dramatic art." This highly just and reasonable position has nothing in common with the statement of Mr. Dullzel that action by the Conference Board on a complaint "from the authorities or from any source which appears to be sincere and authentic will be swift; the play will disappear or be modified, if the decision

is averse to it, without any publicity or recourse to the courts." This is regular Star Chamber censorship of the most obnoxious sort. The public, which might be thought to be the interested party—being the one whose morals or ideas are irretrievably damaged by improprieties—has not even an eye on the proceedings, much less a voice in them. To adult playgoers who believe that they know what they like and what is good for them, the whole business has a very green, melancholy look.

THE EXTRAORDINARY OUTPOURING of grief over the death of Dwight Morrow seems to us quite unsurpassed by any similar event in our long journalistic experience. It was especially remarkable because of the very brief time—four years—in which Mr. Morrow was in public life. There have been other funerals of public men, notably Theodore Roosevelt's, at which there was also widespread and deep emotion. But in most cases a lifetime of public service had preceded. The point of it all is of course that Mr. Morrow had won his place so quickly because, aside from the charm of his personality, he played the game not as the ordinary politician plays it but as a straightforward and honest gentleman ought to handle any situation with which he is brought into contact. Yet how few of the politicians who trooped to his bier or who publicly expressed their regret and sorrow at Mr. Morrow's untimely death will profit by this outstanding lesson of his life! They will continue to face both ways and to regard every question from the point of view of its effect upon party and public and their own political prospects. There is of course nothing new in this. We have said it before many times. But we are more and more convinced that there is no greater mischief being done in Washington than that which comes from this lack of forthrightness by the great bulk of our public men.

WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-THREE, Daniel Chester French executed the statue of the Minute Man at Concord that made him famous; when he was seventy he did the great seated figure of Lincoln that was placed in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington. In the half century between he was at work, the creator of dozens of groups in stone and bronze, the winner of almost as many medals for fine work in this country and in Europe. He grew up in the intellectually charged atmosphere of Concord when that peaceful town was the center of thought in the country. Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Channings, the Alcotts were his neighbors and his friends. Louisa May Alcott gave him tools to model with; his first effort, a bullfrog carved with a jackknife out of a turnip, had enough character to make him try sculpture in more enduring material. He died at eighty-one, the most eminent and by far the most productive American sculptor of his time. New Yorkers see daily his four figures on the Custom House, his Alma Mater at Columbia University, his statues of Emerson, Poe, and Phillips Brooks in the Hall of Fame without perhaps realizing who was the author of figures that have by now become so familiar. It is related of him that he postponed his wedding a week at the very last minute because he had work he could not leave. If this is apocryphal, it is characteristic enough of his passion for his art. A long life of the most scrupulous and undeviating labor was, in his case, happily crowned by every honor that his profession could give.

The Manchurian Crisis

THE whole world is eagerly watching the meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva which will attempt to arbitrate the question of Manchuria. For three weeks China and Japan have virtually been in a state of war; for three weeks Manchuria has been virtually occupied by a hostile army. Despite the more pacific pronouncements of the Japanese Government, the Japanese army and navy have gone ahead as if war had been declared—and the Government has remained in office! A preliminary appeal by China to the League of Nations brought no results. But at last, when hope of American or League action had been despaired of, Secretary Stimson issued his by now famous appeal to the League to take cognizance of the Manchurian situation and his declaration that the United States "acting independently through its diplomatic representatives" would endeavor to reinforce the League's action.

This looked like a clear and unnecessary avoidance of the numerous treaties, including the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Pact, to which the United States and Japan were signatories. We are not—officially—a member of the League of Nations; we are bound by the consultative pact. A firm stand at the beginning with Japan might possibly have avoided the hostilities which are daily increasing in violence. The step Secretary Stimson did take, however, may well prove to be a far more momentous one. He offered to take part in the Geneva meeting by sending Prentiss Gilbert, American Consul General, as an "unofficial delegate," and announced that the United States was prepared to cooperate with the League in "whatever steps it may deem necessary to preserve peace."

The United States, then, in the first dispute between two major Powers which threatens not only to engulf them in war but to drag in, irresistibly, any number of others, has frankly joined with the League of Nations to keep peace. Japan, however, has other plans and refuses to admit Mr. Gilbert, even "unofficially." The United States, rebuffed in its gesture toward the League, seems in duty bound to protest directly to Japan under the existing treaties. As for the League of Nations, it is faced with the final test of its existence. Can it prevent war between two great Powers? Will it yield to Japan over Manchuria? Chiang Kai-shek has announced that if the Japanese do not leave Manchuria China will not hesitate to take the ultimate step and declare war; Japan replies by pooh-poohing this threat, but utters threats in turn by promising drastic action if the anti-Japanese agitation, including the boycott, does not cease. Japan's position is vastly weakened by the obvious advantages to her of acquiring Manchuria. In the event of war, that province could be cut off from the rest of China by a small force and occupied safely for the duration of hostilities—and after. If Japan is allowed to acquire Manchuria or capture it by force of arms, what will be the position of Soviet Russia, which also finds the disputed province attractive? Plainly there is the greatest danger.

Here is a first-rate, large-Power question which confronts the League of Nations and—or with—the United States. For however it is settled, this country will have made its gesture, and cannot, in the future, remain aloof.

More Dictators Abroad

THIS has been a very bad week for those who believe that the United States forever fortified and safeguarded democracy in Europe by winning the World War. The news from Germany tells of the practically complete abolition of republican government. From England comes the appeal of James Ramsay MacDonald, made on the dissolution of Parliament, for the return to office of the National Government with a blank check from the British electorate. This appeal, broadcast in America as well as in England, was for an entirely free hand to meet the grave dangers that might arise in the immediate future, about which he frankly stated that he could not be specific. He used these words:

These are times of exceptional urgency and exceptional conditions which demand exceptional treatment. As it is impossible to foresee in the changing conditions of today what may arise, nobody can set out a program of detail on which specific pledges can be given. The Government must therefore be free to consider every proposal likely to help, such as tariffs, the expansion of exports, the contraction of imports, commercial treaties, and mutual economic arrangements with the dominions. It must watch how the devaluation of money and the economies which had to be made to balance the budget affect our people to protect them against exploitation.

These are the words of all dictators. Every Mussolini is always sure that his times are of exceptional urgency and that exceptional conditions demand exceptional treatment. That so great a democrat—in the past—as Mr. MacDonald should come to this, strikes us as profoundly melancholy. Were he demanding these exceptional powers for the progressive Labor Party with which he has been associated all his life, it would perhaps be possible to understand his appeal. But what he is in reality now working for is the return to control of the men who have been his sworn political enemies. Everybody assumes that the coalition will be returned with the Conservatives in great majority, with only a few protectionist Liberals and MacDonald Laborites to bear out the fiction of a "National" Government. What would Ramsay MacDonald have said a few years ago to the proposal that he should help to put the Conservatives into power and then give them a blank check to fill out? Of course he sincerely believes in his diagnosis of the emergency and he is unmoved by the fact that all the men with whom he has seen eye to eye for so many years believe him now a traitor to their cause and entirely mistaken in what he demands. He, the former free trader, has frankly opened the door to the protectionists. Speaking of a possible reduction in imports he says, "It might mean a tariff which would act as an impediment to their coming into the country." No question of principle here, no pledge, no promise. There is only a demand for freedom for him and his future associates—who cannot now be named—to do what they, in their wisdom, may see fit. It is a technique which must arouse the envy of Mussolini himself, especially as Mr. MacDonald has coupled it with one of his customary emotional appeals: "You trade unionists, you working-class wives, if you only

could appreciate how the struggle in which we are engaged is your struggle, your feet would be swift in bringing you to the polls to support the National Government."

That the reelection of the National Government upon these terms means a long step to a national dictatorship, we cannot doubt. From the whole tenor of this speech it would appear that Mr. MacDonald will not shrink from any such logical results of his action. It will apparently seem natural and normal to him to be swept back into office with a Conservative majority. But there is no guaranty whatever, once he comes back with this majority, that he will not promptly find himself en route to the embassy in Washington, or otherwise shelved by the protectionists, who will then take over the management of the country in their good old-fashioned imperialistic and reactionary way. Certainly the economic crisis is not going to be exorcised tomorrow or next week. With men of the Baldwin and Chamberlain type in control of the government we may be sure that there will be no haste in declaring the emergency at an end.

But the news from Germany is much worse. If the dispatches are correct, when the new emergency decree is put into effect, there will be nothing left but the shell of a republic. This decree, also proclaimed to be purely an emergency measure for "the protection of economy and finances and the suppression of acts of political terrorism," is the third in a chain Dr. Brüning has devised to reorganize German economic and political life. Here again the emergency is said to be so great that during this present period the government need no longer observe the articles of the constitution providing for the inviolability of personal liberty, of a man's home, of postal and telegraphic secrecy, of the right of free speech in the press and the assembly. But Dr. Brüning does not stop there. The edict also suspends the article guaranteeing the inviolability of private property.

In the face of all this why should anybody worry about the coming of a Hitler or Communist dictatorship in Germany? If these edicts go through and Herr Hitler takes office, how delightfully will the way have been smoothed for him! The Communists, too, ought to vote for this decree, for it is precisely what they would do if they followed the example of their Russian masters. It is especially kind of Dr. Brüning to do away in this highly respectable manner with the inviolability of private property. That will be acclaimed by the press and the bankers here and abroad as highly commendable in order to put Germany's house in order, to safeguard her finances, and to prevent internal collapse. It makes such a difference how respectable the people are who do these radical things! But the precedent created may speedily come back to challenge the originators of this decree in a way they will not like. The spirit of the republic is dead and gone. Its form only survives, and history shows that if it is profoundly easy to get away from democracy it is still more profoundly difficult to retrace one's steps. For always the dictator is certain that the emergency calls for more emergency decrees, and that he alone is capable of understanding the necessity for cutting loose from all constitutional and democratic guaranties and restraints.

Hoover and the Banks

OF vital importance was President Hoover's move to aid the banks, but even greater value must be attached to the announcement that he will discuss reparations with Premier Laval on his arrival here—not merely a continuance of the moratorium, but actually the subject of international debts and reparations. The French Premier is reported to be quite ready for this; indeed, he is declared to be willing to trade a 25 per cent cut in armaments for a 50 per cent cut in reparations. As to that we shall see what we shall see. The important point is that Mr. Hoover is now tackling one of the deeply rooted causes of the whole economic depression. All other moves are bailing the leaking boat. Mr. Hoover's insistence upon this discussion is the more praiseworthy because the conferees at his banking conference at the White House made him strike out of his prepared statement a reference to the debts lest the members of the House and Senate present find themselves bound to something to which they could not later agree. All in all, this is genuine progress; we trust that it will not be halted for any reason whatever.

In its broader aspects we heartily approve of Mr. Hoover's move to aid the banks. It was more than time for the President to act and there is no doubt that the first psychological effects have been excellent. It is true that in the general chorus of approval and because of the serious emergency those who have their doubts will keep them under cover, at least until Congress meets. Only in the matter of broadening the bases of Federal Reserve loans and discounts is there public dissent. But the essential fact is that the banks were in a serious condition that was steadily getting worse; that the Controller of the Currency had announced that the bank examiners were looking with great leniency upon the valuations being put upon securities in excess of market prices; that bank runs have been averaging something like forty a week; that gold and currency hoarding is steadily increasing—\$185,000,000 of gold is reported to have been withdrawn in the first week of October, while currency has increased by \$700,000,000 since the first of the year. In addition it is well known that the drop in security values was more and more affecting bank loans, and that some means of helping the depositors in banks that have failed must be devised.

There was one obvious mistake in Mr. Hoover's plan—he should have asked for a much larger sum than \$500,000,000. Fortunately the bankers realized this and promptly raised twice that sum, the whole operation being put through with most encouraging unity of action and dispatch. That the President himself had doubts as to whether he had suggested enough appears from the fifth clause of his statement that "if necessity requires, I will recommend the creation of a [government] Finance Corporation similar in character and purpose to the War Finance Corporation, with available funds sufficient for any legitimate call in support of credit." This would be a serious step, not to be taken without most careful consideration by Congress; for if conditions grow worse this precedent will certainly lead to demands for the reconstruction of the War Industries Board with dictatorial powers to take over such jeopardized

industries as the railroads, the oil companies, and the textiles. Indeed, there were widespread rumors that the President had far more drastic proposals in mind than those that finally appeared.

China's Great Tragedy

OUR own troubles are real enough, and they are many in number. But they should not blind us to the colossal tragedy that has overtaken millions of human beings living in the Yangtze valley of China. Imagine how appalled we should be if two or three hundred thousand of our own people were suddenly swept to death by the rising waters of the Mississippi or the Missouri, and the terror into which we should be thrown if half our population were thereafter faced with raging pestilence and seemingly endless famine. Such, stated all too casually, is the plight of China today as the result of the overflowing of the Hwai and Yangtze rivers. How many have thus far died in this unprecedented flood no man can tell; the estimates run from a hundred thousand to more than half a million. How many more will probably die, not from drowning, for the flood waters are slowly subsiding, but from the disease and hunger following in the wake of the catastrophe, can only be guessed. Chinese and American relief workers feel that if fortune favors them the final toll can be kept under two million souls.

That is the terrible cost of what Vernon Nash, who has left his duties at Yenching University in Peiping to assist in the relief work, has called "probably the greatest natural calamity which the world has suffered in recent centuries." But the extent of the calamity does not stop there. In a letter to the editor of *The Nation*, Mr. Nash speaks of attempting to "alleviate the misery and horror which have descended upon some tens of millions of human beings." And that is the pressing task of the moment. When the flood waters came down the valley in late July and early August they covered sixteen provinces, in which 52,000,000 persons normally live. At least 28,000,000 peasant farmers and city dwellers were, and still are, directly affected. Many of them have lost their homes, their equipment, their tools, and their live stock. Most of them have been cut off from the normal sources of food supplies, and the relief workers, because of the havoc wrought by the flood, are having difficulty in getting food to them. Most horrible of all, these victims are compelled to drink of the unclean water which has flowed over the banks of the rivers, water into which thousands of bodies have been dumped for want of burial space, and in which floats the refuse of unnumbered villages and towns, of animals and humans. When the flood was at its height a huge lake was formed in the marsh lands between Hankow and Nanking, and there collected thousands of corpses and rotting carcasses of animals. Dysentery has already stricken thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of the flood victims; typhoid fever is reported spreading in every direction, and an outbreak of cholera is believed by many relief workers to be imminent. Indeed, though the engineers give them slight hope, physicians on the scene say that unless the water recedes sufficiently within the next few weeks to clear the lowlands, epidemics of cholera and typhoid fever cannot

be avoided. To make matters worse, a large part of the rice crop of China has been wiped out by the flood; great quantities of food will have to be sent in from foreign countries to keep from hunger many of those Chinese who do not even live along the Yangtze. Without hurting ourselves we could give them our surplus grain, which has become a millstone around our economic neck; but it would be futile, nay, inhuman, to ask the Chinese for promissory notes in return for our unwanted wheat; the giving should be an act of simple charity.

Relief of many sorts must be sent into the Yangtze valley, and that at once. Until now the relief from other countries has been pitifully meager. The American Red Cross has given \$100,000, the Pope has sent \$12,500, and Japanese merchants have offered to help. But the bulk of the relief from abroad has come from the Chinese resident in this country. They have sent what they could of their savings, amounting to perhaps a million dollars, and through the kindness of the steamship companies, which have carried the goods free of charge, they have managed to ship several hundreds of boxes of clothing to their friends and relatives at home. The Nanking Government, too, has done what it could in the way of relief, though the civil warfare of the past few years has virtually drained its treasury, so its help has been almost negligible. Its major contribution has been the creation of a National Flood Relief Commission, which has been trying to raise, with some success, the sum of \$15,000,000 for work in the Yangtze valley. But this is far from enough. Unless the outside world responds in more generous measure than it has, the death toll will be multiplied many times before the ravages of famine and disease have run their course.

The New Renaissance

PERHAPS the American worm is turning at last, and by doing so is about to win that respect which even a worm—provided it is properly aggressive—can always win. As long as three winters ago Mr. St. John Ervine came to these shores in the shining and impenetrable armor of an English author but left after a somewhat doubtful contest. Still more recently Mr. Priestley—strong with that sense of a universal politico-philosophical competence which the writing of a popular novel seems almost always to confer—came, saw, and did something considerably less than conquer. Then, at about the same time, Bernard Shaw confessed from the depths of his now silvery beard that he did not really believe Americans much more stupid than the rest of humanity though he always pretended to do so simply because he had learned from experience how much they liked to be insulted, and with what a lavish hand they would reward those who took the trouble to insult them.

But this is not all, for the wonders rather grow than cease, and André Maurois, a highly gifted and popular French man of letters, has heaped surprise upon surprise. While he was here he said very nice things about us both in private and public and, what is more, is apparently going to risk his reputation at home by saying nice things about us there, too. On top of his article *Advice to a Frenchman About to Visit the United States*, which appeared recently

in the *Atlantic Monthly*, comes one which he has just contributed to the *Morning Post* in London and which our own *New York Evening Post* considers important enough to be the subject of a special dispatch.

It is true that Maurois plainly implies that nearly all Frenchmen and nearly all Englishmen frankly consider us to be the scum of the earth and a menace to that beautiful European civilization which produced a war grander than anything which we could hope to rival with our petty gangsters and our relatively inefficient prohibition agents. But for himself (and quite seriously) he states some very pertinent objections to this view. If the civilization of the machine and industrialization are to blame, then it is at least worth while to remember that industrial civilization was invented in the nineteenth century by France and England. American culture, he continues, is rather primitive than inferior, and "for my part I think that we shall have difficulty in saving our Western civilization during the next few decades, but that one of its sanctuaries, along with Paris and London and some of the great European universities, will be the rocky islet of Manhattan."

These are very comforting words, even though we sometimes quite seriously wonder whether or not it will be worth while if we can do no more than salvage that civilization of Europe which certainly does not seem to have been a complete and howling success when one considers certain of its aspects. But what interests us most is when M. Maurois, referring to the primitiveness rather than the inferiority of our culture, adds, "The period in European history which comes irresistibly to my mind when I think of America is the Renaissance . . . at the present time the United States is in the period of Cesare Borgia, of Henry VII, and of Machiavelli." If we catch his drift, M. Maurois is saying that the violence and corruption characteristic of the American scene is not merely like that of the Renaissance, but that it is attributable to the same cause—to the abounding vigor of a youth which experience has not yet disciplined. He has more hopes for us than we sometimes have for ourselves, and he is convinced that we shall survive gangsters and thugs even as Italy survived those tyrants and those bullies who seem more picturesque only because they are remote.

We are not sure just how much comfort we personally can take in this comparison. Unfortunately we do not feel particularly primitive ourselves and we are frank to confess that we should probably be even less comfortable in the Rome of the sixteenth century than we should in the Chicago or (*pace* its patriots) the New York of today. But from the standpoint of an argument, his is a splendid suggestion and we shall certainly remember it the next time we engage in a discussion with some overwhelmingly contemptuous Englishman. We shall listen less uncomfortably than we have ever listened before while he draws a vivid picture of politics in America and asks, without expecting to be answered, how a country which was ruled by the Harding Cabinet, how a country which invented the Mann Act for the Encouragement of Blackmail, how a country which tolerates a Diamond and a Capone, can presume to call itself civilized. "Ah, yes," we shall reply, "but remember Florence and Rome and Naples. If half of us are Borgias, De' Medicis, and Viscontis, why then perhaps the rest of us may be Michelangelos, Da Vincis, and Raphaels. We are primitive, you must remember, but we are not inferior."

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



IT happened during the eighties of the century before last. Berlin was still an amiable village, and a tired old king, his bones aching from the interminable hours spent in the saddle, was trying to rule his newly acquired domains, with the help of an underpaid army and an empty treasury. The situation was desperate. A

nation that has never yet rebelled without respecting the "keep off the grass" signs was on the verge of a most respectful and obedient mutiny. When as a last resort coffee was taxed and "coffee sniffers" were snooping down the highways and byways to detect, by means of their well-trained noses, whether any honest citizens were perchance roasting a few bootleg beans of their own, mere grumbling developed into open acts of discontent and the patient Prussians took to pamphleteering. But those were the days when kings had never yet heard of "service" and were still trained in the principles of "leadership." It was not always the best or the wisest leadership, but nevertheless the average potentate did not feel it to be his duty to act the role of rubber stamp. Even such sad specimens of royalty as Louis XV had occasional attacks of what one might call a certain elementary "sense of duty," and Frederick, who was far from a "sad" specimen of his tribe, was not only chief of police of the rustic little city that served him as a capital, but he also devoted himself to a hundred other jobs, from inspecting the newly laid-out parks of his private zoo to tasting the soup brewed for his grenadiers. Behold then the old and bent figure of Fredericus Rex suddenly appearing down the Linden and surprising a mob of hilarious Teutons laughing uproariously at something apparently printed on the wooden fence that hid the gruesome splendor of what was to be a foreign embassy. The equivalent of "Cheese it, the cops!" was whispered from mouth to mouth. The crowd dispersed. One trembling citizen remained behind. And one royal finger was crooked and one royal word was uttered: "Hierkommen." The citizen came. The Majesty inquired to know what had given so much entertainment to the Majesty's otherwise gloomy subjects. The trembling citizen, contemplating the famous cane (the fugitives from Gross-Jägersdorf knew that cane), stammered, "Your Majesty, it is a lampoon about Your Majesty's most August Person." This time the most August Majesty spake two words: "Niedriger hängen [hang it a little lower]," and went his way.

The story came back to my mind tonight reading about the death of Dwight Morrow. And then I thought of something else in connection with that extraordinary Fredericus Rex, who, if he had lived today, would have insisted upon having that amiable Amherst graduate ambassador to his own court, in delighted exchange for some of the former occupants of the United States embassy. For the two would

have got along admirably. They had started life from somewhat different angles. But both of them had learned to accept human stupidity as an absolutely inevitable part of existence. Since the Creator himself had not been able to do a better job, why should mere man insist upon perfection? Of course, with the help of police regulations and censorship and deportations and jail sentences a great deal could be accomplished in "establishing order." But what was the use, as Frederick was overheard to remark: "Denn mit Kanonen kann jeder Esel regieren." Or in the vernacular of today, "With the help of machine-guns any donkey can rule a state."

I am supposed to be writing of revolutions, and as the Great White Father never tires of telling us, this is merely a depression, a fairly bad depression but one of those economic contretemps which are unavoidable in a nation devoted to the principles of the high tariff and sturdy individualism—except for the makers of the tariff, of course. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I feel that something has happened in the Republic which is of bad omen. I feel that those who meant well by the old regime of France must have felt when Mirabeau died. It is of course quite impossible to say what would have happened if Mirabeau had lived ten years longer. And it is equally futile to speculate upon the future of our country if Dwight Morrow had been able to devote another dozen years to the pursuit of common sense mixed with humor and humor mixed with common sense. The most dreadful thing in the whole present muddle is that absolute lack of any trace of humor which is so characteristic of the present Administration, that peevish and childish resentment of anything that might reflect upon the rigid standards of wise behavior as laid down by the Pontifex Maximus (and what a bridge-builder!) of F Street. In this day and age, when the whole social and economic fabric is merrily tumbling about our ears, we have desperate need of rulers wise enough to hang their lampoons a little lower that all the world may see them and have its little laugh and thereupon ignore them. Today, among our mighty men, when it has been proved a hundred-fold that in the conflict between ideas and shotguns the ideas generally win, we must rattle our injunctions and our federal indictments as if they were *lettres-de-cachet* signed by a Bourbon or a Capet.

I wanted to talk about revolutions and here I am talking about Dwight Morrow. I wanted to talk about revolutions because knowing them from personal experience I do not want them as much as those who merely have read about them in books. And now the one man who sat in the seat of the mighty and who could take a joke, even on himself, is dead. Nobody remains to hang the lampoons a little lower. And I, for one, feel that it is just about the worst thing that could possibly have happened to us. I may be wrong. I hope that I am wrong. But I am afraid that I am right. There will be more pamphlets. And there will be more hanging. But not of any pamphlets.

Can Capitalism Plan?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 15

THE Soviet Government is executing its first Five-Year Plan and drafting the second. There will be many more before all the resources of the vast continent under its banner will have been completely exploited. The Five-Year Plan, or *Piatiletka*, is law and life in Russia. Every factory knows its part in that larger scheme; every child studies the general outline of the *Piatiletka* and learns of the benefits that may be expected to flow from it. The entire Soviet Union labors and moves under the sign of the great plan.

When the Five-Year Plan was originally published, many Russians, even many Bolsheviks, regarded it skeptically. The task was too gigantic for a country as backward as the U. S. S. R. If the progress it charted was achieved in a decade, the doubters said, Moscow would be lucky indeed. That was 1928. In 1929 the chorus continued to swell. But 1930 brought some discordant notes. Courageous souls commenced to assert that new factories and cities were going up throughout Russia, and that the plan enjoyed some possibility of success. Some of these observers were naturally branded as "Bolshevik agents." Their talk about Soviet economic victories was "propaganda." But serious men of affairs took thought. They heard it repeated over and over, by those who blessed and by those who blamed the Bolsheviks, that unemployment did not exist in Russia. They saw that thousands of American and German engineers had signed contracts with the Kremlin to build mammoth new plants—some of them the largest in the world. Foreign machinery worth millions of dollars was being shipped into the U. S. S. R. for construction purposes. Russia, the starving, the collapsing, the chaotic, began to export large quantities of wheat and other goods. It had obviously become necessary, in view of these facts, to revise the common conception of Soviet affairs.

And then, very suddenly, the world discovered the virtues of planning. Capitalist countries could do just what Russia was doing. The red Columbus had stood the egg on end. Now the bourgeoisie would repeat the stunt, and thereby solve its economic problems.

Today planning is the great vogue. Books on Russia emphasize her challenge to capitalist society. Capitalism accepts the challenge, and proposes to enter the lists with a weapon borrowed from the challenger—with a plan. A British weekly submits a five-year plan for England. President Hoover speaks of a ten-year plan of American industrial progress. Charles A. Beard advocates the establishment of a national economic council, under the authority of Congress, to coordinate the activities of business enterprises in the United States. Lesser publicists echo his views. In August, 1931, a World Planning Congress took place in Amsterdam, and the Soviet delegation, headed by V. Obolensky-Ossinsky, was kept busy for hours answering the delegates' questions about the *Piatiletka*. The British Trade Union Congress, meeting in September, 1931, discussed a resolution favoring national planning.

The Soviet Union is three times as big as the United States and has a larger population. The Five-Year Plan makes provision for every ton of coal mined in that vast domain, for every log cut in its endless forests, for every worker's home built in the frozen north and the semi-tropical south, for every ship that leaves Soviet shores, for every engineer who is graduated from its universities, for every load of bricks manufactured, for every fish hauled from its rivers and seas, and for every dollar realized from the sale of Russian goods in New York, Buenos Aires, and Shanghai. There is no detail of the U. S. S. R.'s economic, social, and cultural life which the *Piatiletka* fails to include. And yet its fundamental idea is simple.

When Henry Ford makes automobiles he has a plan. He knows that for every thousand machines he intends to produce he needs so much metal, so much rubber, so much glass, so much wood, so much leather, so much electricity, and so many workers. If these things are not figured in advance, production cannot proceed smoothly. This is the essence of planned economy. Every manufacturer has a plan; indeed, so has every housewife when she prepares dinner for the family.

Yet there is a tremendous difference between planning in America and planning in Soviet Russia. Capitalist planning is restricted to one factory or, at the most, to one horizontal trust. Beyond that limit the anarchy of capitalism—competition—rules unhampered. The few international cartels which have been tried—the steel cartel, for instance—inevitably break down. The members of the steel cartel regularly exceeded their quotas, that is, failed to fulfil their plan. Fines were imposed, bitterness and friction developed; rivalry, above all, was not eliminated, and finally the cartel ceased to function. The cartel had organized, of course, on a voluntary basis. Ownership was not unified. Hence, among other things, its failure.

Soviet experience demonstrates that economic planning can be effective only if nation-wide and compulsory. Moreover, ownership, not merely control, must be in the hands of the state. Mr. Beard and others assert that the Bolsheviks did not invent planning. "Hints of it," he says in the *July Forum*, "were discovered by Charles Babbage a century ago. There is nothing Russian about its origins." This is absolutely true, and it is this which proves the case against Mr. Beard. If planning is old why did nobody try it before Soviet Russia did? I am sure the capitalists have economists and business directors at least as good as those of the Bolsheviks. Why did not they conceive the idea of planning? The answer is: they did. But planning was not adopted by capitalism simply because it could not be. Planning and capitalism are incompatible. The Bolsheviks, on the other hand, proceeded with a plan from the very beginning—from Lenin's Goelro electricity scheme and the institution of the State Planning Commission in 1921—not because they were so clever, but because it was impossible for them to do anything else. Given government ownership, the government must plan.

The extent of ownership is decisive. Planning would be defeated in Russia if it did not include all industry, transportation, agriculture, banking, education, and hygiene. Henry Ford plans for one chain of factories. General Motors for another. The two compete, overproduce, and therefore waste. But how does the Five-Year Plan work in the U. S. S. R.?

Any commodity may serve as the starting-point. The Soviet Government decides that it requires a certain volume of grain to feed the population and to export (in order to buy a given number of foreign machines). To produce that grain, so many tractors, combines, and agricultural implements are needed. Their manufacture requires a known quantity of steel. That this steel may be available, the Bolsheviks must explore certain territories for iron ore, must build a definite number of foundries at places near the sources of raw material and near the future market, must mine so much coal, must lay so many kilometers of railway lines, and have available a calculable amount of transportation facilities.

Then the scheme begins to grow even more complicated. The coal for the proposed steel mills is added to the tons necessary to run the railways which will carry it, to the coal for heating purposes, to the coal for other industries. The total is the probable coal tonnage which the nation will consume. To dig that amount of coal, machines and men are necessary. Part of the machines come from domestic factories. Those factories must be planned for. The rest are imported. To pay for them in foreign currency, the government must export so and so much lumber, furs, oil, and so on. The production of these goods must therefore be prearranged.

The State Planning Commission consists of coordinated sections. One division, for instance, plans fuel production. How much oil will Baku, Grozni, Maikop, and Emba yield this year, next year, and next at the planned rate of exploration, boring, and introduction of new methods and machines? How much of this oil can be spared from home use and sold abroad so as to supply the wherewithal for machine imports for the construction of industrial "giants"? That having been determined, how much more fuel is needed in the shape of timber, coal, peat, and power? There should not be too little fuel, and if there is too much in consequence of natural causes such as gushers in the development of new fields, a profitable use must be found for the excess.

The labyrinthine complications of the plan are obviously endless. But anarchy is precluded. There can be no overlapping of production necessitating high-power salesmanship which, as in the United States in 1929, ends with a sharp drop in consumption. Despite the involved and detailed character of the *Piatiletka*, the chaos of capitalist production and consumption does not exist. To be sure, the plan falls down in places because of Russia's backwardness and the inexperience of labor. It would be misleading to create an impression of a perfectly oiled national economy. But the losses from such causes are easily balanced by the gains from the eradication of competition and other forms of waste, such as advertising, for instance. If the Soviets tried to industrialize Russia at the present pace but without a plan they would very likely be bankrupt.

The entire Soviet economic system is, in effect, a horizontal and vertical trust of unprecedented magnitude embracing all phases of production, finance, transportation, and consumption. Is the same thing possible without socialism,

without Soviets? Would a plan become feasible if, say, ten syndicates were to control the national economy of any capitalist country? If all automobiles and tractors in the United States could be produced by one capitalist trust, if a single group of capitalists operated all the farms of the country, another all the railways, another the mines, and so on, could not each evolve a perfect plan for its own organization and then meet together to draft a national plan?

Imagine ten such monopolies. Who could gainsay them? Who could control them? They would control the government. Who, then, could enforce loyalty to the plan they adopted? Obviously, their interests might conflict. Who could compel them to produce x units of goods if they wished to produce less or more? Price-fixing would be the essence of the plan. Who could punish offenders? It is difficult to conceive of any state machinery or any private capitalist device or any economic interest which would compel complete subordination to the plan charted by representatives of the ten trusts. The ten-trust situation would be a parallel to the present international political situation, and their planning commission would be a sort of League of Nations. Necessarily, the League's decisions must be unanimous. Cooperation by the great Powers is altogether voluntary. No arm for enforcement has been seriously proposed. A League of Trusts in the United States would be about as efficacious as the Geneva body. Its members would exchange views and perhaps even patents, study one another's contagious economic ills, set up innumerable commissions—and there it would stop.

Monopolies tend to use their privileged position to reduce production and raise prices. The consumer would suffer. Ten autocratic trusts would fix wages at their own pleasure. What strike could bring one of them to its knees? The workers would suffer. Together, those sufferings would make for bad economy and vitiate the plan.

Suppose, however, that instead of ten monopolies there is only one—the state. The government of the United States or Germany or Great Britain acquires every large economic unit, peacefully of course. The result is state capitalism plus private capitalism, for numerous individuals will have received money or bonds from the government in compensation for their property. It requires a very wild fancy to imagine that such a radical cure may be applied in any large country soon enough to solve the present world crisis, or, indeed, at any time in the predictable future. On the face of it, the proposal seems fantastic and comic. But if this revolution without a revolution ever did occur, we should have a government corporation dominated by its large stockholders, the former owners of private companies, and managed by many of the former owners.

This hypothetical development is interesting as a basis for comparison with the national economy of the U. S. S. R. In the first place, there is no dead weight of compensation to ex-owners, no interest to be paid to them or to anybody else. But this is far less important than the position of labor. Capitalist governments have operated and do operate certain industrial enterprises. The workingman's status, however, is not affected. He does not participate in the control or direction of the undertaking.

The two pillars of Socialist planning in Russia are government ownership and the attitude of the workers. The proletariat of the Soviet Union knows that the fruits of its

toil go partly to it and partly to the state, which, both directly and indirectly, transfers its share back to the population. No special class removes the cream from the earnings of industry. Despite the relatively low wages of today, there is an iron guaranty in the Bolshevik system and in Communist philosophy that all material benefits will be divided, quickly and proportionately, among those who work. Labor works for itself. There is no class in Russia for which it could work. (The capitalists are gone.) This is the secret of the support which bolshevism finds in the Russian proletariat. When things are bad all suffer, but as soon as conditions improve everybody gains. For this reason it is generally assumed in the U. S. S. R. that the future will put no limit on the consumption of a citizen of the Soviet state.

It is this conviction, together with the absence of a capitalist class, which makes the Russian worker regard himself as the owner of national wealth—concretely, of the plant in which he is employed. True, he receives wages, and by that token he is subjected to exploitation, but it is one thing

to be exploited by a coal baron in Pennsylvania and another to be exploited by 160,000,000 workers like yourself.

Men and women in Soviet factories, to be sure, work first of all for their wages. It would be unnatural if this were not the primary incentive. They have been working harder since greater differentiation in pay was introduced two months ago. They would work still more if the units or "norms" of pay remained stationary for prolonged periods. But after the financial recompense has played its role, the social incentive creates a further impulse to productivity.

I asked a worker at Dnieperstroï recently whether the dam would really be completed in May, 1932. He declared confidently that he and his friends would see to it. I then inquired what difference it made to him whether the dam was finished on time or not. At first he did not understand the meaning of my queer question. Finally he said: "Why, the country needs more electricity." It is the absence of this spirit and of the social incentive which must defeat any capitalist system of planning, even if it be state planning.

What I Believe*

By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

WHAT one believes is very important—to the believer. It is so important that most people are unable to keep still about the matter and spend much of their time making propaganda and trying to convert their neighbors. To make a convert to one's belief is a delightful experience. It inflates the ego, gives an added sense of power, convinces the believer that he is right, strengthens his own faith, enables him to claim the future for the triumph of himself and his kind, vindicates him so that his imagination at once leaps to the great day when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Our beliefs are the banners we unfurl in the struggle for self-justification and self-realization.

What we believe is important, but to the educator how and why we believe is more important. In my work as a teacher I find that I always have to contend with this matter of belief. Most of our beliefs are acquired irrationally; they have been fostered in us during childhood; they are accepted on authority; they are the result of asserting that things are so merely because we want them to be so; they are often based on prejudice and tribal legend and are maintained as face-saving devices. Most people's beliefs are, psychologically considered, forms of compulsive thinking. Men repeat and hold to their beliefs because they have to do so, and continue in them long after they know they are not true. It is difficult indeed to secure a meeting of minds with a believer. What he wants is a vindication of his principles, not a correction or verification of his hypotheses.

Among the things that I believe there is therefore, first of all, something I have come to believe about believing. There is probably nothing which so distinguishes the trained mind from the untrained as the manner in which each of these minds holds its beliefs. It has often been observed that not only the unbeliefs but the beliefs of the educated would

shock the ignorant if they knew them. But the chasm between the two is even wider. Between those who think in order to confirm their faith and vindicate their principles and those who think in order to correct or verify their hypotheses, the spiritual difference is so great that the two can never meet—they belong to different worlds.

Believers commonly take pride in their unteachableness, and assert that their unshakable faith is a form of virtue which should be accounted unto them for righteousness. But I do not see why a man's convictions should be respected unless he has made an honest, courageous effort to ascertain the truth of them. I do not find real steadfastness of spirit in easily acquired and uncritically harbored delusions of infallibility. I have come to feel for the average believer a sense of shame which he apparently does not feel for himself. I am amazed at his intellectual immodesty, for it is usually concerning matters of which we know least that we are in danger of jumping to conclusions and of having the strongest convictions. So it is that most of the things men believe are precisely the subjects concerning which they are least qualified to have an intelligent opinion—the mind and will of the eternal, the origin and meaning and destiny of the universe, the fate of the soul after death, the best good for all possible beings in all possible worlds, the authorship of certain books held to be sacred, the historicity of certain alleged miraculous persons and events of centuries long dead, the solution of the economic problems of modern civilization, the goal of progress, that far-off, divine event toward which the whole creation moves.

To many people it is meritorious to die or kill for the sake of their guesses concerning these and similar "ultimate and sublime things." I do not think so. I regard all such dramatizations of ourselves and the world as psychologically useful—often dangerously pathological—fictions and would judge of their value solely through the attempt to understand the unrecognized psychological purposes which they serve,

* The fourth of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. Others will appear in subsequent issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

and the types of men and women whose survival and dominance is encouraged when belief in such fictions prevails in the community. Concerning these and all "ultimate" matters of faith and knowledge I suppose my years of study have made me a skeptic. But I use the term in its etymological sense, not as the word skeptic is commonly used. I have no desire to defend the position of the wretched imaginary "absolute skeptic," the man of straw created by epistemologists and theologians. I do not believe such a skeptic exists. At any rate I am not wretched but happy in my skepticism. I am not a disillusioned realist, or a pessimist, or an egotist, or a misanthrope. I find much challenge and beauty in the world. I find people amusing and often delightful, and to me the life of the spirit is much more real and adventurous since I outgrew the earlier habits of belief. But I no longer worry for fear the universe will go bankrupt if some comforting dogma or illusion should be found untrue, nor do I worry about God or immortality, or the cooperative commonwealth. That is a relief, and it has also somewhat improved my disposition.

If there is any meaning or purpose or higher being or moral preference behind nature as a whole, I suspect the human fancy has put it there. I doubt if we should speak of the universe as a whole, much less what may be behind it, for we certainly cannot know it as such. I think it preposterous that the ultimate realities of existence could be found reducible to or be equivalent with our human forms of thought. With our thinking we may achieve much and make the most important differences in the ways and quality of our living. But the meanings we find in nature are always related to the fact that we are interested spectators. I suspect that our thinking creates those meanings out of the ways in which we associate the facts of nature. Hence our thoughts, even our scientific theories, are not copies of ultimate things, but are conventions, selections, distortions, useful for some particular intellectual interest only. Instead of making a gospel of science, I should regard it as one—perhaps the most fruitful and important—of our human ways of taking the world, of working it up into some sort of intelligible, though inconclusive, system. Science really *teaches* nothing. It is a method of inquiry. It is in this sense that the trained mind holds all its beliefs. Doubt and faith and knowledge are essentially related, and may at any time merge into one another.

In my own belief I can find no hypothesis which it is conceivable I should be unwilling to modify or discard. I am not at all disturbed by the suspicion that all our sublimities and sanctities and forms of knowledge are but human ways of relating ourselves to our world and of making the raw material or possibilities of experience appear to have meaning. I do not, like many disillusioned people, hate God because I have come to doubt His existence. If I can discover no "eternal verities" which it is the privilege of pious contemplation to copy and hold to, I can see that our ways of thinking make enormous differences in how we live and in what we individually become. Although I regard our mathematical truths as in the main tautological, and think that scientific knowledge is a useful and necessary convention, and though I consider all our theological and metaphysical systems to be escape mechanisms, fictions which mankind has sought to substitute for the half-hospitable world of things that happen, I do not despair of knowledge. Perhaps the

whole of existence is a vast spiritual drama, but such a supposition does not justify me in the assumption that my anthropoid mental traits can hold the constitution of the universe. I prize knowledge and wisdom because they make a difference between men and animals and between higher men and lower. Whether our distinctions of high and low, good and bad, have any cosmic significance, I do not know. I doubt it. But we can believe that in most situations there is a probable better way and a worse—not a divinely ordered better or a conventionally accepted way, but one of better taste, and better because considered in the light of results. Suppose we say that all our different kinds of wisdom, all our moral systems, all cultures and forms of civilization are but great games men play with destiny, having no other significance than the kind of living made possible within the particular game. It seems to me we have said a lot. I, for one, find in such a statement a key to something in which I can believe whole-heartedly. Since the game men play with destiny means that the game gives their existence a certain tone or quality, it is obvious that men become different beings according to the game of living they play. Then some games and some kinds of men I believe in and some I do not.

But it will be said that my belief is nothing other than my preference of one type of man, one kind of living, over others. Surely that is all any man's fundamental belief really is. Our belief is our basic yes and no, our choice among the possibilities of experience—it is the real answer we give to the riddle of life. Every real answer is an orientation of our whole being toward a certain hierarchy of values—not the repetition of a mere legend which we have secured second hand. Moreover, although what we believe is the same as what we prefer, it is one thing to say that certain things about the cosmos which we can neither know nor change are so just because we prefer them to be so; it is a different thing to believe and prefer where our choice makes a difference in the kind of beings we become. So what I really believe is the same as the kind of living, or type of human being, I prefer. I am, however, tolerant in my faith. I would not try to exterminate or even to convert people of other beliefs—or preferences. It is enough for me that my kind of man be permitted to exist, to be himself, and perhaps feel a little more at home than he usually seems to feel in the land of the Pilgrims' Pride.

I prefer the man of thought to the man of action. In other words, I believe in the value both for the individual and the community of dispassionate, critical, debunking intelligence. I know this faith of mine is out of date in hustling America. I learned it from the teachings of Socrates. By the man of thought I do not mean the idle dreamer or the ineffective pedant. I mean thinking which is an adventure, which is unafraid, and should be for our day what the wisdom of the ages has been in the past. Scientific thinking is all this, but science is highly specialized; it may go along with astounding ignorance of all matters outside the narrow range of the expert's technical knowledge. I mean the thinking which is also self-understanding, which consists of temperate habits of judgment, which frees the mind of infantile wish fancies, cheap sentimentality, and popular prejudice and superstition. I mean the thinking which both widens one's interests and sympathies and is discriminating and critical. I believe the things of the mind should have an importance they have not been given by the American people.

As a people we have always been somewhat suspicious of intelligence. Democratic dogma of equality becomes popular resentment of intellectual superiority other than that which is manifest in skill, service, and Yankee cunning—qualities common to the herd. Economic opportunity, which from colonial times has stimulated the ambition of plebeians, has tended to substitute vulgar cleverness for culture. There is adroitness in the choice and manipulation of means, with neglect of the consideration of ends. We are alert in responding to external stimuli and are childish, if not barbarian, in the presence of ideas and values. Our evangelical Protestantism with its repeated emphasis on "change of heart" has emphasized right feeling at the expense of right thinking. Our virtue consists of good intentions rather than wisdom. The general result is blatant, rather innocent intellectual shoddiness—a cult of enthusiasm, boasting, lowbrowism, and practical efficiency.

As our life is now organized, it is extremely difficult for the values of civilization to find expression or to survive, except as they can be organized, standardized, and sold to the crowd. Hence the predominance everywhere of the salesman type of man. Now I strongly suspect that the mess the world is in at the present time is largely the result of the precedence of the salesman over the man of thought. A world dominated by sales mentality must necessarily be cheap and tawdry, negligent of finer values and remote ends. It must proceed by pandering to the mob, it must be led by men of second-rate minds. I cannot say that such a way of life inspires in me any profound belief.

I prefer the sincere to the successful person. That is, I believe in a kind of spiritual integrity not easily turned to profit in this commercial age. This does not mean that I prefer the society of failures and vagabonds, nor that I seek consolation for defeat in Christian ideas of asceticism and otherworldliness. There is no a priori reason why sincerity and success should be in conflict, and I know many successful persons whose sincerity I would not question. But I think that what people become is more to be considered than what they can get, and, our mechanistic psychology to the contrary notwithstanding, that what people are within themselves is of greater significance than what they put on the outside. Americans are obsessed with the "go-getter" spirit, and our young people are regaled with success propaganda in most of which I fail to find the slightest comprehension of what sincerity is. In a world of advertising and salesmanship the technique of saying and doing things for effect is so important, and the financial reward for manipulating the public by appealing to its vanity is so great, that our people have developed the fixed habit of systematic and persistent self-deception. He who knowingly deceives others is dishonest. He who deceives himself is insincere.

I prefer the doubter to the devotee. In other words, I believe, so far as it is possible, in minding one's own business, which is to say, although I happen to be a white, Protestant American, I believe in the virtue of tolerance. Doubtless there is no necessary logical relation between doubt and the virtue of tolerance. I should not like to think that men were tolerant merely from lack of conviction. There is, however, a psychological relation, in that people who have become sufficiently civilized to have attained a measure of self-criticism and to have outgrown their delusions of infallibility are usually wise enough to understand that good men

may honestly differ. They have outgrown the "all-or-none" feelings of adolescence. They can see that there is more than one right way. Cromwell doubtless had something like this in mind when, in rebuking fanatical Puritans, he admonished them, "Bethink you, brethren, that you may be wrong." The great humanizing influence of classical education derives largely from the fact that in ancient wisdom there is no "Thus saith the Lord." Moreover, one learns from the classical authors that life is manifold, that there are many conflicting goods, all of them relative and human, that there is no absolute standard, and that people who have never heard of the Law and the Prophets or of Anthony Comstock or of Mr. Volstead may be, have been, excellent people, from whom even saints and fundamentalists might learn something. Barbarians, on the other hand, are easily scandalized at those who depart from their own parochial ways or the customs of the tribe. There is usually something unteachable, humorless, barbarous, and childishly egoistic in men of intense conviction. There is also a certain love of cruelty in their natures. They are prepared to sacrifice every humane consideration for the sake of the great cause, frequently only to demonstrate when too late, and among blood stains and smoking ash heaps, that the great cause was a delusion. No doubt it is the devotees who accomplish things, but their main historical achievements seem to have been strife and persecution. I doubt if the life of reason would ever lead one to become a devotee.

Hence I prefer men like Socrates, Lucian, Erasmus, Montaigne, Voltaire—doubters, yes, but mellow and wise and kind and capable of humor. The advance of civilization, the spread of wisdom and culture, the development of the arts and sciences have been made possible chiefly by liberal-minded people of this type, and there is no blood on their hands. Their manners are also much better than those of the devotees; they do not heap coals of fire on my head, they are not unctuous or impertinent or coercive. They do not smother me with protestations of brotherly love. But they respect the personality of their neighbors, enough at least to grant them the privacy of their own thoughts. Perhaps this liberal faith of mine requires my giving up faith in Utopia—since utopianism appears to be monopolized by the devotees—but I had rather live in a world where a Grotius or a Voltaire would not be driven into exile, and a Galileo or a Darwin could do his work without therefor being consigned to prison or hell fire, than to share the cooperative commonwealth with barbarians or live in the kingdom of God with the Inquisition.

Finally, I prefer the mentally mature to those who are content to enter into the kingdom of heaven as little children. I believe that in civilization some minds can and should grow up to their full man's estate. I cannot agree to the proposition that it is necessary to keep all mankind in perpetual infancy in order to protect them from temptation or save their souls. I believe that freedom is necessary and proper for mature spirits. It does not seem wise that all should be kept under tutelage because many have never grown up, nor that those whose development is arrested should legislate for those of advanced mental age merely because the former are more numerous. I understand that for men and women to attain and exercise self-direction is dangerous, and that once this is permitted to reasonable people, many fools, to the destruction of themselves and the menace of

others, will claim the privileges of the wise. But I think a fool-proof order of society is disgenic in that it fails to permit the self-elimination of the unfit and encourages their number to multiply and overrun the earth. I take it that the proper aim both of our liberal education and of our modern secular civilization is to encourage as many persons as can to grow up mentally. By maturity I mean the gradual emancipation of the individual from psychological servitude to parental imagery and the bullying of the herd. I mean ceasing to try to answer the demands of adult living by resort to filial attitudes, sentimental gestures and ceremonies, or adolescent self-idealization. I mean learning to live philosophically and in our own right, staking our destiny on unaided natural human intelligence and courage. I mean the guidance of what Aristotle called "right reason," the attainment of "measure," or perspective, in one's personality. I mean the ability to face realities free of myth, dogma, and illusion, ability to deal with situations not in obedience to some imaginary higher will or irrelevant or fictitious reward or punishment, but in obedience to the demands of the situation intelligently considered and with full personal responsibility for the results of what one thinks and does. Such a mature person will possess the ancient virtues of wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice—inasmuch as these virtues belong to and characterize the state of manhood.

To attain such freedom and maturity is, I believe, the true aim of modern education. Hence he who would educate himself or aid in the education of others must be ever on guard against the agencies which are designed to keep people in retarded infantilism. There are at least three such agencies. First, the crowd, which insists on conformity, discouraging maturity lest the attainment of self-government disintegrate the crowd and challenge its tyranny over its members and others. Second, there are the relics of barbarism still surviving in our midst. Civilization is and always has

been ever in conflict with barbarism. Barbarism would substitute for the reasoned forms of civilization the life of nature and of undisciplined impulse. Civilization does not, like ascetic religions, demand the negation of nature. It is the improvement on nature, the direction of its processes to desirable ends, giving nature human meanings and values. This is precisely what happens to human nature as it develops and matures in civilization. Finally, among the agencies striving to continue infantile attitudes in adult life is organized religion. Here the tendency is ever to perpetuate child-like sentiments, simple faith, credulity, dependence, obedience to authority and commandment, to confuse recognition of reality with myth and dogma, and to soften responsibility with ideas of repentance, forgiveness, and vicarious atonement.

I find the work of liberal education frequently discouraged by these and other forms of militant infantilism. Hence the slow progress it is making, hence its easy diversion into athletics, propaganda, vocational training. But I believe in education, and now I realize that throughout this statement of faith I have done little more than briefly describe my idea of an educated person. I have no gospel or Utopia or creed or cult. I expect no magic redemption of the human race. The beatific state for which we long we must ourselves create. Perhaps in some future we may be wise enough greatly to improve our human lot. But we must first create something in and out of ourselves. And not until we grow up shall we know what really to desire. Whatever be the progress of civilization, whatever the constitution or material advantages of the society of the future, its meaning will be realized in the kind of human beings who grow up in it. Skeptical as I am of the things on which most men pin their faith, I believe that a kind of cultivated human personality is possible, whose existence justifies the effort to attain it.

The White House Magicians I. Prosperity Invocations*

By W. P. MANGOLD

"I CAN call spirits from the vasty deep," boasts Owen Glendower in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." "Why so can I," retorts Hotspur, "or so can any man; but will they come when you do call for them?" It is hardly surprising, as the *New York World* observed over a year ago, that business men, after listening to the endless optimistic promises emanating from Washington, "have at last been driven into the skeptical attitude of Hotspur." They have observed President Hoover and his officials, in a manner curiously reminiscent of Owen Glendower, trying to conjure up the genie of prosperity by invocations at the White House. Running through the files of the *New York Times*, one finds the record of a hundred or more Pollyanna pronouncements intoned by the Administration since the fall of 1929, when Republican prosperity was last seen disappearing rapidly round the corner of Broad and Wall

streets, headed for a destination which even today remains a mystery. One might suppose that the ill success of these numerous forecasts during the past two years would have made even the Administration magicians somewhat chary in the further use of this particular brand of magic. It must be remembered, however, that they have the best of Republican precedent to justify their faith. They have the alluring example of how well the formula worked for Mr. Coolidge in 1927 and 1928, when the nervous markets of those years always took on more courage (and inflation) to the timely, reassuring words of Cal and Andy. No doubt they reflect sadly on those years and hope that in time the magic will work equally well for them. Accordingly we find Secretary Doak predicting in his Labor Day address at Johnson City, Tennessee, that "before long" the United States will stand once more upon "the substantial plane of prosperity."

In the fall of 1929 the tenor of the White House conjurations was to deny that anything was wrong. Even be-

* Part II, which will appear next week, will discuss the Administration's pronouncements on wages and unemployment.—EDITOR THE NATION.

fore the market crash, the charms were set to work. With brokers' loans mounting sky-high, the Federal Reserve Board announced on October 14 that the amount outstanding on September 25 had jumped \$800,000,000 above the level at the end of July. This made a total of \$6,761,000,000 as compared with the present total of around \$1,000,000,000. When the market reacted to this bit of unpleasant news, Secretary Lamont came to its support, denying rumors that a severe depression in business was impending. These rumors, he said, were based on a "mistaken interpretation" of the Federal Reserve statement. Similarly, ten days later, after the market had experienced its first severe break, the *New York Times* reported that one of the highest officials of the Treasury (who would not be quoted) "expressed the opinion that the break would not prove disastrous to business and the prosperity of the country, and argued that if business remained good, stock prices would become stabilized after the bear movement had run its course and would work their way up again." And on the following day President Hoover said, "The fundamental business of the country is on a sound and prosperous basis."

Reassuring as this was, it did not stop the precipitous drop of securities on October 29. In a radio address that evening Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, expressed the opinion that "a decline in security prices does not greatly affect the buying power of the community. . . . All of us are justified . . . in a profound confidence in the general economic future of the country . . . the industrial and commercial structure of the nation is sound." Hadn't per capita production, he reasoned, "increased by from 50 to 75 per cent since 1900 and from 25 to 35 per cent since 1919 . . . a year of high activity" and wouldn't it continue upward? Why, certainly. He believed, of course, that it would be "quite improper" for him to say precisely what relation should exist between his confidence in the industrial future and an individual's attitude toward the stock market. But just remember this: "I fully believe that the causes which have brought about this great advance will accomplish as much during the next decade or next quarter of a century." How many, one wonders, bought stocks the next day to get in early on the next "great advance"? On the radio again five days later Dr. Klein revealed that he himself had been apprehensive with respect to the course of security prices on October 29, but "since that time, happily, we have come to see more clearly that the stock market is not the principal barometer of business, and that our American prosperity is deeply and firmly rooted."

On November 4 Secretary Lamont was sure that "the only possible effect the recent fluctuations of the stock market will have upon general business will be to curtail the buying power, especially of luxuries, of those who suffered losses in the market crash." The next week saw security values, as represented by the Dow-Jones averages, sag to 195, one-half what they had been only two months before. So with the evil "bears" steadily gaining ground and the blue chips of American industry steadily losing it, President Hoover announced that he would call the nation's industrial leaders to Washington to organize the country's morale. For, said he, "any lack of confidence in the economic future or the basic strength of business in the United States is foolish." After his meeting with the business leaders on November 21 the President reported that "the general situa-

tion was canvassed and it was the unanimous opinion of the conference that there was no reason why business should not be carried on as usual."

Lest this seem not convincing enough, or the industrial meetings be misinterpreted, Dr. Klein explained on November 24 that the White House conferences had not been called to alleviate any "let-down" in business, because obviously there had been no let-down of any consequence. American business, he added, was "healthy and vigorous and promises to be more so," while the "eager, loyal cooperation evidenced so splendidly by American business men" in their talks with the President was nothing less than a certificate for "prosperity insurance." Through these measures of voluntary cooperation, said Mr. Hoover on December 3, "we have re-established confidence. Wages should remain stable. A very large degree of industrial unemployment which would otherwise have occurred has been prevented." The following day Secretary of the Treasury Mellon drew an equally encouraging picture in his estimates of income taxes to be received in the fiscal years 1930 and 1931. For 1931 he estimated a Treasury surplus of \$122,788,966!*

To sweep away any clouds that might be lingering on the horizon, Dr. Julius Klein contributed a feature article to the *New York Times* of December 15 in which he dealt at length with the causes and bases of the "present prosperity." And after a conference with President Hoover on December 28 Secretary Lamont was satisfied with the "lack of unfavorable reaction of general business conditions to the recent stock-market crash." In his opinion, "the general high level of business in December was, in the main, as high as a year ago."

This brings us to the beginning of 1930. At the turn of the year Mr. Mellon said, "I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring and that during the coming year the country will make steady progress." So, too, Secretary Lamont, who said, "The nature of the economic disposition of the United States is such that one may confidently predict, for the long run, a continuance of prosperity and progress." So, too, Secretary of Labor Davis, who regarded the determination of President Hoover to stabilize business as in itself "almost a guaranty that we shall experience a gradual and healthful improvement along the whole line of productive endeavor in 1930." And likewise Dr. Klein, who said in a radio address on January 5, "My own conviction is that we are justified in feeling an abiding, if perhaps not an exuberant, optimism."

At this point the record becomes slightly confused. "We're going to have some rough sledding," said Dr. Klein on January 10, "but I believe that the turn will come about March or April for the country as a whole." Dr. Klein must have made a slip, for three days later Mr. Lamont reported that, while he did not have precise figures, an inspection of thirty to forty items in a survey by the Department of Commerce revealed conditions to be "very satisfactory" and the outlook "generally good." On February 10 he reported further that there was "nothing in the business situation to be disturbed about." To him it looked as though this was about a "normal year." But a few weeks later, on March 3, we find him admitting, of all things, a note of concern. "My own opinion," he said, "is that during the forepart of this year American industrial enterprise

* The fiscal year ended with a deficit of \$903,000,000.—EDITOR THE NATION.

has had inevitably to slow down." He predicted, however, that "within two months . . . as weather conditions moderate we are likely to find the country as a whole enjoying its wonted state of prosperity." On March 8 President Hoover uttered his famous prediction that the crisis would be over in "sixty days." With the time limit for these predictions nearing expiration, Mr. Lamont observed on May 19 that "business operations in the United States, as they are variously expressed, are about 6 per cent below what might be considered normal." Undaunted by his earlier failures, the Secretary of Commerce predicted once more that, if the present tendencies in business continued, "normal conditions should be restored in two or three months." Thus the depression which was denied in February, but which was admitted in March and was to be ended in May, was extended to the middle of July or August.

But Prophet Lamont was not alone in his predictions. On May 1, before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, President Hoover asserted: "We have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover. There is one certainty in the future of a people of the resources, intelligence, and character of the people of the United States—that is prosperity." The stock market responded to this bullish tip with the severest decline since the November slump. On May 21 Dr. Klein told the Advertising Federation of America that business was "gradually but unmistakably coming out of the depression," and a week later he announced that "a healthy revival of business by the end of the summer may be expected." A month later, on June 28, Secretary Davis was not sure the recovery would be quite so rapid as all that, but he did agree that there was "no question that it has started." "We can look for reasonable prosperity," he said, "within the next year." On August 8 he saw the "mental and material resources of this great country of ours . . . already swinging us on the road to recovery."

For perspective's sake it may be interesting to note at this point that the *Annalist* index of business activity registered a steady decline each month during 1930 with the exception of a slight upturn in April. For August it stood at 83 as compared with 95 in January and 108 in August of the previous year. And the *Annalist* weekly index of wholesale commodity prices recorded a similarly drastic decline. For August it was 123 as compared with 140 for January and about 150 in August, 1929. But with business and commodities going down the toboggan, the seers in and about the White House saw other things.

Starting his campaign for United States Senator at a welcome-home party in Sharon, Pennsylvania, Secretary Davis predicted on August 23 that the depression "was rapidly drawing to a close." Five days later he was pointing to "definite signs" that the period of business reaction was "gradually passing." It was "plain to the eye," this "new start of life in the paralyzed business body." And on September 11, still more emphatically, "I repeat that we have hit the bottom and are on the upswing." On September 22 we hear from Secretary Lamont again. His own promissory note for prosperity had expired—let's see, July or August, wasn't it? Yet the best he could say toward the end of September was that "business on the whole has ceased the marked decline which was characteristic of a number of earlier months," and that he did see "some distinctly en-

couraging features." Four days later Dr. Klein believed there was "a fairly good chance" that the United States would be out of the depression by the "end of October." This prediction supported Dr. Klein's own encouraging words in an article he contributed to the September issue of the *American Magazine*. "The signs are unmistakable," he wrote, "that we are about to move out of the abyss of depression . . . it is not too much to expect that by early fall the upward trail will have passed over the first ridge to a plateau of brighter prospects."

President Hoover also wanted to be reassuring before the elections. In his address to the American Bankers' Association on October 2 he asserted that the depression was "but a temporary halt in the prosperity of a great people." The trouble, as he saw it, was caused by "unnecessary fears and pessimism, the result of which is to slacken the consumption of goods and discourage enterprise." He could see no reason for a slump in consumption, since "the income of a large part of our people is not reduced by the depression." Now if the President had said that the "large income of part of our people is not reduced," the statement would have been considerably more persuasive. For ironically enough the *New York Times* of the day before had reported that dividends on securities declared in the first nine months of 1930 totaled \$3,621,104,457—an increase of approximately \$600,000,000 over the amount declared in the same period of 1929. In contrast to this, the income of the "large part of our people"—the workers—was estimated by *Standard Statistics*, a reliable source, to be nearly \$9,000,000,000 under the 1929 level, a drop of roughly 20 per cent.

At this point we have some interesting efforts by Dr. Klein and Mr. Julius Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference appointed at Mr. Hoover's direction, to stabilize commodity prices. On October 4 Dr. Klein thought it was about time "to assume both by the calendar period and by the price level now attained that the end" was approaching "to this process of shrinking values." On the same day Mr. Barnes believed that the bottom had been reached "in the decline of commodity prices." Two months later President Hoover helped the stabilization by observing in his message to Congress on December 3 that "price levels of major commodities have remained approximately stable for some time." It need hardly be added that commodity prices paid almost as little attention to these comforting words as they did to Dr. Klein's calendar period. Whereas the *Annalist* index stood at 121.7 in October, it stood at 116.6 in December; and at present it is at 101.

"There are many factors which give encouragement for the future," said the President to Congress on December 2. "We have already weathered the worst of the storm and signs of stability and recovery are already appearing," said Secretary Lamont five days later. And on December 29 Dr. Klein predicted that "during the opening months of the new year, conditions will steadily improve all along the business front." There was "every indication" of this upswing, he said. These indications were somewhat obscured, however, two days later for Mr. Lamont. "It is impossible," he said, "to forecast at what time unmistakable evidence of improvement in business will occur. . . ." But while it was impossible to forecast, as Mr. Lamont said, it was clear to him that we had "reached a point where cessation of further

declines and beginning of recovery may . . . be expected."

Then comes an inexplicable silence. No upswing is proclaimed for nearly three months—until March 18, 1931, when Dr. Klein reports "pretty good" evidence that "an appreciable degree of recovery is in sight. In all conservatism it seems likely that activity in the second quarter of the present year will slightly exceed that of the first quarter and that business in the fall will be unmistakably on the upgrade." On April 29 Mr. Lamont saw trade reviving slowly. "The corrective influences," according to the Secretary, "had been at work for many months" and business was "responding sluggishly to the stimulus." The idea of sluggishness did not appeal to Dr. Klein, however, when he addressed the Radio Manufacturers' Association on June 9.

"Because of the prolonged, gradual descent," he reasoned, "there are indications that the ascent will be sharply accelerated." Further: ". . . the bottom of the depression was hit in January, according to five of the leading indices. . . . We are now in a valley. But the depression has ended. The valley usually runs across six or seven months. If history repeats itself this means that in July up we go." Unfortunately, history did not repeat itself for Dr. Klein. His sharply accelerated ascent is now more than sixty days overdue, while business activity, unaware that it was supposed to have hit bottom many months ago, has proceeded to descend ever more deeply into the depression. It will soon be time to proclaim the bottom of a new valley. We have faith in Dr. Klein.

Religion and the Lost Leadership

By BENJAMIN GINZBURG

THIS year's Labor Day message of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America called boldly upon the churches to demand fundamental changes in the present economic order and to assert "their rightful place of ethical leadership." The document is by far the most courageous that has come from official church councils, and it stands out in remarkable contrast to the opportunism which characterized the Pope's recent encyclical on labor and social questions. The commission which wrote the message does not hesitate to denounce the distributive workings of the capitalistic system, and so far from giving an apostolic blessing to "rugged individualism" calls definitely for the control of the money-making spirit which amasses property without regard to social consequences.

Radical and courageous as the document is, it none the less raises questions of another order. Just what is the connection of organized religion with leadership in social justice? It is rather noteworthy that while the message points to the problem of the distribution of wealth as "a problem of brotherhood and therefore of particular concern to religion," yet none of the proposals it puts forward is derived directly from religious sources, but rather from the writings of secular economists and reformers. Indeed, it may be said that the whole modern movement for social Christianity came into the churches not as part of the internal development of religious doctrines, but as an external attempt to vitalize the decaying church institution through the introduction of interests and problems that had grown up in the world outside. The connection between religion and social justice is today as extrinsic as, for example, the connection between religion and physical gymnasiums. In both cases we have secular interests used to bolster up the waning appeal of religion—sideshows to draw people into the church rather than new manifestations of the religious spirit. And as sideshows, gymnasium classes are likely to prove more successful because they will never clash with vested interests.

At several moments in the world's history the religious institution assumed the spiritual leadership of society. One of these occasions was the prophetic period in the old Jewish monarchy, when prophets, maintained by the state, could denounce the policies of the king and his advisers and escape

punishment if their prophetic signs were verified. Another and vastly different occasion was the period of Christ and John the Baptist, when in the midst of the universal decay of civil society the religious spirit was exercised in preaching the sanctuary of hope and an inner kingdom of God. The third significant period is of course that of the medieval dominion of the Catholic church, although the church at that time constituted more of a superstate with paternalistic intentions than an organ for dynamic spiritual leadership in social affairs.

Take away such periods and the glamor of the religious institution disappears. The usual level of functioning of the religious institution has been the type of commerce with the supernatural which is so eloquently satirized in Plato's dialogue "Euthyphro." Instead of providing a cosmic vision and a sense of direction for practical human affairs, the religious institution has ministered to religion for the sake of religion—attending to the gods who require no attention, as Socrates put it. Today, for example, the American people spend \$817,000,000 a year for purposes of religious worship. It is a large sum, but the price would be none too much if it actually gave us a sense of values and social vision in these disordered times. On what is the money actually spent, however? Most of the money goes directly or indirectly for Sunday sermons which do nothing but vainly defend an antiquated conception of God and assure immortality to persons who are afraid of death.

Granted that it is part of the function of spiritual leadership to formulate and demonstrate a spiritual conception of the universe, prior to drawing concrete applications in practical life, it is yet a sinful waste of money to intrust the demonstration of the existence of God to the churches. The effect of the \$817,000,000 spent in the name of religion is actually to promote atheism! For nothing so stands in the way of a general acceptance of the spiritual conception of the universe—the conception of a Plato or a Spinoza—as its psychological association with the bankrupt outlook of institutional religion. The spread of science has never made half as many atheists as the stupid defenses of a religion that has no meaning in terms of modern life.

For institutional religion to blossom again into spiritual

leadership of society (and not merely to advocate borrowed social doctrines), there are required intellectual and sociological conditions which can no longer be found today. Some people seem to think that all they need to do is to use the quantum theory to demonstrate the existence of God and they will at once have a revival of religion and religious leadership. But it is not a question of demonstrating God, it is a question of the kind of God that is demonstrated. For the priest and pastor to function as leaders of society, there is required the conception of God as legislator, ■ God whose commands and authority are revealed and delegated to special persons. This view of God is no longer credited even by church members, let alone those outside the church. Let ■ minister try to tell ■ member of his congregation how to run his business, under penalty of excommunication, and see what happens. If church members accept the Biblical idea of God, it is only on condition that it should not receive practical expression in their daily life.

In short, whatever be the truth about the nature of the universe and human destiny, and whatever be the truth about the religious intuition itself, the day of social leadership in the name of religious authority is gone beyond recall. In place of the paternalistic moral leadership which religion has lost, our problem today is to perfect a democratic direction of society through proper division of functions between the institutions of the state and the freedom of individual judgment—the state providing the mechanism for established values, and the individual play of ideas providing the creative fire for new values. It would be unfortunate if the promising start we have made in this direction should be wrecked by the cynical sabotage of vested economic interests, which has blocked the socialization of industry now long overdue.

In the Driftway

FROM a friend of a friend of his the Drifter has received a communication which he is pleased to put before his readers. He does not vouch for the authenticity of this letter, although it was given to him in good faith with the added information that it was written just ■ hundred years ago. But the sentiments are unexceptionable. Obviously, if the members of the Quaker persuasion had adhered strictly to this point of view, and had, moreover, been permitted to rule the country, there is reason to doubt that our present troubles would be upon us. The President of the United States, as even the Drifter knows, was ■ Quaker in his youth, but he has long since wandered to other fields. Here is the letter:

ESTEEMED FRIEND: I send my brother Jonathan to be under thy care this winter while he learns the store business. I know thee will be a faithful guardian, and though it grieveth me to unveil his faults, I must disclose them for thy friendly correction. I have discovered in the lad a worldly spirit—having heard him imitate the unprofitable forms of the light folk of our town, even to saying *Mr. Smith* to old Francis Smith. And though only sixteen years old, he boldly and audaciously directed the woman who maketh his garments to alter their shape—these are bad signs, but I hope thee will prune away these sprouts of evil and curb these longings after vanity. In other matters thee will find the lad obedient and correct.

I send thee, Daniel, a present of a hat which I hope thee will find good enough, as my deceased brother Casper wore it six years.

Mary Ann Pike was at meeting last fifth day with a red ribbon in her hat—this caused great excitement. Friends will deal with her and try to uproot such evil spirit which flames in her heart. Everybody is sorry on account of her Aunt Tabitha, that model of righteousness, who will not let even ■ red rose grow in her garden.

I hope thee and thy family are well. I myself have been troubled with an ague but a dose of boneset will set me up.

I shall be pleased to hear how brother Jonathan conducts himself. We do not mean to put him upon thee without compensation; we are willing to pay ■ liberal board, say, \$1.50 a week, deducting 25 cents when he eats dinner with his Uncle Joshua.

Wishing thee well, and all thy family,

[Signed] PATIENCE WISE

NOTE the economics of this letter. The hat that had been worn six years but was still thought to be good enough; the amount set for board, presumably to cover twenty-one meals a week, with 25 cents, or 16 per cent, deducted for any meal taken elsewhere. Is this, or is it not, the sort of planned economy which averts depressions and maintains the gold standard indefinitely? The unimpeachable morals, of course, need no comment: no red roses, no garments altered for frivolous reasons, above all, no setting of oneself above one's fellows or bestowing honorifics upon honest men. All men are equal, to be sure, but the Drifter takes off his hat to Patience Wise.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Influence of Godkin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was glad to see your commemoration of Godkin's centenary. While the number of his immediate readers was relatively small, he reached, through his formative influence on the opinions of other editors, an audience far larger and more nearly national than any single journal could directly address. This was due as well to his acknowledged integrity and independence as to his intellectual and moral appeal. Singularly clear in his perceptions, his opinions on public questions reflected certain fundamental principles and ideals which he cherished with all the intensity of a faith. In the field of politics and government, probably his most notable contributions were those to the causes of sound money and a reformed civil service. The influence he exerted in the realm of letters was of the first order. In economics he belonged to the school of Cobden, and, like Cobden, regarded democracy and imperialism as essentially antagonistic forces. The fact is well known that the war with Spain came to him as a bitter disappointment, shattering many of his hopes and creating evil forebodings for the future. He afterwards took up his abode in London, only to find himself soon in the midst of the Boer War. Unable to stem the general drift, he refused to go with it. Taking the world as it is today, it is not probable that Godkin, were he now alive, would be inclined to renounce or to modify the faith which he so steadily maintained. I write as one who knew him.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE

Sagaponack, N. Y., October 5.

Antiseptic Reading

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The rules and regulations governing the reading of the works of Havelock Ellis and other sexologists in the Library of Congress in Washington fill one with dismay by the difficulty of compliance. The Delta Collection, containing all literature pertaining to sex, is not available after 4 p.m. This rule, presumably designed for the protection of the plastic minds of high-school students, effectively prevents the thousands of adults who use the library at night from reading this literature.

One day at 3 p.m. I sent in a request for the first volume of Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." The slip was returned. I asked the clerk for an explanation. Noticing the nature of the book requested, he asked me to wait a moment until he called the director of the reading-room. In a few minutes the director appeared, and, apparently satisfied that I was not a curious adolescent or mental eccentric, he obtained the prized volume. He was willing to give the book to me on three conditions. First, I must return it only to him. Second, I must let nobody else read it. Third, I must read it in a segregated section. Nodding in compliance, I was led off to my seat in that section. Here, in company with other eccentrics, I read my Ellis in contentment.

Washington, August 21

ROBERT SHOSTECK

Mexico—a Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of September 16 the statement is made that Mexico was prevented from joining the League of Nations in 1919 on account of President Wilson's animosity to President de la Huerta over the oil question. Whatever reasons may have occasioned Mr. Wilson's opposition toward Mexico's entering the League of Nations at that time, it was not on account of de la Huerta. The president of Mexico in 1919 was Carranza, who had been president since 1915, when he was recognized by the Wilson Administration. Carranza continued as president until the revolt led by Obregón in May, 1920, when de la Huerta became provisional president of Mexico.

New York, September 10 SCHUYLER N. WARREN, JR.

We Humbly Apologize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think that you must have been suffering mental lethargy when you dropped so low as to quote the Reverend Cortland Myers, in a recent editorial paragraph, as representative of the better thought of the American pulpit. How much wiser and more comprehensive it would have been for you to quote and comment upon the statement of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, prepared for Labor Day, 1931. At least, be fair with the church and the ministry and less zealous about heralding one of your obsessions: nothing good can come out of the church.

I readily admit that Dr. Myers's remarks did not evidence "originality" or "profundity," and neither did your trite method of defending a cherished fallacy. I had thought *The Nation* would frown upon such tactics and I hope that you will be superior to them in the future.

JOSEPH W. REEVES

South Dartmouth, Mass., September 22

Finance

"Broadening" the Reserve Banks

IN the chorus of popular approval which has greeted Mr. Hoover's proposals for breaking the credit jam and restoring confidence in hard-pressed banks, the voices which express misgiving over the plan to "broaden" the lending powers of the Federal Reserve Banks have been few and faint. Some of the bankers attending the Atlantic City convention of the American Bankers' Association last week were reported to be opposed to this measure, but detailed criticism was lacking.

At this writing the bill which the Senate Banking and Currency Committee is considering, the effect of which (if enacted) will be to admit to the Federal Reserve rediscount privilege certain classes of bank assets now excluded, is not available. Comment upon it must therefore be restricted to the observation that the Reserve Banks already are empowered to rediscount all those classes of paper which generally fall under the headings of "commercial," "short-term," and "self-liquidating." Any extension of the list would apparently introduce into the Reserve Bank portfolios types of securities which, in the tradition and science of banking, have no business there.

Wall Street has fought for a "liberalized" basis of rediscounting in boom times, on the ground that there was not enough money to finance the country's legitimate business—dealings in stocks and bonds at fantastic prices being included in that category. Wall Street may be expected to fight for the provision now on the ground that an emergency confronts us. But under whatever restrictions new types of securities are admitted to rediscount, a wedge will have been driven into the banking structure which can be driven farther under the force of future circumstances and propaganda. If the Reserve Banks were powerless to prevent inflation in 1929, when investment securities were excluded from their holdings, one may well despair of their powers of repression when the law authorizes—or requires—them to take in the stuff of which stock-market orgies are made.

At the present moment, when millions of workers are out of jobs, when the security markets are prostrate, and when the government itself is constrained to do something to restore confidence, it is difficult indeed to defend the pile of idle treasure in the Reserve Banks, and to insist—on what must look like academic grounds—that it be held inviolate. Yet every consideration of prudence demands that searching analysis be applied to the matter before a change is made. One hesitates to imagine the consequences of our next financial panic, if the country's ultimate banking reserve is largely tied up in unmarketable securities. And what is to be said of New York's ambition to become the world's great money market, if the banking resources on which such a market must rest are to a substantial degree employed in financing securities instead of goods?

By the time the proposed amendment comes up in Congress it may be that the present financial emergency will have subsided to a point which will encourage the defenders of sound money to speak their minds emphatically. If something must be done with the banking law—and it is quite possible that something should be done—it might be worth while to suggest placing in the hands of a wisely constituted Federal Reserve Board a club of iron to beat down inflationist tendencies when they first become manifest. The highest type of banking opinion—Wall Street opinion at that—could be quoted to support this view. Whoever stops the next stock-market boom before it gets out of hand will deserve well of his country.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Drama, Music

After-Comer

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

The stalk is withered and the leaf is cast;
Brown stubble under heel rings hard as flint,
While dusk's irresolute silver lays a glint
Of ice on waters quieted at last.
Now in the cavernous night the least sound makes
A twofold loneliness of earth and sky,
As homeless winds return again to sigh
Among the sumac and the rusty brakes.

If we could share the bronze and marble pause
These hills resume, the sculptured sleep whereto
The harvest-heavy land at length withdraws,
We might securely dream the winter through,
Letting that After-Comer pass unseen,
Whose shrouded fields are not for us to glean.

Genius and Insanity

The Psychology of Men of Genius. By Ernst Kretschmer.
Translated with an Introduction by R. B. Cattell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

THE belief that genius and madness are somehow related is at least as old as Aristotle and as new as psychoanalysis. It is also a belief firmly fixed in the popular mind as well as confidently held by a considerable number of special students, and yet, in the very nature of things, it is one difficult either to support or to destroy by genuinely scientific methods. What we should need would be dependable criteria for both "genius" and "madness" used as the basis for a statistical correlation between the two; what we get are necessarily vague definitions and a more or less random selection of examples which it is all too easy to choose so as to illustrate a point. Probably the very ancient connotations of the word "genius" itself lead us to grant it as a title more readily to those who amaze us by their eccentricities as well as by their works than to those who in most respects seem more like ourselves. And yet neither Shakespeare nor Milton nor Fielding appears to have been conspicuously "queer," though each was a genius by almost any definition. Are they exceptions which "prove" or disprove the rule?

Kretschmer's book, though the work of a very distinguished psychologist, cannot be completely defended against any of the objections suggested. Based upon a series of semi-popular lectures and consisting largely of generalized conclusions, it quite possibly omits some of the statistical material upon which the conclusions are founded, but well and persuasively though it is written, one is inclined periodically to inquire just to what extent its theories can claim to occupy a plane higher than that of acute though not scientifically controlled speculation. One cannot but wonder why, for example, Robert Mayer (an early propounder of the theory of the mechanical equivalent of heat) was selected as the scientist to be analyzed in preference to James Joule, to whom this same theory is more usually attributed. Was Mayer really the greater genius, or was he merely the more obviously unstable?

To this Kretschmer would probably reply that he nowhere maintains that a man's genius is *proportionate* to his instability,

and his theories are undoubtedly moderate, consistent, and, at the least, highly suggestive. Since genius represents a marked variation from the normal, there would be nothing which ought to call for surprise in the discovery either that genius is most likely to occur in families unstable enough to vary in both directions from the norm or that in the individual himself this variability should imply both the coexistence of superiorities with inferiorities and a certain predisposition to genuine derangement. Kretschmer believes that all this can actually be demonstrated, and he believes still further that investigation has enabled him to show that instability of this valuable kind is especially likely to arise under certain conditions—notably under those produced when two superior but very different biological strains are crossed.

Talent—by which is meant a superior capacity for doing usual or traditional things—he believes to be inherited. But mere talent can never be anything more for the very reason that it is too balanced to produce the novel. Something must disturb its equilibrium, and this something is most commonly provided when for one reason or another two talents each trained in entirely different traditions are crossed, as they are when, for example, the best families on two sides of a national borderline intermarry. "Cross-breeding produces inner opposites, emotional strains, plasticity of intellect, and unevenness of mood, all of which dispose to genius—and to psychopathic complications." Mere heterogeneous intermarriage will not do, because there is then a random admixture of the inferior with the talented, but neither is there any justification for the theory that there is anything inherently superior about the Nordic or the Latin races. Indeed, "the production of genius, in Germany at least, is just about inversely related to the degree of purity and firmness of establishment of the population." All the unstable are not geniuses but all (or nearly all) geniuses are unstable, and what is needed for the production of that kind of instability is the conflict which arises between two *different* talents.

The theory is ingenious and entertaining even if not exactly proved to the hilt, and at least one other thing may be said of it—namely, that it would, if accepted, serve to resolve the paradox in the popular and quasi-scientific belief that the genius and the madman are kin. If it is really true that they are, if the great man is usually both inferior and superior; then Kretschmer's is a very good explanation of why this should be, and why the insanity of the genius is no reason for doubting—as some of us at moments always do doubt—the value of his contribution. Rousseau's ideas on political economy may still be worth listening to even if he did go about all his life conscious of an eager desire to be spanked.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Garland of the Academy

Companions on the Trail. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

"COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL," sixth volume in Hamlin Garland's chronicle of himself and his family, covers the period from 1900 to 1917, concentrating on his literary life and his experiences in the world of art and letters. It is the dullest of the six, partly because it introduces—without sufficient variation to warrant the repetition—material already presented in earlier volumes, but chiefly because many of the incidents it describes are trivial and are narrated with merciless prolixity. Nevertheless, like "Roadside Meetings," though less notably, it brings before us, in a curiously matter-of-fact and therefore revealing way, some of the most interesting men and women of our times.

We see, for example—not once but again and again—Frank Norris, Henry B. Fuller, Edwin Markham, Edward MacDowell, and Theodore Roosevelt. We observe the conduct of visiting celebrities such as Arnold Bennett and hesitantly returning exiles such as Henry James. We catch glimpses of Robert Herrick, Ellen Glasgow, Francis Hackett, Vachel Lindsay, and dozens more. We see—melancholy spectacle!—the sad old men: Mark Twain, “a small, hesitant, white-haired gentleman” with “a growing sense of his own failing fires”; Stedman, bored and querulous, “sick, restless, and unhappy”; Howells, sad “beneath his cheerful exterior,” slipping to decay with untied shoes and an unbrushed coat; Aldrich, “old and fat and florid with food and drink.” Scores of familiar names figure in the book—reprehensibly unindexed—and there is a certain amount of material not directly connected with the arts: Garland’s visits to the Indians, for example, and his psychic experiences. (Is it, by the way, with the latter that we should class his statement that at a dinner at Stedman’s in 1902 he met Emily Dickinson—“in a very smart gown”?)

All this is interesting, but the book also has value as a document in the case history of its author. In the late eighties and early nineties Hamlin Garland was a literary rebel, an ardent single-taxer, and an active worker for populism. Fresh from the soil of the Middle Border, only just released from the plow and the stable, with the lives of his parents and their neighbors before him as proof of the bitter lot of the pioneer, he wrote some of the finest fiction we have—direct, comprehensive, moving, and savagely honest. Scarcely a word of it is propaganda, but it draws its power from the author’s conviction, irresistibly communicated to the reader, of the desperate injustice of the farmers’ situation. And now—Hamlin Garland, member of the American Academy, as the title-page proudly states—self-satisfied, fastidious, undemocratic, out of sympathy with every vital movement in contemporary life. “The poor are obsolete,” he remarked in “Roadside Meetings.” We live in “an almost universal era of cynicism, obscenity, and destructive criticism,” he says here. What has happened to Hamlin Garland?

Something approaching an answer is in this book, for it was between 1900 and 1917 that the change came about. As both “A Son of the Middle Border” and “Roadside Meetings” show, Garland, even as a young boy, felt the urge of the pioneer to better his circumstances. He wanted to succeed, to raise himself and his immediate family out of the slough of poverty. But at the same time he realized that the fate of the Garlands and McClintocks was the fate of the entire class to which they belonged, and the desire to better himself and his family merged with the desire to liberate his class. When he returned from his first visit to the East, equipped with standards by which to measure the misery of Middle Border life, and armed with the all-explaining theories of Henry George, his sympathy for his people flamed into a zeal to serve them, and this zeal made not merely a reformer but also a writer of him. He no longer fumblingly sought for subjects and methods; his life had a center, a purpose, that concentrated all his experience and all his imaginative power.

The fiction thus inspired laid the foundations of a literary reputation, and gradually Garland realized his ambition for his family. Though far from wealthy, he found himself on the road to comfort and respectability. Accepted in literary and academic circles, he became fastidious and a little contemptuous of dirt and disorder. He forsook Bryan and the Populists for Rooseveltian reform, and, though he remained a nominal follower of Henry George, the single-tax movement ceased to interest him. When he numbered a wife and daughter among his responsibilities, he good-naturedly confessed that his days of controversial writing were over and that he was “in league with the capitalistic forces of society.” With the younger, the

more adventurous writers of the early century he had few contacts; his position was with the upholders of the older tradition—with Hamilton Wright Mabie and the other creators of the Academy.

The effect on his writing is unmistakable. Even before 1900 he felt that he had done all that there was to do with the themes of “Main-Traveled Roads,” and he looked about him for new subjects. The wilder West attracted him; “I perceived,” he wrote in “A Daughter of the Middle Border,” “that almost any character I could imagine could be verified in this amazing mixture.” He embarked upon a career as romantic novelist and, as he boasts, anticipated Zane Grey. Between 1900 and 1917 he wrote a series of highly colored tales of Western adventure, with one or two experiments in the novel of psychic experience and an occasional flyer in the profitable field of juvenile fiction. All this time he was restless, wandering incessantly back and forth across the continent. And he was unhappy. His novels achieved no spectacular success, the money that his new tastes and new responsibilities demanded was not forthcoming, and his creative powers grew feebler and feebler. Desperate, he returned to the writing of his autobiography, undertaken more than a decade before. Already he had begun to idealize his father’s generation, and he found it possible to balance his accounts of boyhood hardships with lyric passages in celebration of the heroism of the pioneer. The cruel realities of agrarian oppression took on the charm of reminiscence. Difficulties still faced Garland; publishers failed to see the possibilities of the new book; but at last, in 1917, “A Son of the Middle Border” appeared, heralded on the front page of the *Times* by William Dean Howells’s flattering review. With that success, on that cheerful note, “Companions on the Trail” ends. The way was open for Garland; five volumes have followed, each a step to greater comfort and respectability.

So Hamlin Garland, member of the American Academy, came into being. What, one wonders, would have happened if he had kept his loyalty to the humble, hapless farmers of those early stories? What if he had extended that loyalty so that it embraced urban as well as rural laborers? He might have avoided the whole period of unhappy experimentation in romanticism, and he might have ended, not as a complacent and garrulous chronicler of past glories, but as the great novelist he once gave promise of becoming. Such considerations, however, probably disturb him but little; verily, he has his reward.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Poetry of Unfeeling

American Earth. By Erskine Caldwell. Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$2.50.

ERSKINE CALDWELL is formally introduced in this volume to his country. One of his qualifications, apparently, is his knowledge of that country, for his publishers take pains to tell us that he has lived in several Southern States, in the East, in New England, and in the Far West. Another qualification is his combination of youth and experience; his years are twenty-seven, and his jobs have been almost as many. A third qualification—his publishers do not mention this, but it is implicit throughout the book—is his lack of feeling. For Mr. Caldwell is one of that group of young writers who have surpassed even the hard-boiled generation in callousness; in fact he has been called one of our “new barbarians.” Rape and lynching, these are typical incidents in his stories; and he writes about them in the uncomprehending manner approved in our day.

Most of the volume is devoted to rather short short stories

having the flavor of homely local anecdotes. The style is influenced by Ernest Hemingway, yet possesses a quality of its own. The truth is that Mr. Caldwell writes quite capably, and knows both what a story consists of and how to drive its point home. It is his capability, in fact, that subjects his stories to criticism. For many of them, perhaps all, are deliberately aimed at the reader, with the purpose of getting a definite response from him. The response usually desired is a coarse laugh or a shudder. There is little attempt to record a thing seen in pure terms of the author's vision. Effect is the prime consideration. As a result, there is little artistic difference between these stories and those which appear in some of our large-circulation magazines, except that these, being more "advanced," are aimed at a smaller audience. They tell us nothing new about our country, as the stories of Sherwood Anderson did, for example; because there is no new seeing here. The naivete is not genuine; it is simply the standard hard-boiled device. Despite their title, which may also have been aimed at us, we cannot go to these stories for new knowledge of the soil of America.

But the volume ends with three fantasies in the first person. It is here, in my opinion, that Mr. Caldwell has contributed the most attractive side of himself. His lack of feeling, which is not feigned but real, has a charm in the fantasy that it has not in the short story. A short story is built with the bricks of feeling; otherwise it comes to nothing. But in the fantasy anything is possible, and youthful violence does no harm. "When the woman who told fortunes went crazy, we had to carry her into another tent and cut her throat there." This is a diminutive "chapter" of one of the three fantasies. The reader is willing to accept it, but he is not willing to accept the same unfeeling when it is engaged supposedly in the portrayal of real people in real life. For unfeeling has a poetry of its own, even if it is chiefly a matter of verbal abandon. Tracing Life with a Finger—that is the title of the first fantasy, and, though it has nothing to do with "life," it shows Mr. Caldwell at his best. "Ever since then I have been tired. Oh, my God, how tired I am! The days are long—long. The sun rises quick like a bat out of hell and roosts forever in the sky biting my eyeballs with its black gums, and the blood of me drips all over the world." There is no creation here; but there is a certain freshness and novelty.

GERALD SYKES

Laying War's Foundation

European Alliances and Alignments, 1871-1890. By William L. Langer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

THE year 1871 marked the beginning of a period in international relations which ended only with the World War.

In that year the unification of the German Empire was completed and the diplomatic supremacy of Germany in Europe insured by the defeat of France at Sedan. Following that defeat Germany exacted the cession of the two French provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. The purpose of this seizure was frankly strategic—it was to "close the hole in the Vosges." Having added this territory to that won in two previous wars, Germany had reached the saturation-point; consequently, Bismarck now adopted a policy of maintaining "peace."

In achieving its unification Germany, however, had won the implacable enmity of France. The problem of Bismarck was therefore to prevent France from again taking up arms, particularly in union with Russia. Should such an alliance be consummated, the position of Germany, located in the heart of Europe, would become extremely vulnerable. Consequently, Bismarck adopted the system of balance of power—of checks

and balances—in order to render France helpless. Thus he concluded the Alliance of the Three Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia in 1881, and the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy in 1882. England—the only important Power to remain out of this anti-French coalition—was soon induced to become a party to the Mediterranean status quo agreement, partly because of its enmity toward France over the Egyptian question. While Bismarck did not believe in preventive wars, he did believe in preventive alliances based on the fear of inevitable attack.

Bismarck's success in bringing about these combinations was especially remarkable in view of the fundamentally divergent interests of Austria and Russia. Moved by pan-Slav sentiment, Russia wished to establish its suzerainty in the Balkans, particularly in Bulgaria; moved by economic and strategic considerations, it wished to establish control over the Straits and Constantinople. Austria, however, opposed this expansion. Although Bismarck frankly urged the two Powers to divide up the Balkans between themselves, compromise proved impossible; and the alliance to which Austria and Russia were parties soon came to a virtual end. The eventual result was the division of Europe into the Triple Alliance versus the Entente. So long as Bismarck remained chancellor, however, this division did not come into existence.

In certain respects the policy of Germany after 1871 was similar to the policy of present-day France. Both states, having obtained all they could digest as a result of war, came to profess a desire for peace and the status quo. To secure this end both states resorted to a policy of alliances; and in addition France invoked the guaranties of the League of Nations. Nevertheless, strong popular movements against the wrongs inflicted by the peace treaties arose in both countries. In France this movement was led by Paul Déroulède and Boulanger; and in the crisis of 1887 it nearly forced the government into war. Today a similar movement has arisen in Germany under Adolf Hitler. The supremacy of Germany, so carefully built up by Bismarck, came to an end with the World War. Will the present supremacy of France similarly be overthrown?

Professor Langer has traced the diplomatic maneuvering of this period in great detail. Perhaps to a greater extent than any other historian he has examined and digested the extensive literature and documentation covering this period of history which has come to light during the last few years. While there are certain incidents which he has neglected, such as the diplomatic struggle back of the Convention of Constantinople of 1888, this book should prove of the utmost value to the diplomatic historian.

From the standpoint of the student of international relations, this book is not so satisfactory. While Mr. Langer traces the diplomatic moves with meticulous and often tedious detail, he devotes very little attention to the fundamental motives which prompted these moves and which were responsible for the balance-of-power system. Repeatedly he makes categorical statements, such as that Bismarck believed a new war with France was inevitable, without explaining "why." He does not have a word of condemnation for the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine, although his own account demonstrates that Ferry and Bismarck probably could have effected a reconciliation between the two countries except for this single issue. Again, he asserts that during this period "the irresistible surge of mass feeling began to hurry governments into actions which the leading statesmen, if given time, might have carefully avoided," a statement which implies that democracies are less pacific than autocracies. Yet for such an important generalization Mr. Langer presents no evidence. Despite the publisher's blurb to the contrary, he has not examined the question of public opinion and war as it has been examined in the recent studies of Kingsley Martin, Walter Millis, and Malcolm Carroll. Emil Ludwig is not

of course a professional historian; nevertheless in his "July '14" he brings together a good deal of evidence to show that in the democratic countries of Europe popular sentiment against the outbreak of war in 1914 was much greater than in the autocratic countries. If Mr. Langer is of an opposite opinion he should march forth his proofs. He attacks the "cheap and frequently ignorant arraignments" of the old diplomacy, and expresses the belief that the statesmen in pre-war days were no more "wicked" than at present. Mr. Langer admires Bismarck because he made the alliance system work, but he regards Lord Derby, a British foreign minister, as "weak," apparently because his conscience prevented him from seizing Cyprus. Referring to Bismarck's attempt to play England against Russia, he states, "There was certainly a tinge of duplicity in the whole procedure, but this was redeemed by the fact that the great chancellor was working for European peace." If Mr. Langer really believes in the implications of his statements, he has a limited view of the nature of international politics. Was not Bismarck's real motive the desire to secure Germany's stolen property against molestation? The question for the historian to answer is not whether men were "good" or "bad" but whether the institutions which they erected and the policies they followed worked to the interests of mankind.

The author does add, almost as an afterthought, that "paradoxically enough it may be said that by preserving the peace of Europe the great chancellor made possible the phenomenal development of forces which made peace more and more difficult to maintain in the future." The student of international relations wishes to know the nature of these forces; he wishes to determine whether the balance-of-power system is inevitable, whether it will always result eventually in war, and whether it can be abolished. It is this sort of institutional examination of the balance of power which is greatly needed, and which I hope Mr. Langer will give us in a subsequent volume.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

For Civilized Readers

The Glories of Venus. By Susan Smith. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

SOME months ago Susan Smith published "Made in Mexico," a charming book, in simplified English for children, concerning Mexican crafts and wares. There was little promise, however, in that volume, of the skill with which she appears as a story-teller in "The Glories of Venus," a short novel depicting the life of colonists and tourists from the United States in Mexico, a book timely in two respects: the one a surface timeliness, the other a deeper timeliness.

In a brief passage Susan Smith has one of her characters smile at a professor who tries to pigeonhole various aspects of Mexico in his notebook. She more than intimates that Mexico is not that kind of a pigeon. The fact, however, that our researchers and journalists are busy in Mexico means a response, on their part and on that of their employers, to a general popular interest among Americans in the republic immediately south of them. Discerning tourists, more numerous each year, bring back from Mexico reports of regions as beautiful and interesting as most European regions, and more alive. Mexican officials encourage this attention in every way possible. And America, to a certain degree, reciprocates. American archaeologists excavate Mayan ruins. Americans of distinction study in Mexico City. Mexican artists decorate American buildings. All in all, the two peoples are mingling personally with new respect and forgetting the old attitudes toward gringo and greaser. Hence the surface timeliness of Mrs. Smith's book—its entire action taking place among Mexican scenes and sur-

roundings which are sensitively felt and accurately recorded.

The other timeliness in "The Glories of Venus" is implied by the title itself. The group of American wanderers and dalliers in Mexico, although it has a Bohemian cast, reflects to a considerable degree the moral laxity and lassitude among modern Americans of passable culture and possible grace. These men and women shift partners on jaunts and in bedrooms as easily and naturally as in stricter days dancers shifted partners in "All Hands Round" and glided away, newly mated, to various parts of a ballroom. These later dancers appear to be less happily rewarded than their predecessors were. The author, however, does not point a moral to adorn her tale. There is no undue stress anywhere. She merely brings alive a typical coterie of persons and with gentle wisdom and smooth wit subjects them in their pleasure-loving nonchalance to the intimate shadow of death as it is felt in Mexico. There is something here of the dread which D. H. Lawrence always felt in that country; and whereas he told of it darkly in "The Plumed Serpent," Mrs. Smith tells of it lightly, but not too lightly, in "The Glories of Venus."

WITTER BYNNER

Russian "Types"

These Russians. By William C. White. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THE truth about Russia is Janus-faced. Since the American public by and large has no basis for judging whether what an author says about Soviet conditions is correct or not, a tremendous responsibility rests on the writer in the choice of his material. He can create a most favorable impression or the opposite. Everything depends on his angle of vision, and on the data he selects. Now I would ask William White: Why, when you wish to describe a student, do you pick an ugly, dried-up, sexless *Komsomolka* when you know that many of these young Communist girls are good-looking, charming, and full of interest in personal things? Your "typical" worker is sixty—a mixture, therefore, of much that is pre-revolutionary and a little that was born after 1917. An average Soviet worker is thirty-five or forty, and is more pro-Soviet and a better reflection of the revolution than your Pavel Vassilich. I could suggest individuals who, portrayed as types, would present a very different picture of Soviet life: for instance, a woman in Uzbekistan to whom the revolution brought economic freedom, an unveiled face, and liberation from the harem; a Jewish student in a Moscow university who under Czardom would never have had a chance to study and advance, and over whose head in the little Ukrainian town would have hung the eternal threat of pogrom and persecution; a Communist director of a construction job. Think of it: the Communists dominate Russia, and Mr. White devotes no chapter to a typical party member. Yet he gives a chapter each to a disgruntled professor, a kulak (a fine sketch, incidentally), a Jewish merchant, a bitter engineer, a priest, a rich, anti-Russian Caucasian innkeeper, a silly old music teacher, and so on.

Nevertheless, there is some excellent writing in this book, and with the reservation that it is only one side of the picture I would recommend it as realistic and as near the truth as fictionalized reporting can be. I should like to see a sequel to this volume in which White might let the pro-Bolsheviks in Russia pass before our eyes, and in which he would not place all of Moscow's "anecdotes" in the mouths of living people. That one in which President Kalinin is made to say to a peasant meeting: "See here. What do you want? Socialism or bread?" is quite unpardonable.

LOUIS FISCHER

Books in Brief

The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Mr. Jorkens sits in his club in London, and if someone stands him a drink and no one questions his scientific exactitude, relates his stories. About the *abu laheeb*, the Promethean beast of Arabia, the only animal that can handle fire; about the desert wanderer who climbed into a mirage; about the Cambridge undergraduate whom an African god allowed fifty runs whenever he batted at cricket; about the man who flew to Mars by centrifugal force and found human beings kept there in chicken coops for the table of larger animals; about the Siberian mountain of carbon that was struck by an intensely hot meteorite and changed into easily the world's largest diamond; about the river dug by bootleggers to flow booze from Canada to the United States; about the showman caged and exhibited to other apes in the wilds of Africa by the apes which he had formerly caged and exhibited in Europe himself; about the mermaid whom Jorkens stole from a swimming tank by concealing her fins; about the witch whom he refused to marry "blind," the witch who would have been turned by one word of love into a beautiful princess, so that he lost romance from his life forever. There is an unfailing charm, an unerring touch, in Lord Dunsany's fancy. Mr. Jorkens is not a character; he is a series of masterly variations upon one theme, the theme of motiveless, uncontrollable, sober-faced, disbelieved, touchy mendacity. To follow his tales, his effort to make them plausible, his resentment of the slightest doubt, his scorn of "sneering fools," is like a game for the intellect, offering to those of sufficient humor the sure reward of delight.

All Passion Spent. By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

This careful, slow-moving, intricately written story of Lady Slane's desire to live out calmly, passively, the few years left to her of her frustrated, over-managed life contrives to produce a certain glow of pleasure in the reader in spite of the fact that the writing seems at times too self-conscious, too unnecessarily deliberate. It is delicately done, but never profoundly done. The purpose seems askew, as if the author were divided between the desire to portray the calm of old age and the desire to show the waning of the whole pre-war mode of life. She never quite makes up her mind which she is more impressed with. And the depth of the theme is, accordingly, never sounded, only occasionally hinted at.

Poetry in France and England. By Jean Stewart. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.25.

This fifteenth volume of the Hogarth Lectures, which present literature "as dynamic rather than static," is one of the most illuminating and timely in the entire series. Today, with the pendulum swung toward classicism, everyone interested in the growth of literatures would do well to review that evolution as it manifested itself in the poetry of France and of England. This is the excellently accomplished purpose of Miss Stewart's book. Beginning with a fine analysis of the differences in the languages of the two countries, which gave rise, in turn, to a difference in prosody, which was directly indicative of the innate differences in the French and English minds, Miss Stewart traces the similarities and dissimilarities of French and English poetry from the Renaissance down through modern times. She shows how, from the beginning, the genius of the French was toward analysis, while in England all aesthetic movements were due to foreign influence; she points out that even in the Renaissance, when the themes of poetry were com-

mon stock, springing from the same joy in life, French poetry inclined toward an emphasis on form, English toward experimentation. Finally in the Augustan Age the French critical control reached its height, a control not so easily swept aside there as it was in England by Romanticism. She shows how **always the French are disinclined toward excesses, while the English poet drops from the heights to the depths, and then soars back to the heights again.** Finally she concludes with an excellent chapter on French symbolism and its direct influence upon modern English (and American) poetry. Miss Stewart's scholarship is detailed, and her breadth of view and her ability to draw conclusions are important and clarifying.

Golden Remedy. By Rex Stout. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

The author of "Golden Remedy" has been compared to D. H. Lawrence. But his account of a man who never achieves sexual satisfaction without becoming disgusted is written as an outspoken Hergesheimer might write, describing present-day manners. There are amusing spots in the novel, but the characters run so true to type—the temperamental concert singer, the willing stenographer, etc., with the exception of the lady who slept on her harp—that it is impossible to sustain more than a mild interest in the finally middle-aged man who writes poetry and has an understanding with his wife.

Henry Irving. By Gordon Craig. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

Because John Henry Brodribb of Somerset and Cornwall had the devil in him, he became Henry Irving; it was *le diable au corps* that transformed a potential farmer into "the greatest actor of his time." That is the *Leitmotif* of Mr. Craig's rhapsody, which glows with the admiration, almost the adoration, of a disciple. A formal biography would not have answered his purpose—the polemical defense of every idiosyncrasy. He even finds justification for Irving's affected pronunciation in the pure, undefiled English of such sixteenth-century ballads as "Robin and the Potter." To this partisanship, however, one is grateful for a book which, if excited in tone, is also exciting to readers.

Music

Carl Weinrich

I WISH it were possible to write about the Bach organ recitals Carl Weinrich is giving at the Church of the Holy Communion, at Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, without mentioning Lynnwood Farnam. For Farnam's was the clearest, simplest, most moving Bach playing one had ever heard, and it is difficult to say that Weinrich's is not quite that without conveying an inadequate and unjust impression.

The Bach organ works are as well able to speak for themselves as anything in music, and Farnam's playing of them was perfect because it seemed absent. Weinrich was Farnam's pupil, and doubtless absorbed to a great extent Farnam's unerring and imaginative taste in registration, as well as his ideas of tempo, dynamic variation, rubato, etc. I say his *ideas* because his inner sense in rhythmic matters was, of course, unique and untransmissible. Mr. Weinrich is less infallible than his master, but what one is born with another often acquires, and his playing is so thoroughly satisfactory already that we can well afford to wait and see. Without pretending to any great knowledge of organ-playing, I consider his Bach as good as that of any organist I have heard except Farnam. And that is really quite good enough.

For the organ demands, above all, good intentions, good training, hard work. The intention to play the G-Major Prelude and Fugue, for example, as simply, clearly, merrily as possible; the training that makes possible balanced, logical, attractive registration and straightforward rhythm; the work necessary to play the right notes at the right time—with these three things anyone can keep out of Bach's way, and that is all anyone needs to do to give a "moving performance" of the organ works. And these three things Carl Weinrich has in excellent proportions, lapsing only slightly and occasionally in any direction.

He has learned what Farnam could teach him, and all that remains for him is to work toward what was not teachable. His rhythm is at times a little uncertain—noticeably so, for example, in the adagio of the Trio-Sonata he played a week ago Sunday. He is still learning to make proper allowance for the differences in time it takes different stops to speak. But even if there were many more serious imperfections in his playing than there are, I should still make the effort to hear each of his recitals at least once, and twice whenever I could. During October he is playing every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and (the same program) every Monday evening at 8:15—a series devoted exclusively to Bach, and including all the choral preludes in the "Orgelbüchlein." In January there will be a series devoted largely to Vierne, and in April one including all the organ works of Brahms. The recitals are free, and one listens to music under ideal circumstances. There is no other series of concerts in New York, except perhaps those of the Friends of Music, on which one can rely so surely for music at its best. Those whom Farnam's death left still intending to hear him often can do no better than take advantage of what Mr. Weinrich offers them.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Architecture

A New Pace in Building

IN the last two issues of the *Architectural Record*, Dr. Mikkelsen, the editor, has broached a problem that warrants close attention by us all. The building industry in the United States, including the architectural profession, has been geared to an era of tremendous growth in population. But the increase is now rapidly falling off. In the last ten years—1920 to 1930—it was 17,000,000; but year by year it has been getting less; and the decade 1930 to 1940 is likely to see an increase of as little as 9,000,000, a little more than half the gain of the previous period.

Now this strikes at the base of American architecture. The profession has been keyed to the need for quick building. Our unique contribution to architectural procedure has been the organization of the great "plan-factory," which employs up to two hundred men, engaged largely in making adaptations in stock plans for the local requirements of any particular building lot, and dolling up the result in the nearest handy "style." Not the most sensitive and individual architect could affect this system much, if he built in quantity. Its stamp is on all our recent "styles" whether "period" or "modern." It is more important than they. The Americans were in a new country, and first of all had to have a roof over their rapidly multiplying heads.

With the population increase slowing up, there will no longer be this mining-camp fever for any old kind of a shack. Buildings will probably be fewer, and so each one can have more thought. Conditions are beginning to approximate those in Europe, which has hitherto been our main source of conscious

ideas of form, because there was time over there for ideas to be produced.

The change in temper in our architectural profession is already noticeable, though much exaggerated by the present depression. While their draftsmen draw labels or walk the streets, even the heads of the plan-factories have had to pause in their course. Two years ago the architects as a group were still the most smugly Pecksniffian outfit, so it seemed. Today it is respectable in almost any office and any architectural journal to speak about town planning, and even to neglect houses in conversation about housing.

Will the increase in the quality of individual structures through greater study be the only effect of the slower population growth? Probably not. It is no accident that discussions today so quickly turn to housing. It is new housing that is most urgently needed; it is there that we have hitherto done our most wretched job. And yet, since most of the population is already under roof somehow, our future construction will be mainly in the nature of replacement—that is, doing the bad job over again. We are therefore compelled to build not only better but cheaper. And that brings us to the other important trend that Dr. Mikkelsen points out in the immediate past—the trend toward industrialization.

In the last ten years industrialization in the building trades has greatly accelerated, but I risk the prophecy that this is nothing to what we may expect in the future. Quietly the manufacturers are already working on the problem of developing housing units that can eventually be completely factory-made.

It is a problem that is suited to us as a people. In our period of expansion we unconsciously accumulated leadership in one realm—that of organization. Our position is analogous to that of the Romans. Though their decoration was Greek, and revetted on at that, their planning was unsurpassed. And though our factory-built housing units may raise a great many problems, and for a time throw a large part of architecture into confusion, the new housing will yet emerge fundamentally much better. Better for us, that is, who will be of that time. Only the excessively rich will continue to buy their houses handmade. And at that, it may be that the houses we have been accustomed to call the best will no longer be so—they will have value as works of art, but few will prefer to live in them. They will be obsolete.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

Realism and Drama

NO contemporary dramatist has a keener ear or a shrewder eye than Elmer Rice. No matter what milieu he chooses to present in a play, one may be sure that its salient features will be recorded with an exactitude which both the camera and the phonograph might envy. What most of us have only seen or heard he has noticed; and the result is a spectacle at once novel and familiar—familiar because we have met every one of its elements before, amusingly novel because we have never previously realized just how characteristic these familiar things were. The titter of recognition is the response which he is surest to win, and realism of a kind could hardly be carried farther.

But this talent has its danger. Its result tends to be pictorial or static, and (if I read him aright) Mr. Rice's real problem is always the problem of finding something to make his plays move. In "Street Scene" he achieved a triumphant solution by introducing a simple but swift and powerful melodrama;

in "See Naples and Die" he satisfied me, at least, with some extravagant and high-spirited farce; but in "The Left Bank" (Little Theater) he has fallen short of complete success because the story he has to tell is completely uninspired, because, though it is typical enough and true enough, it permits the expected to happen with disconcerting regularity.

Mr. Rice, to be sure, could not write anything which would not be relatively interesting, and his shrewdness did not desert him when he chose to give some account of the doings of American expatriates fleeing from themselves in the direction of Montparnasse. His room in a cheap Parisian hotel is perfect in its verisimilitude and so too are all the things that go on in it. The bathroom two flights up and the telephone three flights down are nature herself; the obsequious but incompetent male chambermaid, the light which goes on over the bed when it is turned off in the room, and the hideous wallpaper (convincingly declared to be worse in the next room than in this) are the same.

Whoever has taken his course at the Dome—and what American under fifty has not?—will smile with malicious pleasure and feel, besides, a certain pride in the realization that he too is in a position to appreciate the jest. The Left Bank is, hardly less than Kansas, a part of the American scene. "Et in Arcadia ego." I too know whereof Mr. Rice is speaking. I too have tried to forget a damnably inadequate bath by reflecting on the superiorities of European civilization, and I too have babbled of the graciousness of Parisian life while munching stale *croissants* beside a bed of incomparable hideousness. But none of these reflections quite last the evening out, and as the minutes roll by, one becomes more and more acutely aware that Mr. Rice has nothing new to say concerning the problem of the expatriates.

Obviously these latter are running away from themselves and obviously that is something which none of us can successfully do. Our roots are in American soil and can draw their sustenance from nowhere else—even though, perhaps, it is just as well that every rebel should find out that fact for himself. What if some of us do want to shoot tipplers at sight while the rest of us seem convinced that the pursuit of delirium tremens is the only activity permissible to a really civilized man? Nothing is gained by carrying on the latter activity abroad, and if we want a different civilization we shall have to build it for ourselves; for, as the *raisonneur* of the play remarks, "It seems to me that we have got to go where the world is going, not where it came from."

All this and more along the same sensible line is said well in "The Left Bank"; but something less familiar would be necessary to make the play more than the rather amusing comedy it is. If the scene is to be familiar and the characters are to be typical, then there is a crying need for novelty somewhere, because the pleasure of recognition, genuine though it be, is not by itself enough for a great or really stirring play.

Concerning "The Good Companions" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) I must speak with diffidence. Adapted from a tremendously popular novel and apparently highly delightful to large audiences, it seems destined to success, but I must confess that I found its noisy good humor and its aggressive wholesomeness worse than trying. "Dickensy" is the adjective one is supposed to apply to its sprawling story and desperately quaint characters, though it would, perhaps, be as well to remark that one may very easily like Dickens without feeling any great enthusiasm for those whose work is said to resemble his. Personally I never felt more sympathy for Scrooge than at that moment at the end of the first act when a toast is drunk to all "Good Companions."

"Payment Deferred" (Lyceum Theater) is something more than an excellent melodrama. It is also realistic, intelligent, and gruesomely ironical.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FEBRUARY 1917

A CHRONICLE of the RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

by ALEKSEI TARASOV-RODIONOV

"Read it! Even the jacket blurb does not exaggerate its merits."
—JOHN CURNOS, *N. Y. Sun*

"It does for the beginning of the Russian Revolution what John Reed's 'Ten Days That Shook the World' did for the Bolshevik coup d'état."
—M. R. WERNER, *The New Republic*

"The story of the Revolution is played for us in almost legitimate theatre form . . . dramatic method plus the human warmth make his book quite irresistible. Tarasov's book has the stuff."
—WM. SOSKIN, *N. Y. Eve. Post*

" . . . charged with fire and action . . . more stirring than the most fantastic adventure story."
—ALEXANDER KAUN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

No matter what else you've read about
Russia, you must read FEBRUARY 1917

\$3.75 Everywhere

COVICI-FRIEDE • Publishers • New York

FREE SPEECH FOR THE CONSUMER

The playgoer is offered critical and independent comments on new plays. The reader of books, too, is afforded such outspoken opinions. Why is it that the consumer of food, automobiles, household appliances, soaps, clothing and everything else which anyone buys, spends his money on the basis of advice coming from one source alone—the man who has the goods to sell!

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH Alone

offers comment and counsel to help you deal in a practical, money saving fashion with the higher arts of trade. If you want to know what physicians know about your favorite mouthwash, what engineers say about your neighbor's automobile, and your aunt's dearly bought vacuum cleaner, read Consumers' Research confidential Handbook of Buying, and bulletins.

\$2 a year brings you:

The annual confidential Handbook of Buying, which is a condensed guide to the market on the things you buy, listing (with some analysis of prices and costs) as recommended and not recommended, many of the goods and services which you use.

Three or four confidential bulletins, which report new tests and research in detail and offer items of substantial interest about current advertising frauds and absurdities;

AND BEGINNING NOW

Three non-confidential bulletins, similar in scope to the confidential ones, but containing material which may be shown to anyone.

All subscribers must sign an application blank pledging themselves to hold certain material confidential. Send for application blank and circular to

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, INC.

340 West 23rd Street

New York City, N. Y.

STUART CHASE, Pres.

F. J. SCHLINK, Tech. Dir.

Intolerance in Vienna

By NOAH FABRICANT

Vienna, September 1

ON June 23, 1931, the Rotary International Convention opened in Vienna amid thunderous applause and moving phrases on "world amity," "international brotherhood," and "the cultivation of friendship across the seas." About a mile away from the convention hall vicious attacks broke out at the University of Vienna against foreign and Jewish students. The rioting lasted five days, and more than a score of students were cruelly beaten. Little police protection was offered these students because of an unwritten law that the police cannot enter the university grounds. Police Commissioner Brandel later admitted that "there is no written law."

The precipitating factors which culminated in the rioting date back to the preceding year. Professor Wenzl Glasbach, rector of the University of Vienna during the years 1929-30, had openly supported the demands of the reactionary Nationalist students in attendance at the university. These demands were the immediate institution of self-government, "in all questions concerning the duties and rights of the students at the university," based on the race principle—that is, based on a distinction between Aryan and non-Aryan students. And even with the further distinction that among the Aryans themselves there was to be a differentiation between German Aryans and non-German Aryans.

In short, in view of the German nature of the University of Vienna the German-Austrian students were to be considered henceforth as "masters of the house." All other students were to be subdivided into "student nations" possessing only minority rights in no way comparable to those of the German students. The National Socialists admitted that their primary purpose was direct action against the Jews. Jewish students, although Austrian citizens, were to be required to register as Jews and not as Austrians.

Rector Glasbach sympathized with these plans and helped create this "student rights" legislation directed against the minority groups. His views were supported also by the council of the university and the Nationalist *Studentenschaft*.

At the time protests from the Social Democrats, the minority student groups, and even the Clericals against this arbitrary racial discrimination in an educational institution proved of little avail. Foremost in fighting it was the *Wiener Sonn- und Montags Zeitung*, a weekly newspaper, under Regierungsrat Ernst Klebinder, who bitterly opposed Rector Glasbach's ruling in an article published May 19, 1930. As a result of this and subsequent articles Klebinder was accused by the public prosecutor in an open trial, June 20, 1930, of attacking the honor of the rector and the council of the university. No further hearing was held until June 19, 1931, when the matter was brought before the Constitutional Court. Both Glasbach and the Minister of Education appeared as witnesses against Klebinder.

The Constitutional Court found in Klebinder's favor. In a decree promulgated June 23, 1931, the court ordered the legislation abolished on the ground that it was in direct

opposition to the constitutional law of the land. Early in the day, when this decree was announced, attacks began on Jewish as well as foreign students at the University of Vienna. By his passivity during the violence in the buildings under his charge, Professor Übersberger, the present rector of the university, may be said to have condoned the attacks. Police stationed around the university but carefully refraining from entering it offered practically no aid to the victims. More than a score of foreign students, many of them Jews but including Hungarians and an Egyptian, were badly injured in the beatings administered them by their Nationalist classmates. One youth, when set upon by thirty to forty rioters, jumped out of a second-story window to escape their assault and suffered a broken leg.

A large and important group of foreign students at the University of Vienna are the American physicians taking postgraduate work there. Many of these were aroused by the injustice of the attacks. Under the leadership of Dr. Samuel Marcus, a Los Angeles physician and a former major in the United States Army, these doctors issued the following protest:

UNITED STATES LEAGUE FOR PROTECTION OF FOREIGN STUDENTS

We, the undersigned Americans, hereby protest against the repeated attacks on minority groups of foreigners, such as Hungarians, Poles, and Jews, in the University of Vienna.

We, who have come here with respect and admiration for Austrian culture, are now shocked by these outrages and regret to foresee that the rest of the world must know and be equally indignant.

As American citizens we protest against the cowardice, inhumanity, and unsportsman-like outrage of mobs of fifty to a hundred attacking a single foreign student. We have as witnesses students who have been mercilessly beaten. Even women have been injured.

We protest against the cultural atrocity wherein a rector and leader of a university fails to defend the victims, his own students, and actually forbids the police to enter to help the injured. We protest against the maintenance of such a man in office.

We protest against the police who have advance notice of these attacks. Quite curiously, they always arrive late and fail to handle the situation with adequate energy. Those apprehended are released without punishment.

We are notifying the B'nai B'rith, representing four million Americans interested in this problem. We are also notifying other American organizations and philanthropists who have assisted the University of Vienna without knowing the partiality, cruelty, and prejudice of the management and certain professors of this institution. We are also notifying other bodies, such as the American Legion of War Veterans, from whom we are sure of assistance in a stand for humanity and justice.

We are demanding better protection from the American government and its ministers here. Lives of Americans are endangered and the investment of years of study and money are being threatened. Because of the above danger

to Americans, as well as on general humanitarian principles, we demand of the American Minister a firm and sincere stand on the cessation of these repeated riots. . . .

This date we are sending a copy of this letter to every important newspaper in America.

[Signed] THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

DR. S. MARCUS, Major U. S. Army

DR. S. ZAKON

DR. A. L. LYONS

DR. A. BEHRENS

DR. B. PUSHKIN

DR. N. D. FABRICANT

Members of the American Medical Association of Vienna

The sequel to this protest was an amazing one. The protest had been written hurriedly. To establish its purpose at first glance, the signers of the protest had called themselves the "United States League for Protection of Foreign Students." For further identification the executive committee had signed as individual members of the American Medical Association of Vienna.

Before the protest was published, Dr. Marcus on June 30 showed a mimeographed copy to Dr. Schilling, president of the American Medical Association of Vienna. Dr. Schilling read it through, expressed approval of its spirit, but said that it needed correction. He corrected it and returned it to Dr. Marcus the next morning with the corrections written out in his own hand. The protest was dispatched to the rector of the university, the faculty members, the American Minister to Austria, the Associated Press, and the United Press, as well as to many of the Viennese newspapers.

The rector of the university was infuriated. He appealed to Mr. G. B. Stockton, the United States Minister to Austria, who in turn summoned Dr. Schilling as president of the American Medical Association of Vienna, whose members had signed the protest. Two days after his conference with the American Minister, Dr. Schilling denied that he had ever seen the protest, knew of its contents, was in sympathy with it, or that it reflected the opinion of either the American Medical Association of Vienna or of himself.

Meeting Dr. Marcus in the library of the American Medical Association, Dr. Schilling told him: "I have just come from the American Minister. He is raving mad. He raised hell. He kept me there almost three hours. He had me driven around in an automobile. He sent me to the rector of the university." Dr. Schilling told the writer of this article the same story, admitting under questioning that the signers of the protest were within their rights as individual members of the American Medical Association of Vienna and that the naming of the group of signers "United States League for Protection of Foreign Students" showed it was a distinct and separate organization in no way misrepresenting the American Medical Association.

The conferences between Dr. Schilling and the rector of the university and the American Minister were held without giving any of the signers of the protest an opportunity to state their side of the story or defend themselves. Accordingly Dr. Marcus visited the American Minister. Mr. Stockton flew into a rage. He shook his fist in the physician's face and threatened to "end your visit in Vienna." He accused the executive committee supporting the protest of flagrant and wilful misrepresentation. He cried: "If the authorities or the rioters get after you, I will not protect or defend you."

As a result of the American Minister's attitude an article attacking the signers of the protest on the ground of mis-

PSYCHOLOGY: SCIENCE or SUPERSTITION? by GRACE ADAMS, Ph. D.

The first comprehensive and lucid account of the history of modern psychology, the meaning of its various conflicting theories and a keenly critical discussion of the nature of its investigations. Is psychology actually a science or is it at best merely another branch of metaphysics and at worst a form of faith healing? Dr. Adams' book is a reliable guide through the modern psychological labyrinth.

"No one who believes in the religion of the Church, or in any of the assorted religions of 'psychology'—Freudianism, Adlerism, Jungism, Watsonism or Gestaltism—should read Grace Adams' *Psychology: Science or Superstition?* But any one with a detached skeptical mind will find its witty analysis of the great balloon of 'psychology' in America both hilarious and informing."—Lewis Gannett in the New York

Herald-Tribune

Recommended by the Scientific Book Club

At all bookstores \$2.50

COVICI • FRIEDE • Publishers • 386 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

ADVANCE NOTICE

DEBATE!

"ARE PARENTS HARMFUL?"

Shall the State have full control of children?

BERTRAND

(says: "YES!")

RUSSELL

SHERWOOD

(says: "NO!")

ANDERSON

Is the Russian method solving the problem?

Is it wise to eliminate all family ties?

Would State control stifle the child's individuality?

SUN., NOV. 1st
8:30 P.M.

MECCA TEMPLE
55th St. and 7th Ave.

Tickets: 75c to \$2.50

DISCUSSION GUILD, 15 E. 40th St.—Tel.: LE xington 2-5024
or Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15th St.—Columbia Book Store,
Journalism Bldg.

representation was published in the Vienna *Reichspost*. The article used the identical words in which the American Minister had criticized Dr. Marcus. The rector wrote the professors of the university in the same vein. And the *Deutsch-Österreichische Tageszeitung* followed with an article bearing the dubious title A Rotarian Advertisement Swindle Unmasked.

The protest, however, had done some good. The Viennese authorities so disliked the international publicity which followed that a quietus was rapidly put on the rioters. The *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* in an editorial on July 5 declared it was the duty of the University of Vienna to prevent all future hooliganism which might further disgrace its name internationally. Various liberal organizations thanked the signers of the protest.

But if Vienna calmed down, the American Minister did not. Evidently uneasy as to the effects of his actions if they became known to the large body of Jewish voters in the United States with a Presidential campaign not far off, Mr. Stockton invited the correspondents of American and English newspapers to a stag dinner. It was the first time since his arrival in Vienna that he had given such an affair.

Believing it was to be a good-fellows-get-together affair, the correspondents were amazed when the Minister in his opening talk of welcome immediately referred to the protest of the American doctors and dwelt at length upon the character of the signers, particularly Dr. Marcus. He made known a fact, with which only one or two of the newspapermen present were familiar, that Dr. Marcus had been arrested on his arrival in Vienna in a case of mistaken identity.

Dr. Marcus had been immediately released as soon as he had established his identity and had come out of the affair with all honor. It was apparent that the American Minister had mentioned the incident with deliberate intent to prejudice the character of Dr. Marcus in the minds of the correspondents.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN, director of the People's Institute, is the author of "Liberty."

W. P. MANGOLD is engaged in industrial research and magazine writing in New York City.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

WITTER BYNNER, author of numerous volumes of poetry, has for many years lived in New Mexico.

NOAH FABRICANT is a Chicago physician who is doing postgraduate work at the University of Vienna.

RENTALS

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

225 E. 19th ST. Unfurnished apartment, 3 rooms including kitchen, open fireplace, frigidaire, up-to-date. Reasonable rental. Gramercy Park section. Convenient to subway and elevated. Stein.

ROOMS

TO RENT—A quiet well furnished bedroom, in Apt. 5-B, at 10 Mitchell Place, Beekman Hill, New York City. Business woman preferred.

COUNTRY BOARD

PERMANENT residence in beautiful remote country 50 miles from New York. Large estate; modern conveniences; private bath if desired; young society. Special rate to congenial, cultured couple. Box 525, c/o *The Nation*.

APARTMENT WANTED

PROFESSIONAL couple seek city apartment. Will exchange for rent, responsible occupancy, or several hours daily of business, secretarial or literary services. References exchanged. Box 517, c/o *The Nation*.

CHILDREN—BOARD

TEACHER and wife (having 2 small children) versed in modern principles of child guidance are willing to offer home to one other child (2 or 3 years old). Large airy apartment, excellent physical and mental care. Box 528, c/o *The Nation*.

PRIVATE HOME

One or two children from 5 years up. Exceptional care. Call Sheephead 3-5644.



View from Roof

433 W. 21 St. Chel. 9-7631

In Our Cooperative House

Two apartments only
for rent. Four Rooms

\$114 — \$125

Casement Windows
Fireplace Sunny

HELP WANTED

EXTRA MONEY SPARE TIME

SELL XMAS CARDS
Sell Beautiful 24 Card Christmas box assortment for \$1. Your profit 50c a box. Friends, neighbors buy on sight. Extraordinary value. Amazing money-maker. No experience needed. Sample box sent on approval. (Address nearest office.)

CRAFT ENGRAVING CO.
400 Canal Street (Dept. N), New York, N. Y.
2032 Locust Street (Dept. N), St. Louis, Mo.
787 Thirty-third Ave. (Dept. N), San Francisco, Cal.

POSITIONS WANTED

YOUNG WOMAN, cultured background, accustomed bibliography and research, secretarial experience, desires interesting work, any kind, in New York, few hours daily. Box 526, c/o *The Nation*.

COLLEGE graduate, Biology major, very capable, wishes any work late afternoons or evenings: Saturday-Sunday. Box 529, c/o *The Nation*.

LOVER of books (woman) wishes position, public, private, cataloguing, listing, copying, or any kind of writing: Could fill many kinds of positions requiring intelligence and education, but not professional training (except in music). Box 533, c/o *The Nation*.

TYPING of manuscripts or evening dictation by college graduate, versed in economic and medical terminology. Box 534, c/o *The Nation*.

POSITIONS WANTED

COLLEGE graduate, cultured, desires position, experienced secretary, bookkeeper or receptionist, attractive credentials. Apt. 15, 2019 Monterey Ave.

YOUNG LADY desires to do home typing. Experienced patent law, specifications, etc. Literary manuscripts. Can spare several midday hours for dictation. Box 112, Flushing Station A., N. Y.

YOUNG LADY, German college graduate wants home with refined family in exchange for services as companion, translator or teacher, 2 evenings a week. Box 530, c/o *The Nation*.

TEACHER, companion-secretary, librarian, general office work preferably law office—young woman, college graduate. Experienced. Box 531, c/o *The Nation*.

BOOKKEEPER-TYPIST, experienced, capable, speaking English, German, French. Highest references. Salary moderate. John Spahr, 2406 Grand Ave., N. Y.

YOUNG LADY, college graduate, majored in English, knowledge of typing, seeks position. Moderate salary. Box 532, c/o *The Nation*.

REFINED young lady. Jewish, would like to nurse or act as companion to elderly lady. Speaks several languages. Address Miss J. M. Jacobs, 138 Genesee St., Apt. 6, Auburn, N. Y.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1931

No. 3460

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	445
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Hoover to M. Laval	448
America and the League	449
Edison	449
Fame	450
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION. By Hendrik Willem van Loon	451
THE MANCHURIAN BATTLEGROUND. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	452
THE WHITE HOUSE MAGICIANS. II. PLAYING WITH STATISTICS. By W. P. Mangold	454
PIERRE LAVAL. By Robert Dell	456
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	458
CORRESPONDENCE	458
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	459
FINANCE: UNUSED BILLIONS IN THE BANKS. By S. Palmer Harman	460
BOOKS. FILMS. DRAMA:	
To One Who May Be Listening. By David Morton	461
Portrait of a Uniform. By Louis M. Hacker	461
Roman History Reinterpreted. By Isidor Schneider	462
American Beauty Shoppe. By Dorothy Van Doren	462
Detachment Through Identity. By Eda Lou Walton	463
Mark Twain's Pessimism. By Granville Hicks	463
The Sources of Philosophy. By Felix Morrow	464
Books in Brief	464
Films: What the Movies Do Best. By Dorothy Van Doren	466
Drama: From the Attic. By Joseph Wood Krutch	467
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Church and State in Spain. By I. M. Levy	470

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN	FREDA KIRCHWEY	MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT	H. L. MENCKEN	CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON	NORMAN THOMAS	ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

TO PRESIDENT HOOVER'S APPEAL for nationwide support for the drive for funds to care for the unemployed victims of our acquisitive economic system, we hope all the readers of *The Nation* will respond, even though they should feel, as we do, that the government is shirking its solemn duty in not assuming this responsibility. Mr. Hoover is of course correct, despite his "sob-stuff" rhetoric, in declaring that "no one with a spark of human sympathy can contemplate unmoved the possibilities of suffering . . ." in the coming winter. People are already dying of undernourishment, which means starvation, in all our large cities. Everywhere the depression has reduced men and women to despair, wiped out their savings, and deprived them of all hope for the future. Not to give "until it hurts" under these circumstances would be to show oneself callous indeed. That the dole will come if the depression lasts another two years is certain. Meanwhile, however, private benevolence will do its best; though the well-to-do and the rich are themselves hard hit by the depression it ought to be possible to raise the sums asked—only \$12,000,000 in New York City. Whether this sum will be large enough, in addition to the amounts voted by the municipality and the State, to care adequately for the 750,000 men and women in the metropolis now officially reported unemployed remains to be seen.

WHEN THE FINANCIAL HISTORY of the present time comes to be written, our children will surely read with incredulity that in 1931, when the United States had in its vaults \$5,000,000,000 of gold—nearly half the world supply—foreign holders of credit began withdrawing gold in the fear that we were going to abandon the gold basis! It is a situation to which only the author of "Alice in Wonderland" could really do justice, and the most striking illustration we have so far had of the unreasoning hysteria which has seized the world. Panic, of course, always tends to create the very event it fears: it has done so for Germany and England, and it is no doubt England's present desertion of the gold standard that has caused many people now to think that nothing is too incredible or ridiculous to be believed. Less than four weeks after England's suspension of the gold standard, it is true, the Federal Reserve system has lost \$650,000,000 in gold, a loss which breaks all records for so short a period; the largest previous export of gold in any month was \$100,000,000 in June, 1928. But even with the present loss, our gold supply is still as great as it was in the spring of 1929, when the chief concern of European and American economists was how our unparalleled holdings could be better distributed. Though the system's reserve ratio has fallen in the last four weeks from 78 per cent to 62 per cent, the latter ratio is still ample. Moreover, it would be higher than it is were it not for an increase in note circulation in the same period of \$605,000,000, an increase made necessary at least in part by the hoarding of paper money by our own hysterical citizens.

UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES the flow of gold back to Europe would be an event to be greeted with real satisfaction. While we may still view the outflow calmly, there are several considerations which greatly reduce the satisfaction that might otherwise be felt. One is the very rapid rate of the withdrawal, which may prove slightly unsettling. Another is the fact that the gold is being withdrawn because of senseless panic, not because of basic changes in the flow of international trade. A third is that 80 per cent of the gold has been going, not to England or Germany, where it would prove most helpful, but to the one other country in the world that does not need it—France. So far as our own position goes, it is quite clear that the Federal Reserve banks can offer gold without endangering their reserves far longer than foreigners will have the credit balances to enable them to pay for the gold. Meanwhile, one hardly knows whether the innuendoes reflecting on the dollar's safety that have been appearing recently in a large number of French newspapers are more to be condemned for their absurdity or for their unscrupulousness. It would be illuminating to know not only who is inspiring them, but for what purpose.

THE UNPREDICTABLE British election, which takes place on October 27, ranges from free-for-all fights during the speeches of Sir Oswald Mosley, in which the candidate was hit by a chair in a Birmingham meeting and

was provided, against his will, with a police escort, to meeting after meeting at which the deadly apathy of the British voter is the only thing to be noted. Even the Seaham district, in which Prime Minister MacDonald is trying to preserve his seat against the protests of his former Labor friends, can get up only sporadic enthusiasm or heckling. There have been a few meetings when even Mr. MacDonald's charm and forceful oratory were not able to overcome the protests of the audience. It must have been bitter for him, who was, as he said, Labor at his birth, and would be "Labor till I die," to hear the miners who sent him to Parliament last time by a huge majority shout him into silence and call him names among which "Traitor!" was not the least. J. H. Thomas, too, is coming in for his share of abuse. When he attempted to speak in behalf of Derwent Hall Caine in Liverpool he was greeted with shouts of "Twister!" and was assured that "we are not going to starve in silence!" The London City, that barometer of national attitudes, is betting heavy odds that the Conservatives will come in with a handsome majority. One cannot be sure; if the voters are in the main apathetic, it is not safe to predict that their apathy necessarily means Tory votes. Yet it is undeniable that the Labor Party is divided in counsel and lacking in decisive campaign leadership. The press, of course, is almost unanimous in support of the National Government.

THE PATRIOTS have found a new argument against disarmament: we must be prepared to defend ourselves from the Terrible Turk! Apparently hoping to start a back-fire to the success which the Peace Caravan of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom has had, the National Civic Federation is circulating a disarmament questionnaire to ascertain the "real" state of the public mind on this question. In a letter accompanying the questionnaire, Matthew Woll, acting president of the federation, calls attention to the "spectacular" Peace Caravan. He goes on to suggest that the many governors and mayors who signed the petition of the Women's International League were not quite aware of what they were doing. Why? Seemingly because the petition was the work of an ultra-pacifist organization which, with the Socialists and Communists, wants complete disarmament, whereas "all normal-minded Americans" favor limitation, which is "a very different proposition." But even limitation must be limited, according to Acting President Woll, for "many advocates of limitation insist upon certain safeguards—particularly that our country and the other civilized nations, through neglect to provide adequate means of defense, shall not place themselves in a position where they can be overrun by the red armies of Soviet Russia and the hordes of Islam." It is no wonder that, as Mr. Woll points out, there is "such great confusion" on the question of disarmament.

PUBLIC COMPETITION with private enterprise in the utilities field may be urged by the Progressives in Congress as a solution of the utilities regulation and transportation problems. This course has been recommended by the committee of experts chosen at the Progressive Conference in Washington last spring to study these questions. "The federal and State governments," the committee said in its report to Senator Norris, chairman of the conference, "should cooperate in establishing enterprises for the produc-

tion and distribution of electric power wherever feasible, and thereby create standards of service and of rates which can be applied in regulation of privately owned and operated electrical utilities." An experiment along these lines is already being tried under Governor La Follette in Wisconsin. In the case of the railroads, the committee said: "The federal government has the power to construct or to take over public highways. This power should be exercised to establish a government railway system, supplementary to and competitive with the privately owned railroads," again with a view to establishing "standards of service and of rates" to be "applied in the regulation of private enterprises." Proponents of private enterprise could not ask for a fairer deal than this. We believe that public competition is the most practical and workable solution of these problems. Moreover, we are morally certain that unless a definite solution, either this or some other that will fully protect the public interest, is soon found, it will not be long before private enterprise in the utilities field is wiped out.

ALFRID EMANUEL SMITH, ex-Governor of New York, and the last candidate of the Democratic Party for the Presidency, dealt himself a deadly blow in New York on October 10, when he attended the great campaign rally of Tammany Hall. This was the Al Smith who once impressed upon the country the idea that there was a new Tammany. This was the Al Smith whom men of all faiths had come to respect as one who had worked his way up through Tammany Hall but had kept himself and his ideals clean. Yet there he was on the platform with the most brazen Mayor New York has ever had, joining with the "boys" in glorifying the Hall and the administration under which the city is being exploited as never before. The very week in which this meeting was held was the week in which it came out that Under-Sheriff Peter J. Curry on a salary of \$7,500 a year had banked the sum of \$622,311 between 1925 and 1931, thus nearly doubling the sums banked by Sheriff Thomas M. Farley during the same period—\$360,600. If Mr. Smith had read the papers he must also have known that the Kings County (Brooklyn) Register banked \$510,000. For months revelations like these have been in the daily press as a result of the Seabury inquiry. Al Smith found nothing to deplore, nothing to regret. Instead, he gave a sweeping indorsement to all the candidates of Tammany Hall, whose appointees have thus grown rich while in public service. The new Tammany? There is no such animal. It is now what it always has been—a gigantic conspiracy to govern New York for the benefit of the pockets of the insiders of Tammany Hall and their friends.

GERMANY WILL GO into the coming winter, one that may prove the most difficult it has experienced since 1919, with Heinrich Brüning still at the head of the government. The vote of the Reichstag sustaining the chancellor was not a vote for continued republican rule as against a possible fascist dictatorship—Brüning has himself assumed virtual dictatorial control, though it may be hoped that this is only for the period of the economic emergency. Rather did the vote represent an unavoidable choice between a dictatorship of the moderates and possible civil warfare, for it is almost certain that victory for the right opposition would have been the signal for an outburst of violence

from the Communists, if not also from the Socialists. The fascists and their Nationalist colleagues walked out of the Reichstag chamber when they saw their plan to unsaddle Brüning had failed. Their theatrical gesture, however, was not without value. During their absence the Communists rushed through a resolution, supported by the Social Democrats, under which the next instalment for the construction of armored cruiser "B," amounting to about \$2,500,000, would be devoted to feeding children of the unemployed. The government and the middle parties, being in the minority, were unable to block the resolution and it was legally approved. Thus Germany's unemployed were served in an unexpected but handsome manner by the "patriotic" fascists.

ONCE MORE GERMANY'S foreign-trade figures are outwardly reassuring. In September the excess of exports over imports amounted to \$92,000,000, the largest export surplus that Germany has achieved in any month since the war, exceeding by \$9,000,000 even that of August, which itself had established a record. For the first nine months of the present year the export surplus has amounted to \$457,000,000. It must not be overlooked, however, that this so-called "favorable balance of trade" is not so much something that Germany has achieved as something that has been forced upon her. It is significant that the German balance of trade has been "favorable" since the latter part of 1929; but it was then, immediately after the New York stock-market collapse, that American bankers and investors stopped lending to Germany on a large scale. It was possible for Germany to have an excess of imports, even while she was making reparations payments to France, only because she was borrowing on long and short term from England and America. The panic this summer brought the possibility of securing such credit to an end. It is now virtually impossible, therefore, for Germany to have an import surplus, if only because there is no credit available for such a surplus. It remains to be seen how long the present export excess, secured through drastic economies in consumption and mainly the result, not of an increase in exports, but of a falling off in imports, can be maintained.

BOTH THE CORTES and the church authorities in Spain are to be congratulated on their tactful handling of the religious problem. When the Cortes voted to separate church and state it did not go to the extreme many observers had anticipated and vote to abolish all religious orders, although it did leave open the question of possible confiscation of their property in the future. On the other hand, the Papal Nuncio in Madrid refused to become alarmed when the Cortes took the action everyone had looked for. He informed the government that "the church feels wounded, but not hostile to the republic," and told the press that he hoped there would be no rupture between the Vatican and Spain, for in that case he feared there would be a much more radical program adopted. President Zamora resigned because he thought the Cortes had gone too far, but even he took a strong stand against any hostile reaction on the part of the Catholics which might threaten the stability of the republic. There must be no thought, he warned, "of following the path of monarchical reaction or dictatorial madness." There have been inevitable disorders as a result of the Cortes vote, the Catholic deputies from the Basque country have threatened

to withdraw from the parliament, and a rumor has been spread of a possible religious war in the Basque provinces. But it is generally believed that Manuel Azana, the new President, will be able to control the situation.

POLITICAL UNREST in quarters as yet undefined has been ascribed as the immediate cause of the government crisis in Mexico. But whatever the immediate reasons for the sudden Cabinet changes, the crisis was not entirely unexpected. Economically Mexico has been suffering as much as the rest of the world. The treasury has been struggling with an unbalanced budget, with revenues decreasing at an alarming rate. So serious had the situation become by early August that the government felt compelled to shift the national currency to a silver basis, but this served neither to check the increasing deficit nor to improve the general economic situation. Apart from economic troubles, Mexico has had to contend with political and social dissatisfaction. The revolutionary program has been all but forgotten, as was ably shown by Blas Urrea (Luis Cabrera) in *The Nation* of December 31, 1930. The government's quarrel with the church continues. A symptom of the resultant unrest was the pistol battle on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies on August 25, in the course of which one member was slain and two others wounded. The crisis has brought Plutarco Calles to the Ministry of War. Thus the former President now virtually controls both the army and the country's financial system, having a few months ago assumed direction of the Bank of Mexico at the invitation of the government and leading financiers.

YALE UNIVERSITY, much to its probable discomfort, has hatched another crop of mosquitoes to edit again the *Harkness Hoot*. These young pests hover over Yale's precious architecture, thumb their noses at its partially Gothic elegance, refuse to be in any way cowed by the Harkness millions, and take an unholy delight in the inconsistencies they see taking shape about them—particularly in the Gothic exterior of Pierson-Davenport College and its Georgian inner court. They helpfully offer as their own proposed Yale building a drawing of a very prettily designed small church of American colonial architecture topped with a large, ornate Gothic tower, as if the Woolworth Building had ambled down Broadway and climbed up on the top of St. Paul's Chapel. It is possible that the Yale powers-that-be will find these criticisms merely annoying. An article in the magazine, however, *Sober Advice to Freshmen*, by one of the editors, Richard S. Childs, should, if they retain any powers of self-criticism, fill them with shame. Mr. Childs has drawn for them a picture of Yale as he sees it, the place where gentlemen are manufactured and scholars are laughed at, a shallow, self-seeking, trivial, insincere playground for young bond salesmen to make contacts in before they take up the serious business of life. This may or not be a just picture. But that a thoughtful young man, as Mr. Childs reveals himself to be, one who is already well on the way to education and who possesses an enviable command of the English language, should see the university in this light shows that something is wrong with Yale which House Piers will not remedy. This is not the buzz of an undergraduate mosquito; it is a serious indictment of one of the leading American universities. It should be taken seriously.

Mr. Hoover to M. Laval

(A Conversation Which Might Take Place in the White House in October, 1931)

YOUR Excellency, it is with profound satisfaction that I welcome you to the White House and to this country. I am sure that I have but voiced the opinion of the whole American people when I say that we are deeply honored by your coming to us just at this time to discuss freely and frankly the relations between our two countries, and, even more important, the relationship of these two great democracies to the existing world problems and crisis.

I am sure you will appreciate, M. Laval, that I do not in the slightest degree exaggerate when I say that the situation in which the world finds itself is the gravest that we have ever faced from the point of view of the existing forms of society. I feel very strongly that you will not disagree with me that upon us both rests the heaviest responsibility that men in our respective positions could possibly bear. We in this country are struggling with an economic depression which bids fair to be unparalleled in its duration and is certainly without parallel in its international ramifications, for in no other such crisis has the whole world been drawn into the fellowship of suffering and misery. Never before have there been such vast armies of unemployed. Never before have men faced the future with such anxiety as to what the morrow may bring forth. Never before has there been such a confusion of counsels among economists and financiers and those whom men have heretofore considered experts in such matters. Never before has there been such widespread agricultural depression or such a catastrophic fall of prices for so many of the world's raw materials. In addition to that, the existing capitalist civilization finds itself gravely challenged by what some call a new order of society.

Under these circumstances, M. Laval, it is of the utmost importance that we deal fearlessly and frankly with one another, that we avoid any of the indirections to which diplomats so readily lend themselves. The responsibility is primarily ours because ours are the richest lands, yours the least affected by the depression; between us we hold two-thirds of the world's gold. If we fail to reach an understanding, it means that the world will be more than ever adrift upon uncharted seas, without rudder, without direction. Let me lead off by telling you precisely what is in my mind. First, as to war debts and reparations. I realize that the moratorium inaugurated last summer was at best only a preliminary step; the situation cannot any longer be left as it is for the reason that the uncertainty as to the disposition of debts and reparations at the conclusion of the year of grace must be removed if states are to make their budgets intelligently, if there is to be a genuine restoration of confidence among the peoples of Europe, and especially those of England and Germany. You will agree, I am sure, that in this so rapidly changing situation we cannot fall back upon the formula of "capacity to pay" which my country used in making the debt settlements. No one can tell what the capacity to pay of even your strong nation may be six months or a year hence. I therefore wish you to know that I shall appeal to the Congress of the United States, as soon as it meets, for the canceling of all debts, be-

lieving that this forgiveness of debt will benefit my own country as much as the foreign countries concerned. It will not be easy to convince the Congress of the righteousness of this position. My success with the moratorium emboldens me, however, to believe that I can once more appeal with good results to the generosity and wisdom of my countrymen.

I cannot, however, ask this great favor of the Congress without giving it the definite assurance that reparations payments from the defeated Central Powers shall also cease. The necessity of an economically sound Central Europe to the welfare and safety of the former Allies has been demonstrated beyond question by the relationship of British investments in Germany to England's departure from the gold standard. But our Congress will ask something more than that. The coming disarmament conference in Geneva is indissolubly bound up with the economic restoration of Europe. You will not have forgotten that your last yearly payment to us for your debt account was only \$44,350,000, while your annual military and naval expenditures reached the enormous sum of \$432,000,000—ten times as much. Even in Great Britain only 4.2 per cent of its budget funds were paid to us, while 14 per cent went to army and navy. If canceling reparations will lead to the cutting of military and naval expenditures in half, it will obviously be a far greater boon in pounds and francs. But a still greater benefit will come from it because of the immediate increase in international good-will, in the removal of the fears of another war which distract so many portions of Europe. I am happy to tell you, as an evidence of our own good-will, that the delegation which we shall send to Geneva will offer a reduction of at least 50 per cent of our naval and military armaments, believing this to be the most substantial contribution we could make to the restoration of the world. It will be of the utmost importance if I can inform the Congress that your honored Government will join with us in this move.

There are still other things which I shall wish to discuss with you at leisure. Even in America we have learned that the time has come to remove every hindrance to trade. I am therefore in favor of the immediate calling of an international conference composed only of officials of as high rank as yourself, M. Laval, to deal immediately with the reduction of tariffs all along the line.

I shall eagerly await your answer to my proposals. You will permit me, I am sure, in closing, to stress once more the tremendous responsibility and opportunity which are ours. We two can come to an agreement here which will go far toward reviving the hopes of humanity and ending the needless suffering of millions. What that would mean to your reputation and mine in the tomes of history, I need not say. You, I am sure, no more than I are desirous of having those future historians, who may record generations and centuries hence the fate of our time, write that among those statesmen who failed to come to the rescue of the capitalist society that came to its end in the third decade of the twentieth century were the Premier of France and the President of the United States, although once they had in their hands the chance to perform miracles.

America and the League

AMERICAN cooperation with the League of Nations in attempting to end the Manchurian crisis is of more than passing significance. It means that for the first time the United States is taking part in an international effort to prevent a threatened war. The precedent thus established will almost certainly influence the future attitude of this country when similar crises arise, and therefore is to be applauded. Had this cooperation come earlier in the present case, the weaknesses which have developed in the negotiations looking toward a solution might have been averted. As it is, the present teamwork between Geneva and Washington may yet, or so we hope, serve to bring about a just rectification of the Manchurian situation.

Mukden was occupied by Japanese troops on September 18. The Chinese promptly appealed to the League of Nations. The League asked Tokio for an explanation, and the Japanese representative at Geneva promised that the troops would be withdrawn. The League also asked the United States to join in its protest to China and Japan. This the State Department did by sending softly worded notes to Nanking and Tokio calling attention to the Manchurian situation and asking that the two countries respect their various treaty obligations. Nothing was said of the 1922 treaty under which Japan had expressly agreed to refrain from violating the independence, sovereignty, or territorial and administrative integrity of China. Nor did the notes specifically mention the Kellogg pact, under which both countries had agreed to settle their differences only by pacific means. This tactful course led nowhere. The Japanese troops not only remained in occupation of Chinese territory in Manchuria, but extended their hostile operations. Chinese protestations against this defiance by Japan of the League's recommendations finally led the League Council to meet in extraordinary session to reconsider the situation. Again Washington was undecided as to its own course, but offered to help Geneva as best it could in bringing about a settlement. The League Council voted almost at once to have an American representative take part in its deliberations, although it knew Japan was opposed to such action. To get around this difficulty the Council sidetracked its own peace machinery and elected to invoke the Kellogg pact against both China and Japan.

Thus the League has finally taken action which the United States could have initiated alone, and with far greater effect, immediately after the occupation of Mukden. As it is, the invoking of the Kellogg treaty comes now as a second thought. By its indecision at the start Washington showed that it does not have the unyielding faith in this agreement which it must have to compel proper observance by other Powers. The League, too, appears to have favored the Kellogg pact only as a means of insuring American cooperation in its activities, going even to the length of deserting its Covenant to accomplish that end. Lastly, Washington's decision to join with the League in the task of settling the Manchurian crisis, this being the only time it has cooperated with Geneva for the purpose of preventing a threatened war, is looked upon with deep suspicion in Tokio and has only increased Tokio's determination to oppose any and all Western

interference in what it considers a problem involving China and Japan alone. Soviet Russia also has a definite interest in the Manchurian question. Russia is a signatory of the Kellogg treaty, but not a member of the League. Had Washington invoked the Kellogg pact on its own initiative (as it did in the Russo-Chinese dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway two years ago) it would have been compelled to cooperate with Moscow, and this, of course, would have been inconsistent with its non-recognition policy. Instead, the burden of bringing the anti-war treaty into play has been shifted to the League Council. This leaves Russia outside the international cooperative effort to bring peace to Manchuria. But it also leaves Russia free to join with Japan (or to act independently) in defending its own Manchurian interests, which may be done in a manner not compatible with any solution agreed upon by Geneva and Washington.

America and the League have to do more than merely prevent war in the Far East, if they are sincere in their desire to promote peace. They must see that both sides in the Manchurian dispute receive justice in accordance with the League Covenant and the Kellogg treaty. China is doubtless not altogether without blame, but Japan, by its hostile occupation of South Manchuria, has openly violated both of these agreements. It has in effect, if not by resorting to a formal declaration of hostile intentions, already prosecuted a successful war. It now seeks to hold the spoils of that belligerent action by negotiating directly with China, thus continuing to sabotage its obligations under the several international peace agreements to which it is a party. So it is not alone a question of preventing a war, but one of rectifying a difficult situation brought about by a war that has already taken place. If Japan cannot be persuaded of the illegality of its position, and induced to join in an international effort to solve the problem thereby created, the whole war-prevention system erected since 1918 will be undermined.

Edison

A GREAT American and a benefactor of all humanity was Thomas A. Edison. The sobriquet of "wizard" popularly applied to him was by no means undeserved, for if he was not a genius it would be hard to find anyone really to merit the designation. Since he rose without education to world-wide fame and a place among the immortals of science, his career will be once more heralded as "typically American," especially in this hour when so many of our most conservative and hitherto contented citizens have been so thoroughly convinced by our malicious stock market that something is wrong after all with our wonderful American system. Yet a career like Edison's can, in a sense, never be typical. For only rarely does fate create so extraordinary a spirit, so gifted an intelligence.

That he lacked a scholarly and scientific training only made his achievements the more remarkable. Whether the training of a Helmholtz or a Siemens or a Thomson would have crippled this inventive genius or caused it to flower more effectively will always be a moot question. It is beyond doubt, however, that he largely made up for his lack of training by his extraordinary industry and his incredible power to immerse himself hours without end in a given problem.

His methods were daring and original, his experiments extraordinarily minute and of the widest range. No number of failures could discourage him. His belief in his impending success in anything that he undertook persisted to the end. In a single month, January, 1879, he personally made a most exhaustive study of eight metals, covering forty pages of detailed experiments and deductions. He freely admitted that his methods were empirical where he dealt with chemistry—in this he liked to compare himself to Luther Burbank. But he once said: "When it comes to problems of a mechanical nature, I want to tell you that all I've ever tackled and solved have been done by hard, logical thinking."

None the less, it is true that he tried everything that might possibly lead to a given goal. For example, when searching for a filament to produce his incandescent lamp, he sent one man all around the world, and another to comb South America, for the material which might solve his problem, and it was solved. For him it was a blessing that millions of dollars flowed in upon him. He sent them on their way again without a moment's hesitation in his desire to wring another secret out of nature, to discover the hiding-place of some material that would help him to a new invention. Nothing ever altered the simplicity of his life or his devotion to his self-imposed tasks, and he was fortunate, indeed, in being able to stick to his laboratory almost to the very end. That he had vision in things scientific was frequently proved; in 1886, for example, he made on one day fifteen separate predictions as to the growth and future of the electrical business. Many years later twelve of these were found to have been completely fulfilled. But when he ventured into other fields and expressed his views on politics and social problems and on questions of labor, he floundered as deeply as does his friend Henry Ford. Nor did he see wisely in the matter of the relation of capital to labor. He was not a model employer—any more than Henry Ford.

Something of the fertility of Mr. Edison's mind is shown by the fact that up to 1910 he had already filed applications for patents covering 1,500 inventions. His greatest achievement was, of course, the incandescent lamp; one has only to imagine what the modern world would be like without Mr. Edison's electrical contributions to the comfort and convenience of daily life to measure the immensity of his service to mankind. The telephone and the telegraph bear for all time the marks of his skill. The stock-ticker and the phonograph are children of his brain, while the debt of the moving picture to him is immeasurable. Failures there were galore. He squandered millions upon his magnetic-ore milling works; his Edison Portland cement, like his poured cement houses for workers, has never risen to expectations. His process for giving power to electric street cars never came into use, nor did his plan for moving wheat trains by electricity created by windmills. A few years ago he jubilantly announced that at last he had developed the storage battery to a point where it could drive every gasoline automobile off the streets. Upon these and many other efforts he spent fortune after fortune, experimenting, experimenting, experimenting. Indeed, his true title is the Great Experimenter-Inventor. But none of his failures can for a moment detract from the extraordinary range of his successes, or hide the fact that Thomas A. Edison did more to bring the modern age of comfort, convenience, and industry than any other man in history.

Fame

THE world learned with surprise that Mahatma Gandhi had never heard of Charlie Chaplin. That fact may be taken to prove—if anything can—that no fame is absolute, but if we may rely upon an investigation recently undertaken by our sprightly contemporary *Variety*, then the only road to even quasi-universal renown is either moving-picture acting or some other crime. A list of about 150 supposedly well-known names was submitted to a random group of 200 Chicagoans, and the results seem to indicate beyond any reasonable doubt that only the stars of moviedom and gangland are really famous. Only John Barrymore and Joan Crawford were known to everyone and only Al Capone and Lupe Velez known to all but two. Atwater Kent and the Ringling brothers (both of whom score 96 per cent) were the most famous names outside the criminal and film worlds, and Benito Mussolini (95 per cent) is the best-known of all political personages. But lest the Duce should find this fact fatal to his shrinking modesty, we will remind him that sixteen persons are better known in Chicago, while he stands only 1 per cent above Jake Lingle, murdered Chicago reporter, and only 4 per cent above Andy Gump.

Mighty is the power of the press but even mightier, it would appear, is the power of the press agent, for there is in the list a pretty good indication that fame in Chicago is largely manufactured and that those best known are those who have seen to it that they should be. Thus Texas Guinan is better known than Gandhi, and Mae West is better known than either Andrew Mellon or Stalin. The only people who stand surprisingly high are those who, for one reason or another, have figured much in the headlines. Albert Einstein scores 82 per cent and stands above both Peggy Hopkins Joyce and "Peaches" Browning, but he is a long way below Fatty Arbuckle and Aimee McPherson—both, scoring 87 per cent, and therefore evidence of the fact that the public is equally interested in alleged religion and alleged rape.

Almost the whole list is interesting—if not alarming—to those who are concerned with the mentality of a democracy. What does it mean when we discover that Ted Weems (whoever he may be) is better known than either Andrew Mellon, Samuel Insull, or Albert Fall; or that more people can identify Virgil Kirkland (whoever he may be) than Stalin, William Hohenzollern, or Colonel House? Nor is the misinformation possessed by the 200 less striking than their ignorance. Vincent Astor was identified five times as an actor and once as a fur dealer; three persons thought that the Mayo brothers were circus owners or performers; and at least one believed Roger Wolff Kahn to be a general in the United States Army. To various individuals Yehudi Menuhin was a clairvoyant, an Indian prince, and the oldest man in the world, while to four he was a rabbi.

For us the greatest shock was reserved until we came very near the bottom of the list. Oswald Garrison Villard—editor of *The Nation* in case you don't know—scores just 7 per cent in *Variety's* contest and stands exactly on a level with Clarence Brown, Corey Ford, and Devereaux Milburn. We hesitate to say how many have outdistanced him.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



ONE of the surest signs that all is not well with the body politic is an uncomfortable sense of "touchiness" among those who occupy the seats of the mighty. My amiable colleagues (once ■ newspaperman always, etc., etc.), my amiable and brave colleagues now walking the cold pavement of Grub Street,

branded for the rest of their days with ■ big red letter M (indicating that they have been caught contributing to a wicked booklet full of *lèse majesté*), will undoubtedly bear me out. But an even older and infinitely more experienced social organization, known familiarly as the Church of Rome, an institution which in bygone days believed right royally in the excellent maxim of "live and let live," is showing increasing signs of this most deplorable "touchiness." They had better be careful or they will have another La Barre case on their hands and La Barre cases are apt to provoke other Voltaires. I realize that thus far no Voltaire has yet appeared upon the horizon. But you never can tell! When the spindling child of old Maître Arouet was born, there was no one then to prophesy that some day this squealing infant would upset ■ throne and shake a church.

This really is no time for fussy outbursts of ill-concealed anger. The brethren in Moscow present us with the sad sight of what ■ mess can be made of life as soon as the national sense of humor has been relegated to the darkest dungeon of some remote Schlüsselburg. Lenin could see a joke but Stalin is as entertaining as the late Mary Baker Glover Eddy (I hope I got them all). Lenin, therefore, had a chance. Stalin has none. Does that mean that I expect nothing to come of the Noble Experiment? (I mean Stalin's Noble Experiment, not Hoover's.) Right you are, the first time! In the long run our Bolshevik comrades will fail because they take themselves as seriously as their work. It is an excellent thing for a man to take his work seriously. The moment he begins to take himself seriously, he is lost.

All of which is merely ■ pleasant hors d'oeuvre to the remark that is to follow, which is nothing more or less than the suggestion that we return to the establishment of official court fools, to be accredited to all the Imperial, Pontifical, Royal, and Presidential Courts of this planet.

The more I study the Middle Ages, the more I am struck with the extreme wisdom of those slightly odoriferous ancestors of ours who had no bathtubs in their homes yet somehow managed to keep their minds as fresh and bright as a bunch of new-grown daisies. For one thing they strongly believed in certain necessary public safety valves, and realizing that the human race is merely human, they provided mortal man with a series of official "escapes" which kept their form of society going for centuries after it seemed to have outlived its usefulness. Mother Church gave them a sublime

example. Instead of suppressing the ancient Roman Saturnalia, these were gently (though not too genteelly) modulated into the famous Feast of Fools, during which laymen played the part of bishops and cardinals and were allowed to burlesque the whole complicated fabric of religion and theology. Even the "pretty girl" element was not lacking, and the rite by which these entertainments became popularly known, the Festa Asinorum, or the Feast of the Holy Ass, was a sufficient indication of the sort of thing which kept the populace within bounds during the other 364 days of the year.

Now one hates to make suggestions to our esteemed Administration, for if they were to be taken seriously, that would merely mean the appointment of still another committee, and the Lord knows we have enough of these. But if I were ■ member of Congress (which I am not as I voted for Broun at the last election) I should advise that some of the millions saved this year on the army and navy and the Injuns be spent hiring an official White House Court Fool. I could even submit the names of several highly desirable candidates for the job. Ed Wynne or Willie Howard or the Marx family in toto. Will Rogers would have been an ideal court jester up to ■ few years ago, but now he works for the *Times*. Bernard Shaw, if he were not addicted to too much talking and too many talkies and were some twenty years younger, would have filled the vacancy quite acceptably.

But the reader will get the general trend of my argument. We are on the verge of mighty events which threaten to change the entire aspect of our present civilization. I like that particular form of civilization because it is the only civilization I have every really known and I am too old now to change. But I see no chance of saving this world from our recent follies unless we cease to take ourselves as seriously as we have grown in the habit of doing. (*Nation* and *New Republic* please copy.)

At the present moment we could get ■ court fool at ■ very reasonable price, for the theatrical season promises to be (in the terms of our charming friend, Anita Loos) completely "lousy." Five thousand dollars wisely invested in an A-1 court fool right now might save us five thousand million dollars two years hence.

Of course certain supplementary laws would have to be passed to make the poor devil immune from the All Highest Displeasure. But that difficulty, too, could be avoided quite nicely within the course of the next six months. If the fellow proves ■ success, why not let him run for President on a ticket supported by the Republicans and Democrats, the Socialists, and the Methodists? A few years ago we were offered the opportunity to vote for ■ candidate who was in jail but we were too busy with the war to provide ourselves with that most ideal of all sovereigns, a ruler *in partibus infidelium*. Let us do better this time. When all wise men have failed, why not try an honest fool?

No, the writer of this present piece is no candidate. He refuses to run. He is much too serious-minded.

The Manchurian Battleground

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

NEITHER public pledges by responsible statesmen nor the power of international agreements seem strong enough to stem the imperialistic tendencies of ambitious nations. These tendencies are always carefully disguised, and can always be plausibly explained. In the case of Manchuria, for example, we have been told that "Japan has no imperialistic designs. Her interest is solely economic." Such was the assurance given China in 1927 by Kenkichi Yoshizawa, then Japanese Minister to Peking, now Japanese representative on the League of Nations Council. Yet somehow these innocent economic interests lead all too frequently to territorial aggression. That is the story behind the recent news from Manchuria, which is once more in the hands of alien troops, and it is the story the same Yoshizawa has lately been attempting to explain to his fellow-members of the League Council. In former years the thing was done by means of secret treaties and secret protocols looking toward the exploitation and possible partition of the Three Eastern Provinces (Manchuria). While this system was in vogue three wars were fought directly or indirectly over Manchuria, while blood in more than sufficient quantities was spilled on other and less formal occasions. Today, however, with the whole world renouncing war and entering into arrangements designed to insure peace, secret treaties are no longer necessary. In their place have come frank professions of peaceful and honest intentions; all thought of political penetration abroad, or of territorial aggression, is publicly set aside.

It was only ten years ago, at the Washington conference of 1921-22, that Japan formally abandoned, to all appearances with complete sincerity, its aggressive policy toward China. By abrogating the alliance with Great Britain (under the protection of which the Japanese had wrested the Liaotung peninsula from Russia), by agreeing to withdraw from Shantung, and by adhering to the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty, wherein it undertook "to respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China," Japan gave the world good reason to hope that it had at last turned from its former course of unashamed imperialism. Through the next five years the new "policy of friendship" predominated in Japan's relations with China. In April, 1923, the Japanese agreed to terminate the Lansing-Ishii "gentlemen's agreement," under which this country had recognized "Japan's special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous." At about the same time the Japanese government, as a further pledge of friendship, turned over Japan's share of the Boxer indemnity, as well as the payments China was required to make on the Shantung railway properties, to a special fund for Chinese educational and cultural work. Further concrete evidence of the new policy was given by the gracious manner in which the Japanese handled the grave problem arising out of the Shanghai riots of May 30, 1925. The trouble began when a Chinese worker was shot by Japanese mill guards. Demonstrations against foreigners spread quickly throughout China. But Japan not only protected its

own nationals against the worst effects of these disorders, but also heightened its prestige among the Chinese by apologizing for the shooting and paying the dead worker's family a generous indemnity. Again, during the Nanking incident of March 24, 1927, in which Japanese as well as other foreign property was destroyed, Japan kept its head. It refused to join in the demand advanced by other Powers that the Nationalists be punished by military occupation of certain portions of their territory.

Five years after the Washington conference, Baron Shidehara, then as now Foreign Minister of Japan, renewed the pledge given at Washington. He told the Diet in January, 1927, that Japan would "respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of China and scrupulously avoid all interference in her domestic strife." Though the fact may be open to misinterpretation, it must be noted, however, that at the time Shidehara made this statement the civil warfare in China was confined largely to the south, where Japanese interests were less important than in the north. As the victorious Nationalist armies moved northward, menacing Japanese property and threatening to invade Manchuria, where Japan has enormous holdings, the liberal Wakatsuki Government found its position increasingly difficult. By April the Cabinet fell—the Chinese Nationalists were then in possession of the Yangtze valley and drawing uncomfortably close to the Great Wall and the rich Manchurian provinces that lie behind. A new government headed by Baron Tanaka, outspoken imperialist and leader of the military (Seiyukai) party, was formed in Tokio. With the rise of Tanaka began the decline of Shidehara's "friendship policy." The new attitude, though Tanaka's Government lived only until 1929, has persisted to this day. Despite the return to power of the liberal (Minseito) party, and with it Shidehara to the Foreign Ministry, there has been no substantial change in the policy laid down by Tanaka.

Baron Tanaka began his administration with a patriotic flourish. Shidehara had been too lenient with the Chinese; public opinion had forced the old government out for that reason; Tanaka would institute much-needed changes. He convened in Tokio in June, 1927, a conference of the leading officials of the War and Navy ministries, the Governor of Kwantung (Lower Manchuria), the commander-in-chief of the Kwantung army, the Minister to Peking, and the consuls general at Mukden and Shanghai. Addressing these officials, he enunciated his "positive policy" for dealing with China. In the first few paragraphs of his statement he paid lip service to Japan's avowed desire to see peace and order restored in China. But in paragraphs 6, 7, and 8 he declared that "since Manchuria and Mongolia, particularly the Three Eastern Provinces, have an important bearing upon the national defense and existence of this country, we must devote special attention to those regions. . . . If the disturbances spread to Manchuria and Mongolia, and as a result peace and order are disrupted, thereby menacing our special position and rights and interests in those regions, we must be determined to defend them, no matter whence the menace

comes, and take proper steps without loss of time in order to preserve the regions as lands for peaceful habitation and development equally to Japanese and foreigners." Here Tanaka went farther than any of his predecessors. Indeed, the Osaka *Asahi* declared that "as the general outlines of the new Manchurian and Mongolian policy clearly show, the present Cabinet is more positive about Japan's special position in Manchuria and Mongolia than any other Ministry in the past. It is doubtful whether the Okuma Cabinet had so confirmed a view about Japan's position when it formulated the famous Twenty-One Demands of 1915."

Tanaka's policy began to function at once. Jotaro Yamamoto, secretary general of the military party, was appointed president of the South Manchuria Railway, the principal vested interest of the Japanese in the Three Eastern Provinces. Yamamoto had previously expressed himself as dissatisfied with the railway company's inclination "to attach more importance to business profits than the company's innate mission." After his appointment he declared that "the railway company has a more important mission than a merely economic one." In a military direction also the new policy began to take form. The presence of an unusual number of Japanese troops in Shantung prevented the Chinese Nationalists from continuing their victorious march northward, and they were compelled to suspend their drive on Peking for a year. The Chinese press reported at the time that Japanese soldiers had taken part in the fighting against the Nationalists. This was but a foretaste of the military interference that was to come the next year. Meanwhile the Tanaka Government reached out to strengthen its new policy in other quarters. With the termination of the Lansing-Ishii agreement the United States no longer recognized Japan as having a special position in Manchuria. The Japanese, however, thoroughly appreciated the moral assistance such recognition would give them in the event of future difficulties over their future activities in Manchuria. They moved to make up this deficiency, and thus to tie Washington's hands, by negotiating a \$30,000,000 loan with American bankers for the use of the South Manchuria Railway. This loan would not only have given this country an interest to protect in case of disturbances in Manchuria, but, in the words of the Tokio correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, Japan would have welcomed "an American loan to the South Manchuria Railway Company as a tacit admission of Japan's 'special position' in Manchuria." But the State Department, whose policy requires that all foreign-loan agreements be submitted to it for examination, indicated to the bankers that it would rather not pass upon the question. The negotiations were thereupon dropped.

In the spring of 1928 the Nationalists resumed their advance northward. Tokio promptly dispatched six men-of-war and a brigade of troops to Shantung "to protect Japanese lives." This was not an extraordinary measure; other Powers had followed the same procedure when the Chinese troops were running over the Yangtze valley; but the Japanese force was unusually large, so large in fact that it aroused the suspicions of both the Nanking and Peking governments. These suspicions were confirmed when the Japanese summarily warned both sides in the Chinese war that they would not tolerate any interference with the operations of the Shantung railway, the warning coming in face of Baron Tanaka's promise that there would be no Japanese interven-

tion in the civil war. To carry out the threat Japanese soldiers were rushed to Tsinan, which they entered on May 1 just as the Nationalist army was pouring in from the south. The inevitable battle between the two forces began two days later; large sections of the city were bombarded by the Japanese, with heavy losses of life and extensive destruction of property; 20,000 Chinese soldiers were captured and forcibly disarmed; the Nationalists were compelled to retreat southward. However, a month later Peking fell to Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan, allies of the Nationalists, bringing the war to the very border of Manchuria.

Here the "positive policy" of Tanaka was given full play. Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war lord, had been killed under mysterious circumstances as he was entering Mukden on June 4, his son, Chang Hsueh-liang, succeeding to the dictatorship of the Three Eastern Provinces. Tokio immediately saw an opportunity to separate Manchuria from the rest of China. Consequently young Chang was warned early in July, said the Associated Press, "against joining Manchuria with the Nationalist Government of China. Premier Tanaka ordered that the warning be sent, hoping to dissuade Manchuria from the Nationalist alliance because he felt Japan's position in Manchuria would be jeopardized if Nationalist rule predominated." A few weeks earlier, when the armies of Feng and Yen were maneuvering to break through the Great Wall and enter the Three Eastern Provinces, Yousuke Matsuoka, vice-president of the South Manchuria Railway (note again the interest of the railway company in political affairs), declared that the Japanese would "not permit either Mukden or Nanking to carry the fighting into Manchuria. If they are able to get together and settle their political differences peacefully, all right; if not, we shall close the door at Shanhaikwan (at the eastern end of the Great Wall) and not permit the Southern armies to pass." That this was tantamount to setting up a Japanese protectorate over Manchuria did not disturb Matsuoka. Both of these warnings being unheeded, Foreign Minister Hayashi went in person to Mukden to deliver an ultimatum to Chang Hsueh-liang. However, the ultimatum was likewise without effect, and Tanaka, embarrassed by growing opposition at home, did not press the issue.

There have been two checks on Japan's imperialistic aspirations in Manchuria. The first has been the economic difficulties in which Japan has found itself since the collapse of its mushroom prosperity of the World War period. Japan suffered from an acute depression in 1920, and this was aggravated by the tremendous blow dealt the country by the disastrous earthquake of 1923. When Tanaka came into power his tactics aroused deep resentment throughout China. By the spring of 1928 this resentment had taken the form of a boycott against Japanese goods, which cut heavily into Japan's exports. Exporters and manufacturers protested heatedly against continuance of the policy of intervention, while the opposition party, the Minseito, was greatly strengthened by the public reaction to Tanaka's extreme measures. These factors, together with certain official scandals that were disclosed by the press, brought about the fall of the Tanaka Government on July 2, 1929. The second potential check is the more liberal suffrage law adopted in 1925. This measure, by removing the last property qualification on universal manhood suffrage, increased the Japanese electorate from 3,341,000 to 12,534,360. Obviously

the new voters were drawn almost entirely from the laboring and small farmer classes. While the initial hope that the new voters, whose interests are of necessity opposed to imperialism, would exercise an important influence on government policy has not been realized, partly because of their failure to group themselves into a single proletarian party, they have nevertheless been instrumental in strengthening the liberal Minseito Party.

Yet it must not be forgotten that the Minseito Party is now in power, and that despite its avowed adherence to a policy of peaceful industrial penetration of Manchuria it is responsible for the recent military occupation of that territory. Here, perhaps, is revealed the most vicious aspect of imperialism. So delicate is Japan's position in Manchuria, thanks to imperialistic ventures of the past and to Baron Tanaka, that notwithstanding the democratization of the country, the economic emergency (which threatens to become even more grave through renewal of the Chinese boycott), and the presumably sincere desire of the Minseito Party to keep Japan at peace with China, the government controlled by that party finds itself once again persuaded to resort to military intervention in order to defend what it considers its proper interests in a foreign country.

To what extent the foot-loose military officials, responsible to no one but the throne, are to blame for this latest misadventure can only be guessed. It is fairly certain that the militarists forced the issue by their unprovoked attack upon Mukden. It is also worth noting that the invasion came at a time when the Western World's attention was absorbed in its own economic difficulties. This apparent effort to take advantage of a China disabled from years of civil warfare and suffering from the greatest natural calamity of recent centuries, the Yangtze flood, while the rest of the world was looking the other way, is strangely reminiscent of the circumstances attending the infamous Twenty-One Demands. At that time the military party rushed Japanese troops into Shangtung, forced the 1915 treaties upon China, and paved the way for permanent occupation of Manchuria. Compelled to surrender most of these spoils at the Washington conference, the military party nevertheless retained a secure foothold, not only in Japanese politics, but through the 1915 treaties upon Manchuria itself. It now appears that the militarists have forced a moderate Japanese government, perhaps against its own inclinations, to support them in yet another attempt to annex the rich and strategically important Three Eastern Provinces.

The White House Magicians II. Playing with Statistics*

By W. P. MANGOLD

IN the preceding section of this article an attempt was made to recount in some detail the numerous efforts of President Hoover and his officials to conjure up the genie of prosperity. Their magic formula varied from bold assertions that there was nothing wrong to cheerful promises that we would be out of the depression in thirty or sixty days. And when the genie proved unresponsive to these calls, there were lectures on the fortitude of Valley Forge and on rugged individualism. But as the depression deepened, it became more and more obvious that the magic had been bungled. The sagging business curve showed plainly that President Hoover and his publicity men did not know—or did not care to know—what they were talking about.

Why this discredited optimism was continued long after it had lost all plausibility remains a mystery. Senator Fess has advanced the theory that this sort of magic would have worked had it not been for the nefarious tactics of the "bears" throughout the land. Persons high in Republican circles, said the Senator on October 14, 1930, were beginning to believe that a concerted effort was on foot "to utilize the stock market as a method of discrediting the Administration." This was pretty obvious, he observed, because "every time an Administration official gives out an optimistic statement about business conditions, the market immediately drops." Other people, too, had observed this rather uncomplimentary reaction of the market to the White House promises, but no one else, so far as we know, has offered so ingenious an explanation.

But have the "bears" likewise been driving down the standard of living—also to discredit the Administration? For there has been a similarly strange discrepancy between the facts of unemployment and Mr. Hoover's fancies. The information about wages and unemployment which has been published in Washington since the beginning of the depression has been of two different kinds: President Hoover and his Cabinet have been publishing one kind, and the cold-blooded statisticians of the Department of Labor have been publishing another. The Administration has reported endless upturns in employment, and it has fostered the illusion that it has managed to maintain wages. Meanwhile the government's own statisticians have proceeded to report month by month fewer gainful workers and smaller pay rolls. From October, 1929, through September, 1931, their figures show a drop of more than 30 per cent in employment and of more than 40 per cent in pay rolls in the fifteen major industrial groups. President Hoover has curiously refrained from mentioning these declines, although it would seem that the information must be available for his use.

In his message to Congress on December 3, 1929, the President foresaw no unemployment problem. The market crash, he said, had created "unwarranted pessimism and fear." He was convinced that the voluntary measures of cooperation which he had instituted with the industrial leaders—among which was the pledge of wage maintenance—had reestablished confidence. "Wages should remain stable," he promised, and "a very large degree of industrial unemployment and suffering which would otherwise have occurred has been prevented." One month later the director

* Part I, Prosperity Invocations, appeared in the issue of October 21—
EDITOR THE NATION.

of the employment service of the Department of Labor, Francis I. Jones, cheerfully predicted to Secretary Davis that 1930 would "measure in volume of business with the preceding year." Furthermore, he said, "the trend of industrial activity and employment will be gradually upward during the first quarter, and as the new year advances, the level of production and employment in the major industries should compare favorably with that maintained throughout the year just ended." This promise seemed to be reaching fulfillment as President Hoover announced on January 21 that the "tide of employment has changed in the right direction," and on January 27 that "the increase of employment is current in practically every industry. There are one or two minor spots which did not show an increase, but they are generally classified as small industries."

When Mr. Hoover's first statement was questioned by Miss Frances Perkins, Labor Commissioner of New York State, the gain was reaffirmed by Secretary Davis. "There is developing an inclination in some quarters," he remarked on January 24, "to make politics out of our employment situation." As the year progressed Mr. Davis cited in great detail the figures on employment gains. Speaking over the radio on February 13, he declared that "the week of January 6 showed an increase in number on the pay roll of 3.4 per cent, the following week an increase of 3.3 per cent, and the week of January 20 an increase of 0.5, while the week of January 27 showed a slight increase of 0.3. Let us be thankful that we are getting back on our feet again." The denouement of this promising story came one week later when the Department of Labor published data showing that employment in January was actually 2.6 per cent less than in December for the eight major industrial groups. Similarly, it was shown that pay rolls had declined more than 5 per cent.

With the figures for current employment affording small comfort, therefore, the Administration spokesmen turned to the future. "Within the next sixty or ninety days the country will be on a normal employment basis," declared the employment service of the Department of Labor on February 13. Relief should come "within the very near future," was Mr. Davis's opinion on March 4. And on the following day President Hoover was hopeful that the unemployment situation would be "greatly remedied in the next sixty days." Two days later the President issued his famous prediction that "the worst effects of the crash upon employment will have passed during the next sixty days." In the same statement Mr. Hoover also reported that unemployment "amounting to distress" was "mainly concentrated in twelve States," and that conditions in the remaining thirty-six were practically normal. Naturally the Washington correspondents were interested to learn the names of the twelve States to which the President referred. The Administration, however, refused to "single these out," said the *New York Times*, because "it desired the unemployment problem to be considered as a national rather than a sectional problem." Thus Mr. Hoover has somewhat altered his views on unemployment during the past year and a half. For now he is bending every effort to impress the country that it is a matter of purely local concern. We assume that this change arises from the fact that unemployment today "amounting to distress" is concentrated mainly in forty-eight States as against only twelve in 1930. Obvi-

ously, this makes the problem local throughout the country.

On March 7. Secretaries Davis and Lamont issued a joint statement purporting to show that employment in the manufacturing industries had increased 8 per cent since the beginning of the year. Shortly thereafter the statisticians in Mr. Davis's own department revealed that the trend of employment in February had wavered slightly upward—0.1 per cent. Where, then, did these honorable gentlemen get their optimistic 8 per cent? Undeterred by these discrepancies, Secretary Davis assured the country on March 18 that the President's "sixty days" prediction would be borne out. Dr. Klein likewise saw conditions improving steadily. Speaking over the radio on May 3, he referred to the "recent period of unemployment which, according to the best indicators, is being gradually left behind." President Hoover was even more positive when he addressed the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on May 1. "A telegraphic canvass of the governors and mayors," he said, "brings with but one exception the unanimous report of the continuously decreasing unemployment each month and the assurance of further decreases in May." Yet the statistics of the Department of Labor disclosed a continuous decline in employment each month from February through May!

A month later Mr. Hoover still refused to admit the seriousness of the unemployment situation. As related by Amos Pinchot in *The Nation* of January 14, 1931, a delegation of important business men visited the President to urge some drastic action by the government to relieve the growing distress. Mr. Hoover assured the delegation that existing relief agencies were adequate; that the peak of unemployment had been reached and passed. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have come six weeks too late."

Of equal interest in retrospect is the once popular Administration slogan "No wage cuts." On May 21, 1930, Secretary Davis addressed the Advertising Federation of America as follows: "If President Hoover accomplishes nothing more in all of his service to the government, that one outstanding thing of his Administration—no reduction in wages—will be . . . remembered forever." President Hoover continued the good cheer in his address to the American Federation of Labor on October 6. The 1929 pledges of industrial leaders to maintain wages, he said, "have been carried out in astonishing degree." On October 29 Secretary Lamont sent a telegram of congratulation to the American Institute of Steel Construction. "I understand," he telegraphed, "the structural-steel industries have not discharged men or reduced wages. This is a fine example." In passing let us note that employment in this field, according to the Department of Labor index, had dropped nearly 20 per cent between October, 1929, and October, 1930; pay rolls had decreased 25 per cent. In his report for the fiscal year 1930, made public December 14, Secretary Lamont declared it was a "noteworthy fact that practically no cuts in wages have been made by employers as a result of the recession in business." The new Secretary of Labor, William Nuckles Doak, qualified as a Hoover official on January 4 of the present year with the observation that "in all the major industries today, standards of wages hold fast because of agreements brought about by the President."

Several months later, on April 24, 1931, Secretary Lamont reported that he had canvassed the principal indus-

tries and found "no movement to reduce the rates of wages." On the contrary, he found "a desire to support the situation in every way." If true, Mr. Lamont's canvass would certainly indicate that the President's campaign to stabilize wages had been a remarkable success. Unfortunately, it was not true. When the Secretary made his survey, the Labor Bureau, Inc., had already published information on more than 1,500 manufacturing plants which had cut wages.

There is, however, a more important defect in the Administration claim that it has been able to maintain wage rates: it does not mean what it seems to say. It does not mean that the actual earnings of workers—wage income—have not been seriously reduced by the depression. For, obviously, even if wage rates are maintained 100 per cent, unemployment and part-time employment can greatly diminish the actual content of the pay envelope. This, of course, is exactly what has happened since October, 1929. Despite the repeated assurances of no wage cuts by Secretaries Davis, Doak, and Lamont, wage income began to suffer immediately after the crash, and it has continued to shrink in almost every month since. In September, if not earlier, the absurd

fiction that the President could control wages was finally exposed by the wholesale wage reductions by leading corporations in that month. On these, curiously, Mr. Hoover has not commented. On these, according to the papers, Mr. Hoover prefers to remain neutral!

Such, in part, is the record of discredited magic from Washington. Certainly it is not easy to explain, nor has the Administration tried to explain it. In instance after instance the conclusion is inevitable that either the officials were woefully ignorant of the government's own statistics, or they deliberately misrepresented the real conditions. Why, it may be asked, should men borrow so much trouble by false statements? Perhaps a clue to their purpose may be found in Mr. Hoover's profound antipathy toward legislative efforts to relieve the hardships of the depression. Does not this weekly brewing of "upturns in business," "normal employment in thirty or sixty days," and "no wage cuts" yield a potent antidote for such poisons in the body politic as unemployment insurance, increased income taxes, and social planning? That is, if the magic works.

Pierre Laval

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, September 30

PIERRE LAVAL is an Auvergnat, a barrister, and an ex-Socialist, which is to say that he has all the qualifications for success in French politics. In France socialism, like journalism, "*mène à tout, à condition d'en sortir.*" Nearly all the leading French politicians are barristers or journalists or both, and Laval has been a bit of a journalist too in his time.

The natives of Auvergne have the reputation in France of being exceptionally wily and knowing, not to say a little unscrupulous, and that is a reputation that makes for success in French politics. No politician is really popular in France unless it is believed that he is capable of a little sharp practice on occasion, and that he will not allow his career to be impeded by too scrupulous a regard for political principles. Indeed, generally speaking, the French attach more importance to intelligence than to character and a Frenchman is much more flattered when he is called *malin* than when it is said that he is honest. In their hearts the French doubt whether anybody is really disinterested and they rather suspect a man who appears to be.

Laval, who became Prime Minister last January, was forty-eight in June, one of the two youngest Prime Ministers that France has had in the present century; Briand was the same age—forty-seven—when he became Prime Minister for the first time in 1909. In the history of the Third Republic there has very rarely been a Prime Minister under fifty. Laval is the fourth Prime Minister in the present century who has used the ladder of socialism to climb to office and kicked it down when its purpose was served. The three others were Briand, Millerand, and Viviani. It was as a Socialist that Laval entered the Chamber for the first time at the general election of 1914, as deputy for Aubervilliers, a commune on the outskirts of Paris of which he has for

many years been mayor. During the World War he was a "minoritaire," that is to say, one of the minority in the Socialist Party who advocated peace by negotiation, and who in 1917 became the majority of the party. He was defeated at the general election of 1919 and was out of Parliament for five years, but he remained an active member of the left wing of the Socialist Party.

At the Socialist congress at Tours in 1920 Laval was in the majority that voted for affiliation with the Third International, so he became automatically a Communist, but his position was never quite clear. Malicious persons say that after the split that followed the Tours congress he took out a card of membership both in the Communist Party and in the new Socialist Party formed by the defeated minority of the old one, so as to be prepared for any emergency, but I am not prepared to vouch for the truth of this story. In any case Laval has been a dark horse in French politics ever since his reelection to the Chamber in 1924. He had founded with a group of fugitives from the Communist Party a halfway house between socialism and communism called the Socialist-Communist Party, which was strong at Aubervilliers but never spread much beyond the working-class suburbs of Paris and was never a factor of any importance in French politics. He did not, however, remain in it and for the last seven years he has been a political free lance, classed as an "independent," and has belonged to no parliamentary group. It was as an independent of the left that at the senatorial elections in January, 1927, he was elected, at the head of the poll, one of the ten senators for the Department of the Seine.

Anybody with a certain knowledge of French politics will recognize that a man with such a career as this was marked out for ministerial office. Laval got his chance in April, 1925, after the defeat of the Herriot Cabinet in the

Senate. The municipal elections were then pending and it was thought for some reason that they would show that public opinion was veering around to the right. In fact they resulted in a great victory for the left, which confirmed the victory of the country at the general election for the Chamber a year earlier, but it was on the hypothesis that they would go to the right that Painlevé, who succeeded Herriot as Prime Minister, formed his Cabinet.

By this time Laval had become a close friend of Caillaux, who had been proscribed since his condemnation by the Senate in 1919. It was in Laval's house in the Villa Saïd, a few doors from that where Anatole France had lived for nearly thirty years, that Caillaux stayed when he was summoned to Paris in April, 1925, by Painlevé, who offered him the Ministry of Finance. Painlevé was President of the Chamber when Doumergue, who was then President of the Republic, offered him Herriot's succession, and it was in the official residence of the President of the Chamber at the Palais-Bourbon that the new government was born. The accouchement was a difficult one. I had come back to Paris, after an exile of nearly seven years, only a few weeks earlier, and had not overcome a feeling of strangeness. I felt quite at home for the first time when I found myself in the seething mass of journalists, senators, and deputies that filled the stately halls of Giraldini's palace in the small hours of the morning. Behind closed doors was going on a violent controversy between Briand and Caillaux, faint echoes of which reached us from time to time. Painlevé, who wanted them both in his Cabinet, was trying to reconcile them and succeeded at last after several hours. Briand returned to the Quai d'Orsay, where he has remained ever since, and Caillaux to the Ministry of Finance, where he stayed for only six months. Laval, who had played an important part in the reconciliation, was rewarded with the Ministry of Public Works. He thus entered the inner circle of *ministres* who form in rotation the nucleus of French governments, and he then attached himself to the fortunes of Briand, who, when he became Prime Minister in November, 1925, made Laval general secretary of the Prime Minister's office. When Briand reconstructed his Cabinet in March, 1925, Laval became Minister of Justice.

Poincaré's return to power put an end for a time to Laval's ministerial career and he did not again hold office until last year, when through Briand's influence he was included in the second Tardieu Cabinet. It was definitely a Cabinet of the right, whereas the Painlevé and Briand cabinets, to which Laval had previously belonged, although not homogeneous, were predominantly of the left, but my brief sketch of Laval's career will have shown that, like Briand, he is eminently adaptable. Last year Laval made a short appearance at Geneva during the Assembly of the League of Nations. He had previously been quite unknown in international circles, and it struck me at once that he must have come for the purpose of making himself known with a view to succeeding Tardieu as Prime Minister. I imparted this hypothesis to a fellow-journalist who was incredulous and seemed to think that I was joking, but he told me next day that he had made inquiries in French quarters and thought that I was right. In fact, Laval was Briand's candidate for the succession, and when Tardieu was defeated in the Senate at the beginning of last December, Doumergue asked Laval to form a Cabinet. He failed because he made

it a condition that the Radicals should be represented in the government. The Radical Party refused to allow any of its members to join a government including Tardieu, and Laval would not abandon Tardieu. In January, however, after the fall of the short-lived Steeg Cabinet, Laval did without the Radicals and formed a government of the center and right, that is, a conservative one.

During the past eight months Briand's influence in the government has steadily waned and Laval's has as steadily waxed. He has now the control of French foreign policy almost entirely in his hands and Briand is little more than a figurehead. Laval and the President of the Republic (Doumergue) forced Briand to agree to the repudiation of the Franco-Italian naval agreement. It was, it seems, only a "gentlemen's agreement" which the two governments had not actually signed or initialed; they had merely given their word of honor to accept it. On this ground it was not regarded by the French government as binding. It was with Laval's approval that Doumergue made the famous speech at Nice, which was in effect a repudiation of Briand. Briand was on the point of resigning, but he swallowed the affront and Laval became more than ever the predominant partner. The negotiations in Paris in July with Mellon and Stimson, and afterwards with Brüning and Curtius, were conducted entirely by Laval, and although Briand was present at them he hardly ever opened his mouth, still less made any suggestion. I am told by somebody in a position to know that during the negotiations with Mellon and Stimson about the Hoover proposal, the only remark that Briand made was a reference to the late Dr. Stresemann which had nothing to do with the matter under discussion. During the visit to Berlin Laval has done all the talking and Briand has merely been exhibited to the German public as a sort of guaranty that the present French government is in favor of peace and international reconciliation. As Pertinax put it in *Echo de Paris* on September 29, Briand was brought in like an aged grandmother whom it is desired not to leave out of the family festivities. Indeed, Briand's only function in the French government nowadays seems to be that of a mascot. It is thought that foreign opinion will be satisfied as long as he is there.

The editor of *The Nation* asked me for a character sketch of Laval, and what I have given is a summary of his career, but this is no aberration on my part. It seems to me that anybody can form from the facts of his career a judgment about his character, and that there could be no better criterion for forming one. He is the typical example of the political adventurer who chooses politics as a career with the firm intention of getting to the top somehow.

There is no need to be prejudiced against him on this account. For my part I should rather have to deal with him than with Briand, for I distrust nothing more than sonorous phrases and empty rhetoric. Laval will talk business. He will come down to brass tacks. He is not a statesman and, to do him justice, probably does not imagine himself to be one. He is just an extremely able and astute negotiator who will always try to get the best of a bargain, but he has no preconceived ideas, he is open to reason, and he has a strong sense of realities. Be quite sure that any agreement that you make with him is perfectly clear and free from all ambiguity, and see that he signs it! Remember that he is an Auvergnat!

In the Driftway

FROM a correspondent in New Jersey the Drifter is taken to task for his yearnings for the quiet country, in contrast to the noisy, disorganized city. The letter says:

You speak of the orderly peace of life far from the mechanical wonders of a great city. What peace is there today with a radio in every house? I live in a small country town. My business requires me to be in New York for two nights each week. I can sleep and rest in New York in peace. There I hear only the roar of the city, all indefinite, uninterrupted, a steady rhythm. In my country town, on my road where houses are on lots of a half-acre or more, there was peace and quiet until the radio came. Now, in summer, there is no peace. A din of discordant noises blares from every house from noon to midnight and after. On a Sunday afternoon, when peaceful reading is desired, the radio is on in every house. At 7 p.m. when we attempt to dine, Amos and Andy shriek through the streets. When bedtime comes at ten or eleven, jazz rattles our windows.

This is a minority report in more than one respect. The radio has always been described as, of all things, the small townsman's friend, bringing the news and the pleasures of the city to houses far away from them. Can it be that this is not universally true? Can it be that a noisy village street is more wearying than the roar of the city—"all," as this correspondent so deftly says, "indefinite, uninterrupted"?

• • • • •

THE Drifter is willing to draw two conclusions from his letter, both favorites with him. One is that a great city is all things to all men, or anything that any one of its citizens desires it to be. In New York or London you may find the village, friends from home, small-town shops, curb markets, neighbors saluting each other from window to street and back again; you may find the foreign shore, Naples, the Ghetto, the black belt, Syria, Shantytown; you may find the metropolis, theaters, music, jewels, elegantly dressed men and women, the lobbies of grand hotels; you may find the machine age at its crown, skyscrapers, miracles in steel, miles of docks, the world's largest liners, fastest airplanes, most costly motors. You may find peace and quiet or uninterrupted roar. In this multifarious variety every man can find his place and his friends. He can behave as he likes, so he does not make too much noise about it; and even then, the noise of the city is likely to drown out all but the most blatant unconventionality. If you want to stay away from church or live with someone else's wife or dye your hair green, do it in a big city, the largest you can find. Nobody will notice you. But don't try it in the country!

• • • • •

THAT is the Drifter's first contention. The second is not his own, but was pointed out to him by a friend with whom he instantly agreed. It is that the world is getting too small for comfort. Everyone has his radio and knows what is happening all over the globe; everyone has his automobile and soon—God help us!—will have his airplane with which he can proceed rapidly to any corner of the

earth that pleases him; what took place in Tokio last night is breakfast food for America; the King of Siam is no longer a mythical monarch whom some adventurous traveler once saw on a white elephant, but a little man in European dress who goes swimming in a cement pool on a suburban estate. We live in a tiny country that an airplane can cross in less than twelve hours; we inhabit a planet that can be circumnavigated in eight days. Alas for the distances we used to have! It took three months once to go from Ohio to Oregon—on foot. It took six months to cross the Atlantic. The universe, as yet, is a thing of millions of light years; our little sphere has become in truth an orange to hold in the hand.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Little Hope for Porto Rico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find myself unable to refrain from voicing my deep disappointment in Mr. Gruening's article entitled Hope for Porto Rico. He credits Governor Roosevelt with a degree of statesmanship and popularity which the facts of the case belie. By his acceptance at its face value of Governor Roosevelt's estimate of his own accomplishments, Mr. Gruening gives us ample proof of the Governor's political sagacity. He has advertised his achievements so well that even Mr. Gruening has failed to see the nigger in the woodpile. In spite of all Mr. Gruening says and of all Governor Roosevelt himself says, first-hand information plus a little logic convinces me that the Governor is not even moderately popular in Porto Rico and that he has done nothing so far which will permanently alter conditions here.

His spectacular appeal for federal aid and aid from private charities has done far more to enhance his reputation in the United States than the money obtained has done to remedy the conditions he has exposed. He has left unassailed the fundamental causes of the poverty and disease he finds so alarming and has satisfied himself with providing a very temporary relief at the expense of Porto Rican pride and reserve. His flaunting of their miseries before the world has been resented by a large section of Porto Ricans who feel that they have never had a fair chance to solve their problems and fear that they will be unjustly held responsible for existing conditions.

The strongest evidence of the Governor's unpopularity is the unrest and discontent current in all phases of Porto Rican life. Anti-Americanism exists in every quarter and the Nationalist Party is showing unprecedented strength and growth. At the last elections there were scarcely 600 Nationalists, whereas today it is estimated that there are more than that many thousand, not to mention the hundreds of sympathizers who on slight provocation would catapult into the party. Granted that this may be in part a result of the depression, no person who understands Porto Rican psychology will attribute more than a small part to this cause. Porto Ricans have long been inured to privation, sacrifice, and discomfort. They lack the American's love of and need for comfortable living. Failure to understand this often causes Americans to accuse them of ingratitude, on the assumption that their content should be in direct ratio to their material well-being. I have lived in Porto Rico thirteen years and I have seen small hope for the island from any quarter. The Porto Ricans are handicapped by overpopulation, absentee ownership, and depleted initiative,

which are, with the exception of overpopulation, the results of the colonial system under which they have always lived. Until the fundamental causes of these ills are removed, I see small hope of any change for the better.

PAULINE M. DE ROJAS

Caguas, Porto Rico, October 7

A Correction from Mr. Thomas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article, *A Socialist Looks at the Swope Plan*, in your issue of October 7, I credited Mr. J. Stewart Baker, president of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, with exhorting New York bankers to stand against any and all changes in the banking laws. This was the way I read the newspaper summary of the speech which stressed his opposition to unsound and foolish changes.

Since the appearance of the article Mr. O. G. Alexander, assistant vice-president of the Manhattan Company, has sent me a copy of Mr. Baker's speech. In his speech Mr. Baker does stress the danger of what he regards as unsound laws and does play down the importance of laws and regulation. It is fair to add, however, that he also urges the bankers "to support or propose themselves those changes which they believe to be necessary and wise"—apparently changes in law. He also urges them "to use their influence individually and collectively to see that unsound and dangerous practices, no matter where they occur, are not allowed to continue."

Unfortunately, from my point of view, Mr. Baker neither explains what are the unsound proposals of which he shows so much fear nor tells us what are the sound proposals which bankers themselves should advance. In spite of this, it is fair to say that his complete speech shows that he was not so much of an obstructionist in the field of banking legislation as the newspaper summary which I saw would seem to indicate, and this fact should in justice to him be made known to your readers.

New York, October 8

NORMAN THOMAS

Escaped Convicts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: A recent article in the *New York Herald Tribune* from Trinidad, B. W. I., made it known that the British hereafter will recognize the escaped convicts from French Guiana as being human creatures. This is the first "break" the *déportés* have ever had, as heretofore they have been universally regarded as outlaws and beasts.

The situation is that the prisoners, having been deported to a pestilential colony under conditions that leave them virtually no hope of ever returning to their fatherland and little hope of resisting for long the malignancy of the torrid jungle surroundings, are allowed to escape by officials who know that 90 per cent of those who get away will soon perish—thereby relieving the French government of their expense. A few of the refugees have in the past been mercifully permitted to remain in Dutch Guiana; a good many—during the building of the Panama Canal—worked for a while under Goethals; but the great mass was received nowhere and simply had to "push on" till waves or jungles swallowed them.

About a thousand are sent out to Cayenne from France every year, yet the prison population remains stationary—about a thousand die off, or "escape." Bounties are offered for the return of refugees, of course; but there is little traffic in this

line owing to the small number that ever emerges to a port where capture might be accomplished.

I was a miner in Dutch Guiana for almost three years and afterwards put in almost two years in British Guiana. I have made many excursions into French Guiana, and have given employment to hundreds of the *déportés*. I know about the prisons, therefore, and the entire penitentiary system—as much as anyone can know who is not directly connected with it. And I think that the practice of allowing prisoners to escape so that they may rot in the jungles or drown in voyages on frail rafts and dugouts is almost as unworthy of France as is the prison system as it affects the men who cannot or do not try to escape.

East Orange, N. J., September 10

A. G. BARNETT

The Way of the Ostrich

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A noted cosmetics company has recently issued a solemn ukase to its employees forbidding them, in the exercise of their professional duties, to employ the word "depression" and authorizing the use of the term "adjustment."

As its final contribution to the science of economics, the announcement is careful to explain that whereas in "pre-adjustment" times the unworthy bricklayer received more than the worthy professor, all that is now being changed. The resulting process of change is known as an "adjustment."

Back to Normalcy!

New York, September 30

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Bull Carrying

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: In your story in the issue of September 23 about H. E. Man of Tennessee who carries a bull on his back daily, you suggest that the athletic farmer might have known something about Greek mythology. Perhaps it is possible, too, that the author of that paragraph had read the following from Montaigne:

Une femme de village ayant appris de caresser et porter entre ses bras un veau de l'heure de sa naissance, et continuant tousiours a ce faire, gaigna cela par l'accoustumance, que tout grand boeuf qu'il estoit, elle le portoit encores.

Springfield, Mass., September 27

W. G. ROGERS

Contributors to This Issue

W. P. MANGOLD is engaged in industrial research and magazine writing in New York City.

ROBERT DELL has for many years been the Paris correspondent of *The Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

DAVID MORTON is the author of a book of verse entitled "Nocturnes and Autumnals."

LOUIS M. HACKER, in collaboration with Benjamin B. Kendrick, is the author of "The United States Since 1865," to be published this winter.

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

I. M. LEVY is engaged in research work at the Central University of Madrid.

Modern Society is a Frankenstein which has created a new Monster—The Giant Corporation. How are we to cope with it?

FRANKENSTEIN Incorporated

By I. MAURICE WORMSER

IN this timely and provocative book the gigantic corporation of today is analyzed and its effect upon our communal life vividly pictured. The author, a noted lawyer, speaks out directly against the abuses which have done much to bring about the present crisis. *FRANKENSTEIN, Incorporated*, will bring to many thousands a new concept of modern business. Just published. \$2.50

The First Modern Biography of the Great Chaldean NEBUCHADNEZZAR

By G. R. TABOULIS

With a Preface by Gabriel Hanotaux, of the French Academy. "What a subject! Read this book and Nebuchadnezzar stands before you, not a myth, but a living man. The terrible legend will suddenly grow human before your eyes, and impose itself upon history."—M. Hanotaux. 399 pages, Illustrated. \$5.00

THE UNITED STATES AND DISARMAMENT

By Benjamin H. Williams. An extremely timely account of Disarmament's recent past and immediate future as the subject affects the welfare of the United States. \$3.50

DIVORCE A Social Interpretation

By J. P. Lichtenberger. A recognized authority surveys the problems of marriage and divorce from earliest times to present, and especially of America today. \$4.00

THE ART OF LEARNING

By Walter B. Pitkin. Learn how to Learn! It is a fascinating adventure. Walter B. Pitkin points the way to the mastery of all subjects in this informal, entertaining book. Third Printing. \$2.50

BIOLOGY in Human Affairs

Edited by Edward M. East. 12 leading scientists survey the outposts of biological knowledge today, and tell of man's mastery of nature's secrets. \$3.50

THE MENTAL DEFECTIVE

By Richard J. Berry and R. G. Gordon. The causes and types of mental deficiency, the social consequences, and methods of dealing with the problem, described by authorities. \$2.50

BUSINESS ADRIFT

By W. B. Donham. The Donham Plan for American Business. 4th Large Printing. "By all means read this book."—N. Y. Herald Tribune. \$2.50

Finance

Unused Billions in the Banks

A WEEK ago it was said in this column that only a few faint voices had been raised against the proposal to amend the Federal Reserve Act in order to admit to the rediscount privilege certain securities now excluded. Since that time the objections, though still relatively few, have gained in vigor. Senators Glass and Robinson have gone on record in opposition to unwarranted tampering with the banking system and the venerable *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* has stated its emphatic disapproval.

Meantime, even a cursory study of the current bank reports reveals some interesting facts as to the nature of the present credit emergency, which called forth the suggestion that the Federal Reserve law be liberalized. Each week a large group of banks, holding more than three-fourths of all the deposits of member banks in the Federal Reserve system, publish their condition. On October 7 these reporting banks owned \$4,194,000,000 of United States government securities, on which loans can be readily obtained at the Federal Reserve. In addition, they held \$7,777,000,000 of loans made to customers against security other than stocks and bonds; in this total was included a vast sum of commercial paper eligible for rediscount.

But against this enormous amount of assets on which Reserve Bank credit could be obtained, without going to the trouble of having the banking law amended, only \$274,000,000 of such credit was actually outstanding. Leaving out of the reckoning the billions of miscellaneous commercial loans of these member banks, since the amount eligible for rediscount is unknown, it appears that their borrowings at the Federal Reserve in this moment of stress amount to less than 6½ per cent of the government securities owned. It is true that in some sections the ratio of borrowings is far higher. In the Philadelphia, Atlanta, and San Francisco districts, loans obtained from the Federal Reserve amount to from 14 to 23 per cent of the government securities held by the reporting banks. But even if all their Federal Reserve borrowings were secured by the pledge of United States bonds and notes, and none by commercial paper, the banks in these three districts alone would still be able to borrow more than \$500,000,000 additional on government obligations now unplugged.

Now, why do not the great banks of the nation, with billions of potential credit at their command, come without more ado to the rescue of their less fortunate banking neighbors who are in trouble because their assets are "frozen"? The answer is, of course, that the big banks are ruled by a proper determination to keep their own position liquid. The whole paradoxical affair illustrates the unfortunate workings of a normally effective banking system when called upon to deal with wholly abnormal conditions. One of the salient facts in the banking history of the last half-dozen years has been the growth of a vast amount of credit—mortgage loans, stock-market loans, and the rest—outside of the commercial banking field and apparently beyond the power of the Federal Reserve to check.

Our vast influx of gold from abroad, due to post-war financial derangement and the government's policy on tariffs and debts, made this growth possible by making the banks independent of Federal Reserve control. Under normal conditions this enormous base of credit would not have been available for land booms and stock-market booms. No better explanation of the present difficulties exists than the pithy remark of the National City Bank: "It is war that is impracticable in a highly organized world."

S. PALMER HARMAN

A Division of
McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO.
370 Seventh Ave. New York

WHITTLESEY
HOUSE

Books, Films, Drama

To One Who May Be Listening

By DAVID MORTON

Wherever you are—who are no longer here—
I send you news how goldenrod tonight
Has given a golden ending to the year
And trees are misty in the cold starlight;
And how the dusk is earlier, coming down
With smell of woodsmoke that is bitter-sweet,
And yellow windows blossom through the town,
One after one, along the darkening street.

But these are things that you have known before:
The gray sky staring through the stripped November,
Rain in the night, and leaves about the door—
It is a stranger thing, though, to remember
How, once, all this had seemed but changing weather
For two who lit their autumn fire together.

Portrait of a Uniform

Leonard Wood. By Hermann Hagedorn. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. \$10.

IN this exhaustive, handsomely turned-out biography Mr. Hagedorn has sought to give us a heroic portrait of General Leonard Wood; yet I am afraid he has been no more successful in his medium than John Singer Sargent, using paints and canvas, was in his. In both we find all those shining accoutrements that go with the military, that is to say, plenty of gold braid and buttons in the one and plenty of brave words in the other: Leonard Wood is the self-denying army doctor, the courageous brigade leader, the wise and humane colonial administrator, the long-suffering department commander, the cheated (but stoical) Presidential aspirant. He reaps all the honors; he knows all the great ones of the earth; when he is denied the attainment of a particular ambition—such as serving his country on the battlefield in France, or being the Republican Presidential nominee in 1920, or sitting in Harding's Cabinet as Secretary of War—it is largely because vulgar politicians, stooping to tricks of which he was incapable, are determined upon frustrating him.

Two reasons suggest themselves why the history of Leonard Wood's long life of service is bound to leave the average American cold. The one is concerned with his outstanding achievement, the other with his intention. Wood, after the war with Spain, was America's military governor of Cuba until the Platt Amendment, devised as a sort of leash on which the Cubans might be secured, released the general for other endeavors; from 1921 to his death in 1927 he was governor general of the Philippine Islands. Thus, for almost ten years—and it is the longest single record of its kind in American annals—he was the ruler over the major portions of America's overseas dominion. In both his principalities he was, as Mr. Hagedorn himself says, "an odd combination of sanitary inspector, patriarchal judge, and Harun-al-Rashid." In the Caribbean island he cleaned up Santiago and Havana, laid out a system of governmental works, and tried to keep the fists of the local politicians out of the public till; in the Pacific archipelago, he concerned himself with the welfare of the lepers, wrangled with the Filipino *politicos*, and set himself the task of destroying the

experiments in self-government inaugurated under the Wilson administrations. All this was in the best tradition of Anglo-Saxon colonialism, of white man's burden, little brown brother, and the rest of that exalted and by now shopworn vocabulary.

I have said Anglo-Saxon colonialism, and not American, advisedly. To the British, Wood was the great colonial administrator, for he knew how to keep subject peoples under heel; to Americans, when they gave any thought to his work, he was an embarrassment and often a good deal of a nuisance. For colonialism has never really become a part of the American national scheme, despite all the talk of Mahan, Whitelaw Reid, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, and the rest of that noble company. Modern colonialism has had, at its back, two great forces to maintain and accelerate its drive—saved capital and a middle class threatened with loss of status. Saved capital had to be invested; younger and impecunious sons had to be found careers: here were the reasons for British, French, German, Dutch, and Belgian overseas adventures from the middle of the nineteenth century onward. Not so in the case of America, simply because we neither possessed capital surpluses nor wanted for opportunities within our own borders for individual aggrandizement. In our national development from an agrarian to a capitalist-imperialist economy we have really skipped the chapter of colonial expansion, and our national folklore has been spared the fanciful embellishments of a native Rudyard Kipling or Pierre Loti. On this score Wood's deeds in Cuba and the Philippines—aside from the question of their doubtful intrinsic worth—have found no counterpart in the real or vicarious experience of the average middle-class American.

The second count against Wood is of somewhat similar nature, though it centers in his intention rather than his accomplishment: he was that *rara avis* in our history, the vocal professional soldier who aspired to the role of the man on horseback. On Wood's part in the preparedness agitation of 1915 and 1916 it is hardly necessary to dilate at any great length. The argument of his friends, I suppose, would be (though his biographer scarcely thinks a defense is called for) that had America been prepared for war Germany would not have run the risk of embroiling us through the submarine threat. That this contention is of dubious validity is now generally taken for granted; our economic stake in an Allied victory, by the end of 1916, was so great and the British propaganda so successful that our involvement, sooner or later, was inevitable. That Wood, wearing the uniform of the American army and on the pay roll of his government, was flagrantly insubordinate in spending his time going up and down the land beating the drum—this despite the official policy of neutrality of his commander-in-chief, the President of the United States—is to put it mildly.

But that Wood should seek the Republican Presidential nomination in 1920 by very much the same sort of noise-making—our national security demanded "universal service" under the colors; there existed a national emergency; there was need for a "man of the hour"—this was another and more serious matter. Wood's success in 1920 (and he might have been successful had he not been over-eager) would have meant, if not the inauguration of a kind of fascism (for Mussolini was yet to make his march to Rome), certainly the raising of the military to a station never allowed them by the American people. The clanking of the sword in public places has always had something ridiculous about it for us and we have never had much use for professional warmakers in time of peace. The elevation of Wood to the Presidency—for nomination in this case carried with it election—would have marked a clean break with what has always been essentially sound American practice. We should in

all probability have had the beginnings of a military caste in America; there is no question, too, that Mexico, Nicaragua, and Cuba would not have been safe.

Mr. Hagedorn makes no effort to hold in rein his prejudices, and his likes and dislikes are phrased in an extravagant vocabulary. Thus Long, McKinley's capable Secretary of the Navy (who distrusted his first assistant, Theodore Roosevelt), was a "pacifistic Secretary"; about Secretary of War Root (who gave Wood his head in Cuba) "there was a kind of inescapable greatness"; Steinhart, who came to Cuba in Wood's military entourage and remained to become the island's leading capitalist, was "this devoted chief clerk"; Wilson's speech was characterized by "an eloquent sophistry," an "unctuous insincerity." The year 1916 (in which took place Colonel House's secret mission to the Allies, the Sussex note as a result of which Germany was compelled to abandon unrestricted submarine warfare, Wilson's effort to end the war on the basis of a peace without victory) was "an ignoble year for the nation, a year of . . . threats and crawling, high sentiments and the fleshpots." This sort of loose talk does not help the case Mr. Hagedorn seeks to make out for General Leonard Wood.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Roman History Reinterpreted

The Life and Times of Marc Antony. By Arthur Weigall. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

MR. WEIGALL knows his material so well, and obviously is himself so interested in it, that it is unnecessary for him to use tricks to interest his readers. He has become one of the most popular of modern historians without committing any of the misdemeanors of the vulgarizer.

I call him historian rather than biographer because Mr. Weigall cannot extract his Antony from the historical situation. But this is well both for the biography and the history of his subject. A historical figure is not a private person and cannot be understood isolated from his times; nor can his time be understood unless his personality is made clear enough to explain his special influence upon it. The balance between history and biography Mr. Weigall manages as effectively in this "biography" as he does in his "history" of the Pharaohs.

In fact, "The Life and Times of Marc Antony" is so much a history of the times that Cicero receives almost as much space as Antony, and as they enter the record, the Gracchi, Marius, Sulla, Caesar, Pompey, Brutus, Cato the younger, Octavian, and Cleopatra are discussed with the same weight of detail.

In his estimates of these figures Mr. Weigall feels the situation concretely enough to become a partisan, though not so excessively as to keep this from being a virtue. The heat of his interest brings an energetic warmth into his work. His defense of Catiline is perhaps a little too headlong, his exposure of Cicero a little too broad; but reason is with him. Modern research has devaluated the over-idealized republic and republicans. Where Mr. Weigall errs most, I believe, is in his estimate of Caesar. He does not give Caesar credit for what was, after all, the clearest proof of his clear vision. It was not merely a vulgar imperial ambition that made Caesar aim at a crown, but also the realization that civil war had become endemic, and that only the rise of a neutral power, kingly and superior in prestige to political parties, could save the Roman state. Mr. Weigall's view of Caesar's military campaigns is also, I believe, in error. There is no question that Caesar made mistakes, but he had the genius to retrieve them, even to make use of them.

The ease and the familiarity with which Mr. Weigall moves through this epoch are remarkable. It was an ignoble

epoch in which general anarchy prepared the way for the supreme anarchy, the emperor. Rome had grasped power and was corrupted by it, not, as the traditional historians assert, by Greek and Oriental civilization, which instead served to temper Roman arrogance and to refine Roman luxury. Weigall's writing makes everything clear, and brings everything close. If his conception lacks broad synthesizing powers, if his prose occasionally becomes too lively, his book is nevertheless full of well-handled information and is as readable as any I have seen on the subject.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

American Beauty Shoppe

American Beauty. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

IMAGINE a finely designed, sturdily built New England house. There are many such in New England. Imagine the bricks neatly turned and strongly laid, the small-paned windows giving off the mauve and pale rose of old glass, the fan-light over the door a thing of delicately patterned beauty, the chimneys numerous and promising many fires within; imagine the oaks placed justly, the slope from the house covered with turf. Think of the oak sills, as firm as the day they were laid two hundred years ago, the white-oak rafters, the paneling in the great kitchen, of chestnut two feet wide; think of the brick ovens, made to receive bread laid in on an iron shovel, the cranes to swing the soup kettle on, the iron hooks for the skillets, the brass fenders, the bed-warmer for winter nights. . . . Think of such a house filled to the doors, upstairs and down, with the grossest and shiniest of Grand Rapids furniture. And weep.

It is Miss Ferber's curse that she cannot write a novel that will be read by fewer than 100,000 persons. This is not to say that a fine novel will not be read by its many thousands; it is to say that most of the novels which command large sales have in them elements of vulgarity that make them acceptable to so many different kinds of people. Miss Ferber is not the ordinary large-sale novelist. If she were, one might cheerfully lump her with the Ethel M. Dells of her generation and let her count her royalties in peace. But she is plagued by that bitter worm that will give honest writers no rest: she wants to write a great novel, about a great subject, treated greatly. If one may judge merely by what she has written in the last few years, she is furiously ambitious, and in the highest sense. Nothing less than the best will please her.

She wrote "Cimarron." It was a large canvas, the wild, sweeping, magnificent story of a conquering people. It read like a movie, and in the movies I have no doubt it fully justified its romantic plot. She has written "American Beauty." It is about New England, where grow the twisted roots of the tree that is now America. It is about the New England house that was built out of the exuberance of the early settlers, proudly taking their land from the Indians, entirely self-sustaining, filling their house with warmth and color and life and many children; and about that house when the builders and their children were seized with a decay that left them dwarfed and broken and bitter; and about that house again when new blood, new foreign blood, this time from the south of Europe instead of the north, came to reclaim those acres but to let the house die of dirt and neglect, while their children, in turn, left for the hat factories of Danbury and Waterbury. This is the stuff of which to make a novel! Miss Ferber must have known it or she would not have worked up her material with such pains. There have been many novels written about New England, none from exactly this angle. There was every reason for the success of this one. Not its material but its artistic success.

Every reason, that is, except for Miss Ferber's curse. She was not content to let New England tell its own story, to take a house and family and let them change and decay as they have in truth done. She must needs introduce a romantic interest, a Chicago millionaire who returns to reclaim his lost acres, with a daughter—an architect, mind you!—who will not only remodel the house but marry the last survivor of the old New England family. It is all rather a pity. But it will undoubtedly sell. Even to those persons whose roots are in New England, who like a good, rousing story about their home land, and do not object to a bit of love interest thrown in.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Detachment Through Identity

The Five Seasons. By Phelps Putnam. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

IN "The Five Seasons," as in Phelps Putnam's first book of poems, "Trinc," Bill Williams is the protagonist. And who is Bill Williams? Bill Williams, a hobo, an explorer of the earth and in particular of his own America, is receptive and creative Man. He is male force, clarity, discipline, and intellect—in short, power directed toward order. And Bill, the hobo, is also disparateness, loneliness, and hunger after love, after the female force. This hunger, he knows, will betray him, for it is the dream which becomes dust. Bill, like E. E. Cummings's hero, Him, is Man the social being, bound too much by his need of love and security, and Man the artist, arrogant, self-absorbed, and free. He is modern man interested in his own psychological problems and obstinately concerned, despite his intellectual acceptance of the scientific universe, with his own soul. His hell has no fires, it is the desolation of city streets; his heaven is that sudden vision of certainty, that abrupt and soon shattered announcement of unity which the god of chance, the only god Bill can acknowledge, may sometimes reveal. Bill is, in his body, identified with all natural forces; in his mind, with all spiritual search.

"The Five Seasons" is, in other words, a deeply introspective study of a man's mind. What then does the poet mean by the statement he makes in his foreword that his poems are conceived in an "objective" rather than in a personal or lyrical mood? What Mr. Putnam seems to mean by his phrase "conceived in an objective mood" is this: His subject is the mind of his hero, and he himself is separate from this subject only because he externalizes his own ideas and emotions in those of his hero. In other words, his separateness is one of technique and form only. The poet does not speak in the first person; he does not need to. Actually he is identified with the innermost reflections of his protagonist, much more exactly identified, indeed, than are many lyric poets with their subjects. So immediately at one with his hero is the poet that he need not—in the manner of the lyricist—employ the richly suggestive word or metaphor to convey his emotions. Since he communicates not through these but through himself, the bald and direct statements his hero makes need no further adornment—they are already shaped or "imaged." Poetic images he uses only when these are symbolic, not merely descriptive, of the protagonist's (and always of his own) state of mind. The mind which has conceived of both the subject and the vision and the mind stating the fusion of these "objectively" are one and the same. And thus the first step in communication—that of the fusion of subject and vision—is accomplished.

But there is always a second step: this fusion must communicate itself directly to the reader. In other words, the reader must be made to feel the same reaction as the poet in respect to the chosen subject and vision. In this particular

book not only the poet but also the reader must actually become Bill Williams. How is this to be accomplished? The answer is—through a narrative technique. Phelps Putnam's invention lies in his use of a narrative technique for a purely lyric purpose. The lyric poet, as has already been said, conveys his feelings to his reader through the use of emotional words and rich imagery—through the connotations of words and the associations they arouse. The narrative poet uses the familiar fact, the established scene, the related incident, the explained character to achieve the same purpose. He identifies his reader and his hero through arousing the reader's recognition of himself in the character. It does not matter, once this identification is accomplished, whether the following action be externalized in drama or made to take place in the mind. The latter form of action has long been stressed by Joyce and his followers; Putnam makes a particular use of it in poetry.

And what are the results in Phelps Putnam's art of this "objective" method? His deliberately chosen form, that of narrative detachment, gives his themes the effect of being the specific in the universal, or simultaneously the example and the law. His poems have, moreover, a dramatic power, that of emotions externalized in action, and the impact of that action upon the mind of the reader is immediate—more immediate than it would have been had he translated his emotions into lyrics. Also, the poet's intensity has no channel of figurative language into which it may overflow and is, consequently, perfectly restrained. And the final result is that the story of Bill Williams, which is the story of the modern sophisticated and tortured mind, achieves a kind of epic significance, as of material long in the modern consciousness focused here in a familiar type of hero. As a modern hero Bill attains almost epic proportions through the passion of his inner struggle. He epitomizes the disintegrated consciousness of the modern intellectual world, not through diffuse embroideries upon the melancholy theme of chaos, but through action which is inner conflict externalized. And paradoxical though it may sound, the externalizing of the internal person makes, in this poem, for a supreme detachment which is a kind of solution. The significance of Bill Williams's search through chaos is not negative but positive; his prayer to the god Chance shows not skepticism but faith.

Give us such eyes as will penetrate your eyes
And lungs to draw the breath you give to us.

We travel in the belly of the wind;
It is you, Lord, who will make us lame or swift.

EDA LOU WALTON

Mark Twain's Pessimism

My Father, Mark Twain. By Clara Clemens. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

THE life of Mark Twain is probably more fully documented than that of any other American author, and it is doubtful if there is much to be added to our knowledge of him. Certainly his daughter, though she prints a number of new letters and tells some new stories, presents no information that will involve a new conception of his character. Nor does she herself attempt anything like a consistent interpretation. Indeed, the one piece of interpretation that she does offer will scarcely hold water. Dissenting from Van Wyck Brooks's thesis, she insists that it was the death of his daughter Susy that made Mark Twain a pessimist. Unfortunately for this contention, it can be shown that however much the loss of his child may have intensified Clemens's gloom, a foundation for his philosophy had been laid long before 1896. The sardonic aphorisms used as chapter headings in "Pudd'nhead Wilson"

(1894) are quite as bitter as anything he subsequently wrote, and a passage in "Life on the Mississippi" (1883) records his belief in the essential dishonesty of his profession. In fact, as early as 1874 the reading of Lecky had given him a hint, and the Paine biography makes it clear that within the next decade he came both to doubt the existence of a beneficent Providence and to question the uprightness of the human heart. Susy's death may have increased, but it did not originate, his pessimism.

For the rest, these reminiscences show that Clemens was not only, as has often been said, tender and lovable, but even soft and sentimental. The sophomoric cynicism of his later books was the complement to a certain whimsicality and effusiveness in his domestic relationships. His naive but ferocious heterodoxy appears to have compensated for an unmistakable tender-mindedness, a wistful desire to believe. His attack on Christian Science, for example, grew out of his own interest, not quite credulous enough to help him, in mental healing. He believed in mental telepathy, took a passing interest in spiritualism, and never outgrew certain of his boyhood superstitions. Yet the fact remains that we have seldom had in American life a figure that appeals so strongly to the imagination, and that is undoubtedly why he has been so much written about. Even Miss Clemens's book, badly arranged and full of trivialities as it is, makes interesting reading. Was it his personality, one sometimes wonders, that persuaded his contemporaries that he was a great writer? Does it still cast a spell over us, moving even those who, like Van Wyck Brooks, cannot take him quite at face value, to discover unrealized capacities that ally him to greatness?

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Sources of Philosophy

History of Greek Philosophy. Volume II: The Sophists, Socrates, Plato. Volume III: Aristotle. By B. A. G. Fuller. Henry Holt and Company. Each \$3.50.

IN the hope of proving that "the history of philosophy constitutes one of the best detective stories ever written," Professor Fuller has been led to "sugar-coat the pill" with some flippant writing, occasional humor, and such unsuccessful analogies as "Philosophy, like the stock market, has its ups and downs." Professor Fuller is a highly competent scholar, and his analyses and summaries of doctrine are always accurate and occasionally felicitous; but his method of injecting interest into the material is false, remaining extraneous to the subject matter. That he failed to make the history of Greek philosophy vivid and significant is, however, not his fault alone, but that of the dominant conception of the history of philosophy.

Most of its historians and teachers view the history of philosophy much as the history of Christianity was thought of a century ago. Christian history was conceived as something apart from universal history. The rise and fall of empires, the tremendous changes resulting from the rise of new economics and new classes, new techniques and new sciences—these factors were considered as not, somehow, interfering with the "essence" of Christianity. Their influence was asserted to be, at most, peripheral. Gradually, however, the more obvious causal relations existing between the church and other institutions were admitted. Then came the socio-economic interpretation of history and its application to the church, a method which by now has gained general acceptance among historians. Philosophy, however, is still studied as if it were a divine institution, a detached tradition whose history is a thing apart. The consequence of this approach has been to convince both the university student and the general reader that philosophy has nothing to do with the world around him, so that one of the most important fields for the understanding of civiliza-

tion and, moreover, one of the most important social instruments, is more neglected than the latest fabricated division of the social sciences.

The traditional conception of the history of philosophy as simply an affiliation of philosophical systems, with new ideologies arising primarily as reactions to those preceding, is sterile, explaining almost nothing. When Professor Fuller tells us, for example, that the "decisive factors" of the rise of the Sophists "lurked in weaknesses half-hidden in the foundations of the older systems," he is assuming a causal relation which is hardly as significant as the relation of the Sophists to the unstable economic and social conditions of the Greece of their day. And this method falls down completely when he is confronted by the opposition between Cynic and Cyrenaic, both claiming to derive from Socrates. Only a sociological approach can show how Cynicism, that bitter philosophy of a group of outsiders, and Cyrenaism, the serene philosophy of a leisure class, could both claim to interpret the same master. Similarly, only a sociological approach can explain the cycle in philosophy of constructive synthesis and skeptical criticism which for Professor Fuller remains a mystery. Synthesis is the mark of an era of economic stability; the clearest examples are the medieval synthesis of the thirteenth century and the Hegelian synthesis of the first decades of the nineteenth century. Skepticism always accompanies an era of economic expansions and instability, such as the period of bourgeois rise to power, from the Revolution of 1688 to the French Revolution. This epoch saw the rise of the skeptical philosophies of Locke, who was the conscious apologist of the Revolution of 1688; of Hume, one of whose mainsprings was hostility to the feudalistic established church; and of Kant, of whose work Heine could say: "The German revolution will not prove any milder or gentler because it was preceded by the 'Critique' of Kant. . . . These doctrines served to develop revolutionary forces that only await their time. . . ." These philosophies can no more be explained by the conception of the history of philosophy as an affiliation of philosophical systems than can the growth in our own day of the philosophies of pragmatism and dialectical materialism.

Yet, though the sociological method of studying the history of philosophy is obviously fruitful, almost nothing has as yet been done with it. That the method has not been widely utilized is, however, understandable, for it has revolutionary implications. The sociological explanation of cycles in philosophy is ultimately as subversive as the sociological explanation of economic cycles. And, indeed, before academic writers like Professor Fuller can understand philosophical cycles they will have to understand economic cycles. But if Professor Fuller really wants to prove that "the history of philosophy constitutes one of the best detective stories ever written," the sociological approach will give him clues sufficient for a lifetime of research—if he is not afraid of the heretical conclusions he may reach.

FELIX MORROW

Books in Brief

Mexicana: A Book of Pictures. By René d'Harnoncourt. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

Mexico is now the vogue. It supplies the "escape" for those who have the fare or the flivver to "get away from it all." Hence the increasing literary output concerning the fancied Elysium, Utopia, paradise, at our back door. Among the various excellent and mediocre descriptions and transcriptions of this newly discovered neighboring Nirvana, none surpasses the thin near-quarto volume entitled "Mexicana: A Book of Pictures," by René d'Harnoncourt. (Count d'Harnoncourt is known for his assembling of the superb collection of Mexican

arts and crafts which has recently been the rounds of our major museums.) Where hitherto our interpretations of Mexico have been chiefly verbal, even though often well illustrated, here is a combination of pictorial and literary, with the emphasis almost wholly on the former—the more truly Mexican method of expression. Less stylistic than Diego Rivera's, less caricature than José Clemente Orozco's, less bizarre than the products of the plastic school of contemporary Mexican draftsmanship, these pencil drawings are as true and savory as the originals they have captured. Here is Mexico—as it is—portrayed with penetrating accuracy and with a combination of deep sympathy and occasional tender irony which is in itself the embodiment of the Mexican *vacilada*—the constant paradox of closely associated opposites. No collection of either the literature or the art of Mexico is complete or even adequate without these eloquent depictions. Museums will compete for the originals.

The Problems of Evolution. By Arthur Ward Lindsey. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

Evolutionists are engaged in stock-taking. After three decades under the harsh rule of Weismannian heredity, they have rediscovered the environment, not as a control, but as a cause of change. Under new names the doctrines of Buffon have reappeared. Professor Lindsey attempts to evaluate these changes, and to chart a course for further speculation. In the main, he keeps to familiar theories, which he believes are competent to meet the situation. But not singly: if they are to function in a complex, synthetic nature the theories themselves must unite and interact. Whether one agrees with the union proposed or not, the main contention seems thoroughly valid, and the attendant criticisms are sound. From them one gets a fair and modern summary of changing viewpoints in evolution.

Joseph Priestley. By Anne Holt. With an Introduction by Francis W. Hirst. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

Nonconformist preacher, teacher, scientist, metaphysician, and polemist for freedom, Joseph Priestley was one of those versatile figures which are not encountered in history after the eighteenth century. Partly on account of his versatility, and still more on account of the change in intellectual fashions, which have moved away from theological preoccupations, fame has dealt hardly with him. In his lifetime Priestley was the friend and correspondent of the most important intellectual leaders on both sides of the ocean, and his name was everywhere a household word. Today he is remembered only as the discoverer of oxygen and the inventor of soda water. Miss Holt, in her painstaking and charmingly written *Life*, has given a good picture of Priestley's many-sided career and its place in the intellectual and spiritual history of the period of the two revolutions. The biography is all the more valuable since few would be tempted to consult Priestley's original writings.

Peacocks on Parade. By Albert Stevens Crockett. Sears Publishing Company. \$3.50.

There were peacocks in those days—as well as giants. They were often one and the same person. For despite copy-book philosophy, those whom we accept as the great figures of the world are not invariably modest. A depressingly—or entertainingly—high percentage are strutters, nor are they necessarily stuffed shirts on that account. Mr. Crockett picks the two decades 1890-1910 as "the age of strut." Possibly twenty years hence somebody may apply the same description to the period from 1910 to 1930—with equal accuracy. But it is true that the Chicago exposition of 1893 revealed Americans to themselves for the first time as successful and wealthy, and for some years thereafter they displayed the usual gaucheries of the newly rich a little more blatantly than before or since. Mr.

Crockett, who was intimately associated with the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, takes its famous Peacock Alley as the background of his reminiscences, which are a potpourri of brief biographies and backstairs gossip. The book lacks the underlying philosophy of "The Mauve Decade" and the historical continuity of "Old Bowery Days," but offers some entertaining reading and records Americana which otherwise might be lost.

Albert Grope. By F. O. Mann. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

This five-hundred-page story of a man who rises from poverty to business success, and love, is dull, tedious, over-written, over-long, and full of caricatures that are repetitious, imitative, and for the most part pointless. It is full of what is supposed to be "gentle satire" on the young man of no background who has aspirations to shine socially. Unfortunately the method and results are meaningless. If this sort of thing continues to be written and published, it bodes no good for the novel.

The Sons of Mrs. Aab. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

Once again Sarah Gertrude Millin writes of South Africa, and draws out to novel length a story of external misfortunes which, compressed into a briefer form, could have been effective and in its way moving, for the characters have some dreary breath of life in them and distinctness from one another. The story of Fanny, which has a connection of accident only with the story of Gideon Aab, would by itself have been a pathetic, moving piece; it loses its effect as only another misfortune in the novel's progress. The end comes so pat, so like the happy ending of less worthy novels, that it takes away from what distinction the book has attained by the competent writing throughout.

The Champion from Far Away. By Ben Hecht. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

Of the slapdash, somewhat cheaply written short stories in this volume, the most distinguished in treatment and manner is *The Masquerade*, one of the four brief stories whose scene is the death-house of a prison. No one of the stories is of first rank or even second; aside from *The Masquerade*, and possibly *Linder the Great* and *The Wistful Blackguard*, they are trite in subject matter, and when not trite they lack fulness and richness. *Baby Milly* and the *Pharaoh*, the longest story, is so heavily done, so overreaching in its satiric and humorous purposes, that it comes to resemble the very object it is trying to poke fun at. In fact, the fault of the volume as a whole seems to be a general ineffective sprawling.

A Night of Death. By Marie Bregendahl. Translated from the Danish by Margery Blanchard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Strictly observing the unities of time and place, the author has given this brief novel the movement and the mood of a lyric tragedy. The locale is Broholm Farm and the action covers twelve hours of a summer night in the late seventies. Anne Gram, mother of eight and about to go through the ordeal of parturition again, takes to her bed and sends her children to their grandmother's croft nearby. Only Hans, Helga, and Lisa, ranging from nine to twelve, realize the significance of the perturbation that spreads among the servants as the night advances. In the dark hour before dawn Anne passes away. The feeling of suspense and anxiety as the interminable hours drag by is conveyed through the impressions of the watching and listening children. Pathos and a gentle humor are used with artistic finesse, and the story strikes the emotions with the direct impact of simplicity.

BOOKS chosen for
The Nation readers

Immortal Sidney

By EMMA MARSHALL DENKINGER

Miss Denkinger has selected Sir Philip Sidney as a central figure of the early Renaissance in England, and in a dramatic and picturesque style has built up around his charming character and extraordinary experiences a picture of 16th century England. \$3.75

European Dictatorships

By COUNT CARLO SFORZA

Foreword by Col. Edward M. House

Count Sforza, brilliant European statesman and writer, here presents a powerful indictment of the various contemporary dictatorships abroad, including those in Italy, Russia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Germany, Hungary and Turkey. \$3.00

Letters of Napoleon to Josephine

Preface by
DR. LEON CERF

Translated by Henry W. Bunn

Here is a distinctive addition to Napoleona. For the first time the complete collection of Napoleon's letters to Josephine are published in one volume. \$3.50

Ogpu

The Russian Secret Terror

By GEORGES AGABEKOV

The first comprehensive account of the Soviet Secret Service by one of its former high officials. \$3.00

Merrily I Go to Hell

Reminiscences of a Bishop's Daughter

By LADY MARY CAMERON

"The most interesting biography that has found its way into this reviewer's hands in many years. Everywhere Lady Mary goes adventures lurk, and she tells a fascinating story."—*Pittsburgh Press*. \$3.00

The Rabelaisian Princess

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN

The sister-in-law of Louis XIV proves herself a German bull in a French china closet. \$3.50

BRENTANO'S

Publishers

New York

The Interpretation of Development and Heredity. By E. S. Russell. Oxford University Press. \$5.

The science of genetics has erected an imposing structure upon the theory that all inheritance is rigidly particulate. That theory, and its implications, have been widely accepted by sociologists, psychologists, and even legislators. Dr. Russell contends that it is false: a mere variation of preformation, without either experimental proof or logical necessity. His criticism is a beautiful piece of argument and analysis, as is also his survey of possible alternatives. Dr. Russell would lead us back to Aristotle, and thence to a theory of heredity purely physiologic. Even if his "organismic viewpoint" proves untenable, his criticisms should give pause to those evangelists of genetics who seek to "bring sound science" into sociology.

Folkways in Thomas Hardy. By Ruth A. Firor. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$3.

Miss Firor, by bringing together all of the evidence that Hardy was saturated in the popular lore of his native county, not only clarifies our image of him as an artist but in a sense builds a new man for criticism henceforth to deal with. A man and a method merged in his novels and poems, and merged with a success exceedingly rare in the history of literature. Further studies will be made of Hardy, but all of them will have to take account of Miss Firor's distinguished contribution.

Films

What the Movies Do Best

TWO performances last week illustrated the sort of thing at which the movies are supreme: one was the joke picture, in which, in this case, the Four Marxes ("Monkey Business," Rivoli) disported themselves to the delight of large audiences; the other was the German panorama film, "Melody of the World" (Tobis-Vanderbilt), offered as an extra feature on the program of Camilla Horn in "Die Grosse Sehnsucht." The Marxes need little comment and certainly no introduction—one would not, for example, ask concerning them Groucho's famous question of Harpo: "I wonder if I could buy back my introduction to you?" They are generous with their talents, dashing on and off the screen with abandon and a large amount of eclat. The talkie aids them by making all their jokes audible to everybody, by presenting Harpo at the harp and either Chico or Zeppo at the piano in plain sight of the whole audience, and the screen view of their hands, faces, legs, hair, and mustaches disappoints no one. In other words, for a dollar every spectator in a very large motion-picture house can see and hear what could only be seen and heard in the legitimate theater by those fortunate persons able to sit not farther back than the tenth row center at whatever cost an ambitious manager decreed, but certainly not less than four times the film price. Let the four Marxes appear forever in the films, therefore, and justify not only their own existence but that of the audition and screen machinery.

"Melody of the World," shown for the first time in this country, but already presented in Germany and other parts of Europe, is a German film that presents the world to the audience in an unforgettable way. It has almost no logical sequence, yet one series of pictures fades into another without awkwardness. It shows every country of the earth, every people, eating, fighting, dancing, making love; it utilizes sound to reproduce the far-away echo of a train, the ear-splitting whistle of a departing liner, the screech of a saw, the clash of sword on sword, the roar of cannon, and Mr. Bernard Shaw introducing himself

to a man from whom he is inquiring the way. In its long sequences elephants rise lumbering from the mud, Siamese dancers perform their careful and intricate steps, traffic policemen in Berlin jerk cars this way and that, and the pistons of a liner rise and fall. If this sounds merely a hodge-podge, it is far more; the audience which watched with almost desperate calm the performance of Germany's leading actors in "Die Grosse Sehnsucht"—a movie about a movie that manages to include most of the movie banalities—was urged to the edge of its chairs and to delighted applause by this cross-section of peoples and places. It is the sort of thing that can be done by the films alone; when it is done well it is far more satisfactory than the run of feature films, however well heralded.

It is worth while to return to the Marx brothers to point out that there is particularly in Groucho's humor more than a touch of Lewis Carroll. When the customs officer tells Groucho that the picture of Maurice Chevalier, whose passport he is offering for his own, does not look like him, Groucho replies: "It doesn't look like you either." When a protesting lady insists, after "treatment" of the most strenuous sort by Groucho and Harpo, "But I'm not the patient!" Groucho replies cheerfully: "That's all right; I'm not the doctor." This kind of zanyishness is more than merely snappy repartee; it has its roots in a deep-seated illogic that is logic turned around. It is more than irrelevance, it is far more than nonsense. The March Hare, when scolded by the Mad Hatter for having put butter in his watch, says wistfully: "But it was the best butter." This is the precise accent of Groucho motioning a crowd to draw nearer as, in the role of a doctor attending a man who has fainted, he cries: "Do you mind crowding closer so he won't recover?"

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Drama From the Attic

IT is several years now since the interest in American antiques first spread to the theater. "Fashion" led the way and then Mr. Morley's trans-Hudson group did its best to vulgarize a charming discovery. But the mode is not dead and anyone who will betake himself to "The Streets of New York," now current at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, will be rewarded with an evening as pleasant as any which the Broadway of the moment can afford.

Boucicault's old melodrama, with its stony-hearted villain and its languishing heroine, is funny of course. In it there is plot enough for a dozen modern plays and more noble sentiments than a realist could find place for in a lifetime of writing. But it is not, for all that, merely ridiculous; it is also as charming as a print from the shop of Currier and Ives, and only a very stupid person could fail to be touched by its genuine naivete. Romney Brent, as the romantic scamp, achieves a florid grace of gesture delightful to contemplate, and Dorothy Gish—to mention only one other member of a splendid company—minces through her role with a decorous coquetry whose effectiveness any hard-boiled virgin should ponder twice before despising.

The theater, say some, is dying of self-consciousness, and "The Streets of New York" almost persuades a rationalist to break his sword. In that age of innocence playwrights dared to be ridiculous and no one hesitated a moment before sacrificing probability to effectiveness. What if it is unlikely that the three principal characters should meet quite by accident upon a snowy night on Broadway, or that the villain should come to transact his nefarious business in a hovel next door

THE 50 BITTER YEARS— through the eyes of EMMA GOLDMAN

Against the America of Frick and Carnegie—into the very sanctum sanctorum of capitalism and conservatism, one woman threw her titanic energies in a magnificent half-century struggle for her ideal—anarchism without compromise. But she lost—lost her Utopia without government—and the tragedy of that defeat is the real story of her life.

The press of her day saw in Emma Goldman only a woman fighting for the sake of strife. But her real self—the woman who would make any sacrifice for the Cause—the woman who was utterly selfless as she was utterly courageous is revealed at last in her tragic, dramatic life story.

LIVING MY LIFE

Today her memoirs stand as a record of an age, a record of a truly remarkable woman. The honesty of purpose which motivated her every action compelled her to write the truth in an autobiography so revealing, so human that other records of the period pale beside it. It is the document of a woman for whom no moral or social barriers existed.

13 illustrations, 6¼" x 9½"; 993pp. and index. Two volumes. Wherever books are sold, \$7.50.



ALFRED · A · KNOPF
730 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

*Shall children be taken from their mothers at birth?
Does the Russian method point the way?
Will it Institutionalize the World?*

DEBATE!

"SHALL THE STATE REAR
OUR CHILDREN?"

BERTRAND

(says: "YES!")

RUSSELL

SHERWOOD

(says: "NO!")

ANDERSON

Chairman:
JOHN B. WATSON
Noted Psychologist

Foreword by
WILLIAM E. GRADY
Associate Su'pt. of Schools

SUN., NOV. 1st
8:30 P. M.

MECCA TEMPLE
55th St. and 7th Ave.

Tickets: 75c to \$2.50

DISCUSSION GUILD, 15 E. 40th St.—Tel.: LExington 2-5024
Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15th St.—Columbia Book Store,
Journalism Bldg., or your neighborhood bookshop.

Rand School of Social Science

7 East 15th Street

Alg. 4-3094

LEWIS L. LORWIN

Mon., Oct. 26, 8:30 p.m.

Brookings Institute

"THE PROBLEM OF PLANNED ECONOMY"

J. BROOKS ATKINSON

Thurs., Oct. 29, 8:30 p.m.

Dramatic Critic *New York Times*

"THE THEATRE AS A BUSINESS AND AS AN ART"

E. L. TARTAK

Mon., Oct. 26, 8:30 p.m.

"PAUL VALERY, THE HAMLET OF EUROPE"

FELIX COHEN

Wed., Oct. 28, 7 p.m.

"THE PURPOSE OF THE STATE"

ADELE T. KATZ

Fri., Oct. 23, 8:30 p.m.

"MUSIC IN A CHANGING WORLD"

Single Admission 50c

Write, phone or call for bulletin.

to the humble home of the heroine? It is pleasant that the three do meet, pleasant that the villain should be overheard, and that is all that counts. Once the thing had got under way, audience and actors could proclaim together—like Mr. Chesterton's Shakespeare—"We're beyond sense now," and they could take full advantage of the fact. The result may not be true and it may not be important, but it is most extraordinary good fun.

The present revival is the best of its kind largely because its director, Lawrence Langner, and the company which he gathered around him consented to respect the play they undertook to produce. Resisting every temptation to win a too easy laugh at the expense of their script, they subordinate burlesque to re-creation and manage to give us something not so very different from what the audience of the period got: neat complications, pleasant surprises, and simple sentiments; a heroine whose innocent sufferings richly deserve the young man she wins and a villain who gets it in the neck in a clean and adequate fashion. A later age has preferred the dubious satisfaction to be obtained from the contemplation of "those discords which can never be resolved," but Boucicault's public preferred those which could; there is no denying the simple pleasure to be had from living for an hour in a world where right is right and where things both could and do turn out as they should. Even modern playwrights are well aware of the fact, and it is merely their misfortune that they, like the rest of us, no longer know where this pleasure is to be found.

Perhaps our grandfathers did not believe in it much more than we but they had the trick of a more ready "poetic faith," and Mr. Langner's company, substituting conscious art for simplicity, helps us to get that faith back by a devious route. "This play," it says, "is old. We know that it is ridiculous and we know that you know that it is, so you may mingle derision with your applause and no one will suspect you of being shamefully ingenuous. But once your self-consciousness has been set at rest, you can take our play for what it is—a pleasant tale of honest hearts, one black villain, and the rough course of a true love which is destined to run smooth at last when 'an honest maiden places her hand in the hand of a true man.'"

Virtue—if only you can decide what it is—is still the most impressive and the most engaging spectacle which art can present. Even the cynic likes to see justice and goodness and purity prevail—though "even" is, on second thought, the wrong adverb to choose. For who should admire these things more than he who knows how rare they are and how seldom they triumph? Go to "The Streets of New York" and you will find him applauding with generous enthusiasm.

From Boucicault to Strindberg is a long, rough road, but only one physical block away Robert Loraine, Dorothy Dix, and Haidee Wright are giving (at the Forty-ninth Street Theater) as impressive a performance as one is likely to see of Strindberg's pathological tragedy "The Father." No one would be likely to call that play "good fun" and I, personally, should hesitate to describe it as conspicuously "true to life," but no modern ever wrote dialogue more terribly cogent, and the insanely lucid drama makes its point with all the maddening, inescapable logic of a monomania. Certainly a scene could hardly be more terrible than that in which the poor woman-ridden victim is cajoled into a strait-jacket by a Judas kiss from his old nurse, and perhaps there is a kind of cunning in Mr. Loraine's choice of a sickish playlet by Barrie to serve as curtain-raiser. After it—if ever—one is receptive to the suggestion that women are devils.

As for "A Church Mouse" (Playhouse), it is a rather uninspired little comedy from the Hungarian enlivened by the presence of Ruth Gordon, who is, as always, delightful.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Virginia Woolf's
New Novel
The Waves
\$2.50 Harcourt Brace and Company



PLAYS



LECTURES



FILMS



"Represents the American theatre at its best."—*Atkinson, N. Y. Times*

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

"The Left Bank" is a part of the American scene . . . a spectacle at once novel and familiar."
—*Krutch, The Nation*
'A better play than "Street Scene."'
—*Ruhl, Herald-Tribune*

LITTLE Theatre, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

The SEX FABLE

A Comedy by EDOUARD BOURDET

with

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

RONALD SQUIRE

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 W. 43rd Street
Evenings at 8:15 Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:15

PAYMENT DEFERRED

A New Play by Jeffrey Dell

with CHARLES LAUGHTON

LYCEUM THEATRE 45th St. E. of Broadway
Evenings 8:30 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

MAURICE SCHWARTZ in

A Comedy for Cultured People

"IF I WERE YOU"

By Sholem Aleichem

"... it has a simplicity and sincerity which are genuinely charming."
—*Joseph Wood Krutch*

COMEDY THEATRE 41st St. E. of Broadway
Evenings, 8:40. Best seats, \$2.50
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Penn. 6-3558

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS

THIS WEEK ONLY

1 WEEK
BEG. MON.,
OCT. 26

PIRATES of PENZANCE**The MIKADO**

Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.
ERLANGER THEATRE, West 44th Street, PENN. 6-7963

The Institute of Arts and Sciences

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Lectures-in-Series in the Regular Program

OUR PAST CONTEMPORARIES—A series of six lectures by Houston Peterson, author of "Havelock Ellis, Philosopher of Love"; "The Melody of Chaos"; etc.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH WRITERS—A Series of six lectures by Dr. A. G. H. Spiers, professor of French, Columbia University.

OUR ACCELERATED WORLD—A series of four lectures by Louis K. Anspacher, dramatist, author, lecturer.

Members Annual Ticket \$15 (two for \$25) admits to more than 150 interesting events.

Throughout the season—mid-October until April 1—the Institute offers a well-balanced program of evening events—lectures, concerts, plays, and recitals at the McMILLIN Theatre, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, Broadway at 116th Street.

YOU MAY BECOME A MEMBER

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

The Group Theater's Current Success

In a volume with two other new plays by Mr. Green, POTTER'S FIELD and TREAD THE GREEN GRASS. \$2.50

SAMUEL FRENCH

25 W. 45th STREET
NEW YORK

811 W. 7th STREET
LOS ANGELES

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. & 8th Ave.
Penn 6-6100

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; Evenings, 8:30

Morosco Thea. W. 45th St. 4 MATS Thurs. Oct. 22; Fri. Oct. 23;
Tickets \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1. Mon. Oct. 26; Tues. Oct. 27.

James B. Pond presents

MAURICE BROWNE

(Producer of "Journey's End.") in

"The Unknown Warrior"

with ROSALINDE FULLER

THE ARTISTIC DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE SEASON

44th St. THEA., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40; Mats, Wed. & Sat. 2:30
BEST SEATS, EVES. \$3; GOOD BALC. SEATS \$1, \$1.50.

GOOD COMPANIONS

By J. B. Priestley & Edward Knoblock—From Priestley's Famous Novel

Most Sensational Play of the Year!

MAE WEST

in THE CONSTANT SINNER

"As sound and respectable as Belasco's 'Lulu Belle'."

—*Joseph Wood Krutch in The Nation*

ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40
Mats.: Wed. & Sat.

EUROPA

154 W. 55 Street. Cir. 7-0129

Cont. Noon in Midnight

Popular Prices

The only worthy successor to "Zwei Herzen"

The Romantic German Screen Operetta

DIE LINDENWIRTIN VOM RHEIN

4th WEEK! ("The Inn in the Rhine")

11:30 to 12 Daily

Robert Stolz Musicals

A Clearing House
of Opinion

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, October 27th, 8:30 P. M.

NORMAN THOMAS; JUDGE PANKEN; and others

will speak on:

"WAYS OUT OF THE ECONOMIC DEPRESSION"

This Sunday Afternoon at 5:30 P. M.: VINCENT BURNS speaks on:
"WORLD PEACE OR WORLD CATASTROPHE"

**WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT****PLAYS TO SEE**

After Tomorrow—John Golden—W. 58 St.
Civic Light Opera Co. Erlanger—W. 44 St.
Good Companions—44 St. W. of B'way.
Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
He—Guild—52 W. of B'way.
If I Were You—Comedy—41 St. E. of B'way.
Payment Deferred—Lyceum Theatre—45 St. E. of B'way.
Singin' The Blues—Liberty—W. 42 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Breadwinner—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Constant Sinner—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Father—49 St.—W. of B'way.
The House of Connelly—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

Church and State in Spain

By I. M. LEVY

[On October 15 the Spanish Assembly approved Article 25 of the new constitution, which guarantees "liberty of conscience and the right to practice any religion compatible with public morals." During the debates on the question the uncompromising proposal to seize all church property, referred to by Mr. Levy, was rejected, and a proposal to confiscate only the property of church organizations that take a vow of obedience directly to the Pope was passed. This refers to the Jesuits, who will also, under the new article, suffer expulsion. President Zamora, a moderate in the debate and a strong Catholic, resigned and was replaced immediately by General Manuel Azana, who retained also his former post as Minister of War. The attitude of Rome in the matter is so far uncertain; the Papal Nuncio will remain in Madrid for a time, and the church expresses itself as "wounded but not hostile to the republic." Meanwhile revolt in the Catholic Basque provinces is feared because of the action which has been taken.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Madrid, September 12

IN the discussion of the new Spanish constitution, the position of church and state plays a supremely important part. Article 3, which declares the absence of state religion, and Article 25, which guarantees liberty of conscience, met with little opposition. But the twenty-fourth article, affirming the intention of the state to dissolve all religious orders and nationalize their goods, has plunged the country into the most violent controversy of years. The measure is a reaction to the abuses of the church in Spain under the monarchy, and is declared by its proponents to be a purely defensive one, but to the clergy and its adherents, who comprise practically the entire female population, it is nothing less than the means of plunging the country into the darkness of atheism and the brimstone of hell. Undoubtedly it is an unduly harsh measure, considering the manner in which organizations of every other description are favored and protected, and if the moderates in the Cortes can sufficiently assuage the wrath of their more fiery brethren, some means will be evolved whereby religious bodies may exist in complete liberty, and at the same time be removed from the possibility of encroaching upon the political functioning of the state. It is a serious problem for Spain, for the tradition of centuries is opposed to the spirit of the twentieth century; and if the matter is to end in anything short of civil war, compromises must be freely made by all concerned. The possibility of compromise at the present moment seems remote, with emotion rather than reason influencing the nation.

That the project of the new Spanish constitution was drawn up, ready for presentation to the Cortes, within a mere twenty days need arouse no doubt as to its worth. For a nation which has seen six different constitutions in a period of less than seventy years, from 1808 to 1876, the framing of another presented little difficulty, even when the popular demand for a speedy transition to parliamentary government reduced deliberation to a minimum. True, it is not perfect by any means. It shows the hastiness of its composition. It savors strongly of compromise. In its conciliatory spirit, it

concedes too much to the old order to please the radicals, the extremists of whom classify it as downright reactionary, and in the eyes of the conservatives it is little short of blasphemous. Yet as a plan of moderate government, adapted to existing conditions in Spain but sufficiently advanced to fit the probable needs of the future, it does credit to itself and to its authors.

It was the intention of the Constitutional Commission to achieve a more equal balance of power between executive and legislature than is the case in most countries today. Thus, the President has no absolute veto power with reference to the acts of the Cortes, nor may he dissolve that body without resorting to a referendum. On the other hand, the Cortes may not place too many impediments in the path of the executive or his ministers, since votes of censure are made extremely difficult to pass, and the demission of the government depends, too, on a plebiscite. Hasty action in this respect on the part of the Cortes is suicidal, for its automatic dissolution follows upon a result favorable to the administrative section. The Spaniard's almost innate fear of military or clerical domination is evident in Article 68, which renders all individuals belonging to the armed forces of the nation, whether active or in reserve, all clerics, ministers, and professed religionists, and all members of royal houses, ineligible for election to the presidency, while Article 52 imposes a similar restriction on non-retired military with reference to Parliament. A similar fear of dictatorship is seen in Articles 40, 78, and 79, which give the executive power to institute decree government, in cases of national emergency, for a maximum of thirty days, subject to the convening and approval of Parliament within nine days of the suspension of the normal legislative processes. When in session the Cortes is empowered by Article 60 to authorize the government to legislate by decree, but such authorization must be renewed for each decree, and may be revoked at will. In the interim when Parliament is adjourned, a Permanent Parliamentary Commission, composed of twenty-one members drawn on a proportional basis from the political factions constituting the Cortes, is endowed with all the powers of that body in passing upon the suspension of constitutional guaranties and the inception of decree government. Senate there is none, the feeling being that an upper house is but an unnecessary survival of times past, but in its place, provided by Articles 92, 93, and 94, is a commission of technical experts to advise government and congress as to proposed laws, change and amend such laws as are submitted to it by the administration, and even, on the invitation of the government, draw up laws in their entirety. Legislative power, in the sense of actually giving force to a proposed law, is denied this body.

Thus far the project runs true to type. But in Article 6 it begins to display its individuality. Article 6 is nothing less than the Kellogg Peace Pact incorporated as an integral part of the fundamental law of the land. It reads: "Spain solemnly renounces war as an instrument of national policy."

Articles 7 and 64 reaffirm this intention by indicating the adherence of the state to the norms of international law and the inclusion in the constitution of all international covenants deposited with the League of Nations and ratified by Spain, while Article 76 forbids the President to sign any declaration of war unless justly foreseen and permitted by international covenant, and then only when all attempts at arbitration and conciliation have been exhausted and the nation at large, by referendum, has declared its support of the declaration. To complete this humane and enlightened foreign policy at home, the Spanish state renounces all bloodshed within its territorial limits by abolishing the death penalty as part of the civil code. In spite of the heated debates which have enveloped the rest of the project, there has been almost unanimous acceptance of the sections dealing with war and capital punishment. Whatever discussion these articles have given rise to was in their praise.

A sharp thorn in the republic's side, however, is the matter of regional autonomy. Catalonia, Vasconia, Galicia, and possibly Andalusia and Valencia have aspirations in this direction. Granting these regions a certain measure of independence would not be too difficult, but the obstacle lies in the fact that they "wish to enjoy all the benefits of small nations without suffering the disadvantages," that is, acquire as great a degree of economic and political independence as possible while leaving to the state the problem of providing for administration, national defense, and the like. In short, the regions would like to contribute as little as possible to the national structure while extracting all that can be extracted from it. In this respect there is sharp conflict between the constitutional project and the regional statute presented to the Cortes by Barcelona. Articles 11 and 12 provide for regional autonomy for provinces of "definite cultural, historic, or economic affinities," if the majority of municipal governments in the region approve such a step, or if two-thirds of the electors of the region approve, the project having been submitted in plebiscite. The statute, if so approved, is submitted to the Cortes for approval, which is to be accorded always where there is no conflict with the national law. If the plebiscite produces a result negative to autonomy, five years must pass before further steps to achieve it may be taken. Article 13 aims to protect the state by forbidding any sort of federation on the part of the autonomous regions, and Article 18 gives the state the power to fix the nature of the administrative unit where the original proposal involves a conflict between local and general interests. Finally, Article 20, in no uncertain terms, asserts the supremacy of the state over the region in any and all circumstances.

Article 41 likewise presents a bone of contention. For the first time in its history Spain is to have a divorce law, and the mere thought of so diabolic an idea is sufficient to send a goodly part of the population scurrying to the protection of the countless churches which decorate the land. Formerly matrimonial dissension might end in a separation, but the right to remarry was unconditionally withheld. The constitution provides in Article 41 for complete divorce on the basis of mutual dissension, the free will of the wife, or the petition, on the allegation of just cause, of the husband. Aside from the misgivings of the faithful at this trifling with the Divine Will, there is opposition to the article in its present form, even from those who sympathize

Wanted: 10,000,000 Jobs

Jobs are the lifeblood of our industrial system. Take away the job and purchasing power declines. Mass production without purchasing power is useless, dangerous, wasteful. In America 10,000,000 people are without jobs. Ten million units of purchasing power have ceased to function.

Given unlimited power, what would you do? *The Nation* has put the question What Would You Do? to a group of well-known writers. Beginning in an early issue they will answer the question in a series of articles entitled

If I Were Dictator

by Stuart Chase G. Lowes
Dickinson H. L. Mencken
Harold J. Laski Glenn
Frank Lewis Mumford
William Allen White

\$1

One dollar starts *The Nation* on its way to you for one year. Pay the remainder in four monthly instalments of \$1. Subscribe now and receive the Dictator series complete.

\$1

The Nation

20 Vesey St.

New York

For the enclosed \$1 enter my 52-week subscription ☐ once. I will complete payment in four additional \$1 monthly instalments.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

10-28-31

with a liberal divorce law, because it unduly favors the wife, while still others are of the opinion that a divorce law belongs rather to the statutes than to the constitution. And naturally, to young couples who never intend to make use of it, it is an unnecessary waste of time and space to bother writing such an article. Interesting is the fact that illegitimate children are to enjoy rights equal to those born in wedlock.

In Articles 42, 44, and 45 the project demonstrates its socialistic spirit. Article 42 asserts the title of the state to all natural wealth in the name of the nation, and while recognizing for the moment private property on the basis of the useful function exercised by the proprietor, affirms the intention of gradual socialization and the desirability of nationalizing all public utilities in the shortest possible time. The recognition of private property, for the time being, is a concession to the bourgeoisie, but the tendency toward socialization is most representative of the spirit of Spain today. Already a step in this direction has been taken in a decree ordering the cultivation of all land formerly used for private recreative purposes, which in one case constituted the half of an entire province, under penalty of confiscation. And the exigencies of the long-standing agrarian problem may make further change not so "gradual" as planned. Article 45 merely modifies the preceding in subordinating all the wealth of the nation, regardless of owner, to the interests of national economy.

Article 44 places upon the shoulders of the republic the task of providing for every individual "the necessary conditions of a dignified existence." It goes on to outline briefly the social legislation contemplated, which is concerned with

accident insurance, unemployment, old age, sickness and death, child and female labor, maternity, working period and minimum wage, paid annual vacations, cooperative institutions, the economic-juridical relations of the factors controlling production, the participation of the worker in "the direction, administration, and profits of enterprises," and "all that relates to the defense of the worker."

But perhaps the most advanced proposal of the project is contained in Article 22. This article, when the amendment proposed by the young deputy, Manuel Ruiz de Villa, has been inserted, as it assuredly will be, will read as follows:

On the basis of an effective international reciprocity... citizenship is conceded to the nationals of Portugal and South America, including Brazil, residing in the national territory who so desire, without their losing or changing the citizenship of their origin. This plural citizenship will have varying degrees, depending upon the status of the applicant, and will range from the simple, active vote in municipal affairs to eligibility for public office, barring that of president or minister.

The effect of so startling a proposal, amounting to a proposal of the federation of Spain and the South American states, when coupled with the anti-war legislation proposed by the constitutional project, will be felt, it is hoped, in other regions as well. The last barrier to a union of the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking peoples was swept away with the monarchy. Ethnological and cultural circumstances make such a union comparatively easy, but in the eyes of its framers the proposal merely paves the way for a broader union of all peoples, irrespective of language and the sentimental bonds of the past.

RENTALS

UNFURNISHED APARTMENT

FOR RENT, unfurnished: Entire floor, four rooms, kitchenette with Electrolux, bath, two fireplaces, garden, roof play-space for children. \$100; or, half floor, large and small room, fireplace, kitchenette, bath, garden, roof, \$65. Van Doren, 393 Bleecker Street, near Eleventh.

FURNISHED APARTMENT

HANDSOMELY furnished, sunny apartment in quiet exclusive private house. One large room, private bath, kitchenette. Suitable one, two persons. Permanent party only. References exchanged. 338 West 89th St. near Riverside.

SHARE HOME

PROFESSIONAL couple, radically inclined, will share comfortable home with congenial party. 35 minutes from Pennsylvania station. Phone Lynbrook 3188.

HOME FOR BOY

PARENT desiring home for boy in healthful environment of New Rochelle. Cultured family. Excellent schools. Special physical care if required. Box 538, c/o The Nation.

COUNTRY LODGING

PRIVATE-PRESS publisher, in New England, will share small attractive home, modern conveniences, with cultured person willing to halve maintenance expenses, of about \$40 each monthly. Six hours New York. References exchanged. Box 539, c/o The Nation.

Is That Pamphlet Still Available?

This question is steadily asked regarding

THE SEX SIDE OF LIFE

An Explanation For Young People

By MARY WARE DENNETT

The answer is yes. Copies may be had by mail from the author, 111 Singer St., Astoria, L. I., New York City

Single copies, 35 cents; 3 for \$1.00. Lower wholesale rates.

RESORTS

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y.

Phone 100

A Millionaire's estate of 150 acres surrounded by most gorgeous woodland, orchards, ponds, brooks and lake.

All outdoor and indoor sports; ideal for a vacation or week-end.

1½ hours on Erie R.R., Bus or Route 17.

OPEN ALL YEAR

REST CUPERATION CREATION

at THE CRYSTAL VILLA

Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Enter to diets. Bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone, Park Ridge 404.

MR and MRS. Arthur Hyatt Morse offer English Hospitality to limited number of discriminating adults at **Eretshon**, 100 acres. New York 49 miles Erie Main Line. Hiking, tennis, boating, swimming, saddle-horses nearby. \$5 daily; \$30 weekly. Telephone 13F3, Monroe.

LAKELAWN LODGE—Lakewood, N. J.

408 Lake Drive

Tel. L'kw'd 1297

Away from noisy highways. Surrounded by pine-woods and lake. Cultural home atmosphere. Splendid food.



All Autumn week-ends at the Lodge are delightful,—but one stands out prominently as a gala occasion. Reserve accommodations early for Oct. 31st. You'll have lots of fun here on

HALLOWE'EN

For the convenience of our weekend guests: Our bus leaves the city each Saturday at 3:30 P.M. (from WOODLAWN STATION; last stop on Jerome Ave. line) and starts homeward from the Lodge each Sunday at 8:30 P.M. \$1.00 for the round trip.

By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon station

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends. **TOPSTONE FARM**, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Address: R. F. D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone: Ridgefield 648.

FOR relaxation, beautiful country and pleasant companionship; phone to

The HIL-BERT HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

HILL FRIEDBERG, Prop.

Tel. Mahopac 358

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1931

No. 3461

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	473
EDITORIALS:	
Solidarity or Bankruptcy	476
Agreements in the Dark	477
The Doctors Look at Medicine	477
The Wages of Sin	478
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION .. By Hendrik Willem van Loon ..	479
FORCED LABOR IN RUSSIA. By Henry Raymond Mussey	480
A NORTH AMERICAN CUSTOMS UNION. By Alex Skelton	482
PARADOXES OF POPULATION. By R. R. Kuczynski	485
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	487
CORRESPONDENCE	487
FINANCE: FACTS ABOUT THE "BEARS." By S. Palmer Harman ..	488
BOOKS, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
The Bystanders. By Mark Van Doren	490
Through Western Eyes. By Joseph Wood Krutch	490
Mahatma Gandhi's Method. By W. Norman Brown	491
Mr. Faulkner's World. By Lionel Trilling	491
Early Americans. By C. Hartley Grattan	492
Art: The Memorial of Miss Bliss. By Paul Rosenfeld	493
Music: Two Frenchmen Who Know How. By Arthur Mendel	495
Drama: A Rule. By Joseph Wood Krutch	496
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Jugoslavia's Sham Constitution. By Emil Lengyel	499
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	500

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

SENATOR BORAH, in his interview with French newspapermen during Premier Laval's visit in Washington, made several important points: the Versailles treaty should be revised; all debts and reparations should be canceled; attention should be given to the Polish Corridor and to Hungary, disaffected and divided under the peace treaties—all these before there could be any hope for lasting peace. With this it is not possible to quarrel, but when the reporters pressed the Senator for a more explicit elucidation of just what sort of treaty revisions should take place, and in what manner, he resorted to the time-honored subterfuge of statesmen: "... you are asking me for something which requires so much detailed information that I could not give an intelligent answer to it. I can state a principle." One can at least say that Senator Borah's principles are on the whole sound, if his explanations are vague and generalized. He has been criticized for giving the interview in the first place, on the ground, as the *New York Times* indignantly declared, that he was "trenching upon the constitutional rights of the President" in so doing. This is nonsense. Whatever Mr. Hoover's constitutional rights are, they do not include monopoly of all opinion or even statement of opinion on the affairs of this government in connection with other governments. There is reason to believe, moreover, that Senator Borah, who had conferred with the Presi-

dent just before M. Laval's visit, was passing on some "unofficial" attitudes which he had every reason to believe official. This brings us to the crux of the situation: Senator Borah, however vague, was several times clearer and more forceful than his chief, who before, during, and after the visit of the French Premier indulged only in beautiful platitudes that got nowhere and gave no inkling of what he really thought about anything.

A DAY OR SO AFTER Senator Borah was urging revision of the Versailles treaty in Washington, Premier Mussolini urged it in Rome. Moreover, he declared that it was unrealistic to talk of "legal equality among nations when on one side they are armed to the teeth and on the other they are condemned to be disarmed." This is a considerable distance from the bellicose and highly nationalistic attitude taken by the Premier a year or so ago, when he promised a great and triumphant future for the Italian state. It indicates that in order to disagree consistently with France, Italy is prepared to talk disarmament, moratoriums, treaty revision, or what you will. But whatever the motive, it should strengthen the nations which are genuinely desirous that the February disarmament conference shall succeed. Mr. Hoover, speaking over the radio to the assembled Methodists in Atlanta, expressed himself—in broad, general terms—as unable to see why, in a time of international crisis like the present, nations persisted in "using incalculable sums in evident dread of those [evils] that may come upon us." If we may translate this, Mr. Hoover means that governments spend too much money in preparation for future wars when all that peoples desire is peace. This is an admirable sentiment with which, as our readers know, we are entirely in agreement. We wish the President had said it more clearly and simply not only to the Methodists but to the Premier of France. If M. Laval would not listen, that is another matter. We should at least have had the flatly expressed conviction of the President of the United States that this nation, without reference to any other nation, should disarm!

THE "RAID" by European banks on our gold supply, which resulted in a loss of nearly \$750,000,000 of the metal within a period of five weeks, now shows definite signs of drawing to an end. There are several reasons for this. To begin with, the prompt and calm manner in which our Federal Reserve authorities met every demand has gone far to restore confidence in the dollar to the rather hysterical European markets. Again, the requirements of some of the European banks, in so far as they reflected a real need for reserves, have been met. Perhaps more important than either of these reasons, the free credits which Europe had in this market to enable it to buy the gold for export have been nearing the point of exhaustion. In an editorial article in its issue of October 10 the *London Economist* gives an interesting analysis of the causes which led to the drain on American gold. There was, of course, the general shock to confidence following England's abandonment of the gold standard. A second effect of that abandonment was to

prevent foreign banks from drawing upon their sterling balances except at a loss, so driving them back on their dollar balances. Another effect was to undermine confidence in the efficacy of the "gold exchange" standard, for when central banks found that the sterling exchange which they had legitimately held as part of their legal reserve had lost part of its value, they hastened to turn their other balances into gold. M. Laval, at the close of his conversations with Mr. Hoover, "made known that steps had been taken to stop the flow of gold from New York to France," and managed to give the impression, at least to some of the Washington correspondents, that France had made a generous move to restore confidence in the dollar—which is not true. Indeed, as the London *Economist* hints, the demand for gold from New York reflected less a lack of confidence in the dollar than a lack of confidence among the French banks in their own power to meet the panicky demands of customers out of their home resources.

THE ORGANIZATION of the new National Credit Corporation has already done a great deal to restore confidence. This is reflected in an average advance of nearly 25 per cent in stock prices in the last few weeks, and in the advance of cotton and wheat prices by a similar percentage from their low figures this year. The task that the new corporation is undertaking, however, should be left to that corporation, and Senator Glass is thoroughly justified in opposing the movement, supported by the President in his announcement of the credit corporation, to "broaden" the eligibility provision of the Federal Reserve Act. Senator Glass justly characterizes this movement as merely "another attempt . . . to clutter up the Federal Reserve banks of the country with speculative securities and thus amplify the opportunities of stock and bond operators to ply their trade and to disturb the business of the country periodically as a result of their excesses."

WILL JAPAN BOW to the expressed will of the League of Nations Council and withdraw its troops from Chinese territory in Manchuria before November 16? If it refuses to do so and continues to defy the Council, what action will the League take to compel obedience? Here the issue is clearly drawn. The League must act. Having asserted its authority, that is, the authority of the law of nations, it cannot now back down. To do so would leave the Japanese free to follow their own inclinations in dealing with the Manchurian controversy; Japan would be a law unto itself, and the principle upon which the League is founded would be defeated. Unfortunately, the Council has adjourned until November 16, and so has left to the last possible moment the admittedly disagreeable task of facing this issue which is so important to the continued existence of the League. Meanwhile the Manchurian situation has not been improving. The responsible government, that of Chang Hsueh-liang, having been ousted by the Japanese, numerous "independence" movements have arisen to add to the general confusion. It is this confusion that Tokio uses as an excuse for the retention of its troops in Manchuria. Battles between Japanese soldiers and various Chinese forces are reported almost daily. Any one of these battles might quickly lead to that open warfare which Geneva and Washington have been trying to prevent. But while the situation increases in

gravity, both Washington and Geneva appear willing to let the Manchurian crisis take care of itself until the Council reconvenes in mid-November.

WHETHER ECONOMIC SANCTIONS can successfully be applied by the United States and other leading Powers when war is threatened in any quarter of the globe will be the subject of a study to be made by a committee of prominent business men, bankers, and lawyers called together by Nicholas Murray Butler. The study was proposed by Evans Clark on behalf of the trustees of the Twentieth Century Fund, of which he is director, and will be financed by that organization. In announcing the formation of the Committee on Economic Sanctions, President Butler called attention to the responsibility the United States had assumed by sponsoring the Kellogg Pact. He declared that the United States would be faced "with a critical question of national policy" should any country resort to war in defiance of this agreement, and he hoped therefore that the committee could help work out a "public definition of policy" which would let the world know in advance precisely what economic action the United States would take in event of war. The existence of a clearly defined policy, this announcement said, might serve as security against aggressive warfare. We wish the committee all possible success. If it succeeds in its task, it will have performed a service of tremendous value to the peace movement. It is one thing to speak of bringing economic pressure against an aggressor nation in time of war, but the trick lies in determining just what constitutes aggression.

TWO MORE EXAMPLES of the sort of justice which many States seem to reserve especially for Negroes have lately come to light. In Elberton, Georgia, John Downer, Negro, is now waiting to learn whether the higher courts will save him from the death sentence passed upon him for the alleged rape of a young white woman. He was tried—after several attempts had been made to lynch him—in an atmosphere of mob hysteria. Downer was arrested because his shoes happened to fit certain footprints found near the scene of the crime. After his arrest martial law was declared in Elberton to save him from one kind of lynch justice. During the trial 200 national guardsmen were needed to protect him from the mob outside the courthouse. Downer was refused a change of venue, although it was apparent that the community was violently prejudiced against him. The jury was drawn from among the white people of this community, all persons known to have opposed the earlier efforts of the mob to lynch Downer being excused from service. No evidence was offered to connect him with the assault, if we except the positive but unsupported identification of him by the victim. Even the young woman's male companion, who according to his own testimony sat idly by while the supposed attack was taking place, admitted he was not sure that Downer was the assailant. Witnesses whose testimony might have helped the Negro establish an alibi later said they had been afraid to appear in court. The inevitable verdict was death. More recently Orphan Jones, sixty-year-old Negro, was arrested in connection with the murder of a family of four persons near Berlin, Maryland. He was held incommunicado for eight days before an International Labor Defense representative was permitted to interview him. In

the meantime he had been shifted from one jail to another, and was ■ a final shift brought back to Snow Hill, where he was indicted without benefit of counsel. Jones, the International Labor Defense states, "says that he was blackjacked and beaten in jail, and told that if he did not confess he would be killed. He was forced to sign ■ confession which he could not read because his glasses were taken away. He denied the murders and told our attorneys that the confessions were extorted from him by torture and third degree."

THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH must not be permitted to interfere with the functioning of yellow-dog contracts in Pennsylvania. That, in effect, was the decision reached by the State Supreme Court in the case of the Kraemer Hosiery Company versus Louis F. Budenz. But the trial brought forth, in the dissenting opinion of Justice George W. Maxey, one of the most brilliant arguments in defense of free speech lately delivered in an American court. The company had obtained ■■ order restraining the Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers and certain individuals, including Budenz, a well-known labor writer and organizer, from inducing employees "by any means whatsoever" to break their anti-union contracts with the company. Budenz alone appealed, but the Supreme Court, with the exception of Maxey, upheld the injunction. In his minority opinion Justice Maxey said: "I think Budenz's right to say and publish what he did and to do what he did is imbedded in the fundamental law of both the State and the nation. The decree appealed from is in effect an injunction against Budenz's ideas, not against his acts, for not a single unlawful act did or could the court below find against him. . . . Ideas are not subject to injunction. . . . It is opposed to progress and contrary to the spirit of our institutions to intrust any official with the arbitrary power to say what ideas shall be liberated and what ideas shall be suppressed."

SIMPLY UPON THE COMPLAINT of ■ Roman Catholic clergyman a professor of English at Louisiana State University has been summarily deprived of his post. The trustees of the school made no effort to hear Dr. John Earle Uhler before they dismissed him, nor did they inquire into the merits of the complaint brought against him by the Right Reverend F. L. Gassler, pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Baton Rouge. Professor Uhler's crime consisted of the writing of a novel, "Cane Juice," in which is depicted in straightforward manner the experiences of ■ Catholic student at the university. Father Gassler took strong exception to the book, declaring it compromised the young women of the State. His criticism of the novel went not only to the university authorities, but was mimeographed and sent to numerous prominent citizens of Louisiana, whose population is largely Catholic. Despite the protests of the American Civil Liberties Union, and of scores of individuals who are staunch defenders of academic freedom, and although Dr. Uhler's contract with the university has still a year to run, he was removed from the faculty without trial or hearing. The Civil Liberties Union is now planning to seek justice for the dismissed professor through the courts. It has announced that "we are not concerned with the merits of the controversy. We are concerned only with the issue of academic freedom involved in the right of any professor to publish his views in any form he desires, and at the same

time to remain secure in his job. Only that liberty of thought and action can give security and dignity to university teaching."

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER has just died in Vienna at the age of sixty-nine. Perhaps many of those who read his more recently translated novels did not quite realize how long he had been an established figure in European literature, or how varied his production had been, but he was one of the leaders of the "new drama" as far back as the nineties, and such somber plays as "The Lonesome Way" and "Professor Bernhardt" had wide fame before he became popular in America—partly ■ ■ result of the scandals occasioned by "The Affairs of Anatol" and the variously translated "Reigen." Perhaps, also, ■ considerable number of his American readers failed properly to understand his tone. He was thoroughly Viennese and he treated with a light, half-sentimental touch themes which seemed scandalous only because American readers did not, like him, take them as ■ matter of course. Thus "The Affairs of Anatol" is merely sentimental comedy and "Casanova's Homecoming" (which aroused the ire of the Society for the Suppression of Vice) is a gravely beautiful tale which deals with the same theme as his early play "The Lonesome Road"—namely, the declining days of a gallant who realizes that gallantry will soon be for him ■ thing of the past. Perhaps, indeed, "Casanova's Homecoming" will ultimately be regarded as his best ■ well as his most characteristic work. Few modern tales have ■ more beautifully sustained charm.

ALARGE CROWD OF NOTABLES, among whom Mayor Walker was not, and some thirty or forty thousand of the public attended the opening of the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River on October 24. At about 10 p. m. of the same day cars began to line up for the opening to traffic, which was scheduled for Sunday at 5 a. m., and in the first day 56,312 cars, 100,000 pedestrians, and one man on a horse made the stream of travel between New York and New Jersey. After ■ while the new bridge, which had for four years while it was building been known as the Hudson River bridge and will probably continue to be, will no longer be a novelty. The stream of travel, however, will not stop; and the bridge will not cease being one of the dominating beauties of New York's uptown skyline. Its graceful, slender arcs hang lightly over the water of the river; its piers rise firmly on either shore. By some fortunate chance, the original plan of having them covered with stone was abandoned, and they emerge in their steel mystery and lightness, a monument to the machine age. During the opening ceremonies, which were as long-drawn-out as such functions usually are, various statistics were announced: the bridge was so-and-so high, and wide, and strong; it was finished eight months ahead of time; it cost no more than the estimate of \$60,000,000; fourteen men were killed building it; Mr. O. H. Ammann, chief engineer, modestly disclaimed any special credit and named everybody from Cass Gilbert, the architect, to the last cat-walker as almost equally responsible. The most astonishing fact of all was, however, that on the day the bridge was opened to traffic more than 50,000 cars, or a heavy Sunday travel, passed through the Holland Tunnel. There is no end ■ limit to the numbers of these New Yorkers.

Solidarity or Bankruptcy

ALL in all, the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the application of the railroads for a flat increase of 15 per cent in freight rates seems as wise and well considered as any the commission could have made at this time. It is quite clear that the original request of the railroads was unsound. When the price that nearly every other great industry is getting for its product has fallen violently, it is illogical that the price of the railroads' product—transportation—should be raised. Merely for the railroad freight-rate level to remain as it is, indeed, has much the same effect that an increase in rates ordinarily would have. If a year or two ago the freight rate on some particular commodity averaged 10 per cent of the wholesale price of that commodity, then, if the commodity has fallen to half its former price, the freight rate now averages 20 per cent of its wholesale price. A general rise in freight rates at this time, therefore, would not only have been illogical, but would probably have failed even to produce the result that the railroad executives themselves hoped from it. The higher rates in too many instances would have been more than the traffic could bear; and the result would have been either an absolute shrinkage of that traffic or the deflection of much of it to trucks and waterways.

Yet the commission found itself confronted both by a grave problem of revenues and a grave problem in public psychology. The net operating income of the Class I railroads in the first eight months of the present year fell 37 per cent below that of the corresponding period in 1930, itself a poor year. So far in the present year it has been estimated that the railroads as a whole have earned only 2 per cent on their total "invested capital." Even this situation would not be so grave if the burden of the depression were shared equally by all the railroads. It is not merely, however, that scores of Class I railroads are not now earning their fixed charges; in the first eight months of the year thirty-five of them actually failed to earn their operating expenses.

The commission met this situation in probably the most sensible manner that it could be met. If a flat rise in freight rates was economically unwarranted, a gesture from the commission of some kind was absolutely necessary; first, for its immediate psychological effect, to prevent further demoralization in the security markets and to insure confidence in the savings banks and insurance companies that hold a high percentage of railroad bonds, and, secondly, for its later effect in forestalling railroad receiverships. Instead of the 15 per cent increase asked for, which the railroad executives estimated—mistakenly, in the commission's opinion—would bring in \$400,000,000 to \$500,000,000 additional revenue, the commission has offered increases in specific rates—on products which it believes will be relatively able to stand the increase—to bring in an estimated additional revenue of from \$100,000,000 to \$125,000,000. But these rate increases are to become effective only if and when the railroads agree among themselves to put the additional revenues that the rates bring in into a common pool, the proceeds of which are to be distributed among the roads that "fail to earn their

interest charges, in proportion to their deficiencies." In short, what the commission has done has been to grant an increase only about one-fourth as great as that which the railroads asked, but to insist that the proceeds from that increase be mobilized at the points where they are really needed. It is trying to compel the railroads to cooperate.

The responsibility for the railroads' fate has thus been placed squarely upon the shoulders of the railroad executives. They "must hang together or hang separately." The first response of the executives has been reassuringly prompt. But the "strong roads"—those which will have to contribute to the pool instead of receiving from it—are naturally not enthusiastic for the plan. Some of the railroad executives have expressed the opinion that even if they agreed to turn their additional revenues over to the pool, they would face stockholders' suits questioning the legality of their "giving" this money away. This objection does not appear to be a substantial one. It may be doubted whether one can be said to "give away" income which one does not get in the first place unless one has already agreed to give it away. Nor did the commission specifically assert that the distributed sums were to be given to the "weak" roads as an outright gift. It should not be difficult for those who insist that they can accept the plan only if the sums are "loaned," to compromise under an arrangement by which, let us say, the sums would be loaned without interest, and for no definite maturity, and would form a lien to come after all other fixed charges, but would have to be repaid by any railroad before that road resumed or continued any dividends on its preferred or common stock. What is essential is that the roads show their willingness to unite in a common effort.

There remains the question of the longer prospect. Though there may be a partial recovery, it becomes increasingly probable that the drop in world price levels is not only a major decline but may be of long duration. That being so, it is obvious that railroad freight rates not only cannot be substantially raised, but must themselves face the ultimate prospect of some reduction to bring them into conformity with the new price level. It is probable, therefore, that the railroads will soon become convinced that their salvation lies not in an increase in rates but in a reduction in expenses, such as has been going on in other industries. As more than half of all the operating expenses of the railroads go out directly in the form of wages, the executives may naturally be expected to turn to the hope that the railway brotherhoods will accept a reduction in wage rates. They will argue, no doubt, that an adjustment of this sort has already occurred in most other industries, and that an average reduction of 10 per cent in railroad wage rates would still leave "real" wage rates—that is, wage rates in terms of cost of living—as high as they were in 1929. But the executives will get very little hearing for these arguments, either from the railway unions or the general public, unless they come as a very last resort and not as a first one. Certainly such an argument will not be heeded if the roads reject the commission's present request that they act together. The immediate choice for the roads is solidarity or a string of bankruptcies.

Agreements in the Dark

WE have been left largely in the dark as to the immediate net results of Premier Laval's visit to Washington. True, the exchange of views that took place between the heads of the American and French governments was in itself of immense importance and doubtless will prove of value in the future. It may be presumed that Washington and Paris now know precisely where each stands with regard to the more pressing international problems of the day. This should certainly help to prevent conflicts between the two governments like that which followed Mr. Hoover's moratorium proposal of June 20, which so seriously impaired the psychological value of that proposal. Viewed in this light the Washington conversations have been all to the good, and so we are happy to note, in the words of Mark Sullivan, that President Hoover and Premier Laval "have agreed so to manage their respective steps having to do with the economic stability of the world as to avoid being at cross-purposes."

But if Mr. Hoover and M. Laval have come to some such understanding, the American and French people have not yet been informed of its details or implications. The joint statement issued at the White House after the conversations were concluded tells almost exactly nothing. It simply says that "real progress" was made by Mr. Hoover and M. Laval in canvassing "the economic situation in the world, the trends in international relations bearing upon it, problems of the forthcoming conference for limitation and reduction of armaments, the effect of the depression on payments under intergovernmental debts, the stabilization of international exchanges, and other financial and economic subjects." But what the "real progress" consisted of is not set forth. By far the most significant section of the statement is that dealing with war debts and reparations, although here again the vagueness of the language used makes it difficult to draw positive conclusions. The initiative in making further adjustments in intergovernmental obligations that "may be necessary covering the period of business depression," the statement declares, "should be taken at an early date by the European Powers principally concerned within the framework of the agreements existing prior to July 1, 1931." This clearly suggests a major victory for M. Laval and the Young Plan. Mr. Hoover has apparently pledged himself to refrain from seeking an extension of the war debts and reparations moratorium, although he implied in his statement of October 7 that an agreement for an extension of the moratorium would be the chief object of his conversations with Premier Laval. France has long contended that any adjustment in reparations must be undertaken in accordance with the Young Plan. To this President Hoover has now quite obviously agreed.

If we take the Hoover-Laval statement at its face value, and there is no apparent reason for not doing so, the relation of armaments and of trade barriers to the world's economic predicament was either not discussed or else no agreement was reached. It is likely that the latter is nearer the truth, for in their statement Mr. Hoover and M. Laval say specifically that it was "not the purpose of either of us to engage in commitments binding our governments, but

rather, through developments of fact, to enable each country to act more effectively in its own field." At the same time it is highly unlikely that the heads of the two governments, in their endeavor to canvass the whole economic field, should have overlooked the direct bearing of huge arms expenditures and tariff walls upon the present economic depression.

Finally, in view of the statement that Mr. Hoover and M. Laval have undertaken no commitments "binding our governments," we cannot understand the positive assertion by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* that the "practical outcome" of the White House conversations "was an agreement on certain measures designed to assist the world toward its recovery from economic and financial depression," and that the Hoover-Laval communiqué "wholly failed to mention other understandings which resulted from the White House conference." The *Times* correspondent went so far as to enumerate and describe the various points of these understandings. Perhaps the *Times* correspondent has been misinformed, for we hesitate to believe that President Hoover has bound the United States government to a secret course of action. This point must be immediately cleared up lest the charge that secret understandings have been entered into by Mr. Hoover and M. Laval undo whatever good we may expect to result from their conversations.

The Doctors Look at Medicine

STATE control of medicine came in for a generous share of dispraise at the recent congress of the American College of Surgeons in New York City. Dr. C. Jeff Miller, retiring president of the organization, in the opening address discussed the much-mooted question of the cost of medical care. He enumerated the various alternatives to the unorganized individualism now prevailing in the profession: group medicine, in which a group of specialists undertake, for a fixed annual fee, to give any care, including hospitalization, that a given patient may require; health insurance; the great public clinics like those maintained at Johns Hopkins and Cornell University; and state-controlled medicine. The clinics, according to Dr. Miller, destroyed the personal relation between doctor and patient; the health insurance smacked of paternalism; control by the state was, according to report, far from satisfactory in Russia, and was almost certain to put the profession at the mercy of politics and to develop an unscrupulous and incompetent personnel. Dr. Charles Mayo, in discussing state medicine, made the same point.

These criticisms, of course, are not new, nor do they answer the grave problem that confronts persons of moderate means or less when they find themselves in need of a physician. Hospital statistics show that in the last year municipally owned, free hospitals have been overtaxed by the demands for beds, and private hospitals have in more than one case found themselves on the edge of bankruptcy. It cannot be denied that hospitalization always costs more than the average patient can easily pay. Dr. Miller replies by the somewhat irrelevant complaint that the doctor seems to be

the last person whose bill is paid and that any doctor who wished to divulge professional secrets could publish a list of debtors that would astonish the world—being composed of persons who were popularly believed to be well able to settle their accounts. It may be that there is a fairly widespread belief that doctors are rich and don't need their money, or that they can wait for what they demand from folks of modest means because they make it up on their wealthy patients. This superstition is doubtless as ill founded as most popular beliefs. Two facts remain: one is that in large cities doctors are all too likely to give an impression of affluence by the presence of lady doorkeepers, white-gowned secretaries, nurses, and assistants caring for their offices; the other is that whether the fees are honestly earned or no—and in most cases one may believe that they are—medicine costs too much for the person of moderate income. A doctor who charges \$10 a visit per child for two children in the same family seen in the same hour need not be surprised if he is not called often; a specialist who will not consult for less than \$50 is a luxury to all but the high-income groups. And these are among the more moderate charges. If the medical profession is so organized that it cannot afford to sell its services for smaller fees, then there must be a change, of one sort or another. The only layman speaking at the surgeon's conference, President Angell of Yale, advanced this point of view very strongly:

Of one thing we can be sure [he said] and that is that in the long run, by hook or crook, society will command competent medical and nursing service, adequate in amount to meet the needs of everyone. If it cannot secure this as the result of measures voluntarily devised and perfected by the profession and its interested friends, it will look to other agencies, and notably to the government, to produce the desired results. With political methods and conditions what they are now in the United States, it is difficult to contemplate such a solution without the gravest misgivings.

In Boston the first year of the Baker Memorial Hospital for patients of small incomes has just been completed. Operated on the theory that a self-supporting, middle-price hospital is sounder than an endowed institution that gives the patient a sort of charity, the Baker Memorial reported a deficit of 16.9 per cent the first year, with promises of ultimately coming out even. Costs per patient averaged \$173.47, of which the hospital charges amounted to \$94.46, doctors' fees, \$59.54, and special nursing fees, \$19.47; the average income of patients was estimated at \$2,507; the average stay of the patient in the hospital was 13.4 days. It will be seen that this cost is far below the ordinary charge in private hospitals. Baker Memorial is an adjunct of Massachusetts General Hospital, one of the most highly rated institutions in the country. Its staff is drawn only from the staff of Massachusetts General, and fees for physicians attending are determined by the hospital and not by the individual doctor, in a case exceeding \$150, no matter how long the patient remains or what services he requires. It is worth while to consider this experiment at some length because it seems to indicate that a moderately priced institution can give entirely adequate care to patients of small means and still not have recourse to large private endowment. It is of course only a partial answer to the problem as a whole, but for those doctors who are so reluctant to consider any form of centralized control, it may offer a temporary working solution.

The Wages of Sin

IT has been commonly predicted that the present depression would surely produce that spiritual awakening which failed to materialize after the Great War. It was rather generally supposed that persons deprived of their gin by economic necessity would, in consequence, spend quiet evenings at home with a good book, and literature, we were told, would certainly flourish as night clubs declined. But the only observable effect upon the book business has been the regular appearance on best-seller lists of collections of "boners" and books by such spiritual leaders as Joe Cook, while the most obvious effect upon the theater has been the appearance of new burlesque houses up and down Broadway. For years only one theater devoted to this form of entertainment was operated in the Times Square district, but since the Spiritual Awakening took place, these temples have multiplied prodigiously and those whose minds have been turned away from material things can now drop in upon a stimulating ceremony almost any hour of the day or night.

It is, however, less with the moral than with the economic aspect of the situation that we are concerned and we shall reprint a paragraph from *Variety* which we believe needs no comment beyond the explanation to the uninitiated that, in the technical language of the business, a "stripper" is a chorus girl who takes off most of her clothes during the course of her act and that a "teaser number" is one in which such a "stripper" removes her raiment piece by piece in compliance with the noisy demands of the audience eager to see further beauties revealed.

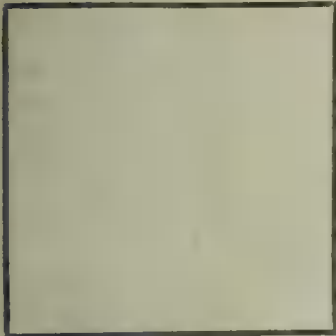
The longest and hardest job in the theater is now the 74-hour, \$25-a-week runway grind for girls at the Central, New York. They average 12 hours in the theater Fridays and Saturdays and 10 hours daily the rest of the week, including Sundays. House plays Minsky's combination stock and Columbia Burlesque wheel shows. At five and six shows a day the girls are on the stage or runway more than 220 times every week for the same \$25. Theater is one of the New York Minsky burlesque houses at which those of the chorus who "strip" in "teaser" numbers were paid \$2 extra weekly for the take off. That gave each stripping girl an average of slightly over five cents for each strip. But that extra income is now cut and the rate is \$25 straight.

We are also informed that at least one New York burlesque house is now employing what is known as the "old number-one light system"—which means that a light just over the orchestra leader's stand is flashed on by the ticket-taker whenever a suspicious-looking person enters the theater, and serves as a warning to the performers to omit the more dangerously exuberant portions of their dialogue or pantomime. Moreover, and in case any of our readers wonder just how these theaters manage to keep open on Sunday when all legitimate theaters are closed, we beg to inform them that Mr. Minsky and his twenty-five-dollar-a-week "strippers" call their performance a "sacred concert" on the first day of every week.

But it is, we repeat, the economic aspect of the question which interests us most. Verily the wages of sin have become—as the old joke has it—"almost nothing at all."

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



THE Chinese have always been a curious people and they are possessed of some very queer old customs. Do you remember the property man of the Chinese theater which flourished twenty years ago? I mean the invisible Property Man who walked through every scene, dressed in an old black gown and carelessly smoking

a cigarette while carrying mountains and valleys and babbling brooks and warships and placing them wherever they were needed. Just before the heroine got stabbed by the villain he rushed upon the stage with a pillow to soften the lady's fall. And when in the next act the heroine, now happily recovered from her mortal wounds, was crossing the Yellow River on cakes of ice, he was present with the cakes of ice, and when her advent on the other side was celebrated by a clap of thunder, he was there with the thunder to shout "boom . . . boomety, boom" at exactly the right moment.

He was visible yet ever invisible, for tradition insisted upon his being invisible and therefore he was invisible, although he might weigh 300 pounds and have a heavy cold which made him sneeze a dozen times through every love scene.

The managers of the Greatest Show on Earth seem to have chosen the present Russian government to act as their Invisible Property Man. Officially they refuse to believe that there is such a thing as a Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. As far as Washington is concerned, official Russia simply does not exist. President Hoover may have read Comrade Stalin's name in the public prints but when the Terrible Georgian is mentioned in his presence, he looks absent-mindedly out of the window and says "Stalin? Stalin? Never heard of him before!" And although the State Department is as industrious as a beehive, there never is a letter addressed to the Kremlin, Moscow, among those 245,837 heavy mail-pouches that leave once a week bound upon their errands of wisdom and mercy.

The Invisible Property Man, however, seems completely unaware of all this. He continues to stage-manage things as if he were part of the show. Our policy may be necessary and may be dictated by the demands of the hour (and of civilization), but in the end it is bound to lead up to all sorts of uncomfortable complications. For further details read any one of our better-class newspapers.

There is some trouble, so it appears, about the exact status of a certain country called Manchuria. Japan wants that country and China wants it or has it and the two nations threaten to go to war with each other on account of this distant and mysterious territory. The nearest, though by no means dearest, neighbor of Manchuria is another country called Russia. And whatever Japan and China do in

regard to Manchuria will be followed with profound interest by the rulers of the ancient Muscovite empire. Japan knows this and China knows this and all the world knows this, but we ourselves do not know it. Our newspapers know it and our newspaper-reading public knows it. But our government does not know it. It refuses to see the Invisible Property Man. Even when he drags a few million men across the stage and rattles loudly with his guns, Washington fails to notice him. Russia is and remains the Invisible Property Man of the great new Chinese comedy, entitled "He Who Remains Unseen."

Once upon a time there was a certain Mr. Kellogg, an honorable corporation lawyer by profession and a benefactor of mankind by choice. Mr. Kellogg devised a sort of "safety first" formula for international complications that might develop into open hostilities. And we were proud, very proud of "our" Mr. Kellogg, and told the world that he was the Visible Expression of our own love for humanity. Until the moment when the Russians heard of him, too, and shouted "bravo" and hastened to join the Kellogg Pact. Then we found ourselves in great difficulties. For how could we negotiate with a government which did not exist and how could we receive letters from a Secretary of State who did not exist and how could we ever hope to read letters written on paper which had no tangible reality? Then, someone in the State Department who had been to Chinatown in the days of his youth bethought himself of the famous expedient of the Invisible Property Man. Stalin was hastily appointed to be our own Invisible Property Man. He can come and go at will, he can do whatever he pleases, he can write letters and send protests and make war or peace but we will just pretend that he is not there. He is the stage manager responsible for the whole of the performance but he must remain invisible even when he steps on our toes. I suppose that if we should go to war with Russia (*Unberufen!*) we would begin our declaration of hostilities "To whom it may concern . . ." For like the Almighty, Stalin is supposed to be omnipresent yet without any definite address. I have patiently looked through the chronicles of history to find a parallel case. I have found none, and so at last there is something new under the sun. The international comedy of errors has now been provided with an Invisible Property Man.

P. S.—I wrote this ten days before the supposed date of appearance. Then it looked as if Russia were going to be the Property Man of the Manchurian drama. Ten minutes after I had dropped this little essay carefully into the mail-chute, the evening papers appeared telling us that there was going to be no war and that Mr. Stimson was pleased. The next morning the Japanese and the Chinese were shooting at each other and Russia was "moving troops" and Mr. Stimson was sad. In the evening he was hopeful. Next morning he was still hopeful. Next afternoon he was apprehensive. I shall never again write about anything more recent than the second coming of Napoleon.

Forced Labor in Russia

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Stalingrad, September 24

THERE is forced labor in Russia—plenty of it. I have seen it myself in Moscow, with officials, contrary to the tradition of their craft, working like slaves at their desks all day and spending all night in conferences and meetings. I have seen it in factories, where union groups and shop committees are getting together after working hours and demanding savagely of one another why they are not meeting the impossibilities of the Five-Year Plan in Four, or in two and a half. I have seen it in the construction of the great new automobile works at Nijni-Novgorod, where the *sabotniks*, brought in by hundreds and by thousands each morning in freight cars, march singing to different points along the miles of unfilled trenches that carry water, gas, and electric equipment for the plant and the workers' city of Autostroy's latest pride, and spend their rest day working—probably not too hard, but working, none the less, without pay—shoveling earth to help finish the job, if possible, by November 1 according to schedule. I have seen it on the same job among the American engineers supervising the whole gigantic undertaking. They started seventeen months ago literally with nothing but a swamp, with no materials, no equipment, no labor, nothing but endless resourcefulness and iron determination; today they are racing down the stretch, with 30,000 construction workers behind them, hoping to hit the tape before the red November days. The Russia I have seen during the past three weeks appears to be steaming under forced draft with the safety valve tied down, and men are driven by some inner force to the doing of Herculean labors in town and country alike. I do not mean that everybody in the country is working furiously, for of course that is not true, but many men in all walks of life are, and no one watching them can doubt that there is forced labor in Russia.

And my Communist acquaintances tell me that there is forced labor among the kulaks. Something like half a million of them, or two and a half million, perhaps, if you count their families—nobody seems to know the exact number—have been exiled, I am told, for counter-revolutionary activity like opposition to the collective farms. After being deprived of their property, they are banished to various parts of the country—not to the frozen North, my informants state—where there is plenty of good farming land available. As soon as they have houses ready, their families join them. They are under sentence of exile; they get their subsistence, and the rest of their product belongs to the government. If at the end of five years they have been good workers and if they appear to be cured of their sinful bourgeois psychology, then they will be restored to full civil and economic rights. But for the present, it is explained to me, it is highly important that, with their exploiting point of view, they be not allowed to work in factories, shops, or collectives because of their possible bad influence on the workers. Perhaps twice as many kulaks as are in exile still work their own land under a system of "individual taxation" under which the government levies on each of them an exaction as heavy as it is

believed he can meet, leaving him subsistence for himself and his family. This levy met, the rest of the product, be it much or little, belongs to him. It is harsh and cruel, like so many other Russian arrangements, and nobody that I have met denies that it is forced labor, just like that of any other persons under sentence. What they do deny is that it has any other purpose except to push forward the process of socializing agriculture as well as industry.

If anybody wants to pick up a bargain in forced labor, however, or any other kind of labor, I should advise him not to look for it in Russia just now, as far as I have seen it; for it is certainly a seller's market in labor if ever there was one. Everywhere I have been there is going up a tremendous call for more labor: scientists, technicians, organizers, managers, accountants, clerks, typists, mechanics of every degree of skill and lack of it, construction workers (millions of them, I should think), unskilled laborers. Each task done only cries for more work to be done. The workers on the collective farms are already being employed in mines and factories during the winter, and next year it is expected that 2,000,000 housewives, freed from domestic duties, will be drawn into industrial production. Trade unions are eagerly studying ways of increasing the productiveness of their members. Shop committees and workers' organizations of every kind within the factory are criticizing one another for not being up to schedule and are hunting for ways of speeding up production. Newspapers and street signs and wall boards are full of figures showing the competition of different factories and departments within them in increasing output, and now they are beginning to compare their success in keeping down costs. Social competition, which first began to be employed on a large scale in 1929, seems to have seized the imagination of the workers; at least it has seized all the agencies of publicity, till one might think that no Russian worker at present cared for anything so much as that his factory should outstrip the others in the race for production. I do not mean that production is large or that everybody is doing his best; only that there appears to be an astonishingly widespread and intense interest in increasing it.

I saw it at work in the case of the grumbling red-bearded old peasant in his ragged clothes and straw sandals that I met on the Volga boat—one of the hundreds of men, women, and children stowed in the fourth class among the boxes and barrels and crates and endless sacks of grain and potatoes that fill the space below decks in these great shallow craft. Harvest over, the old fellow had taken ship sixty or seventy miles up the river to a new construction job where he heard that wages were high and conditions good. Before he got there he met friends who told him that a good dinner at forty kopecks was the only meal served on the job, that other prices were high, and that things generally were not so rosy as they had been painted to him. Without even seeing the job, he took the next boat back home, grumbling about the badness of the times, declaring the collective in his region to be a failure, and generally exercising all the rights of a Soviet citizen.

I left the rags and crowding and smell below decks and went up to the delightful freshness and broad outlook of the first-class cabin. A copy of *Izvestia* of September 19 lay on the table. (By the way, *Pravda*, with a circulation of 2,400,000, and *Izvestia*, the official organ, whose circulation is said to be some 400,000 less than that of the other great Russian daily, are now distributed by airplane from Moscow and reprinted so as to be available the same or the following day for the vast majority of the people of the Soviet Union.) *Izvestia* contained a decree of the Central Executive Committee and Council of People's Commissars, dated September 13, permitting all enterprises, offices, and organizations of social sectors henceforth to hire workers and employees both in towns and in the country directly, without application to the labor exchanges, and directing the People's Commissariat of Labor to prepare and submit to the Council of People's Commissars the draft of a law embodying this principle as a permanent policy. So here, along with the present mad enthusiasm for piece work, I had apparently stumbled on another of Russia's big steps in the wild rush "back to capitalism"; for here was Russia practically scrapping its labor exchanges at the very moment when the capitalistic states are turning their attention to those institutions.

I looked at the strange Russian characters at the bottom of the same page—a half-page of advertisements, a dozen of them Help Wanted. It was practically a government paper, published by a government that prohibited the hiring of workers except through the labor exchanges, and here it was printing, as it had been doing for weeks, the advertisements of big government organizations trying to get workers directly by means of such advertising, and the labor exchanges might go hang! I began to understand that decree. I looked a little farther, with the help of my translator. The Academy of Science of the U. S. S. R., I observe, is advertising for twenty-four professors, thirteen in technical subjects, two in physics, one in chemistry, two in biology, two in history, one in social economics, one in philosophy, two in Oriental studies. The Bronner Medical University wants a professor of gynecology. The Forest Institute in Vorenzh needs a professor who specializes in local conditions of timber growing, and discreetly suggests that it may pay more than the usual salary. The Butter Trust wants agricultural specialists, zootechnicians, veterinary surgeons, and building workers of all kinds. The pharmaceutical section of the Chemical Trust proclaims its need for economists, credit men, and specially qualified bookkeepers. The Bridge Building Institute calls for typists and specialists in metals. The Middle Asia Metal Combinat, the Nijni-Novgorod Automobile Works and six other plants belonging to Autostroy (the automobile works under construction), the shock construction unit in Sverdlovsk—shock construction is the most important construction, and therefore workers there get better food and living conditions—and Grainstroy (which builds elevators and similar structures), not to speak of two or three other enterprises, must have bookkeepers and accountants without delay. Finally, the first Russian typewriter factory puts in its plea for production engineers, time-study men, construction workers, an engineer-economist, and managers for its instrument department, its construction bureau, and its department of labor economics, intimating that wages will be according to personal agreement—fix your own price!—and in a final despairing line giving not only its telephone

number but even the numbers of trams and buses to get to the plant.

The situation today in its outlines appears to be simplicity itself, though unsuspected complexities often underlie simple situations. But the government, by the huge industrialization program embodied in the Five-Year Plan, has created an insatiable demand for labor, and the people, by their assent to that plan and their apparently enthusiastic support of it, have consented to the necessary immediate sacrifices of food and clothing and the few comforts and conveniences that they might otherwise have had in somewhat larger measure. The demand for labor of every kind has made it possible for any man who wants it to get a job, and employers (almost wholly, be it remembered, branches or agencies of the state) are so eager to get labor that they appear to some extent, despite the plan, to be bidding against one another, as indicated in two of the advertisements quoted, just as they did in the United States at the height of the late lamented boom. Instead of using the machinery of the labor exchanges, with their inevitable red tape, they have accordingly taken workers wherever they could get them, despite the government prohibition of direct hiring, and have even advertised for labor, as we have just seen. As a result, the labor exchanges have become for the time being unnecessary and have fallen into practical disuse, despite the legal requirement that all hirings be made through them. Hence the government, like the good lawmaker that it is, recognizes the facts and brings the law into accordance with them, inasmuch as no practical interest of the worker is now served by the old requirement. The new law in effect is expected to give more liberty to specialized and highly trained workers to find the right place in the producing organization. Should conditions change so that private hiring became disadvantageous to the working citizens, presumably the old law would be reenacted, for the government has shown a surprising agility in adapting itself to changes.

I have said nothing of the mobility of the wage situation and the variations of wages among localities, occupations, and individuals. Just at the moment, with the terrific pressure to increase production, the Russians I have seen are crazy over piece work. In the Peasants' House in Moscow I even saw a chart showing that with the introduction of piece work on the collective farms the milk production of the cows went up from 10.2 to 13.4, if I remember the figures correctly. Whether it was liters per day or miles per hour my interpreter could not quite make out, but it makes no difference, the principle is the same; piece work in Russia today is good and only good, in the accepted view, and the labor organizations are insisting on its introduction. It is all a part of the mad pressure for production and speed.

The undiscouraged heralds of the return of capitalism in Russia will find plenty of themes for their song in the latest developments in the labor field; but unless I am grossly mistaken they will prove as far wrong as were the forgotten prophets of the overthrow of the Bolshevik Government. The managers of Russia's economic life are simply using some of the familiar devices of capitalism in their gigantic task of building up production in an economically backward state toward their ideal of socialism. Those devices seem to work quite differently, in some fundamental respects, under communism than they do under capitalism, and the differences, so far as I have yet been able to observe them, are not to the

advantage of our system. What Russia's industrial leaders are doing, as far as I can make out, is to drive men from behind, not with the whip and bayonet, as is so often alleged, or even with the fear of starvation, as is frankly the case under our scheme, but with the lash of a frightfully effective public opinion; and to lure them from ahead with the familiar means of better immediate pay for better work, and, more significantly, I believe, with the hope of a better future for all the people through the workers' contribution to a common enlarged production. How far they are going to succeed I do not know. I do know that the results already achieved, under conditions incredibly difficult, are astound-

ing even to the casual observer, if he have the slightest knowledge of economic and social history and theory. If the real rulers of the Western world would retain their leadership, even in part, then I am persuaded that they and their apologists would do well without further delay to recognize the profound significance of that combination of motives on the basis of which the Russians have accomplished the impossibilities of the past fourteen years, and to cease their parrot-like iteration of the impossibility of successful appeal in industry to anything except individual cupidity. The Russian construction marvels of 1931—and they are marvels—are not built on individual cupidity.

A North American Customs Union

By ALEX SKELTON

TRADE between Canada and the United States is greater than between any other two countries in the world. The North American continent is in many ways a complete economic unity, the northern half the complement of the southern half. Similar language and culture, similar political and economic organization make for similar standards of living; automobiles, coupled with an alternative to prohibition, bring one American in seven to Canada every year; the radio, the talkies, and the press make contemporary life in the two countries closer than ever before; yet the last decade has seen the tariff wall between the two countries rise to unprecedented heights, with consequent friction and disorganization of trade. It is boasted that, if one eliminates prohibition agents, bootleggers, and customs officers, there is not an armed man on the three-thousand-mile frontier; yet there is a continual commercial warfare that taxes and restricts every effort to supply the needs of one country from the resources of the other. There is a huge amount of subsidized propaganda daily directed against imports and in favor of local manufacturers; the facts are concealed or distorted; the narrowest nationalistic emotions are played on; the whole atmosphere approaches the jealousy of war. Incalculable harm to national and international well-being is done by the daily misrepresentation ground out by the propaganda mills of some powerful organs. Yet in spite of tariff walls these two countries are necessary complements to each other. In total trade Canada buys more from the United States and sells more to the United States than it does from and to any other country in the world. Similarly the United States buys more from Canada and sells more to Canada than from and to any other country in the world. Canada's trade with the United States is two and one-half times as large as her trade with England, which is the second largest, and American trade with Canada is one-quarter larger than that with England, the second largest in her case also. This is particularly striking in that the Canadian tariff is divided into three classifications—the lowest rate, or the British preference, the intermediate, and the highest, or general—English exports coming under the first, and American exports under the last and highest.

Yet this trade is admittedly but a fraction of what would take place under reciprocity, or free trade, between the United States and Canada. To give but one example,

the following table shows exports of Canadian agricultural products to the United States ten years ago when the tariff rates were relatively low, and today when the Hawley-Smoot tariff has reached its pinnacle.

EXPORTS FROM CANADA TO UNITED STATES OF PRINCIPAL FARM PRODUCTS, AND UNITED STATES TARIFF RATES IN FORCE FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDING JUNE, 1921, AND JUNE, 1931.

	Exports value		Tariffs rates in force	
	12 months to			
	June, 1921	June, 1931	1921	1931
Cattle	\$21,240,000.	\$ 764,000.	free.	under 700 lbs. 2½c lb. over 700 lbs. 3c lb.
Sheep	1,676,000.	244.	free.	\$3 head
Wheat	101,997,000.	6,580,000.	free.	.42c bu.
Flour	12,687,000.	4,310.	free.	\$1.04 per 100 lbs.
Beef	4,485,000.	121,000.	free.	.6c lb.
Mutton	1,500,000.	191.	free.	.5c lb. (lamb 7c lb.)
Butter	2,294,000.	20,000.	2½c lb.	.14c lb.
Cream	2,087,000.	1,348,800.	free.	.56.6c gal.
Flaxseed.	5,045,000.	1,088,000.	20c bu.	.65c bu.
Maple				
sugar	1,122,000.	310,000.	3c lb.	.8c lb. (now 4c lb.)
Wool	2,227,000.	275,000.	free.	.24c—37c lb.

There are few more striking examples of the time-worn fallacies of protectionist argument and of the real forces behind the tariff than the Canadian-American situation, and there is no other tariff which so directly influences citizens on both sides of the line. What the United States has to offer Canada is obvious—the resources of half a continent and the economies of standardized, competitive production for the biggest market in the world. What Canada has to offer the United States is probably not so well known to American readers, but it may be briefly summed up as the undeveloped resources of the other half of the continent—a half slightly larger than the United States and Alaska together; a half that is now the largest exporter of wheat and forest products in the world; that produces 90 per cent of the world's nickel, 85 per cent of the world's asbestos, 10 per cent of the world's gold, and between 5 and 10 per cent of the world's zinc, lead, silver, and copper; and that has 15 per cent of the world's coal reserves. A half that is second only to the United States in total water-power development, and that has a horse-

power installation per capita five times that of the United States and with five times as much still to develop. A half that is fifth among world countries in both exports and imports, and is second in per capita trade. The United States had a population of 75,000,000 before its foreign trade reached the proportions of Canada's today. Yet Canada has only 10,000,000 people, fewer than New York State.

How such an obvious measure as free trade between these two great and complementary areas failed to come about, and how the present tariff system grew up, is a tangled history of political and nationalist movements, of sectional pressure and log-rolling, of class legislation, of mob ignorance and susceptibility to catch slogans, and of high-pressure and unscrupulous salesmanship by the interested parties.

The desirability for both countries—and, shortly, in the case of Canada the necessity—of reciprocity, the urgent economic and practical reasons for its adoption make it the greatest single action the governments of both countries could take against the depression. This may seem paradoxical in view of the presence in office of super-protection parties in both Canada and the United States, and in the face of the undoubted world trend to governmental interference with trade, whether by tariffs, government import and export boards, stabilization boards, or direct communistic control of foreign trade. Nevertheless, in that trend of the past decade (which in turn required government and banking juggling with gold and currency) lay much of the cause of the present crisis; and in its reversal we have the road out. At present it seems to be more than a pious hope that the public in the United States is dissatisfied with the present régime and will shortly demand the trial of a new policy. Economic and political movements in Canada usually follow similar movements in the United States by several years, but in this particular case the pressure in the next few years in Canada will be even greater than in the United States, and the dual reaction may be hoped to coincide.

The close and necessary relation of the two countries may be pictured as follows: Canada, as a producer of raw materials, has a vast potential capacity, with, at present, a high overhead in the form of an overdeveloped transportation system and very irregular seasonal production, and with a small, scattered market. The United States is a huge machine which must constantly accelerate to live, which devours more and more raw materials, which needs lower and lower costs continually to expand its markets, and which needs the constant reinvestment of its surplus to maintain the purchasing power of these markets and absorb the continually increasing output.

Such similes are usually misleading in their generalities, but they give a picture of the immense undeveloped resources in Canada waiting for idle United States money and idle United States men to supply American and world markets with agricultural, forest, and mineral commodities at lower cost. The profit to both parties is obvious, but the objections of the opponents of free trade must be considered.

First, and most pressing, we have the vested interests that have grown up in the shade of the present tariff: the urban and rural communities largely dependent on protected industries, the stockholders who have invested their money in good faith, the workers who have spent their lives learning a trade, which may be an artificial and uneconomic one,

but which is their livelihood. It is idle to deny the importance of these interests. It is beside the point to argue that it is better for them to suffer for an eventual profit than simply to suffer aimlessly as at the moment.

Rather it must be shown that protection is a false friend to even the individual industry itself. No one doubts the cost to the whole country of a protected industry—the cost of higher prices to the consumer based on uneconomic production, the cost of capital and labor diverted from their natural channels by artificial stimulus. But the general impression prevails that the individual industry itself benefits, which naturally leads to the next step of protecting all industries so that all benefit. Economists can hardly defy such a happy solution of all industrial problems, but the hard facts of depression do.

For protection benefits an industry—always at the expense of the rest of the country—only when the protection is constantly increasing. Once the protection becomes stabilized at a certain level, the profit goes. Either the artificial profit encourages additional capital to enter into production, and competition then forces the profits down, or, if the industry is a monopoly, its costs of production quickly rise. The costs do not have to rise, of course, but lacking the stimulus of international competition, the industry continues obsolete machinery and methods, neglects research, and while other companies are reducing costs, their costs remain constant, which is a relative increase. Consequently, in this age of rapid technical progress, the industry shortly finds itself in exactly the same position as before the additional protection was secured, while the public pays the difference in cost. Finally the industry suffers because substitutes are developed, and protection is then found to have been a false friend. Only in a depression has this fact—that protection is eventually disastrous for the protected industry as well as immediately costly for the whole nation—any hope of recognition.

Turning to the possibilities of reciprocity between Canada and the United States, we have the problem of the agriculturist in the United States and of the manufacturer in Canada. It would be a brave man who would suggest letting in 100,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat duty free to the American market at this moment. Yet in actual fact there is no danger to the farmer in this, for the price of wheat, a product of which both countries have an exportable surplus, in both Canada and the United States is normally set by the price in Liverpool, and this is likewise true of every other agricultural product of which the United States has an exportable surplus. In the market-garden products the freight rate from Canada and the short Canadian season are adequate protection in themselves for the average United States producer. There would be no sudden disaster, but a steady tendency away from grain growing in the United States and to a greater grain production with the aid of cheap American machinery in the Canadian Northwest. In other words, the present tendency in the United States would simply be accelerated. It might be pointed out that had the United States not resorted to a tariff on grain, the American farmer would have been adjusting his production gradually over the last ten years. The tariff checked the natural economic tendency, simply postponing and making more acute the eventual reckoning.

The effect on some of the manufacturing industries in

the Canadian East would undoubtedly be more drastic. There are, however, many factors to consider, such as the advantage of being first on the ground, of local knowledge and local contacts, and the decentralization tendency of American industry today, caused by high costs of distribution to distant markets. Nevertheless it must be admitted that many a small, uneconomically placed, obsoletely equipped, inefficiently run plant in eastern Canada would close down, with immediate local loss and distress. That this loss and distress would be nothing beside the periodic loss and distress of disorganized markets due to tariff readjustments today, is not enough to convince those interested of its necessity. It is difficult to conceive of the general and unreasoning fear of the United States that has been fostered in the average Canadian's mind. He is told to picture the immediate closing down of factories and the forced depopulation of Canada in the face of competition from the American industrial super-machine, and he believes it. He does not realize that his position would simply be that of the inhabitants of the great majority of American States, who, it is true, are dependent on some large centers for their specialized products, but who form a link in the whole chain of interdependence themselves, without whom the huge centers of mass production could not exist, and who are certainly not any the poorer because such specialization in the production of wealth has developed—wealth which could not be produced without specialization. Rather, with reciprocity and its resultant specialization Canada would increase in prosperity and wealth. She would have a tremendously increased market for farm produce in the metropolitan areas of the United States. Her cheap water power and raw materials even today offer great attractions to American manufacturers and these would increase. Finally wages would rise and prices to the consumer drop. And the American manufacturer would find not only new markets, but new and virgin fields of natural resources, with resultant lower costs to American consumers.

Against this we have the arguments that have quite recently won an election for the highest tariff party of all time in Canada. We have the ignorance expressed in such slogans as "Keep the money in the country" and "favorable balances of trade." The fallacy of the last remnant of mercantilism, with its confusion between money, simply the measuring piece of wealth, and real wealth in the form of consumable goods, flourishes more actively than ever. The average Canadian really feels that he and the country are benefiting by his paying \$200 more for an American automobile made in Oshawa instead of Detroit. To meet slogan with slogan, "Keep the money in your pocket" might be suggested. As for Canada's unfavorable balance of trade with the United States, this is offset by the tremendous American tourist traffic to Canada, valued at over \$300,000,000 annually.

Then there is the nationalistic argument, largely based on jealousy and reaching its climax in the dark hints, "We must be self-sufficient in case of war." These super-patriots should be frankly answered. Either Canada is anticipating war with the United States or she is not. If she is not, such slogans are bombast. The best possible guaranty against war is economic interdependence and the free flow of capital, people, and goods between countries, such as already exists on a large scale between Canada and the United States.

Finally the opponents of free trade say, we have the ex-

ample of the United States itself. The United States has a higher tariff than Canada; the United States is richer than Canada—the answer is too easy. The real answer, of course, is that American prosperity has been built up on the largest free-trade market of all time. Half a continent, with rich and varied resources, a population of 125,000,000, and unrivaled cheap transportation, gives us the answer. It is not only the biggest and the wealthiest market in the world, but it is also the freest and most standardized market with the fewest obstacles to trade in the world.

Reciprocity, then, between Canada and the United States should be the first aim. The immediate gain to both countries would be greater than in the case of any other two nations; the obstacles, with a common speech, common standards, and common ties, would be less. This is the nearest-home and most logical place to attack the tariff walls.

In the case of Canada, it will soon be a necessity. After the war Canada expanded her production to take the place of Russia in European markets. As Russia is now returning to her normal role of the chief European producer of raw materials (a producer that supplied one-third of the world wheat exports for five years before the war), Canada is suffering. A change of government in Russia would not change this situation, for under any form of government that rich area of the earth would be a large producer, particularly now that its possibilities have been so dramatically exploited. In the meantime high-tariff Canadians pin much hope to the success of the protectionist movement in England. By this means they believe the English market at least will be preserved through Empire tariff preferences. Yet the chief purpose of the tariff, according to "Empire free trade" advocates in England, is to use its bargaining powers to force open markets for English textiles and machinery that are now closed by tariffs. Why the Canadian protectionists are so eager to see such an experiment in England, to whose markets Canada has now free access, and to which Canada would in future obtain access only on bargaining terms, is difficult to see. Even making the extreme assumption that England will impose a tariff on raw materials and foodstuffs, as well as on manufactures, there is no reason to believe England would favor Canadian producers, or American producers with plants and investments in Canada, more than she would favor Argentinian producers, in whose country England has a heavy stake, and who have not shown themselves so hostile to English manufacturers as have Canadians. The Canadian protectionist has made it amply clear that Empire tariffs are to be on a business basis, and he will find the English protectionist quite as sharp a business man as himself. Finally, England's abandonment of the gold standard lessens her importance as a market and effectively imposes a tariff on all imports, with no Empire preferences.

We may look forward to a period when Canada will be out of the European market and not yet in the American market, at which point the virtues of reciprocity will become more strikingly evident. Canada today, with but a fraction of a per cent of the world's population, is the fifth largest exporting nation in the world, and the second in trade per capita. Yet to sell she must buy; a successful one-way tariff has not yet been invented. Hence the hope and the prophecy that this decade will see a successful campaign for reciprocity between Canada and the United States and that this will be only the first breach in the world tariff walls.

Paradoxes of Population

By R. R. KUCZYNSKI

THE practical problems which we today call population problems have worried mankind as long as the human race has existed. Overpopulation became an issue long before the soil was tilled. In fact, the fewer the means of intensifying the production of food, the more important was the proportion of available food to the number of people. Hunting tribes simply had to migrate whenever their food resources, which they had no means of increasing, neared exhaustion. Once agriculture became known, the proportion of the available food to the number of people became more elastic, and especially so when people began to transport food by land and along the streams and coasts.

But there always was a definite and rather narrow limit to the increase of mankind. We know very little about the actual number of the world's population in former times. According to a recent estimate of Walter F. Willcox, it amounted to about 836,000,000 in 1800. This was the result of a development stretching over hundreds of thousands of years. If we remember how little it requires for a population to double within a century and that one couple doubling within a century would, after 3,000 years, have more than 2,000,000,000 descendants, it is evident that prior to the nineteenth century there was no definite population trend. Periods with an excess of births must have alternated with periods of an excess of deaths. What, as a rule, took place was that in "normal" years births exceeded deaths, while in periods of wars, famines, and especially epidemics, deaths exceeded births. But there were many exceptions to that rule. There were races which, either on account of birth control in one or another form or on account of a widespread practice of infanticide, had so few children that even in "normal" years, not affected by wars, famines, or epidemics, deaths exceeded births.

The second half of the eighteenth century was one of those periods in which births conspicuously exceeded deaths. It is said that the total population of the world in those fifty years increased from 660,000,000 to 836,000,000. In Great Britain it increased from 6,100,000 to 10,500,000. The situation seemed the more critical as means had been found by which to check the spread of smallpox and possibly of other fatal diseases. No wonder that a great deal of anxiety prevailed about the future of the human race. Overpopulation seemed to be unavoidable, since mankind apparently increased faster than the means of subsistence. Nor was it ignorance as to the potential food resources of the earth which fostered pessimism. It was very well known indeed, for example, that enormous quantities of wheat might be grown in North and South America. But this was of no practical consequence whatsoever, since there were no means of carrying that wheat to the seashore.

It is, indeed, hard to conceive how the world's population could possibly have increased for one or two hundred years more at the rate it had increased in the second half of the eighteenth century without the invention of the steamship and the railroad. Those who forget that in 1800 no responsible person could consider the possibility of transporting great

quantities of food by steam power may ridicule the fear of an overpopulation with 800,000,000 now that the earth carries 1,800,000,000. But they might get rid of their superiority complex if they realized how ridiculous we should appear to our great-grandfathers if they could see us unsuccessfully struggling to secure an adequate standard of living for 1,800,000,000 after all the progress science and technique have made in the last hundred years; if they saw us worrying at the same time about an overproduction of foodstuffs and an overproduction of human beings.

We should likewise appear ridiculous to the population experts who lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century if they could see the books and articles that have been published by our leading sociologists, economists, and biologists, since population, a few years ago, became an issue again. They would not trust their eyes if they could read a book on the "International Birth Strike" recently written by a well-known German economist who, through a comparison of the number of marriages and births occurring in a given period, discovered that Germany in 1975 would only have 46,000,000 inhabitants, that is, about 20,000,000 less than at present. They would point to the fact that the Prussian populationist Süssmilch, as far back as 1741, showed that this method, used by John Graunt in 1662, is quite fallacious because the number of births is only slightly affected by the simultaneous number of marriages.

Those scholars of the time of Malthus would not be less amazed if they could realize that one of America's most prominent biologists recommends as the best method of measuring "the net biological status of a population" to compute the ratio of births to deaths, which he calls the "vital index"; and they would simply not believe that the successors of the men who in 1790 directed that remarkable pioneer work, the taking of the first American census, would in the third decade of the twentieth century actually measure the vitality of the American people by means of this "vital index."

It is true that the application of such utterly absurd methods as have just been mentioned is not universal. But the usual method of measuring the reproduction of a population by computing the excess of births over deaths is hardly better. And yet it is no exaggeration to say that population would not be an issue again if people realized that the present high excess of births over deaths is largely the result of fertility and mortality, immigration and emigration, they prevailed in a remote past; and that if present fertility and mortality remain constant we shall in a few decades rather have an excess of deaths over births.

The best method of measuring fertility is to compute—on the basis of the births grouped according to age of mothers—how many children, on an average, would be born to a woman (married or unmarried) passing through child-bearing age. The highest fertility I have been able to ascertain for any country is for French Canada, where 250 years ago ten or twelve children, on an average, were born to a woman. But not too much stress should be laid on this exceptional

case, since the women of child-bearing age in French Canada then numbered only about 600, many of whom, as a consequence of the great excess of men, had married at the age of fourteen or fifteen years. The next highest figure I know of is that for the Ukraine, 1896-97, when seven or eight children, on an average, were born to a woman. It is, however, possible that fertility was, or is, just as high or even higher, say in one of the South American republics for which there are no adequate statistics on which to base a final judgment.

In the United States six or seven children, on an average, were born to a woman at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and fertility was no lower in Eastern Europe as a whole in the first decade of the twentieth century. But it has since decreased everywhere in North America and Europe. By 1928 the average number of children born to a woman passing through child-bearing age had dropped to about 5.5 in Russia, to about 4.5 in French Canada, to about 4 in the Ukraine, Poland, and Bulgaria, to about 3.5 in Italy, to about 3 in Hungary, to about 2.5 in the United States, and to about 2 in England, Germany, and Austria.

Now it is a well-known fact that countries like Germany and England had in 1928 an excess of births over deaths amounting to several hundred thousand. But it goes without saying that, with two children born to the average woman, a population would only just reproduce itself, even if each of those children reached parenthood, which, of course, is out of the question. It may on first sight seem paradoxical that a population with an excess of births over deaths should not reproduce itself. But this paradox is easily explained. However low may be the number of deaths, there must be a definite and rather considerable number of births in order to insure the reproduction of the population. The annual number of births in the United States is now about 2,400,000, and the annual number of deaths about 1,500,000. Let us assume that next year both figures dropped by one million and remained constant for the next fifty years. Let us assume further that no person died before reaching fifty years of age. The "vital index" would be enormous, and reproduction would seem to be rationalized in an ideal fashion. But what would be the situation fifty years from now? With a yearly increase of 900,000, the total population would be larger by 45,000,000. Yet the number of people under fifty years would be only $1,400,000 \times 50 = 70,000,000$, as against approximately 100,000,000 in 1931. It is evident that it would take only a few centuries until the population would practically die out.

A good method of measuring net reproduction is to compute—on the basis of fertility derived from the births grouped according to age of mothers and on the basis of mortality derived from a life table—how many children on an average will be born to a newly born girl in the course of her life. But this method can still be refined. In the matter of reproduction men play about the same part which salt plays in food. They are indispensable but not all the time, nor by any means in as large numbers as actually exist. History has shown that even considerable changes in the number of men affect very little the number of births. A new proof has been afforded by the World War. Ten years ago the male age groups around thirty years were very much depleted in the ex-belligerent nations of Europe. To-

day the men around thirty years are more numerous than ever, because births around 1900 reached a peak. Yet the most painstaking study of the downward trend of births in the last ten years cannot reveal any effect of this considerable increase in the number of men in the reproductive ages of life.

It therefore seems preferable to compute how many future mothers, if the prevailing fertility and mortality remain constant, will be born to one hundred mothers. The highest number I found for any country was 196 for the Ukraine, 1896-97. It is still 170 in European Russia. It was as high as 188 in Bulgaria in 1901-05, but had dwindled to 129 by 1929. In the United States it was 113 for the whites in the birth-registration area in 1919-20 and is now below 100. It is also below 100 in most countries of Western and Northern Europe. It has for some years been around 80 in England, Germany, Austria, Esthonia, and Latvia.

Making a survey of all countries for which adequate data are available, we may distinguish three groups:

1. European Russia, with about 125,000,000 inhabitants. The net reproduction is enormous and probably as rapid as it ever was, since mortality has decreased at least as much as fertility.

2. Southern Europe (Portugal, Spain, Italy, the Balkan states), Central-Eastern Europe (Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Poland, Lithuania, Finland), Canada, and Australia, with about 200,000,000 inhabitants. The net reproduction in each of these countries is less than half as rapid as in Russia and in some cases is very slow.

3. The United States, Western, Northern, and Central-Western Europe, with about 325,000,000 inhabitants. The population no longer reproduces itself.

Groups 2 and 3, which comprise Europe (without Russia), North America, and Australia, cover the countries of the Western capitalistic world. The yearly excess of births over deaths still amounts here to about 3,700,000, but it is due to a temporary age composition which tends to swell the number of births and to reduce the number of deaths. If fertility and mortality should remain constant, or if they should decrease to the same extent, the excess of births over deaths would be bound to decrease, since the genuine population growth in groups 2 and 3 combined, if there still is any, is negligible.

European Russia, on the other hand, with not even one-fourth of the population of the two other groups combined, has an excess of births over deaths of approximately 3,000,000, and since it has an enormous genuine population growth, this excess of births over deaths is likely to increase. If fertility and mortality should remain everywhere constant, the Soviet Union, in a few years from now, will have a higher excess of births over deaths than all the capitalistic countries of Western civilization combined.

The Soviet Union, which covers about one-sixth of the habitable area of the earth, could easily accommodate twice its present population and probably more. The countries of the Western capitalistic world no longer may expect a considerable increase of their population as a whole. South America and Africa will perhaps never need an outlet for a surplus population, and certainly not in the course of this century. Japan is very densely settled, but has so far succeeded in increasing the standard of living of its people, in

spite of their expanding numbers. The danger of overpopulation seems, then, to be confined to China and India. But the congestion there is no more serious now than thirty years ago, and it is unlikely that it will become more serious in the course of the next generation. To contend that China would double its population in forty or fifty years if it abolished civil war and infanticide is quite as futile as it would be to contend that the United States would double its population within a like period by abolishing birth control.

In the Driftway

THIS week the Drifter is turning over his column to a better cause than drifting. The following letter speaks for itself; it was sent to President Hoover by the signers, of whom three are farmers, three fishermen, and six housewives. The Drifter thinks it is worth a serious answer from a public officer who is interested in the welfare of the people he was chosen to govern. But he is willing to wager a battleship to a cookie that the most it drew in the way of reply was a polite acknowledgment from one of the President's secretaries.

MR. PRESIDENT:

The undersigned, upper Door County farmers, fisher folk, and a late-staying summer visitor, want to see disarmament come about. But we don't understand why reduction of armaments, which so many call for, isn't like cutting off a bad dog's head by starting at his tail and proceeding by inches. This would hurt the dog too many times, would leave him still scaring folks, and naturally he would always be trying desperately to jump the knife and get free of reduction. If he was really a bad dog, wouldn't one clip behind the ears be better?

The reduction plan doesn't seem to pan out. We learn that governments have been trying for decades to get each other to reduce, and instead armaments have grown more wicked and more costly. And suppose you could get them all cut 10 or 20 per cent—which people don't seem to expect—wouldn't each Power then be eyeing its neighbors, and trying to make its own 80 or 90 per cent go farther than the 80 or 90 per cent of the others? But that's not disarmament. It's scientific management, and keeps the armament system more on its toes than ever and always trying to dig itself in deeper. And it keeps the people thinking armaments. Why keep on making passes at the wrong end of the dog, when the right clip would get there better?

We think armaments make more people feel afraid than they make feel safe. Couldn't we all be just as well off without any, and have our money and boys into the bargain? Why not, then, have our representatives at the world disarmament conference next winter try for abolition of all national armaments, and then get busy, busy as we would for war, planning out new jobs, public or private, for the men displaced?

Many people say there's something else we ought also to be doing to make a job of the whole thing, and that is to play fair with the Kellogg Pact. They say it bound this country as a matter of national honor—at least if you read between the lines—to go right at fixing up, along with other nations, more perfect machinery than has yet been worked out for settling troubles without fighting. And why haven't we been at this for the last two years since the United States, its chief sponsor, ratified the pact? Is it perhaps because we've been busy making armaments and maneuvers?

At a little meeting of some of us on this subject the other

Sunday we couldn't find that there is any government bureau, division, or office in Washington whose precise aim is to bring about the peace ways which the pact implies and must have in order to make good. But if we could get forward in filling this need we might find that the military machine had become a very plain fifth wheel. So many government millions for military things, and not a desk and chair specifically for bringing to pass a substitute so clearly indicated and urgently called for!

Do pick delegates for the February conference to match the plan for abolition all around. And do also get some best American brains pushing that honor job staring this country in the face.

Respectfully,

W. C. POWERS
MRS. LUCY CARROLL POWERS
MILTON OLSEN
MRS. LILLY OLSEN
LAWRENCE E. EVANSON
MRS. L. E. EVANSON

JOHN R. SEAQUIST
HATTIE SEAQUIST
EMIL NELSON
MRS. EMIL NELSON
M. J. EVANSON
MRS. MARTIN EVANSON

GEORGE E. HOOKER

Ellison Bay, Wis., October 16

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Pounds and Dollars

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The secret of what the British government intends to do about the pound is still well guarded, but as it seems most probable that it will decide to return to gold at a devaluated level, I venture, before it should be too late, to make one suggestion. This is that it fix the value of the new pound at some even or easily calculable relation to the dollar. The old gold parity was \$4.8665, or as many decimals as one cared to add, and the calculation involved enormous, needless labor for foreign-exchange dealers and harassment for tourists. The relationship between the pound and the dollar, of course, was merely typical of that which holds between nearly all national currencies. In 1863, it is true, the Latin Monetary Union was founded, and France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and, later, Greece agreed to fix their currency units at identical amounts, but this arrangement fell apart when the various countries dropped off the gold basis, and no attempt has been made to restore it. If the British now devalue the pound, they will be free to fix its new gold level at any figure they choose, and if they could fix it at \$4, or some other even relation to the dollar, they would save the world a good deal of needless figuring and confusion in foreign trade, and they would indicate that in the interests of international exchange they were willing to put aside a false national pride in order to bring the two leading currencies of the world more nearly into harmony. Perhaps such a gesture would be too much to hope for, but its symbolic value, if it were made, would not be small.

New York, October 23

PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

A Protest from Oklahoma

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article entitled How We Solved It in Oklahoma City, in your issue of October 7, is predicated upon half truths and outright false statements. It is true that Oklahoma City has sought to keep the morale of the business community intact

by comparisons showing how much better off we are than many cities; but we raised and intelligently spent \$350,000 in our Community Chest last winter and spring for relief. In April we raised \$75,000 more and have overspent that sum by \$30,000. This compares well with cities of our population. In addition we were highly organized and did all that was possible to relieve unemployment conditions. The statement that we had no census is false.

Our objection to soup lines was that their patrons were unsupervised and around these camps grew up a group which could not be controlled either by social agencies or the police. Among the unfortunate unemployed were concealed bank robbers, dope peddlers, and other criminals who would not seek aid of our social agencies because they would thereby reveal their identity. The unemployed but honest in these camps were too indolent to register and seek aid. Our social agencies took care of all demands, not generously, for we could not, but no one starved or went cold or naked. These camps became pest holes morally and hygienically; the police sought to break them up at the insistence of the Department of Health and the social agencies.

About eighty arrests were made on vagrancy charges; most of those charged had criminal records or had refused to work. Governor Murray was misled into pardoning them as a body without investigation. This was what I criticized and all I criticized. I thought then and I think now that such wholesale, blind pardoning is subversive of government. I am unapologetic and I hardly think my criticism of the Governor's blanket pardon was unbecoming the liberal I claim to be.

Oklahoma City, October 10

CARL C. MAGEE,
Editor the Oklahoma News



The Lady of Godey's: Sarah Josepha Hale

By Ruth E. Finley

She believed that women had rights, but the first "Lady Editor" was far too clever to antagonize her Victorian audience. Her life is the story of our 19th century, and an addition to Americana.

9 color-plates and 24 halftones
from old prints.

\$3.50

LIPPINCOTT
Washington Square
Philadelphia

EROS BOOKPLATES—REDUCED!

Ultra modern woodcuts, 2 colors. Identify your books with EROS EX LIBRIS; also use as Holiday cards. Beautiful, stimulating, virile prints. Your name printed. Splendid and inexpensive gifts. Send 5c for large samples. 25 for 50 cents. Desk N-48.

EROS BOOKPLATES

1609 N. BROAD ST.

PHILA., PA.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

Finance

Facts About the "Bears"

THE Stock Exchange has taken the courageous step of turning a searchlight on the operations of Wall Street pessimists—generally known as "bears"—by publishing the actual number of shares composing the uncovered short interest as it has stood at weekly intervals since last May. Daily figures are given covering critical periods during September and October, with the result that it is possible to trace with considerable accuracy the relationship of the short account to the movement of prices and the total volume of trading. In view of the widespread belief that short selling should be prohibited by law as a pernicious gambling device, these revelations are highly significant.

In its October Bulletin the Stock Exchange provides a chart showing the volume of the short interest and the fluctuations in stock prices as measured by the index of the Standard Statistics Company embracing ninety stocks. From May until the end of August the two curves move in reciprocal fashion; that is, a rise in the stock-price index is accompanied by a roughly symmetrical decline in the volume of short contracts outstanding, and conversely a fall in stocks is matched by a rise in the short-sales curve. As to which is cause and which is effect, there is little point in discussing. Certainly, the vigorous recovery in prices in the ten days following June 17 would hardly have been possible without the energetic repurchasing of stocks by bears, which proceeded at the rate of three, four, and five hundred thousand shares a day.

At the beginning of September, however, with the price index standing approximately where it stood on May 25, the short account contained only 4,338,000 shares, compared with 5,589,700 at the end of May. The main point in the debate over short selling is, Does it provide a "cushion" of buying power capable of breaking the force of a price fall brought about by a sudden emergency? Defenders of bear sales have insisted that it does, and the figures which the Stock Exchange now publishes for the first time indicate that there is truth in the contention.

On the morning of September 21 the newspapers announced that Great Britain had abandoned the gold standard. The prompt closing of nearly every leading stock market in Europe created a grave crisis for New York, and made it doubtful whether the exchange in that city would open. It did, but the governors prohibited short sales. The ban was in effect on September 21 and 22 and was lifted on September 23. A large number of traders who were short decided to cover. The following table shows the relationship between the total number of shares traded in and the reduction in the short account—in other words, the proportion of total transactions accounted for by short covering:

	Total sales	Reduction in short interest
September 21.....	4,396,225.....	543,700
September 22.....	2,052,000.....	534,787
September 23.....	2,932,610.....	233,518

On those three panicky days from 9 to 25 per cent of the buying orders were provided by speculators who had previously sold short. Prices broke badly, it is true, but they would have suffered more had it not been for this large volume of contractual buying. But the question is, How much of the covering movement was due to free speculative judgment and how much to the fact that the Exchange had suddenly decided to make matters unpleasant for the bears?

S. PALMER HARMAN

Harpers

MAGAZINE

SIX MONTHS
for only
ONE DOLLAR

Entertainment of the highest order and so very inexpensive!

One thing 1931 has taught us—to look at a dollar bill with new respect.

And this respect grows even greater with the realization that one dollar may be exchanged for six issues of the magazine of which Walter Lippman recently said, "Harpers Magazine is one of the chief places in the United States where new ideas are hatched, and nobody can afford to overlook it."

Logical readers of the magazine—people of independent minds and a congenital impatience with the second-rate—whose names are not yet on our subscription list are offered the very low introductory rate for six months for only one dollar. Where else can you find the highest order of entertainment for so little expense!

*For only \$1.00 you will enjoy more than 60 articles and
25 distinguished stories including:*

THIS COMING ERA OF LEISURE, by Floyd H. Allport
THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, 1931, by George R. Leighton
THE CHALLENGE TO ISRAEL, by William Orton
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, by Stuart Chase
FATHER OF EIGHT CANARIES, by Gustav Eckstein
HOW EFFICIENT ARE THE RUSSIANS? by Walter N. Polakov
THE BANKERS' BANKRUPT WORLD, by J. M. Daiger
THE NEGRO AND THE COMMUNISTS, by Walter White
THE ART OF BEING DEMOCRATIC, by I. A. R. Wylie
PARENTS AS CHILDREN SEE THEM, by A. Schoolteacher
NOTES FROM AN OIL TANKER, by William McFee
STORIES by such writers as William Faulkner, Lord Dunsany, Wilbur
Daniel Steele, Stella Benson, Conrad Aiken, and Elmer Davis

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing one dollar for your six months' offer to new subscribers.

Name

Address

City State

Books, Art, Music, Drama

The Bystanders

By MARK VAN DOREN

Who is this host of folk this fair spread day?
And who these few that stand and do not run—
Watching the others only, in the way
Of the dark stars outside the circled sun?
Strange, but the less are greater; only they
Have number; here the many are the one.

Strange, but the host is single, like a beam
Of noon that folds its particles inside.
Strange, but the few are many. Yet they dream
Of darkness, and of standing unespied,
Watching the rabble current—envied stream!
One river! though it is both deep and wide.

Here on the shore, in an imagined night,
They stand and wrap their arms; but on each face
Falls the dead flush of a reflected light
That fringes their aloofness as with lace—
The memory of a multitude's sweet might;
The flowing, and the union, and the grace.

The grayness all around them is old mist
Engendered by the chill of their contempt.
These were the few that labored to resist,
And the flood set them, separate and exempt,
Here on the windless shore—but now they twist
With a new longing, and the frail attempt,

Returning, to go smoothly once again
Down the sole river where the lashes close
And the eyes, sinking, dream of dancing men.
Yet here they stand in their uneven rows,
Superior forever—until when
Death lifts a hollow socket-bone and blows.

Through Western Eyes

Dostoevski: A New Biography. By Edward Hallett Carr.
With a Preface by D. S. Mirsky. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

IN his own mind Dostoevski was a prophet and perhaps a saint besides. Nothing would have pleased him less than the proposal to grant him only a literary greatness, but it is, nevertheless, the obvious intention of the present biography to deny him everything else. Based upon a mass of intimate documents hitherto unused by biographers, it sets out quite deliberately to smash the idol of a cult and to substitute in its place the image of a man who was—despite his literary genius—less mysteriously profound than merely weak, hysterical, and muddle-headed. Its author has scant respect for the previous books on his subject, and D. S. Mirsky, who introduces him, has even less for what he calls "the Pecksniffian sob-stuff of Mr. Middleton Murry, the perverse and arbitrary sophistication of André Gide, and the unutterable rot of a legion of pseudo-profound Germans." But despite this truculent attitude, Mr.

Carr succeeds in making a plausible case for himself, and there can be no doubt of the fact that he has considerably sharpened the outlines of a life story which has hitherto been deduced a little too freely from Dostoevski's own writings.

Perhaps no single one of the innumerable facts revealed in recently published documents is in itself sensational, but, if one grants Mr. Carr his common-sense premises, the sum of them is undoubtedly telling; since to follow almost day by day the involutions of Dostoevski's thought and conduct is inevitably to conceive a growing impatience with the processes of his hysterical temperament. Recklessly improvident and unreliable in practical matters, he seemed to think almost as erratically as he acted, and it must sometimes appear, at least to those accustomed to Western patterns of thought, that he did not himself know just where he was going. Thus, despite the youthful indiscretion which landed him in Siberia, his revolutionary sympathies were so inverted that he soon became a pillar of nationalism and orthodoxy. Despite his reputation for being advanced, his only real quarrel with the society amid which he lived was that it was not, by Western standards, nearly "backward" enough. And though he intoxicated himself with the emotional connotations of such terms as the "soil" and the "Russian God" he had no very clear idea of what he meant by these terms, nor any knowledge whatsoever of the Russian peasant to whom he attributed such depths of wisdom and goodness.

Moreover—and as Mr. Carr points out—his mind had received its bent from a group of writers whom no one now considers so profound as this disciple of theirs is supposed to be. It was from Rousseau, not from experience, that he learned to believe in the native goodness of the simple man; from Byron that he learned to judge the greatness of a man's soul by the amount of tumult which it contained; and from various lesser men that he imbibed the cult of the noble prostitute. Hence though Europe hailed him as "modern" and "Russian," he was far from being purely either, and what Europe was receiving with awe was merely, so Mr. Carr implies, a superficially exotic version of its own discredited thinkers. Dostoevski was a great and moving novelist, but his ideas were either shabby, muddled, or absurd.

Considered as a factual account, the present book has considerable value. Considered as a common-sense critique of Dostoevski's moral and political ideas, it is logical and thorough. But it has, nevertheless, the very serious defect inherent in the fact that it never consents to meet its subject upon his own ground. "Judge the Russian people," says Dostoevski in a passage duly quoted, "not by the degrading sins which it often commits, but by the great and holy things to which, in the midst of its degradation, it constantly aspires . . . Judge the people not by what it is but by what it would like to become." And that passage—however ridiculous it may seem to common sense—implies the principle from which every one of Dostoevski's convictions may be deduced. Every paradox is explained by his fanatically uncompromising insistence upon the "inner" or the "spiritual" as opposed to the "outer" or the "material," and it is merely begging the question to cite that fact against him. He cared no more than salvationists have ever cared what crimes or confusions society might suffer, because he believed, as salvationists have always believed, that the world and the body were supremely unimportant. Nor is it likely that he will cease to be metaphysically interesting so long as the paradox with which he deals remains unresolved.

In practice men muddle through. But every ethical discussion must concern itself sooner or later with the importance of "being" versus the importance of "doing," and that is Dostoevski's recurrent theme. Perhaps the founder of Christianity was himself a little ambiguous, and the Western church has

been pleased to adopt a pragmatic attitude; but that attitude is, on the whole, rather more difficult than Dostoevski's to reconcile with the teachings of either Jesus or any other mystic, and there is no modern book which makes clearer than "The Idiot" does what are the ultimate implications of those aspects of Christian teaching which a pragmatic society prefers to ignore. The Catholic church stands for Christian order. Dostoevski stands for Christian anarchy. And he is too convenient a symbol to be dismissed quite yet as a "mere" *littérateur*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mahatma Gandhi's Method

Mahatma Gandhi at Work. Edited by C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THIS book might be considered the passive resister's manual of revolt. In "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas" Mr. Andrews described the beliefs of Gandhi on matters of private and public life; in "Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story" he gave us an abridgment of Gandhi's autobiography; in this final volume of the trilogy he shows us how Gandhi arrived at the doctrine of Satyagraha (undeviating adherence to the Truth, "Soul-Force") as a weapon for resisting injustice, and how he applied it successfully in leading the Indians against white oppression in South Africa. The present work is composed of selections from Gandhi's own writings, especially "Satyagraha in South Africa," which Mr. Andrews presents with the same skill as he did the preceding volumes.

The story is one that starts back in 1860 with the coming of the first indentured Indian laborers into Natal. When these and their followers in succeeding years had finished their term and become "free," they were regarded as an economic menace to the whites, much as are Asiatics in California today; and they, their children, and other Indians who had come for trade were opposed with all the legal restraints that could constitutionally be framed against them. In one colony or another they were subjected to an exorbitant discriminatory poll tax, were denied property rights, were hindered in movement from place to place, were restricted to specified residential areas in the cities, and were annoyed with many other regulations designed either to keep them in a condition hardly distinguishable from servitude or to compel them to return to India.

As the number of Indians increased, the measures became more rigorous. The most stringent were those of the Transvaal, first when it was a Boer republic, later when it had become a British crown colony, and finally when in 1907 it had been granted representative government. In the last period it enacted the "Black Act," by which Asiatics were required to register in a manner calling for information usually demanded only of convicted criminals, and to carry at all times certificates for immediate inspection by the police. Another regulation of the South African Union government in 1913 denied the validity of marriages celebrated according to the rites of Hinduism and Mohammedanism.

The desperate state of the Indian community might have been irremediable but for Gandhi, who had already been in South Africa many years working for his race. When the "Black Act" was proposed in 1906, he had become the natural leader of the resistance. By inclination and religious conviction he was opposed to the use of violence; and, further, circumstances were such that no appeal to physical force could have helped the Indians. He therefore developed a technique of passive resistance, intimately associated with mystic religion, which he persuaded a large portion of the Indian community to adopt. Imprisonment and suffering for great numbers followed, and all possible forms of discouragement, but a large enough portion

of the community stood firm to win the victory at last in 1914.

The steps of the passive resistance illustrated in this book would be as follows. First, there must be consecrated leaders, convinced of the righteousness of their cause, who have purified themselves of all lust for the things of the world and the flesh, and in "the service of their country have to observe perfect chastity, adopt poverty, follow truth, and cultivate fearlessness." The community should observe the same vows. With full recognition of their own weakness and that of the community, these leaders and their followers must have implicit confidence in God to direct the campaign, for from him comes the help and the victory. The community then as a whole refuses to obey the measures against which it is protesting. There must be no hatred of the opposing side; no violence must be used. There must be immediate submission to arrest or other suffering inflicted by the government. In this suffering lies great benefit, for from it the community receives strength and it becomes a force which God uses to soften the hearts of the oppressors. In the end, if the community retains its single-minded purity of heart, never wavers, and endures the suffering without flinching, God will give it its righteous demands.

Much could be written about the background in Indian thought for these notions, or about the similar program which Gandhi has endeavored to conduct in India since 1919. Question might be raised as to whether or not the mistrust between Hindu and Mohammedan, which was transcended in South Africa, does not prevent final victory in India. Perhaps the most opportune question for Americans and other Occidentals is whether Gandhi's technique is practicable in our world, where at present many give it high acclaim. Our latest revolution, that of Russia, was accomplished by means the exact antithesis of Gandhi's; and his method is, I am told, considered in Russia visionary and sentimental. Our pacifists tend to advocate not so much non-resistance as economic war rather than military war. The skeptic might deny the intervention of God for victory in South Africa and see it as the result of an inordinate human obstinacy. Whatever the truth may be, the mystical religious basis of his program, the asceticism, and the enduring of suffering for its own sake seem more nearly in conformity with the ideas of medieval Europe than with those of the modern West.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Mr. Faulkner's World

These Thirteen. By William Faulkner. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

MR. FAULKNER has the tone and emotional impact of a major writer. But despite the dramatic stress and portentousness of his work its implications are too frequently minor. It has so often been pointed out that Mr. Faulkner "creates his own world" that one at first assumes that his work tends to be minor simply because it is idiosyncratic. Yet one has only to take the example of Baudelaire to understand how even an esoteric symbolism may be consistent with that largeness of implication which we feel to be one of the primary requirements of major writing. In the work of Mr. Faulkner the absence of this largeness of reference seems to be the result of his particular social point of view rather than of the symbols that express it.

But for the present reviewer Mr. Faulkner is most interesting when he avoids social implications entirely. When he can exploit emotion in some strange and hitherto unexplored setting of mind or place he seems most at ease. Such settings are the minds of the children as they come into contact with primitive fear in the story *That Evening Sun*, or the lost and fantastic colony of Negro-owning Indians in *Red Leaves* and

A Justice, or again the fear-hazed mind of the platoon and the caving chalk-field over which it wanders in Crevasse. These scenes and moods, isolated from common reality, self-defined, not a little fantastic, offer Mr. Faulkner the possibility of complete success.

Such stories, depending as they do on mood, scene, and melodrama, are perhaps as unimportant as those of a writer like A. E. Coppard, but this question becomes irrelevant before their technical perfection. However, when Mr. Faulkner's material is not isolated, but is the material of the daily world, perfection dissipates. Pure event, pure emotion, acceptable enough in a special world, are given the lie by a common world which cries out for understanding as well as for rendition. A Rose for Emily, the story of a woman who has killed her lover and lain for years beside his decaying corpse, is essentially trivial in its horror because it has no implications, because it is pure event without implication; and for the same reason the hero of Hair is, with his endless self-abnegation, little more than quaint—a "character," an "original." Moreover, when Mr. Faulkner does wish to hint implications, when he deals with philosophical emotions, the world in which he sets them has no vital contact with the world of common experience. In Ad Astra and All the Dead Pilots he uses an isolated society of inarticulate young men who in civilian life were separated from many of the realities of existence by their aristocracy, and who in the war are yet more isolated by the aristocracy of the flying corps and their love of death. Here, because the philosophical importance of emotions depends on their articulateness and their universality, Mr. Faulkner's emotions fail of final meaning and become high-flown and sentimental.

The social point of view which impairs the importance as well as the perfection of Mr. Faulkner's work may perhaps be traced to the ideology which animates two of his early novels, "Soldiers' Pay" and "Sartoris." To the world of these books, with its sentimental nostalgia for past glory, Toledo rapiers, and lace ruffles, Mr. Faulkner gives fullest assent. In consequence, "Soldiers' Pay," intended for a tragic post-war novel, is merely womanish and idyllic, and "Sartoris," the story of a line of Southern gentlemen who do swagger bitter deeds and court death with a gallant despair, is shockingly close to a Michael Arlen confection of mad Marches, "despair," and "gallantry." As in every aristocratic society, there is to be found here a will to forget the physical basis of life; and tragedy robbed of its physical core and allowed to retain only its sad glow degenerates into slack softness and sentimentality. Like every aristocracy, this one is hostile to the generalization of experience, to ideas; hence the unilluminating inarticulateness of so many of Mr. Faulkner's people; hence, too, their quaintness, their mere melodrama and lack of significance, for what we mean by a "character" is a person whose qualities cannot be related to principles. A will to secede, to cherish its apartness and live out of the present is characteristic of Mr. Faulkner's particular aristocracy and to this one may trace the specialness and apartness of his artistic worlds.

It is when Mr. Faulkner breaks from this ideology that he is at his best. When he awoke from the aristocratic obliviousness to the physical which marred his two early books and, in his three later novels, used physical symbols, he left sentimentality behind and achieved both reality and generality of implication. Yet the other qualities of the ideology which we have noted still operate, even in the best of Mr. Faulkner's work, such as "The Sound and the Fury" and "As I Lay Dying," to make it essentially parochial.

In the present volume perhaps the two best stories are Dry September and Victory. The first is the story of a lynching, the second of a Scotch shipwright whom the war makes a gentleman and who remains one in waxed mustache and pressed

suit even when reduced to selling matches. These stories seem best because they are aerated by contact with the common world, by the writer's acceptance of the common, an acceptance which by no means limits the originality, even idiosyncrasy, of their vision and style. Beside them the rest of the stories, for all their success in their own terms, have a subtle kind of stuffiness, shut off as they are in their interesting but hermetically sealed universes.

LIONEL TRILLING

Early Americans

Native Stock. By Arthur Pound. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THIS book is a very valuable piece of work, reviving as it does several all-but-forgotten Americans of the early days who embody one or more typically American qualities. The qualities, one deduces, are optimism, solid good sense in the practical concerns of life issuing in acquisitiveness, a bent for action, a love of learning, love of country, and the cultivation of grandiose schemes of expansion.

Mr. Pound's men are the William Pepperrells, father and son, John Bradstreet, Ephraim Williams, Robert Rogers, James Clinton, and Elkannah Watson. The William Pepperrells rose to fame and fortune in Maine and Massachusetts—to fame in military affairs and to fortune in shipping and commerce. Solid and substantial, their urge to found a family was defeated by nature, and the line ran out, the last Pepperrell becoming a pensioner of the king after losing his estates through being a Tory in the Revolution. But the family, in spite of this blot, was unquestionably one of greatness, if only by virtue of the fact that the second William commanded the successful expedition against Louisburg in 1744. John Bradstreet was a protegee of this William Pepperrell. He lacked the acquisitive strain, but he had supreme practical abilities and was one of the earliest professional soldiers in America. If the substantial Pepperrells and Bradstreet were respectable, a typical American of the non-respectable type was Robert Rogers, a New Englander by birth and an expert woodsman. Of unquestioned ability as a scout, and a man whose word was to be trusted when he was employed in that capacity (he was followed implicitly by Sir William Johnson and Lord Jeffrey Amherst), he was on the other hand utterly unreliable and even downright dishonest in his financial dealings and the victim of chronic drunkenness which upset his moral dependability in every field except scouting. He came to a bad end after being a great hero in the colonial world. Ephraim Williams was, by contrast, the good woodsman who crowned his career of action by leaving money to found Williams College. James Clinton, father of the brilliant and erratic De Witt and brother of the prepossessing George, was one of those solid old war horses who give one "faith in human nature." He was the sort of man who did his duty and did it well, but who just missed final distinction. He had no capacity for playing to the gallery or for assiduously cultivating those who distribute honors according to the dictates of politics.

But the most amusing and in some ways the most brilliant man in Mr. Pound's gallery is Elkannah Watson. Watson, who came of good Plymouth stock, started out in life as a poor boy apprenticed to the Browns of Providence (who gave their name to Brown University) and by dint of successfully grasping every opportunity saw a good deal of the world. He toured the colonies during the Revolution as a business agent, went to France in the same capacity and made a fortune in his own right which he precipitately lost in the crash after the American War, was in England at the conclusion of peace and saw George III declare the colonies free and independent States, made friends with Franklin, John Adams, Washington, and others,

returned home to advocate canals (he originated the conception of the Erie Canal), develop the idea of country fairs, establish stagecoach routes and banks, and survive in the public memory chiefly because in 1790 he predicted that by 1930 the United States would have a population of 133,000,000. Altogether Elkannah Watson is the choice spirit of this book, and the only one, it seems to me, that cries out for full-length treatment.

Most of Mr. Pound's men were in some way concerned in the history of New York State and with Sir William Johnson, about whom Mr. Pound wrote at length a year or so ago. If Mr. Pound has any more material on hand which can be presented in portrait sketches he should prepare it for the press. He has a gift for investing these lesser heroes with the breath of life.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Art

The Memorial of Miss Bliss

THE recently terminated summer-long exhibition of the Museum of Modern Art, the memorial show of the collection of the late Miss Lizzie P. Bliss, vice-president of the museum, leaves a peculiar feeling of poverty in its wake; and the collection includes shining expressions of life. Several of the Cézanne oils in it figure honorably among the painter's complete materializations of the breath and spirit of things. The self-portrait in the lawyer's bonnet is easily one of his most rounded and eloquent realizations of the quality of a personality in his early, heavy, *impasto* style of painting; the small interior with the seated figure of the collector Chocquet, one of the superior male portraits in his later, subtler manner of manipulating color. The standing Bather is a characteristic expression of the adjustability of nature, felt in the peculiar balance and strength and delicacy of an uncouth, warped, almost deformed human shape. Both the still-life with the three oranges and the "unfinished" still-life with the many apples stand high among the almost mystical experiences of the glow, surge, and abundance of the forces of life communicated to the painter through palpation of the forms and textures of solids. The landscape with the rocks and pines is a finely warm, luminous articulation of the impulsion of natural things toward the light: one of Cézanne's material harmonies of shapes and colors having the effect of a little system of metaphysics, and pointing the way to cubism.

Besides the oils the collection includes half a dozen good examples of the master's precise, structural water colors. And besides the Cézannes it contains that exquisite little design by an impeccable craftsman, Seurat's Port en Bessin; it contains the pungent, electrically tactile Green Still Life (1914) by Picasso; it contains the strong, round little Laundress by Daumier, lustrous as a black pearl and frank and warm as a clasp of the hand. In second line it comprises a vibrant Degas pastel, Pissaro's jewel-like By the Stream, the tense, pathetic little Miss May Beltort of Toulouse-Lautrec, drawings, stencils, and color crayons by Degas, Picasso, and Seurat. The Hina Tefatu of Gauguin is about as intrinsically interesting as any painting of this exploiter of exotic subject matter. The two Matisse interiors, the one of 1917 in particular, are very light and piquant expressions of that bourgeois contentment which this Parisian's later canvases so unanimously hymn. The Redon, Silence, is exquisite; the Modigliani is somber and representative; the Dancing Children of Arthur B. Davies is charming; the Rousseau jungle landscape is probably genuine; so are the Byzantine panels, the Coptic textiles, the Prendergast, etc.

WHEN WINTER COMES

Increased UNEMPLOYMENT AND UNREST

will demand the help of every
liberal in the fight—

FOR

Free Speech
Peaceful Assembly
Academic Freedom
Rights of Strikers
Political Asylum

and AGAINST

Deportations for Opinion
Censorship
Injunctions
Lawless Police Violence

JOIN the militant forces of the

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

The only non-partisan national agency engaged—for ten years—on a dozen fronts in the struggle for *unrestricted* freedom for all human causes.

NOW is the time to add your support when
unrest threatens renewed repression.

USE THIS COUPON TODAY!

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
100 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

I want to help. Enclosed is my check for a year's membership as specified below.

☐ Associate Member, \$1 ☐ Supporting Member, \$10
☐ Annual Member, \$2 ☐ Sustaining Member, \$25
☐ Contributing M'b'r, \$5 ☐ Patron, \$100 and over

Quarterly Review to all members. Bulletins and pamphlets to members paying \$2 and over. Weekly news release to members paying \$10 and over if checked here ☐.

NAME

ADDRESS

**ONE OF THE MOST COURAGEOUS
BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED!**

**Walker Blocking
City Investigation,
Seabury Charges**

**KS CITY INQUIRY
SEABURY AVER**

**A LAWYER
TELLS THE TRUTH**

Morris Gisnet
Introduction by **Norman Thomas**

TEST SECRET
Witness Challenged
Legality, Court Rule Tuesday

**SA' BLO
ESTIGI**

FACE CHARGES

CHARGES

AT QUIT

OUT OF RA

A LAWYER TELLS THE TRUTH
by MORRIS GISNET · Introduction by NORMAN THOMAS

"An important book."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*
"It is a timely, stimulating, readable book."—*N. Y. Sun*
"A courageous and refreshing book."—*N. Y. Law Journal*
"Here is a book which goes to the root of present scandalous miscarriages of justice."—*N. Y. World-Telegram*

\$2 Everywhere, or The Concord Press, 1482 Broadway, New York



The 50 Bitter
Years Through
the Eyes of —

EMMA GOLDMAN

One woman threw her titanic energies into a magnificent half-century struggle for her ideal, anarchism without compromise. But she lost—and the tragedy of that defeat is the real story of her life. Today her memoirs stand as the record of an age, the record of a truly remarkable career.

Living My Life

Here is the document of a woman for whom no moral or social barriers existed. 13 illus. 6 1/2" x 9 1/2", 993 pp. and index. Two volumes. Wherever books are sold. \$7.50

ALFRED - A - KNOPF

730 Fifth Avenue - New York



But the fine expressions of life the collection contained merely aggravated the feeling of poverty left by it. For all its many gems the show was curiously insignificant. It affirmed no spiritual value, no attitude of its own toward life. There are collections which do represent an idea, which do affirm some relationship with creation more important than existence itself; either because they are assembled with such an idea, with such an affirmation, in view, or because by a process of selection they manage to appreciate, interpret, and further the influence of the scheme of spiritual values of some painter or group of painters. Several of this kind are now in course of formation in New York. But Miss Bliss's not only manifests the effect of no idea more serious than that of forming a collection and founding a museum; it tends to befog and ineffectualize the attitudes and values of the work of the best men which it includes. Wandering about the show, one's glances continually met evidences of a lack of understanding of the meanings of her works of art on the part of the gentle collector—signs of an interest fatally divided between the affirmer of a value and the negator of the same, an uncertainty of quality in things quite as large as the uncertainty of their meanings. The cloud of witnesses began orating in the frames of the Cézannes. One found paintings of the man concerned above all his colleagues with the elimination of everything unessential, irrelevant, luxurious; the man rejoicing to touch the quick of life in the homeliest, commonest stuffs and objects—wood, onions, apples, the sides of barns, women in plain dresses, the summer sky—hung in the heavy, ornate, gilded picture-frames appropriate to stuffy drawing-rooms. The testimony continued more emphatically in the division of the center of interest between Cézanne and Arthur B. Davies. No two artists have ever more thoroughly contradicted each other's spiritual values than these two men. It was the aim of Cézanne to achieve reality by seeing the object, the "superb fact," entirely in its own terms, and utterly bare of extraneous poetry; to approach and feel and encompass the mysterious substance of life with all the senses and with the whole weight and animation of the body; and to find and invent the methods most competent to record his discoveries. Davies, however, was full of a vague, school-girlish poesy; and his art was the extension of this sort of inherited poetry at the expense of a complete participation in life itself. One has merely to read his titles to comprehend how second-hand that romance was. There is no real tension, or appetite for the grasp and encompassment of solid form, in his approach. His art is that of the caressing finger-tips. The pigment is put on with evident delight, with a good deal of daintiness and taste. There is paint quality of a sort in every canvas touched by him. But the rhythm is weak and wan, utterly without intensity and "guts." Besides, his method, his idiom, is strongly derivative; and eclectic at that. His later paintings bewilder with reminiscences of Ryder, of the Italian primitives, of Corot, the Chinese, Greek vase-painting, and other pictorial norms; none of them improved by his treatment. Viewing them, one cannot doubt that Davies had an exquisite appreciation of the effects of other men. But his appreciation appears merely to have cost him the relatively personal style of his earlier canvases.

As for the indications of a thorough uncertainty in matters of quality, the collection is unhappily loud with them. The aesthetic inferiority of the Renoir oil, of the Derains, of the Rousseau and numerous other specimens is by no means the most strident note of this chorus. What most saddened the visitor was the fact that Miss Bliss associated with the work of men of the greatness of nature of Cézanne and Seurat and Daumier, and Degas, Pissaro, and Picasso, too, not only expressions in the spirit of Davies, but expressions of such very inferior attitudes as those of Gauguin and Walt Kuhn and several other of her artists ultimately are. And at the expense of Van Gogh and Sisley, Braque and Bonnard, to say nothing

of the great American contemporaries! One could have condoned a merely defective sense of workmanship. To be an American, after all, is to be unprepared. But indiscrimination of the quality of human souls! That borders on the inexcusable.

The collection, with certain provisions, goes to the museum of which Miss Bliss was the vice-president; and its directors undoubtedly, in time, will make their own selection from the confused bequest. But it remains a pity that it is so half-and-half a thing. Is not hierarchy of values the greatest of national assets? The confusion of them displayed by this well-meaning lady's aggregation of paintings is certainly the most devastating of all forms of poverty.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Music

Two Frenchmen Who Know How

NOW that Wiener and Doucet have actually given a recital, I suppose even their management, which so successfully kept the secret of their coming, can have no objection to my mentioning them. Anyone less divinely conservative than a concert manager could have seen a number of years ago that Wiener and Doucet would score a brilliant success in New York. And anyone less patient would have been tempted to give them a chance in a good year rather than a bad one. Now they have come and they have scored their success, but if bad management or bad playing could have affected it, they would doubtless have failed, for there was plenty of both in connection with their first recital.

Wiener and Doucet are two French pianists. Wiener is a little, nervous, sophisticated, catlike fellow, a thorough musician, and, like many other Frenchmen, a jaded one. Doucet is a big, roly-poly chap who used to play—perhaps he still does—for the dancing at the Boeuf sur le Toit in the rue Boissy d'Anglas. Wiener's musicality is of the conscious, energetic, nervous, cynical variety that flourishes in Paris. He is a miniature Milhaud—which doesn't make him very big. Doucet is a spontaneous, facile, childlike musician who shakes piano virtuosity out of his sleeves. Wiener hasn't an ounce of flesh on his bones or in his playing. Doucet seems hardly to have an ounce of bone in his mountain of flesh—his tone is rich, sweet, mellifluous. They are vinegar and oil (the New Yorker's Mr. Simon should not miss the opportunity to refer to them as Wienaigre a-Douci), and they make a good dressing for a Franco-American salad, but when they pour themselves over Viennese cream-puffs their virtues are easily forgotten. Which is to say that their unique and highly stylized playing is admirably suited to their own brilliant arrangements of jazz tunes, but that it becomes insufferably mannered and mistaken when they attempt Strauss waltzes and Mozart sonatas.

If you want to hear tone colors that you have never heard before, admirable crescendi and miraculous decrescendi, rhythms that only God and Wiener and Doucet understand and the rest of us can only hugely enjoy, stylizations that make brilliant and wonderfully entertaining concert pieces out of ordinary jazz tunes—don't miss them. Two-piano playing of jazz tunes is not a novelty, but the Wiener and Doucet variety is not remotely approached by any other team. The mannerisms, the affectations, and the weaknesses that make their Mozart painful to listen to become transformed when they turn their attention to "Tea for Two" or "That Certain Feeling."

If you are one of those who think that the "Rhapsody in Blue" or "An American in Paris" shows what can be done symphonically with "American folk-material," or if you think that no Frenchman could ever approach the rhythmic vitality

SOVIET Motion Pictures

FEATURES — SHORTS
NEWSREELS

Sound and Silent

Produced in U. S. S. R.

*Among the productions scheduled
for release in U. S. A.
in 1931 - 1932 are*

THE SOUND AND TALKING
PICTURES:

Road to Life
Alone
The Quiet Don

And

The Five Year Plan:
Russia's Remaking
Synchronized with talk
in English

Distributed in U. S. A.

By

AMKINO CORPORATION

723 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

BRyant 9-7680 - 7681

SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY AND TOMORROW

A Series of Four Lectures by
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

(Twice Visitor to Russia—in 1922 and 1931)
On Thursday Evenings, 8:15 o'clock

Nov. 12—Introduction—Personal Impressions and Experiences.

Viewpoints and standards. Contrasts and contradictions. Progress in Russia after nine years. The people and the scene in city and country. Is the government a tyranny? Are the people happy? Is Russia utopia or hell?

Nov. 19—The Five-Year Plan—Will It Succeed?

What is the Plan? What do we mean by Success? What price success? Propaganda. Workers and peasants. The collectivization of the farms. The goal—and beyond!

Dec. 3—Aspects of Life in Russia Today.

Marriage and divorce. Children and the home. Education. Religion. Work and play. Crime and punishment. The fate of the intelligentsia.

Dec. 10—Russia and the Future.

Menace or Promise? Is Russia preparing war? Will Russia destroy capitalism? Are the Bolsheviks the new barbarians? Or are they the builders of the future? The challenge at this hour. What shall we think, and do?

At The Community Church now meeting at

TEMPLE BETH-EL—Fifth Avenue and 76th St.

Single admissions, 50 cents; course tickets, \$1.50;

a few front reserved rows, \$1.00.

Apply, Church Office, 4 East 76th Street

and ingenuity of Duke Ellington, or Ohman and Arden, or the Brothers Lombardo, listen to Wiener and Doucet. The last and most exhilarating word in the development of "America's contribution to the world's music" is being said (and they have been saying it for five or ten years now) by these two Frenchmen. Official recognition of their championship may be expected almost any day, I think, from Mr. Ziegfeld or from Mr. Aylesworth—perhaps from both.

A recital like the recent one of James Friskin receives too little notice and is missed by too many people for the simple reason that it is so hard to write about. Being only excellent playing by a sincere and self-effacing musician, it does not invite superlatives, and consequently even a favorable review is too apt to give the impression of damning with faint praise. But while Mr. Friskin's Bach is not a blinding revelation like Myra Hess's, or Toscanini's, it is richly satisfying, thoughtful, scholarly, imaginative—a capable projection of a sincere, intelligent, and significant conception.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama A Rule

THERE are very few rules for the drama. Most of those proposed from Aristotle on have been successfully violated, and the "can'ts" of dramaturgy are like the "can'ts" of science—merely provisional at best. But there is, nevertheless, such a thing as human psychology, and art produces its effects by methods which must achieve a certain accord with the workings of the mind. Hence there are facts which an artist cannot afford to neglect unless he is willing to meet the difficulties into which this neglect will inevitably lead him.

One of the most important of these is the fact that both our thoughts and our emotions like to know where they are going. It is pleasant to be led on by regular steps in a consistent direction, and art owes no small part of its charm to the fact that we may usually abandon ourselves to it with the full assurance that we are being conducted in orderly fashion toward some predetermined goal. Life baffles and seems almost to mock. Few incidents end in accord with their beginning, and we are constantly finding ourselves compelled to laugh when we were prepared for tears or to weep at the conclusion of what began as a comedy. But art seldom plays us such a trick. Farces, tragedies, or idylls are usually labeled for what they are, and even when they are not, something in the tone of the proceedings gives us the key to the emotional expectations which are first awakened and then satisfied. We usually require that the first scene of a play shall indicate in some fashion the general character of the feelings which it proposes to evoke, and that, as it proceeds, it shall come more and more closely to an emotional focus until it reaches a conclusion for which we have been so prepared that we can feel it both clearly and fully.

Now it is, I think, the failure to do just that which accounts for the relative ineffectiveness of the English tragic-comedy called "Lean Harvest" (Forrest Theater); for that play is undoubtedly far less effective than many of its virtues ought to make it, and it is somehow disappointing despite the really superb performances by Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce. It would, indeed, be possible to make a very impressive list of its virtues, chief among which are a gentle but fresh intelligence and some of the most easily natural comedy dialogue heard this year on Broadway. Moreover, the play has an amiable and genuine charm; but it is disappointing because it never comes

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Thirty-fourth Season opens

at **COOPER UNION**
8th Street and Astor Place

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH

**Civilization and the Life of Reason:
a Symposium**

Opens on Friday, November 6th, with a lecture on **WHAT THE EINSTEIN THEORY MEANS TO US: THE SPECIAL THEORY OF RELATIVITY**, by **PROFESSOR WM. P. MONTAGUE**

Ethics and Social Science

Opens on Sunday, November 8, with a lecture on **THE HUMAN USE OF ART**, by **JOHN ERSKINE**

Science and Modern Thought

Opens on Tuesday, November 10th, with a lecture on **THE STRUCTURE OF MAN**, by **DR. HENRY J. FRY**

All Lectures at Cooper Union at 8 o'clock
Admission Free

The School of the People's Institute

Opens at the **MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY**, West 23rd Street, Wednesday, November 11th

Wednesday, November 11th: Discussion Group. A course of sixteen discussions on Medieval Thought, led by **PROFESSOR RICHARD McKEON**

Thursday, November 12th: A Course on **THE FOUNDATIONS OF SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY**, **PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING**

Lectures at the Muhlenberg Branch Library at 8:30 o'clock



PLAYS



LECTURES



DEBATES



MAURICE SCHWARTZ in
A Comedy for Cultured People
"IF I WERE YOU"

By Sholem Aleichem

". . . it has a simplicity and sincerity which are genuinely charming."

—Joseph Wood Krutch

COMEDY THEATRE 41st St. E. of Broadway
Evenings, 8:40. Best seats, \$2.50
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Penn. 6-3558

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

Composed of 3 plays

"Homecoming," "The Hunted," "The Haunted"

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 7 o'clock. Dinner intermission of one hour and a quarter at about 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
PRICES: Orch. and Mezzanine \$8. (includes Balcony, \$5, \$4, \$3 & \$2. 3 plays.)

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS

GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S

THIS WEEK ONLY

The MIKADO

2 WEEKS BEGINNING MONDAY NOVEMBER 2—SEATS NOW

CHIMES of NORMANDY STAR CAST

Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.
ERLANGER THEATRE, West 44th Street, Penn. 6-7963

Most Sensational Play of the Year!

MAE WEST

in THE CONSTANT SINNER

"As sound and respectable as Belasco's 'Lulu Belle'."

—Joseph Wood Krutch in The Nation

ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40
Mats.: Wed. & Sat.

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. & 8th Ave.
Penn 6-6100

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; Evenings, 8:30

"Represents the American theatre at its best."—Atkinson, N. Y. Times

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

"The Left Bank" is a part of the American scene . . . a spectacle at once novel and familiar."
—Krutch, The Nation

"A better play than 'Street Scene.'"

—Ruhl, Herald-Tribune

LITTLE Theatre, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1-\$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

The SEX FABLE

A Comedy by EDOUARD BOURDET

with

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL RONALD SQUIRE

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 W. 43rd Street
Evenings at 8:30 sharp Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

PAYMENT DEFERRED

A New Play by Jeffrey Dell

with **CHARLES LAUGHTON**

LYCEUM THEATRE 45th St. E. of Broadway
Evenings 8:30 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

The Institute of Arts and Sciences

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

A program of evening lectures, concerts, plays and recitals, carefully planned to cover the vital questions of the day in international affairs, politics, philosophy, exploration, science, literature and the arts.

On this year's program there are more than 150 worthwhile events. A few of the lecturers are William Beebe, Ruth St. Denis, Stuart Chase, Sherwood Anderson, H. A. Overstreet, Max Eastman, Alfred North Whitehead.

Members Annual Ticket (\$15) Admits to More than 150 Events

Throughout the season—mid-October until April 1—the Institute offers a well-balanced program of evening events—lecturers, concerts, plays, and recitals at the McMillin Academic Theater, Broadway at 116th Street.

YOU MAY BECOME A MEMBER

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.

Sunday Afternoon, November 1st at 4:30 P.M.

GENERAL VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF

(Author of: "Russia and The Soviet Union in Far East") will speak on:
"THE FAR EAST: CHINA: JAPAN AND RUSSIA"

Tuesday, November 3rd at 8:30 P.M.

ELECTION NIGHT OPEN HOUSE :: MUSICALE and DANCE
(Weekly notices on request)

DEBATE**"SHALL THE STATE REAR OUR CHILDREN?"**Bertrand
RUSSELL

VS

Sherwood
ANDERSON

Sunday, November 1, 8:30 P.M.

MECCA TEMPLE, 55th St. & 7th Avenue

Tickets: 75c = \$2.50—DISCUSSION GUILD, 15 E. 40th St.

Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15th St.—Columbia Book Store,
Journalism Building—or your neighborhood bookshop.

THE
BROOKLYN
FORUM

BROOKLYN
ACADEMY OF MUSIC

30 LAFAYETTE AVE., NEAR FLATBUSH

Every Sunday Evening

DEBATES — LECTURES
SYMPOSIUMS

NOV. 8th

SUNDAY,
8:30 P. M.

DEBATE**"Is Capitalism Worth Saving?"**

Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr. Charles Solomon
Says "Yes" Says "No"

NOV. 15th

SUNDAY,
8:30 P. M.

SYMPOSIUM "RUSSIA"

Matthew Woll Norman Thomas
Prof. Geo. S. Counts H. V. Kaltenborn
DR. HENRY NEUMANN, Chairman
Other Events to Follow

DEBATES

MORRIS HILLQUIT
vs.
GEO. GORDON BATTLE

HEYWOOD BROWN

vs.
MICHAEL GOLD

SCOTT NEARING

vs.
NORMAN THOMAS**LECTURES**

DR. HENRY NEUMANN

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Prof. VLADIMIR KARAPETOFF

Prof. LEROY BOWMAN

CLARENCE STEIN

Best Seats Are Reserved in Advance

Tickets

25c-50c-\$1.00

Reservations accepted for entire course of ten or single admission tickets at Rand Book Store, 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. and at Brooklyn Academy of Music Box Office, Tel.: Sterling 3-6700 or Algonquin 4-4620.

Subscription

For Series of Ten

\$2.50-\$3.75-\$7.50

Auspices: Socialist Party—Brooklyn

Government Standards for Private Profit

by F. J. Schlink

Why does the government not publish freely for the benefit of the ultimate consumer its scientific reports on commercial products? Why are these reports sometimes suppressed, often censored, and frequently misleading?

Find out the truth about Science and Research as they are practised in government bureaus presumably designed to serve the public.

Next Week in The Nation

\$1

Mr. Schlink's article is one of many important contributions to be published in *The Nation* within the next twelve months. Send one dollar today. Pay the remainder in four monthly instalments of \$1. *Subscribe now.*

\$1

The Nation 20 Vesey St. New York

For the enclosed \$1 enter my 52-week subscription beginning with the issue containing Mr. Schlink's article. I will complete payment in four additional \$1 monthly instalments.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

11-4-31

to a focus, and because one never knows to just what one is being led. Its effects war with one another; its parts are no more than parts; and it never becomes, as every really good play must, more than the sum of its details.

In the first place, it tells the double story of two brothers who choose different careers, and double stories are always dangerous in drama because they scatter the interest and interrupt the continuous flow of the narrative. But this scattering of the action is less distressing than the failure to maintain a consistent emotional level or to let the audience know to what emotional effect it is being gradually led. The piece begins in the key of high comedy, and returns to that key from time to time, but it ends on a note of melodramatic tragedy, and the audience, continually compelled to readjust its attitude, comes away without feeling that it has undergone one of those consistent experiences which it is the business of art to give.

Events might happen thus. There is nothing illogical about the course which they take or about the conclusion which they reach. But the feelings which the spectacle evokes are not consonant with one another, and it is exactly that which those evoked by a genuinely satisfactory piece of art must be. Most actual events may be interpreted in more than one way but most plays can be interpreted only in accordance with the tone which their authors gave them, and it is, indeed, just the stamping of an occurrence as clearly and incontrovertibly funny, or terrible, or sad—just the bestowal upon it of an apparently inevitable significance—which reveals the transforming touch of the artist, whose business it is to remove it from the realm of fact where it may mean anything into that realm of art where it can mean only what he intends it to mean. The author of "Lean Harvest" was not sure how he felt about his personages or their fates, but an artist should be sure of that before he is sure of anything else, since emotional ambiguity—however common it may be in life—has no place in art.

"The Pillars of Society" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) was selected by the New York Repertory Theater as the second item of the repertory which began so auspiciously with "The Streets of New York." Obviously Ibsen's early play dates somewhat without dating quite enough to be considered a genuine antique like Boucicault's melodrama. Nevertheless, I found it more entertaining than most of my colleagues seem to have done, and I recommend it at least to those who are interested in the history of the drama. "The Cat and the Fiddle" (Globe Theater) promises to be one of the musical hits of the season and has several tunes in Jerome Kern's best style. I must confess, however, that I found in it the same defect that I find in almost all polite musical comedies. Two or three tunes—even if they are good—and two or three jokes—even if they are funny—are not enough for an evening's entertainment.

JOSEPH H. WOOD KRUTCH

Virginia Woolf's
New Novel
the Waves
\$2.50 Harcourt Brace and Company

Jugoslavia's Sham Constitution

By EMIL LENGYEL

ALEXANDER I, King of Yugoslavia, proclaimed on September 3 the text of a new constitution to liquidate the dictatorship which began January 6, 1929. In a simultaneous proclamation addressed "To My Dear People" he declared the task of the dictatorship was accomplished and made public his decision to place the government on the larger basis of direct collaboration with his subjects.

What does the change of regime mean? What has it brought about? What has the royal dictatorship accomplished and what are the prospects of the success of the constitutional regime?

The perusal of the new constitution yields incontrovertible evidence that the dictatorship in Yugoslavia is not at an end, no matter what the royal proclamation may say. The very fact that the new fundamental law was issued by the king and not by the elected representatives of the people belies its avowed object. The text of the constitution itself dispels the illusion of a constitutional regime.

Before the dictatorship Yugoslavia had a unicameral parliamentary system. The new constitution provides for a bicameral system composed of a chamber and a senate. However, since half the senate membership is appointed by the king and since the two chambers must act in accordance, the legislative power is virtually in the hands of the chief executive, since it is to be assumed that some of the elective members of the senate would do his bidding. The ministers, under the new law, are not responsible to parliament but to the king, who may appoint and dismiss them at his pleasure. The king may call and dissolve parliament in his discretion, and laws are promulgated in the form of royal decrees. The new constitution affords insufficient immunity to members of parliament, who may be "tried by ordinary courts without the previous consent of the senate or chamber of deputies for injuries, calumnies, and crimes."

Political, regional, and religious associations are outlawed in Yugoslavia, even if their aim is merely physical education. Free speech is limited. With the vagueness and the remarkable inaccuracy of expression which characterize it, the new constitution provides that "everyone is free, within the limits of the law, to express his view by word of mouth," leaving to the imagination whether the "view" may refer to the advantages of democracy or merely to such remote subjects as the criticism of Euclidian mathematics. The most reactionary provision of the constitution is the one establishing open voting for parliamentary elections, which reduces Yugoslavia to the level of her neighbor, Hungary, the other country in Europe where voting is open.

It is obvious that the constitution was meant to throw dust into the eyes of the world. This insincere return to the constitutional regime reveals the cause of the sudden change. A few months ago a French group of banks floated a loan of \$42,000,000 in favor of Yugoslavia to cover the expenses of public improvements and the legal stabilization of the national currency, the dinar. It is obvious that the change of regime was meant to reassure timorous investors abroad

that the fall of the dictatorship would not entail Yugoslavia's repudiation of her debt. Whisperers in Yugoslavia profess to know that the dramatic swiftness with which King Alfonso XIII cleared the decks in Spain for a parliamentary regime also had its share in King Alexander's conversion to parliamentarianism. The underground organization of the Black Hand has recently displayed lively activity in acts of terrorism and in the demand that the king should resign, leaving the field open to a sovereign parliament.

The main object of the dictatorship was to settle the question of Croatia, which toward the end of 1928 became the paramount issue of the kingdom. The wrath with which Croats and Serbs fought one another surpassed all previous exhibitions of uncontrolled hatred. Upon assuming dictatorial powers the king promised a decentralized state which would be a safeguard of the spiritual and territorial unity of Yugoslavia. Neither the dictatorship nor the new constitution has solved this great problem. The king and his advisers have resorted to the easiest expedient of ignoring the question altogether. They have wiped the Croatian question out of existence by blotting out the name of Croatia, the largest part of which has become the Dravska Banovina, one of the nine large administrative units of the kingdom. The court clique has committed one of the boldest falsifications of history by asserting in the proclamation of September 3 that the "entire Yugoslav nation has accepted the Yugoslav kingdom with all the warmth of its heart." The constitution settles the problems of the Bosnians, Slovenes, Montenegrins, Germans, Hungarians, and other nationalities inhabiting Yugoslavia as the dictatorship has already solved the problem of Macedonia. A short time ago an American newspaper published in Europe informed us in a special Yugoslav edition that the Vardarska Banovina was erroneously known abroad as Macedonia. Through the simple device of a change of name Macedonia and the Macedonian question no longer exist.

The most important innovation of the dictatorship was the slicing up of the country into nine large administrative units, the banovinas. This reform was supposed to accomplish the work of decentralization by making ethnic units more independent of Belgrade, the capital, and by giving the component parts of the kingdom greater opportunity to assert their national life. It is hardly necessary to say that the banovinas have accomplished just the opposite effect. In drawing the lines between the nine units ethnic frontiers were disregarded and more or less homogeneous nationalities were whittled away so as to dilute rebellious voters with right-thinking ones in the best tradition of American gerrymandering.

The new constitution makes a show of liberalism by setting up elective banovina councils, and in the same breath nullifies its own magnanimity by placing the council under the thumb of the ban, the highest administrative official, appointed by the central government in Belgrade. The ban can treat the decisions of the council in the most arbitrary

manner and he himself is responsible to the central council of state. The bans at present in office are mostly Serbian officials, believers in a centralized state and opposed to national rights. Hence they lack the confidence and have earned the dislike of the population, except in the purely Serbian territories. Home rule would no longer satisfy the Croats. Although divided among themselves on many important points, they are unanimous in demanding a state of their own having no connection with that of the Serbs.

The Serbian centralists, in their fight against the Croats, are content to play one faction against the other and to institute a campaign of intimidation and terror. The agents of the Serb government have adopted the time-honored device of treating the Croatian separatists as dangerous Communists, anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists. Refractory Croats are either shot at sight or taken to the frontier, told there to flee for their lives, and then shot in the back, on the pretense that they are fugitive criminals.

The protagonists of the dictatorship assert that the king's rule has done away with the chaos which resulted from the uniting of so many historical and racial entities into one state. They point to the codification of the penal- and civil-law systems, nearly completed, which will dispose of the anomaly of having six different codes in one country. They claim credit for a spirited fight against illiteracy and for the unification of the school system. They point to the law reducing the length of military service and increasing the soldiers' pay. They assert the dictatorship has merited well of the fatherland by its efforts to settle religious controversies. They claim credit for an employment situation which is better than that in most adjoining countries. They make much of the improvement in the appearance of

Belgrade and of the ambitious work undertaken to open up the country's vast natural resources by building railways and roads and sinking mine shafts.

While opponents of the royal dictatorship cannot deny some of the improvements, they are emphatic in expressing the view that under a democratic-liberal regime Yugoslavia during the past two and a half years would have made even more rapid progress toward prosperity and internal harmony. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that at the beginning of what Belgrade likes to call a new constitutional regime Yugoslavia is confronted by a host of formidable problems which only skilful statesmanship and willingness to compromise can prevent from plunging the country into disaster.

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is now traveling in Russia.

ALEX SKELTON has been professor of political science in the University of Saskatchewan and is now economist for a large Canadian corporation.

R. R. KUCZYNSKI has recently published the second volume of "The Balance of Births and Deaths."

W. NORMAN BROWN is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

LIONEL TRILLING is at work on a critical study of Matthew Arnold.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

EMIL LENGVEL is a Hungarian journalist now living in the United States.

SOCIAL PLANNING

A symposium by various authorities on the ills of the present economic order and proposals for economic adjustments.

- | | | |
|--|-----------------|-------------|
| WALTER N. POLAKOV | Mons. 8:30 p.m. | November 2 |
| Consulting Engineer recently returned from consultation with Supreme Economic Council in Russia. | | |
| The Russian Five Year Plan from the Engineering Standpoint | | |
| THOMAS L. CHADBOURNE | | November 5 |
| Organizer Intl. Conf. on Sugar | | |
| How Far Is Planned Production Possible Under Present Conditions? | | |
| JOHN T. FLYNN | | November 16 |
| Author of "Investment Trusts Gone Wrong" | | |
| Economic Planning from the Point of View of Finance and Investments | | |
| LEWIS MUMFORD | | November 23 |
| Author of "The Story of Utopias" | | |
| The Possibilities of Human Life in a Planned Society | | |
| H. PARKER WILLIS | | November 30 |
| Author of "Federal Reserve System" | | |
| Economic Planning and the Competitive System | | |
| H. S. PERSON | | December 7 |
| Managing Director Taylor Society | | |
| Scientific Management and National Planning | | |
| ALGERNON LEE | | December 14 |
| Author of "The Essentials of Marx" | | |
| Economic Planning from the Socialist Point of View | | |

THE AMERICAN THEATRE

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|-------------|
| J. BROOKS ATKINSON | Thurs. 8:30 p.m. | October 29 |
| New York Times Dramatic Critic | | |
| ANITA BLOCK | | November 5 |
| Theatre Guild Reader of Foreign Plays | | |
| HEYWOOD BROWN | | November 12 |
| Columnist, Actor and Producer | | |

STUDIO LECTURE RECITALS

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| MUSIC IN A CHANGING WORLD | Fridays, 8:30 p.m. |
| ADELE T. KATZ | |
| KURZ WEIL at the piano. | |

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

- | | | |
|------------|------------------------------------|-----------|
| 7 E 15 ST. | Admissions: 50c—Special Course Fee | AL-4-3094 |
|------------|------------------------------------|-----------|

Classified Advertising Rates

Minimum 30 words \$3.00

Each additional 1 word, 62 cents

20

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street
New York

COrtlandt 7-3330

20

Note: See that your classified ads reach us by Friday, together with remittance, to insure their appearance the following week.

FOR RENT

CHOICE studios, desirable for artistic work (especially for musical and theatre) and living quarters. Furnished or unfurnished. Cultural centre. Associated with Roerich Museum. Youth House, 321 W. 103rd St. cor. Riverside.

E. 19-351. Entire parlor floor, 5 rooms, including kitchen, porch, all improvements. Entire third floor, 5 rooms, light, bath, showers. Woodburning fireplace, refrigeration. 15 minutes from Wall St. Reasonable. Gramercy 5-4482.

OLD LYME, CONN. Will rent my delightful pre-Revolutionary house, nine rooms, three baths, charmingly furnished restored Early American. Central heating, five fireplaces. Complete \$125.00. Six months or a year. Box 546, c/o *The Nation*.

TO SHARE

YOUNG LADY offers to intelligent, personable and mature minded young lady share apartment; one who will appreciate comfortable, pleasant, livable environment. Moderate rental. State telephone number. Projansky, 83 St., Brooklyn.

WILL share my lovely country home with two or three artists, writers or congenial people. Off main road on splendid state road, short motor ride to New London. Central heating, great wood fires, artistically furnished. Continental breakfasts, excellent food. Highest references exchanged. Box 545, c/o *The Nation*.

PERSONAL

A FEW enlightened Bronx residents are invited to join in the forming of a Group for promoting the social, cultural, and economic pursuits of its membership. Box 542, c/o *The Nation*.

When writing to advertisers please mention *The Nation*

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1931

No. 3462

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	501
EDITORIALS:	
President and Navy.....	503
MacDonald Smashes British Labor.....	504
Happiness Committee	505
American Philanthropy	505
The Folger Library.....	506
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon....	507
GOVERNMENT BUREAUS FOR PRIVATE PROFIT. By F. J. Schlink	508
FRENCH GOLD AND THE BALKANS. By John Gunther.....	511
MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS—SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD. By Edwin W. Patterson.....	513
JAPAN DEFIES THE IMPERIALISTS. By Mauritz A. Hallgren....	514
SCHNITZLER: A MAN WHO LOVED LIFE. By Otto P. Schinnerer	516
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	517
CORRESPONDENCE	518
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	519
FINANCE: FRANCE'S STAKE IN A SOUND DOLLAR. By S. Palmer Harman	519
BOOKS, DRAMA FILMS:	
The Dry Heart. By Alan Porter.....	520
The Buried Renaissance. By Henry Hazlitt.....	520
Eros in America. By Clifton Fadiman.....	521
Penrose as Symbol. By John Chamberlain.....	522
Mr. Gerhardt Confides. By Henry Ramford Parkes.....	522
Life and Continuity. By Benjamin Ginzburg.....	523
Notes on Fiction.....	524
Drama: Satire and Dulness. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	525
Films: With Benefit of Garbo. By Margaret Marshall.....	526

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

FOREIGN MINISTER GRANDI of Italy and the League of Nations have done the cause of peace an excellent turn by proposing a general "armament truce" during the year in which the disarmament conference is to be held. It would have been illogical, and perhaps in the end would have made success for the conference impossible, to have had the Powers trying to reach an agreement for the reduction of armaments at Geneva at the same time that they were busily adding to their armaments at home. The League had hoped to have the holiday begin on November 1, but on that day only thirty-one nations had agreed to the proposal, which was originally put forward by Signor Grandi. However, a number of other favorable replies were then on the way, and it was felt certain that all the countries of the world would agree long before the disarmament conference met. Some of the Powers qualified their approval with minor reservations; for example, the United States said it could not stop work on naval vessels actually under construction, but would not start any new construction it had planned. Other countries made their approval conditional upon the acceptance of the holiday by their neighbors. At Geneva these and other reservations were held to be of only minor consequence and not sufficient to block the proposed truce. With an armament holiday actually

in effect, the Powers at Geneva should be able to work in a peaceful atmosphere more conducive to success.

THE DRAMATIC TURN-ABOUT in the world wheat markets, bringing a rise in the price of wheat of between 35 and 40 per cent in the course of three weeks, is the result partly of factors confined to the wheat trade itself, but mainly of what may prove to be a significant general change in world economic sentiment. In the wheat trade itself the advance has been attributed largely to the changed estimates of world wheat supply. Final wheat-crop estimates at Rome, for example, indicate a world yield, outside of Russia, of about 130,000,000 bushels less than had been previously estimated, and a world demand approximately 75,000,000 greater. In spite of the higher exports from Russia, many statisticians believe that the Russian crop will prove to be considerably smaller than that in 1930, and Russia is reported to be trying to buy back some of the wheat it recently sold abroad. It is pointed out by some commentators that taking into account the world's crop and carry-over plus Russian shipments, the total available wheat for the season of 1928-29 was about 100,000,000 bushels in excess of that for 1931-32, and it was absorbed at an average price of around \$1.29 a bushel at Liverpool; yet two months ago wheat at Liverpool was bringing less than 40 cents a bushel, the lowest price shown in the records of nearly three hundred years.

THE RISE IN WHEAT, in brief, seems to be based on belated recognition, which was certain to come eventually, that, even when the large supply was considered, that commodity was selling at a figure that was more the result of panic than of the crop's actual statistical position. And this assumption receives support from the advance in cotton prices, which has been almost as great, and from the advances in agricultural prices generally. Moreover, since the low point of October 5, the day before President Hoover suggested the National Credit Corporation, prices of common stocks have advanced on an average from 20 to 25 per cent. Other signs of returning world confidence are the apparent termination of Europe's recent raid on American gold, and the recent fall in Federal Reserve note circulation, which indicates an abatement of the hoarding of money here. The better feeling in the railroad industry now that the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision has been digested, and in the steel trade as a result of a slight increase in activity and a larger number of inquiries, are also favorable signs. Provided, of course, that Germany can be saved in time from a further collapse, and that no disaster occurs elsewhere of a totally unexpected nature, it may be that some of the worst phases of the panic have been passed. This does not mean that the existing depression may not continue for a very long time, or even that in one or two directions it may not even appear to grow more serious. Wheat, for example, even after the recent price advance, is still selling at a figure far below the average world cost of production, and this is true of other agricultural products and raw materials.

BOOKS
PUBLISHED
LIB

MANY ASPECTS of the economic depression and of the problems it entails are being described at hearings being held by a Senate subcommittee of which Senator La Follette is chairman. Frances Perkins, New York State Commissioner of Labor, testified that as a result of the hard times physicians "have never been so busy in their lives, although we have had no scourges or epidemics." Several years from now, she said, we shall witness "one of the worst social results" of the depression when we "begin to see the rickety young people who got rickets when they were one, two, or three years old." Leo Wolman, economist and authority on unemployment, declared that the percentage of unemployment in the United States is as large as that in England or Germany, if not larger. He said there were no factors "visible to the naked eye" pointing to recovery from the depression. In this he was supported by Laurence H. Sloan, of the Standard Statistics Company, who, however, held out the vague hope of a slow recovery, based on the favorable development of several intangible factors which have not yet begun to function. Dr. E. A. Goldenweiser, research expert of the Federal Reserve Board, disclosed that interest rates charged by banks on loans in communities outside the larger cities, that is, in the agricultural communities, were higher than the rates charged by the city banks. In other words, the farmers have been paying more for their loans than the industrialists and business men of the cities. Gerard Swope, of the General Electric Company, defended his plan for economic rehabilitation, but opposed suggestions that the government put a somewhat similar plan into operation. James Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, opposed both the Swope plan and the projected government plan in so far as they might affect the steel industry. Aside from suggesting further experimentation with the anti-trust laws, neither man had any concrete proposal for improving the country's economic machinery. Their attitude was that business should be allowed to take care of itself, which, of course, is what business has been doing for many years with the results we see all about us.

THOMAS W. LAMONT'S suggestion that Germany take the initiative in seeking an adjustment in reparations is one that should be acted upon without further loss of time. The period of the Hoover moratorium is quickly running out. European governments must know as soon as possible what financial payments they have to make next year in order that their budgets may be properly balanced. The longer this task is delayed the more confusing will the European financial situation become. Germany can much better afford to make the first move now than it could last June. Today everyone is aware of the extreme delicacy of Germany's internal situation, and by the same token everyone is apparently willing to help in bringing about a solution. Even France has come to realize that reparations must again be revised downward. As an earnest of this changed sentiment Premier Laval has proposed that a conference of the interested Powers, including also the United States, be held as soon as practicable. Speaking unofficially for his own country, Mr. Lamont said that "the Administration at Washington will be prepared to receive with an open mind any fresh debt proposals of a constructive nature" emanating from Europe. One other point Mr. Lamont advanced in his article in the *Saturday Review* of

Literature is worthy of the closest attention. He called for "some well-considered move" for tariff reduction. Truly, if reparations are adjusted and tariff walls are allowed to remain to impede economic recovery, the problem will be only half-solved. By neglecting the tariff question the Powers are likely to make worthless whatever positive benefit might be derived from a solution of the reparations question.

SOVIET RUSSIA has an interest in the Manchurian question that is no less definite than was that of the Russian empire. Moscow needs a short route to Vladivostok and access to ice-free ports south of the Amur River as much as did St. Petersburg. Yet it is doubtful whether the Soviet Government is ready at this time to risk a war in Manchuria either to advance its own interests or to prevent Manchuria from falling entirely into the hands of a rival Power. A war coming just now would seriously impair, if not completely wreck, the Russian industrialization program, upon the success of which the future of Communist rule in Russia depends. This does not mean that Moscow is prepared to abandon its position in Manchuria, especially with respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway, in order to avoid being drawn into a possible war. It merely means that Moscow will think twice before interfering in the Sino-Japanese quarrel. In brief, Japan's fear of Russian intervention is largely without foundation. This fear has been based mainly on rumors emanating from Harbin (the Riga of the Far East) and from minor Chinese generals who favor Japanese control of Manchuria. Fortunately the Russians were able to convince the Japanese that they were taking no offensive military measures with an eye to the northern Manchurian situation, which immediately relieved the tension.

ANOTHER PRESIDENT has found it convenient to put off redemption of the independence pledge to the Philippines. It is not that Mr. Hoover does not recognize the existence and supposedly binding force of this promise, for that he surely does. Indeed, in his statement of October 27 he said that "independence of the Philippines at some time has been directly or indirectly promised by every President and by the Congress." Apparently the emphasis is to be placed on the "some time." Though there is no hurry about redeeming the promise, the Filipinos, in the President's view, really cannot object. The promise still stands, and that is all that matters. Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover felt obliged to advance an excuse for this latest postponement. "The economic independence of the Philippines," he said, "must be attained before political independence can be successful." But just what constitutes economic freedom for our wards in the Far East? Does it mean that they must first acquire sufficient strength to throw out the heavy American investments which now largely rule their economic life, or that they should first learn how to scrape together an existence outside rather than within the American tariff walls? Whatever he meant, Mr. Hoover is convinced that "independence tomorrow without assured economic stability [which is something quite different from economic independence] would result in the collapse of Philippine government revenues and the collapse of all economic life in the islands." If this far-fetched view be accurate, why does not the United States set to and help the Philippines acquire that necessary degree of economic stability?

OUR HATS ARE OFF to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, that venerable revolutionary, that familiar leader of lost hopes in the Free Commonwealth of Maryland. This time it is announcing its adherence to the slogan "The way to begin is to begin," in connection with disarmament. It demands that disarmament shall begin at home. Remarking that there has been no real disarmament in any quarter of the world, and that there has never been a time in recent history when war and the possibility of war were so remote, it declares that "since no great nation is willing to make the first gesture, perhaps here in Maryland we may be able to point the way." The great nation of Maryland, it explains, maintains its own army. It is not the greatest of Maryland's burdens, but since President Hoover has declared that there is no likelihood of war, the *Evening Sun* asks "by what process of reasoning can the continuance of the National Guard be justified?" Maryland has a police force, and the guard cannot be used, it appears, for breaking strikes; hence it is only an ornament. Its abolition would save the State \$231,000 and the federal government \$695,000, and the armories could then be used for community meetings, for dances, for flower shows, for conventions, or anything else. The proposal commends itself to our souls, and we note with joy that our Baltimore friend has respectfully referred this proposal to Albert Ritchie, Governor—with its tongue in its cheek, we fear. Is he not a candidate for the Presidency?

THE FOLLOWING EXEGESIS of the tariff situation in Great Britain we reprint from the *New Statesman and Nation*. It covers the question, and at one point and another it presents parallels to the Case for Protection in these United States which will not be lost on thoughtful observers. It is called The Truth About Tariffs.

With the aid of Jevons on logic and of "Alice in Wonderland," I have studied the case for a tariff: it runs, as I understand, That tariffs are good for employment—which is why you will find today

So many millions of workless all over the U.S.A.;

That the crisis is international, and that much of the blame must fall

On the folk who hampered exchanges by building a tariff wall—
So to help the world to recover, and give the markets a tone,
We must clearly come to the rescue with a tariff wall of our own;

That a tariff was chiefly needed, all the experts have found,
To offset costs of production that were tied to a gold-rate pound—

So it must be much more essential now the gold rate has had to go

And the lessened value of sterling makes the costs of production low;

That the tariff isn't an issue, since a bargain can soon be made
By the hot-heads of high Protection with the stalwarts of pure Free Trade—

They need but accept it in outline (for the details are best concealed)

As a purely emergency measure—that never must be repealed;
That the arguments don't much matter, for even if it were shown

We could only deal with the crisis by leaving tariffs alone,
The hot-heads of high Protection would tell us, and feel no doubt,

That the crisis itself don't matter, if it brings a tariff about.

MACFLECKNOB

President and Navy

PRESIDENT HOOVER has struck back with unaccustomed vigor at the crowd of "little" big-navy men who have been attacking his economy program. "In order that the country may know the untruth and distortions of fact" concerning the strength of our naval forces which have lately been circulated by the Navy League, Mr. Hoover has announced the appointment of a committee, "including members of the Navy League, to whom agencies of the government will demonstrate these untruths and distortions of fact." Bravo, Mr. Hoover. We shall welcome any investigation that will successfully expose the malicious propaganda of these persons who are bent on making the United States more militaristic at a time when the whole world is crying for peace and disarmament. Public exposure and condemnation of the big-navy crowd will help not only to show that the Administration is sincere in its efforts to reduce armaments, but also to suppress, at least for the time being, a serious menace to the peace of the world.

We do not want to minimize the importance of Mr. Hoover's action, but we do wish he had had foresight and courage enough to place himself in a stronger position. He weakened himself considerably by his Navy Day tribute, in which he indulged in extravagant praise of the navy's tradition and personnel. This sounded suspiciously like a shame-faced apology for his efforts toward economy. It suggested that he was going into the disarmament matter against his personal wishes. Again, in his challenge to the Navy League and its chairman, William Howard Gardiner, he descended to a level of acrimony unbecoming a high government official. Even if we remember the Navy League's allegation that he was "abysmally ignorant" of naval problems, Mr. Hoover's strong rebuke of Chairman Gardiner, and his demand that the latter be prepared to apologize publicly, smacked of personal spleen. They might have been worthy of a Tammany mayor, but certainly not of a President of the United States.

Of course, this does not mean that the big-navy people, including particularly Mr. Gardiner, can on any grounds be excused for their blustering and bullying. The Navy League's assertion that the Hoover program would make for "bigger and bloodier wars" is not only sheer nonsense but positively vicious. Chairman Gardiner's sneering reply to the Hoover statement, in which he expressed surprise "at the President's suggestion that he himself will appoint a committee to investigate a matter touching administrative policy, in view of the fact that Congress is the investigating branch of the government," was that of the gutter politician. Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, also showed where he stood when he inferentially supported the Navy League by attacking the World Peace Foundation. He charged the Peace Foundation with disseminating misleading information, although its information was based upon official reports. This was but one of a number of big-navy gestures that have come from Mr. Adams. It is impossible to see how Mr. Hoover can continue to put up with such apparently deliberate sabotaging of his naval policy by one of his Cabinet officers. Secretary Adams should be required to resign at once.

MacDonald Smashes British Labor

THE unprecedented Tory and National triumph in England gives us the exact measure of what Ramsay MacDonald's policy of a national government to "save" Great Britain has done to the cause of Labor and of English progress in general. It has decreased the Labor representation in the House of Commons by 218, thus putting the party back to where it was twenty-one years ago. It has driven out of public life—temporarily we trust—almost every one of the party associates who twice made MacDonald Prime Minister, and all but two of the associates of his second Labor Cabinet. It has not even created a "national" control of Parliament, for no one can contend that a majority made up of 470 Conservatives, 68 National Liberals, and 13 National Labor men fairly and adequately represents the nation. Far more important than that, Mr. MacDonald has actually turned over the control of his country to the very party which he has hitherto fought tooth and nail and denounced as the public enemy. It is the party which he has opposed because it stood for imperialism, for protection, for the continued enslavement of India, because of its strong militaristic tendencies, its opposition to a juster distribution of wealth and to social control of the industrial and social life of Great Britain—in short, its opposition to everything which Mr. MacDonald held dear.

Now if this were all due to the existence of a genuine national crisis, it would perhaps be understandable. That Mr. MacDonald thinks so is unquestioned. He really believed that the foreign and British bankers demanded a cut in the dole—though as to the American bankers he was entirely in error. Although his associates, he himself says, agreed to everything else, he dissolved the Cabinet and formed the so-called "National" Government. Of this the *London New Statesman and Nation* wrote on October 10 that "within a week the pretense that there is a 'National Government' will be laughed off of every political platform in the country." The first purpose of the National Government was to save the gold standard for England; Mr. MacDonald was sure that in achieving the foreign loans he had saved not only England, but the United States and perhaps all of Europe. But within three and a half weeks the very thing he had undertaken to prevent came to pass, and lo, it was not the disaster that had been painted. It did not wreck Great Britain. It did not depress her industries farther. On the contrary, it gave a sudden if temporary spurt of new life to them. But still Mr. MacDonald continued to believe that the country was face to face with so dire an emergency as to warrant his smashing the whole party organization which he and so many others had labored so unselfishly to construct. He continued to ask for a "doctor's mandate" refusing to state what the doctor would do, on the ground that nobody could know what the diseases might be and what their symptoms six months hence. His Government, he said, had not and could not make up its mind what remedy to apply!

Meanwhile on the stump and in the press his old enemies and new allies showed that the existence of a national crisis had made no difference whatever in their attitude or their

policies. The *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Daily Mail* subordinated nothing of their venom to the appeal for patriotism, for a united front to save the country. Their propaganda was as frankly class propaganda as that of the Communists. Indeed, Winston Churchill declared for class war in the *Daily Mail*. As for the protective tariff, which most Liberals and Labor men believe may prove to be the final ruin of British industry, the Conservatives were frankly for it, while Mr. MacDonald hedged by saying that a temporary tariff might be one of the doctor's remedies if and when, after taking office, it appeared proper to a new National Government to apply this remedy. So the former Socialist and radical is at this hour engaged with Stanley Baldwin in creating a National Government which will be more absurd than the one that has just ended. Ramsay MacDonald forming a Cabinet the bulk of which is Conservative! The mere statement is enough to prove the monstrosity of the situation. It involves a moral compromise which would be the undoing of Mr. MacDonald if he had not already been swept from his every mooring of the past. We cannot believe that he will be allowed to dominate it for long. If there is a vestige of the old MacDonald left he will find that he cannot work with men whose entire vision of life is so different from his own; nor can we believe that they will be willing long, after the so-called emergency has passed, to permit him to have the honor and power that come to a British Premier.

If we examine the vote and contrast it with the election of 1929 it appears that the Conservatives gained, in round numbers, 3,300,000 votes, polling 11,831,438, as against 8,600,000 in 1929. Labor lost 1,664,247 adherents, while the Liberals lost 3,000,000; it thus appears that 1,394,408 voters abstained from the polls. In all England only 74,824 could be found to vote the Communist ticket, while independent voters for all other groups totaled less than 130,000. In the recent Parliament Labor took very little interest in the Liberal demands for the reform of the system of voting, with the result that although it polled 6,642,230 votes, it has only 52 members of the new House, whereas the Conservatives, with less than double the vote, have 470. As for the Liberals, they appear done for. There is no reason why the 68 National Liberal members, having swallowed protection, should not go right into the Conservative Party; only four candidates of the Lloyd George group survived. In addition, Sir Oswald Mosley's New Party is extinguished. Dissatisfaction with MacDonald's failure to bring about radical social reform and the obvious national desire for a change due to the industrial depression, in addition to the army of unemployed, produced the overturn. The electorate walked into a trap cleverly baited. In that trap they will, however, find no salvation. Our own American conservatives, who are jubilating over the defeat of the Laborites, had better beware. A friendly government has yielded to one the major elements of which have always been less friendly to America. In sight is a protective tariff, which is bound to strike a grave blow to American trade with England and her Empire.

Happiness Committee

THE report of the President's Committee on Employment Plans and Suggestions is simply one more dreary exhibit of the hollowness of Mr. Hoover's commission method of surmounting every difficulty. The committee was composed of eighteen members, most of them prominent business men and one or two of them economists of standing. If they had faced their problems with candor and courage, they could have produced a report of real value. As it is, after two months of "intensive research," to use their chairman's phrase, they have turned in a report of 6,000 words that could certainly have been written, before any committee was appointed, by Mr. Hoover himself. Indeed, if one judges it either by its sentiments, its timorousness, or its sodden literary style, with its vague platitudes and pious advice, it sounds as if it actually were his work.

The committee makes ten recommendations. The first is the stale counsel, which we have been hearing for the last two years, that "every American citizen now employed" should "resume normal buying." The American citizen is, of course, no more likely to attend to this advice now than he has in the past. If his wages or hours have been cut, or if he considers his job in danger, or if he finds himself forced to contribute to the support of relatives and friends in distress, or if he has been comparatively well off and now finds his former investments shrunk to a fraction of their former value, or if he suspects that certain retail prices have not yet come down to the extent that they legitimately should, or if, as is probable, several of these conditions affect him all at once, then he is quite naturally going to continue to buy cautiously. It is about time that even Mr. Hoover's committees began to recognize that reduced retail buying is in the main a result of bad conditions rather than a cause of them. Recommendation number 2 is that "public confidence in our financial and credit structures must be reestablished." This, of course, is necessary, but you do not reestablish confidence simply by advising it; rather you tackle the problem at its core by removing whatever legitimate grounds there may be for the lack of confidence. Recommendation number 3 is that bankers take a more "liberal" attitude in extending loans to customers. The banker who is actually taking the risk considers that he is the best judge of the soundness of the particular loan which he is being called upon to make. Even if he is wrong in this assumption, he is not likely to be much affected by the vaguely hopeful advice of the President's committee. Recommendations number 4 and 5 are that available work be "spread" among as many workers as possible through reduced working hours and so on. This may prove a useful palliative, but it is a method far less broad in its possible or probable application than the committee implies; it is, moreover, a method that places the main burden of taking care of the unemployed on labor rather than on capital. Recommendations 6 and 9 concern the extension of public works and their prompt execution. These are good as far as they go but they should have been much more outspoken and specific. Recommendation 7 is an expression of the pious hope that the white-collar worker will be better off this winter than he is likely to be, and recommendation 8 reveals that the committee, after

its two months of "intensive research," decided that when you are going to do any firing, you ought to fire the single men before you fire the married men. The prize recommendation is fittingly reserved for the last. This is that it would be fine if surplus labor this winter could be transferred from cities to farms. In view of the notorious prosperity of the farmers just now, and of the boom prices for wheat and cotton, and of the fact, which everybody knows, that the winter is just the time when the farms need labor most, the rest of us must feel like kicking ourselves for not having thought of this idea first.

The chairman, Harry A. Wheeler, transmitted this fatuous report with the thoroughly untrue remark that "we have within our own boundaries the elemental factors for recovery." What would an honest report have said? It would have begun instead, perhaps, with something like the recent remark of Benjamin Anderson: "The most serious obstacle in the way of early recovery is the state of our foreign trade. The most serious obstacle in the way of the revival of our foreign trade is our high protective tariffs." And it would have continued: "The most serious obstacle in the way of any reduction in our high protective tariffs is Herbert Hoover." Then, perhaps, the President's committee would have been on its way toward saying something pertinent.

American Philanthropy

NEARLY a billion dollars of American money was spent in 1930 for philanthropic purposes. This is equivalent to about a fourth of the total annual expenditures of the United States government, and however you look at it, it is a lot of money. What was it spent for, and how? In a study just issued by the Twentieth Century Fund an attempt is made to answer this question. Defining a foundation as an organization which disburses funds for public benefit, not only through its own activities but at least in part through grants to outside beneficiaries, the Fund sent out a questionnaire to 122 foundations asking for information on their capital resources, their income, the amount disbursed in 1930, the amount spent for operating expenses, and the purposes for which the funds were diverted. Eight hundred and fifty millions of capital was involved in the 101 foundations which allowed their figures to be made public. Of this 85 per cent was owned by the first twenty foundations, and 48 per cent by the first five—the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the Rockefeller Foundation, the General Education Board, the Duke Endowment, and the Commonwealth Fund of New York City. The group as a whole gave away in 1930 something over \$52,000,000.

What was the money given for? True to the consuming passion of the American people, 35.5 per cent of the funds was dispensed for medicine and public health; 27 per cent went for education; 9.2 for the physical sciences, and 6.2 for the social sciences. Once these important matters were out of the way, particularly the supremely important one of health, the others followed in rapidly diminishing ratio. For international relations, 2.7 per cent of the money was spent; for child welfare, 2.3; for business, industry, and finance, 1.5; for government and politics, 1.5;

for "the humanities," 1.9; for city planning and housing, 0.3; for race relations, 0.1; and less than 0.1 per cent for civil liberties, labor unions, or birth control. Analyzing the income spent in another way, 51 per cent of all funds in all fields was dispersed for purposes of education and 20 per cent for research, leaving less than 30 per cent for what the report calls "social action," which includes everything from medals for heroism to donations to hospitals, clinics, and for public-health work.

It would be interesting to draw from the tables presented pertinent deductions as to the cost of dispensing these funds—the overhead, in other words, of the disbursing agencies. Actually a list of "administrative expenses" is given for nearly half of the foundations; but since these figures include often the amounts spent in any given activity by the organization itself, as distinguished from moneys given ■ outside grants, they are misleading. Thus it would be shocking to learn that of \$127,000 spent by the American Foundation for the Blind, \$123,000 came under the head of administrative expenses, were it not that most of the income dispensed by that organization is spent directly and placed under that category. In general, however, as far ■ the figures can be interpreted, it can be said that the large foundations spend 5 per cent or less of their funds to disperse the balance; that the foundations giving away less than \$50,000 seem to be most lavish with their overhead expenses; and that the prize should go to the Dayton Foundation of Dayton, Ohio, which, out of an annual disbursement for research of \$16,419, spent for overhead \$494 or 0.3 per cent.

It remains to consider the two foundations which did not make any reply to the questionnaire, and the dozen or more that refused to permit any figures as to capital, income, or method of disbursement to be made public. Some of these organizations felt—mistakenly it would seem—that to do so would be to subject themselves to more requests for aid than they could handle; others were frankly hostile and flatly refused to have anything to do with the investigation. For some of them it will, of course, be an injustice, but inevitably such secrecy arouses suspicion: money that is well and economically spent can surely also be publicly spent.

The value of the present study lies in its assumption that these are in a major sense public funds, dispersed for the benefit of the public. That they happen also to be taken from the fortunes of individuals does not make them less so. And one is irresistibly drawn to the conclusion, first, that the public is entitled to know how they are spent, and, second, that judging from the results so far published, they often are spent in strange ways and not over wisely. For a study of business, industry, and finance, all questions directly affecting the bulk of the population, only \$770,000 of the \$52,000,000 is available; for the good life, roughly one might say something like 7 per cent, lumping the activities as liberally as possible. The former restriction springs probably out of the deeply conservative nature of nearly all the foundations; such questions are controversial questions and best let alone. The limitation in the latter category springs doubtless from want of imagination. Those who have money to give away give it for the most obvious things. If reports like the present one can stimulate the public imagination, it may be that our philanthropy, as long as we continue to enjoy it at all, may be directed to more subtle and enduring ends.

The Folger Library

THE American library—like American education—has generally suffered from the defects of its virtues. No previous civilization ever did so much to make books generally or so easily accessible, and from the standpoint of the general reader no libraries in the world are equal to ours. But for many reasons the scholar has not only been compelled to visit foreign collections, but has actually felt more at home in the British Museum or the Bodleian than he ever did in even our own university libraries. The Morgan Library in New York and the Huntington Library in California are recent and very valuable collections of special interest to the scholar, but in many respects the newly endowed Folger Shakespeare Library just opened in Washington exceeds even them in importance.

Henry Clay Folger, one time president of the Standard Oil Company of New York and later chairman of its board, was a learned and indefatigable collector of material relating to Shakespeare, but until his recent endowment no one realized the almost inconceivable richness of the treasures which he had collected. Now, as ■ result of his beneficence, this collection will be suitably housed in Washington and put at the disposition of scholars, who will find it incomparably the most valuable storehouse of material bearing upon Shakespeare to be found anywhere in the world. The building, just across the street from the Congressional Library, is to include also ■ museum for the display of the many articles relating to Shakespeare and a theater where plays may be produced in ■ manner more nearly approaching the Elizabethan than is possible anywhere else.

The collection contains some 70,000 volumes, hundreds of thousands of play bills, vast quantities of letters (about 6,000 relating to Daly alone), as well as innumerable portraits, prints, statues, and so on, relating to Shakespeare, his plays, or the Elizabethan drama. But the best way of giving some idea of the richness of the collection is to refer to its massing of the great rarities. There are seventy-nine copies of the First Folio, fifty of the Second Folio, and twenty-four of the Third Folio. The Quartos are hardly less well represented, there being, as ■ matter of fact, only three of those published before the First Folio which are not represented by at least one copy. Nor is it to be supposed that all this represents mere duplication, since most of the early issues are valuable for one reason or another and many of the Folger copies contain annotations of great importance. Their collector was particularly interested in the problems of Shakespeare's text, and his collection will make possible studies of the highest value.

Professor George H. Whicher, in an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the library, quotes Miss Bartlett, the well-known bibliographer, as having said in 1916 that only three public institutions in America contained original editions of Shakespeare of sufficient value to form the basis of an exhibit. Today no public institution in the world is richer than the Folger Library will be. For more than a century American scholars have gone abroad to do research. We need not be chauvinists to take pride in the fact that henceforth many Europeans will be compelled to come here for the same purpose.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



I HAPPENED to be talking to my banker. My banker (I love the expression—it sounds so much more imposing than my grocer or my laundryman) is a charming fellow. He has a keen interest in life. He knows good literature. He collects good books. And he is very kind to me. Indeed, he usually treats me as I try not

to treat my son who wants to go in for aesthetic dancing. Not that I am unreasonable about it. I love the kid. If it makes him happy to dance, then by all means let him dance. But to the non-dancing Pa the dancing son remains somewhat of a puzzle. Just as I remain slightly puzzling to my banker. I look as if I might have done almost anything else but what I am doing. With first-rate training I might have developed into a fairly good prize fighter. I have a certain mathematical gift and therefore, although the world's worst business man, I might have done something practical in the realm of affairs. And here I sit forever at a little desk and waste my time writing books and articles predicting the coming of a new age. What that age is going to be I do not know. But the old order of things, so I preach, has come to an end. I think it my duty to say so. An unprofitable business. Why do I predict gloom when I might use my talents to prophesy the return of bigger and better business? I am not exactly a traitor to my own class and that makes the whole thing even more mysterious. I have no love for the brethren of the Kremlin. Karl Marx means merely a bore to me—a bore who evolved the vision of a new Utopia in an atmosphere of stale cigar smoke and sour beer. Really it is very upsetting. At least it is very upsetting to my banker. And he asks me why I write what I happen to write? Instead of telling simple honest folks, already scared out of their wits, that soon they will be richer and happier than ever before, I go out of my way trying to persuade them that the old order is dead and they have got to prepare their minds for the new deal. How do I know that the old order is dead, and how do I know what that new deal is going to be? Let me answer the second question first. I have not the vaguest notion what that new order is going to be. But I know—in so far as it is humanly possible to know anything at all—that the old order is dead. How do I know? Well, my good banker friend, when you want to know where you stand you draw up a little trial balance. So much "debit" on the one side and so much "credit" on the other. Let me do the same for the present order of society.

Here is the list of what actually remains of the old order. There still are a few kingdoms in Europe but most of them are of much more recent date than the American Constitution. Most of the so-called "old" dynasties have less of a pedigree than our own Adams family.

When we come to political institutions, there is the Icelandic "moot," which for purposes of Icelandic patriotism—and there is such a thing—can be traced back to the end of the ninth century, when the island was first settled. But the Icelandic moot is about as important—from a general world point of view—as the general assembly of the Canton Uri or the annual assembly of the freeholders of the Republic of Andorra. Let us go after bigger game. Then we find that there is very little left of any real importance. There still is a House of Lords in England, but the heraldic hippogriffs and krakens which used to defend that institution against the vulgar entrance of mere villeins have all of them been deprived of their claws by the manicures of democracy and now they are mere harmless little pussy cats. No, the House of Lords of today bears about the same relation to the actual life of the British nation as the American Academy of Letters does to American literature.

Next, there is the College of Cardinals of the church. The outsiders rarely know what actually happens behind those cloistered walls where the Saints of Tomorrow reevaluate Existence of Today in terms of Yesteryear. But it appears from little bits of smoke which occasionally escape from the hermetically sealed windows that a fierce fire is raging inside. It is the old quarrel. Jesuit and Dominican are at each other's throat once more. The church, threatened by the wholesale desertion of the faithful in the general direction of the more alluring campfires of the Marxian legions, is sharply divided upon all points of economic doctrine. The most recent events in Spain and in Italy itself have shown that that August Body is no longer what it was in the days when America was first visited by one Christopher Columbus, and the College of Cardinals can hardly be said to play an important role in the affairs of the world.

What else is there? The Académie française? Created only a few centuries ago and too local and circumscribed to be of any general importance.

The remnants of the old knightly orders—the Knights of St. John, the Golden Fleece, the Templars? Amusing masquerades for portly old gentlemen like the annual parade of Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery—a bit pathetic when not downright funny. What else is there that has survived the social and economic hurricane of the last twenty years? A few monastic orders, tolerated whenever they play 'possum, but ruthlessly expelled whenever they try to play a role in practical politics. A Japanese royal family and a few Indian dynasties, too remote from us to be of any real importance. And that is about all—a dozen shop-worn historical curiosities and for the rest nothing, nothing, nothing.

There remains only one question. Since yesterday is dead, what of tomorrow? Are we going to have Gandhi-ism, or Grandi-ism, or Marxism, or communism, or fascism, or will the whole town turn out to welcome Bishop Manning the next time he returns to his native land as the spiritual dictator of a chastened Christian community? Let me try and answer those questions next week.

Government Bureaus for Private Profit

By F. J. SCHLINK

ALTHOUGH the American buying public has so long been accustomed to be humbugged and hoodwinked that it takes many forms of chicane in its stride as hazards necessarily present in any encounter with industry, it has yet preserved a touching faith in the disinterestedness of a number of abstract authorities. Among these is science—and if science in industry has had its scattering doubters, science in government has been regarded as pretty well above suspicion. The new development of the ideals of the functioning of government in the era of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover has accustomed everyone to the use of government as a means to clear all roads to larger and quicker profits for the business man and to condition the consumer to a more willing and open-handed acceptance of whatever is offered for sale; but always the myth has persisted that Science and Research, with capital letters, were incorruptible and unpurchasable, that they must in the nature of things, always and everywhere, serve the common weal.

Probably more has happened to wreck the aloof and impartial quality of the scientific and regulatory bureaus of the government under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, first as Secretary of Commerce and then as President, than in all the previous existence of such institutions as the Bureaus of Standards, Mines, Public Health, the Forest Service, and the Food and Drug Administration. It is well known that Mr. Hoover as head of the Department of Commerce extended a much-feared influence into the Department of Agriculture and other parts of the federal service, amounting in a number of cases even to pressure for dismissal of men who dared oppose his policies on interdepartmental questions and in jurisdictional conflicts. The direction of many federal bureaus has in late years been assigned to men of such temper that the departments have been little more than handy consulting or guidance services to business enterprise, organized to serve when needed in another more useful way—by lending the prestige of the research facilities of the government to an essential promotion or sales-making activity of business interests.

The whole system of unrestrained diversion of governmental activity to business ends flows from an engagingly simple system of economic ideas held by both political parties. This may be called the "natural distribution of benefits" or "shower of economic grace" theory of political economy. In its essence it is that whatever government does in the way of technical or administrative service for the Southern California Edison Company or General Motors Corporation automatically and irresistibly appears, after the lapse of the proper time for flow and seepage and the operation of intercorporate competition (if and when there is any), as a corresponding and equal or somewhat enlarged economic boon upon the lap of the humblest citizen of Wheeler Springs, California. That no one knows just how a capitalistic economy operates as to its interlinkages, flows, and seepages, or indeed in any other important aspects, is no bar to the wide acceptance of this Adam Smith-Herbert Hoover doctrine by all but a scattered few in federal office.

The Bureau of Standards is a part of the Department of Commerce, which in the Hoover epoch is styled "a department of service to the American business man." It is but natural, therefore, that a large part of the bureau's services and plant should now be given over to the studies and experiments of ninety-six research associates, employed and paid by thirty-nine business interests, mostly trade associations but in a few cases individual firms like the Johns-Manville Corporation (makers of heat insulation) and E. R. Squibb and Sons (famous for shaving creams, tooth paste, and milk of magnesia). The growth of the research-associate plan has aided in bringing about the disappearance of the bureau's work for theoretical and applied science, and the devotion of what was once a distinguished research institution to the direct service of manufacturers and merchants, with a fair background of investigation for the prohibition-enforcement agents, the secret service, the navy, the customs, and other departments of the government itself. Skipping over a few items covering metrology and physical constants—on which the bureau must continue to do a great deal of work in order to furnish a basis for its more practical work for industry—and work on specifications and tests for other government services, we find typically such projects as the following: research on blistering of vitreous enamels on cast iron (to correct a manufacturing difficulty of twenty-five years' standing in the bathtub trade); crazing of semi-porcelain dinnerware and cutlery-marking of chinaware (practically all the solid research done to facilitate ceramic manufacture in this country has been done by the bureau and by tax-supported State universities such as that of Ohio); measurement of high electrical voltages and large currents (exceedingly important to the electric-power industry); underground corrosion of pipe (two-thirds of the immediate but not the real cost is paid by the gas association, the petroleum association, and a few individual manufacturers); hotel gas ranges (a limited amount of work was done on domestic ranges, to help government institutions, such as hospitals and barracks, but not ultimate consumers in selection of such equipment); corrosion of gas-oven linings (results submitted to the gas association, which paid for the job in part); certification of master measuring gauges (for the petroleum association and for automobile manufacturers).

There are cases even where the bureau's uniquely equipped instrument shop has been employed in making, at the bare cost of labor and material, fine measuring devices which a manufacturer could not produce economically or buy elsewhere with sufficient precision for his factory's needs. The plant, personnel, and equipment, fitted beyond all similar institutions in the world for difficult, elaborate investigations into the properties of materials and instruments of measure useful to the population as consumers, are being applied to the simplification and standardization of wrapping twine and packing boxes representing a minor expenditure of the department-store trade, a trade with income and profits and a spirit of rugged self-help such that it should need no aid from government in solving its necktie-box problems. On

the other hand, the bureau's work in certain other fields involving precise measurement, for which it is alone equipped in America to do work of the necessary precision, is so tied up with delay, red tape, and breakage of valuable apparatus sent in for test that ■ movement has been started by an important industry to send such items from its American manufacturers to a government laboratory in Germany, where they may be handled and certified more quickly and returned with less breakage, in spite of the two trips across the sea.

It is impossible to understand why any government officer should assume that commercial and industrial competition will assure the production of consumers' goods of a high standard when government departments buy huge supplies of writing ink each year, and not a quart of the same high grade of ink appears in any market to which ultimate consumers have access. Here we see a simple test of the working of the Hoover formula. This type of ink has been known since the eleventh century. Scientific research on it dates from 1748. A superior standardized grade has been produced for governmental use in America and Europe since 1890; yet if a poet or a lawyer needs some for his own work because a part of what he writes should be readable fifty years hence, the only sure way in 1931 is to have the ink compounded to the published formula by ■ druggist. Evidently the benefits may or may not seep, and competition may or may not effectively diffuse the technical arts and superior skills of ■ trade. Work on such important goods is valuable, but it is absurd that the findings in terms of the products actually on the market should be suppressed (except to the extent that the data are used to guide a limited proportion of the government's own purchases).

The government's argument against free release of data of interest to consumers is that economic matters and the economic effects of its studies are outside its proper concern. Yet the bureau finds no inconsistency in conducting, but not publishing, competent researches into the telephone rate structure and kinds and quality of service, or in developing for the State of Connecticut a purely economic analysis providing a scientific basis of taxation for motor vehicles. But there is no help for the consuming public on radio sets, or gasoline, or automobile oil, or writing paper, or living-room rugs corresponding to the costly and extensive work done by the government for manufacturers on exactly the same aspects of the same subjects.

Another agency in the Department of Commerce represents a different and perhaps equally dangerous trend. A private enterprise, the National Committee on Wood Utilization (note the word utilization), is ■ device established as ■ combination research and publicity project to promote the sale of lumber and in this and other ways to increase the profits of the lumber trade. Association with a government department naturally increases the prestige of what the "committee" will say, and such prestige gets the "committee's" views about nature's priceless boon of yellow-pine flooring into papers and magazines as Department of Commerce publicity which will be believed instead of as advertising which will be discounted. Said an officer of the committee: "They [the lumber trade] found that trade propaganda was effective to a certain extent, but it did not carry their story to the people with sufficient force. They needed the backing of an impartial committee reinforced by governmental authority to get over their story." Exactly. With the success of the

lumber trade in this endeavor, other national industries will find means to publish their private advertising ■ government bulletins. The canning trade has had remarkable success in this same way with the Department of Agriculture. Says an official Department of Agriculture publicity story: "American canners are almost universally committed to ■ policy of giving the consumer an honest product conforming to every reasonable regulation, not only because it is the right thing to do, but because it is the best business policy." The Cotton Textile Institute found great help to trade in a National Cotton Week, organized under the auspices of the Department of Commerce. Increasing the number of outlets for cotton is likewise the object of a bulletin just issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which is ■ compilation of "suggestive, informative, and helpful aid to the vacationer, bringing out how cotton can make the vacation more successful." This work of sales research is offered as ■ free publication and will thus be in heavier demand than honest publications which must be bought by the taxpayer because they do not help a trade to sell him something.

The worst aspect of these governmental activities is not in the purely promotional enterprises, but in the twisted scholarship and coolly planned misdirection of public information. Until recent years an Act of Congress prohibited a government bureau's receiving either goods or services free from anyone, and the reasoning behind this enactment was both sound and of practical importance. It was clear that the manufacturer who gives a government officer or bureau free goods or grants of money for apparatus and staff has, or will shortly seek, an inside track in the way of special favors, advance information on new developments, opportunities to correct what his special interests would make him regard as errors or possible misunderstandings in forthcoming publications. Such advance censorship was applied by meat- and fruit-packing interests on at least two publications prepared in the Department of Agriculture; the public was later allowed access to those parts of the publication that were permitted to be printed.

Commercial methanol is synthetic wood alcohol, a deadly poison. In a report from the Bureau of Mines this dangerous substance was practically given a clean bill of health. It was not ■ coincidence that the entire direct cost of the investigation carried out by able scientists in ■ government bureau was paid for by three powerful companies interested in the production and freest possible public sale of methanol. Costs of research plant and overhead staff are in such cases paid for by the taxpayers generally. As is usual in cases where special reports are paid for in this way by commercial interests, and in many cases where the work is paid for entirely out of taxes, the whole study was referred to the interested commercial companies before the public had any opportunity to examine the unmodified findings. There was already ample reason for bias in those findings. There was no likelihood that after being doctored by the firms which paid for the privilege of such preliminary review of the findings, the published reports would insist upon the necessary safeguards to the great number of workers and members of the community at large who would be exposed to the dangers of the poison. Such safeguards, when required, put any product at a heavy disadvantage compared with competing materials of ■ less poisonous nature. Adequate safeguards were, however, not required, and for this prostitution

of the scientific method automobile users and painters, garage workers and other tradesmen who are forced to use varnish, shellac, and paint-remover will pay with their lives in a few cases, and with some part of their health in thousands. Even the conservative *Journal of the American Medical Association*, which usually defends governmental defaults in protection of public health, says of this case, with respect to the general hazard to automobilists: "If precautions and warning in regard to the dangers of inhaling [methanol] fumes from heated automobile radiators are not instituted, it is highly probable that many cases of blindness will result and probably also fatalities."

Senator Copeland of New York is a physician and so presumably interested in the public health. Yet he was among those who, by formal objection, without assignment of reasons, helped prevent action in the Senate on a resolution calling for investigation and report on the circumstances by which the manufacturers had been able in the methanol case to dictate their commercial requirements into the findings of the scientists. Strange indeed that New York's physician-Senator should think the public health less deserving of safeguards than the free, uncensored, and unreviewable approach of corporation advocates to government technical bureaus and officers!

The Bureau of Mines favored the manufacturers with a practical and useful report also in the case of methyl chloride, a deadly poisonous substance used under high pressure in electric refrigerators, which has already snuffed out many lives without warning. Using the prestige of the government's report, which all but a small number of persons would assume to be almost entirely free from bias, a manufacturer of this poison, by careful selection of material and suppression of unfavorable findings, issued advertising which to a non-technical reader or even to a slightly credulous technician appears to prove that methyl chloride was governmentally and officially shown to be a relatively harmless substance, and indeed the last word in efficient and safe refrigerant gases. Since the government issued no public condemnation of this atrocious misuse of its data, as its officers were in all decency bound to do, and as they do not do in these business-like days, the scientists who reported the findings later distorted by commercial interests functioned to all practical purposes as silent partners in a campaign of tricky advertising—and that in a field involving exceedingly serious hazards to the lives of thousands of citizens.

Another major default of our government technical services lies in their failure to recommend laws obviously needed for the protection of consumers. The consumer's own knowledge of food and drug frauds, for example, is totally inadequate to enable him to suggest the proper legal correction of growing abuses, but the Department of Agriculture has the experience of fifty years' research and special technical skill. The department knows that though the advertising may reek with suppressions and falsehoods, so long as food and drug labels are not specifically false, there is no practical protection for the victims of patent remedies for deafness or "debility," of near-antiseptic mouth washes, excessively gritty tooth pastes, vitamin-poor canned goods, and the like. In other parts of the world backward countries cut the claws of the patent-medicine faker by requiring a full disclosure of formula on the label, which itself often suffices to check blatantly false claims—but no such proposal is heard

from the Department of Agriculture, nor any suggestion that there should be legislation making false advertisement punishable to the same extent and in the same way as mislabeling now nominally—but not actually—is; that is, by fine and imprisonment under the Food and Drugs Act. In eight countries there are provisions for the suppression of fraudulent patent medicines which in the United States have never been officially proposed for administrative regulations or enactment into legislation. So far as the effectiveness of food and drug frauds in safely and profitably cheating the consumer is concerned, there might as well be no federal regulatory bureau whatever. This has been true ever since the direction of the bureau was taken from the hands of scientific men and given over to a lawyer-politician to whom the intricate technical and economic problems are as though they did not exist. There have been hundreds of second offenses and some up to the seventh under the Food and Drugs Act, but the severe penalties for second and succeeding offenses required under the act are never applied. An even worse situation exists in the practice of adulteration, which is accepted and legalized by administrative fiat or, more simply, by administrative inactivity. The French government prohibits the use of potassium bromate, which is a poisonous chemical, in the making of bread. The American Food and Drug Administration has not even troubled to examine carefully into the question but has permitted the practice for years as one of the many such adulterations which have the weight of practical and daily use by the whole industry or a major part of it. In the practice of the federal government, long-continued usage sanctions a practice sufficiently to prevent active interference on the part of a regulatory bureau.

Two or three times a year the Bureau of Standards tests nearly 2,000 dry cells from about a score of different manufacturers by an elaborate and costly apparatus specially designed by an able scientist of the bureau. The bureau knows far more about the batteries manufactured in America than any other agency, public or private. Each manufacturer receives free of cost the full test data applying to his own batteries and all the test results on the other makes with the trade names deleted. The taxpayer pays, but business gets the data—and the profits.

Would it not be a more business-like arrangement, and more in the Hoover philosophy, if the rugged chamber-of-commerce spirit of less-government-in-business would provide an industry-owned and industry-supported testing laboratory for this work, leaving the government free to do essential work not only for itself as a consumer but for the millions of citizens who use dry batteries? No government bureau chief has been able to explain why nineteen battery manufacturers should be entitled to more and better service from the government than nineteen million door-bell and flashlight users. If the battery manufacturers and methanol manufacturers insist on secrecy and private negotiations and advance examination of reports on tests of their product, they cannot honestly raise a word of objection to an act of Congress which would prohibit expenditure of public funds or use of any publicly owned plant and equipment for tests, investigations, or researches on which the full findings would not be as freely open to public examination and questioning as the decisions of the Idaho Supreme Court or the record of the ownership of a newspaper or a suburban lot.

Such legislation would be entirely proper and entirely constitutional. The present anti-social and pro-business practices of the departments are pure accretions of administrative judgments, made sometimes by technicians, often by simple-minded bureaucrats of clerical or sales-department background, in a political and economic field in which such narrowly trained and shortsighted persons are exceptionally devoid of qualifications to function. The chiefs of the Bureau of Mines and the Bureau of Standards and the Food and Drug Administration are as little qualified to lay down binding precedents on a point enabling manufacturers to earn a few million dollars in extra dividends and costing the ulti-

mate consumer some billions of dollars annually as any geologist, chemist, physicist, engineer, or lawyer ignorant of economic ideas and of the cost of consumer ignorance and misinformation. Bureau chiefs who believe that whatever scientific research one does for a tooth-paste manufacturer is done rightly at government expense, because one so serves the whole body of taxpayers, are simply unable to function intelligently in a field in which they lack both special training and social interest; it is such training and interest alone which would justify their being intrusted with the final determination of the rights of a hundred million users of goods as against the commercial rights of a few business men.

French Gold and the Balkans

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, October 15

IT is a new Mittel-Europa that France seems to be trying to build these days. Europe, to paraphrase Heine, is the continent that has its future behind it. This is a fancy way of saying that history repeats itself. It does. Once Germany had a Mittel-Europa dream, expressed by the phrase *Drang nach Osten*; now France is close, perhaps closer than Germany ever got, to achieving it. Gold has replaced blood as the chief instrument of this policy—so far.

What does France want in Central Europe? Financial dictatorship? Hardly. Even with the coffers of the Banque de France groaning-heavy with sterile gold, French bankers have been very cautious about loans to Central Europe, except in return for profound political guaranties. Geographical changes? Not so far. France devotes the major share of its policy to maintaining the status quo. War? Certainly not. France got what it wanted by the last war, and has more to lose by a new war than any other Power, except perhaps Soviet Russia.

What, then, does France want? It wants to isolate Germany. So at least is the feeling in Germany following new French maneuvers in Central Europe. France seems to want to build or dominate an east-to-west bloc throughout Central Europe and the Balkans, southeast of Germany, so that in case of eventual direct trouble across the Rhine the other frontiers will be "safe." The idea, if I do not simplify it too much, is to guarantee by political and financial arrangements the forced friendship or neutrality of the states on and beyond Germany's southern and eastern flanks. It is the old, old story of security once again.

France has a pretty good beginning toward Mittel-Europa right now, by its familiar series of military alliances with Poland and the countries of the Little Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia. Can the Little Entente be enlarged to include Austria and Hungary, thus finishing the job? Should this be done, a sort of central Danubian federation under French dominance might arise.

One must be careful not to exaggerate. How can the Little Entente embrace Hungary, the country which it was created to encircle? Political feeling between Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary is still very bad. The Entente has itself been weakened lately by Rumanian flirtation with Germany. But as it stands the Entente is still a very complete and ef-

ficient instrument of French policy. What more is needed?

What might happen is a preliminary step toward a closer attachment between Austria and Hungary. This in itself would profoundly advance the French design. It would make a sort of cripples' alliance under the French thumb that would tend to draw Austria away from Germany, orienting Vienna toward Budapest rather than Berlin. It would be a peg driven into the Danube at Vienna on which future arrangements might be hung. It would counteract any possible *Anschluss* between Austria and Germany. A French-controlled Austria and Hungary, lying athwart Central Europe, would check future German advances in the Balkans. It is highly interesting to note preliminary steps in this direction. There is a continual talk of a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary under French auspices. At Geneva there was proposed a joint commission to deal in common with the paralyzed finances of both Austria and Hungary.

This, however, is to look too far ahead. Already French policy in Mittel-Europa has been active, in two complementary ways: first, help to its allies in the Little Entente, mostly financial; second, pressure on the states normally falling in the German orbit, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria.

Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, the allies, have each received a fairly large French loan, though on steep terms, during the present year. Czecho-Slovakia stood the impact of the German crash in mid-July very well. This is partly because that country is easily the most stable and prosperous of the Danubian countries, since it inherited most of the old empire's industry; also because French money came to the rescue of at least two Czech banks in trouble. Rumanian banks have popped recently like corn in the popper, but so far French help has averted disaster.

Again, French efforts have been incessant, both at Geneva and in direct negotiation, to provide some international framework within which the French allies can sell the glut of surplus grain that smothers them. A new French commercial treaty with Jugoslavia gives preference to a limited quantity of Yugoslav wheat—thus stealing German thunder, because the project closely follows the recent German-Rumanian preferential treaty. Even a Franco-Hungarian preference treaty is being arranged. If Hungary ever is to be absorbed into the Little Entente (which might be a good thing), it is these tactics which will do it. Hungary,

like Rumania and Jugoslavia, lives on its surplus grain. The problem is to make the Czech market big enough and attractive enough to buy it.

Also, French political influence pushed King Alexander to modify the terms of his Yugoslav dictatorship. Something which if looked at a long time under a microscope may be discerned as a constitution has been granted to the Yugoslav people. I do not mean to sneer at this step. Democracy is a dangerous business in the Balkans and the concessions that the king has made to Croat separatism have necessarily to be pretty meager. The motive as far as France is concerned is of course quite clear. For one thing, France likes its allies to be as "democratic" as is reasonably convenient. For another, France would not like to see Jugoslavia disrupted by a Croat revolt in the event of future direct trouble with Germany or Italy.

On the "enemy" side of the fence, French policy is fairly overt. It is to demand political concessions from Austria and Hungary as a price for credits. Austria and Hungary must have these credits. Only France can give them. France has not said that it will not give them. But it has given none of much importance so far. Promises of loans are dangled as bait for complete political submission. In other words, France can keep Austria and Hungary entirely helpless for, if necessary, an indefinite period.

Now it is quite obvious and in fact reasonable that the French are not going to pour gold down the parched and open throats of Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria without adequate political guaranties. You cannot expect France to give Austria a loan unless it is understood that Austria is not going to turn around next moment and jump in the lap of Germany. But did not Austria make adequate political guaranties? Did not Vice-Chancellor Schober give up his projected Austro-German customs union? Even so. But he committed the grave but perhaps unavoidable tactical error at Geneva of forswearing the customs union *before* the Hague court (by an outrageously political decision) declared it to be illegal, and *before* he got the promise of a loan. It had been generally understood that a French loan would be forthcoming as soon as he made his renunciation. He renounced. Then—no loan.

The French reneged. One reason is that the economic crisis is pinching even France and France wants its money, some \$2,500,000,000 of it, at home. Another is the fact that Dr. Schober did not renounce the customs union *in perpetuity*. The adverse decision of the Hague court rests largely on the Geneva protocol of 1922, which expires in 1943. Obviously then, the decision of the Hague court serves merely to postpone the possibility of an Austro-German customs union for twelve years. France is not satisfied.

For instance, let me recall the worst days of the Austrian crisis over the failure of the Credit-Anstalt in mid-June. The French proposed terms. If something had not been done, Austria would have had to declare a moratorium that night. A British banker in Vienna heard the French terms. Instantly he telephoned Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England. Norman on his personal responsibility immediately advanced Austria \$20,000,000. Now, of course, he wants his money back. And now arise again those formidable French terms. What were they? Eternal renunciation of the customs union. Appointment of a French financial controller in Vienna. Agreement to submit in advance to

the Quai d'Orsay all Austrian treaties, commercial as well as political. Obviously, in accepting these terms Austria would practically be sacrificing her sovereignty as a state. But until she does accept them—no loan. Meantime—starvation.

The customs-union project was itself, it is now clear, a maladroitness gesture. True, it was the first great attempt in Europe to circumvent the injustices of Versailles. True, it woke Europe sharply from chaotic economic lethargy. True, it was the first concrete step taken by two European Powers to reduce or eliminate tariff barriers. And, true, it might have been Austria's salvation. Austria is a country created by elimination—a head without a body. But even so the customs-union proposal had unhappy results. The Germans now say that it was intended largely as a diplomatic move to strengthen their hand vis-a-vis France, and as an item in domestic policy against the Nazis. If so, it proves once more that German diplomats are trying to pick up pins with boxing gloves. For the customs union, by agitating the political surface of Central Europe, helped to provoke the Credit-Anstalt crisis in Vienna, which was a contributing cause to the withdrawals of credits which produced the German panic. Moreover, the customs union was the direct cause of the defeat of M. Briand for the French presidency, and if he had been in the Elysée, the seventeen days of dreadful haggling between France and the United States over the Hoover moratorium might not have occurred; and it was this haggling as much as any single factor that brought the toppling German structure down.

The situation in Hungary is not quite so overt as in Austria. Count Bethlen resigned after ten years of power rather than be responsible for a small loan to Hungary of which French bankers subscribed a preponderant share. It is not known whether any political conditions were attached. Perhaps none. One should be careful not to paint the tricolor too black. But Bethlen had based his foreign policy on rapprochement with Italy, and he preferred to get out rather than have to superintend a new development in which French influence, if not actual political pressure, would be dominant. However, Count Bethlen behind the scenes is even now more powerful than the new Prime Minister, Count Karolyi, in front of them.

French apologists will deny any new French ambitions for Mittel-Europa by pointing out that so far France has behaved negatively, has *not* taken the present admirable opportunity for purchasing both Austria and Hungary out of hand. And they will point out what is quite obvious: you cannot plead for new credits for Austria and Hungary and at the same time denounce France for providing them, even on stiff terms.

Just the same, the power of French gold has produced a new situation in Central Europe and the Balkans. A year ago, for instance, people talked about a conflict between France and Italy in Southeastern Europe. That conflict no longer exists. France won it, hands down. Italy still has a foothold in Albania, but otherwise its policy of trying to encircle Jugoslavia, France's ally, has almost completely failed. Even Albania started a flirtation recently with Jugoslavia, and had to be "saved" by an interest-free Italian loan. Bulgaria under the new Malinoff Government is moving, so far as one can tell, away from Italy and toward France.

It remains to be seen if the conversations in Berlin be-

tween Dr. Brüning and Dr. Curtius and M. Laval and M. Briand will have tranquilized the general European situation. If not, French efforts to isolate Germany diplomatically are almost inevitably bound to continue. And scarcely six months ago it was France which seemed isolated! Already, in fact, two new political adjustments are in progress. One is the projected Franco-Soviet non-aggression pact. Russia too wants French credits, but the pact has been held up so far because Russia, in loyalty to Germany, refuses to include Poland, as France wants, in its terms. Russia cannot afford to lose German friendship by guaranteeing the present Polish-German frontier. Second, the perennial negotiations between France and Italy for a naval agreement to complete

the London five-Power treaty have again been resumed, this time with some possible chance of success. Such success would be a good thing for the United States and Great Britain. But in a sense it would be another step toward German isolation. Italy too needs money. Only France today can give money. A loan to Italy or a comprehensive treaty in common with a naval agreement might buy off Italian participation in the German program to revise the Treaty of Versailles. Thus from the North Sea to the White to the Black to the Mediterranean—the power of French gold. What it is seeking to purchase is, in effect, perpetuation of the status quo. At the moment it dominates the European scene.

Mr. Justice Brandeis—75 Years Old

By EDWIN W. PATTERSON

THE social philosopher who dies young attains at best but a posthumous recognition. Fortunate indeed is he who can live to see his earlier insights accepted among the enduring ideas of his generation. Mr. Justice Louis D. Brandeis, on his seventy-fifth birthday, is thus to be congratulated. The dreams which he dreamed in the intervals of busy practice, the social schemes on which he labored in legislature and court, are now living institutions or at least living issues.

His insights were prophetic. Twenty years ago, when workmen's compensation was unknown this side of the water, and even public-utility regulation was decried as dangerous radicalism, Mr. Justice Brandeis publicly advocated that unemployment insurance be reckoned among the costs of industry. The principle has been accepted, to a limited extent, in the establishment of private unemployment insurance; and the advocacy of compulsory or governmental unemployment insurance can no longer be treated as an academic gesture. Tomorrow—if a bull market does not again intoxicate us—it may well become a reality. Meanwhile that dependence on unorganized private relief which Mr. Justice Brandeis thought destructive of the worker's freedom is continued by the sporadic distribution of charity funds. To him systematic protection, accorded as a part of the worker's compensation, seemed more likely to build the kind of society in which we all would like to live.

In 1923 Mr. Justice Brandeis, in a brilliant opinion, attacked the economic soundness of the "present-value" theory of public-utility rate-making, and urged the "prudent-investment" basis. Under the former the rate base fluctuates with the prices of the labor and commodities necessary to replace the company's properties. Under the latter it would remain constant, save for improvements, throughout the life of the property. It is true that the "prudent-investment" theory was advanced as a dissenting opinion, and in 1929 (the O'Fallon case) it was still a dissent. Yet it has won able advocates, and the present depression serves to emphasize the stabilizing effects on the industry which would be produced by a constant rate base. Here are major issues of the day on which Mr. Brandeis has spoken with profound insight.

It is not surprising that the march of events would begin to catch up with Mr. Brandeis's radicalism of twenty

years ago, for the truth is that he never was a radical. His social philosophy stems from Jeffersonian democracy and nineteenth-century liberalism. He has transmuted the values of these cults into twentieth-century liberalism. He has stripped liberty of its eighteenth-century "natural rights" incubus and has filled its nineteenth-century shell with a content of economic freedom. To be free the citizen needs—more than a ballot—a job, a minimum standard of living, a little savings and a little insurance, a sense of security. The law is an instrument of social control to be used in conserving these values.

Before he went on the Supreme Court bench in 1916, he had obtained the establishment in Massachusetts of savings-bank life insurance, which offered the small policy-holder a better return on his money than would ordinary industrial insurance. The plan is still successfully in operation and its usefulness is limited only by the number who will use it. Of Mr. Brandeis's labors for labor much, perhaps too much, has already been said. If he dissented from limitations placed upon the union's weapons, the strike and the boycott, it was because he felt the battle was to the strong and the law should not step in where it could not divide the spoils. That he never supported or encouraged acts of violence or tyranny by labor unions need scarcely be said. His gentler ministrations to the working class is represented by the learning and industry which he lavished upon the now famous brief supporting the abolition of night work for women in factories. He has worked for labor because of a passionate belief in economic and social democracy.

By the same token he has been the defender of the small merchant or manufacturer. These, too, must have freedom, legally protected from the predatory barons of industry. To this end he has favored a strict control, by the Federal Trade Commission, over competitive methods such as "full-line forcing," which tend to crush the smaller rival. At the same time he has sought to uphold the legality of trade associations composed of small and independent manufacturers designed to fix the rules of competition between them. Although his judicial opinions have always been tempered by an unassuming objectivity, one can perceive in them the same preference for technologists over financiers which characterized his earlier utterances. In his exercise of the

judicial function this becomes tolerance for social institutions, legal or non-legal, which tend to protect the independent unit of enterprise.

His pronouncements on civil liberty are too well known to need extended comment. Freedom to speak he regards as a precious constitutional heritage, so precious that we had better be tolerant toward arguments that we loathe than run the risk of damaging this instrument of orderly social change. Here is a faith in the ultimate sanity of the common man as fine as that of Jefferson or Lincoln. Here, too, is an evaluation of civil liberty as an end in itself, a form of individual self-expression. If Mr. Justice Brandeis has not, in his public utterances, gone beyond liberty into the cultural implications of leisure, it may be because he has devoted his own liberty—gained in part through a highly successful law practice—chiefly to politico-social forms of expression.

One may venture the prediction that, when the tumult and the shouting over unemployment insurance or trusts or public-utility economics have died away, Mr. Justice Brandeis's memory will rest most securely on his work as a jurist.

He is no philosopher of vague generalities any more than he is a flouter of judicial technique. Without reading a series of his calm humorless opinions, without being aware of the analytic scalpel with which he cuts into a complex situation, without observing how skilfully he marshals his data into the straight road of legal concepts, one cannot know what a remarkable jurist he is. His mastery of the traditional judicial method would alone give him rank among the great judges of the Supreme Court.

His opinions on questions of constitutionality explore many diverse phases of American civilization. The regulation of interstate railroads, of the weight of a loaf of bread, of maritime employers' liability, of steamship-ticket brokers, the rights of news services in news, the taxation of mortgages and of stock dividends—these by no means exhaust the list. To the undramatic problems of the humble citizen, as in the case of the maximum-bread-loaf law, he devotes the same untiring, dispassionate zeal for facts that he expends on the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Justice Brandeis, on his seventy-fifth birthday, is still, intellectually, the outstanding social engineer of liberalism.

Japan Defies the Imperialists

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

JAPAN cannot understand the widespread outcry from the Western world against its present occupation of Manchuria. Is it not entirely ethical and logical (the Japanese must be thinking) to defend one's interests in foreign lands? Was it not a President of the United States—Calvin Coolidge—who said that the property and person of a country's citizens are "part of the national domain even when abroad"? Has not the United States scores of times given meaning to this principle by intervening in Central America and the Caribbean area? Do not other Powers follow the same principle? Or are the British, for example, planning to construct a gigantic naval base at Singapore merely to give their sailors and artisans employment? Furthermore, was the action of the European Powers in helping themselves to slices of China in 1898, or that of the United States in annexing the Philippines and Porto Rico about the same time, or that of Russia in occupying Manchuria in 1900, less aggressive and imperialistic than the recent intervention of Japan in Manchuria? And what of the division of the World War spoils, in particular the splitting up of the German colonies among the victors? (Japan, it must be remembered, had to give up its share of the booty at the Washington conference.)

The Japanese could ask, and indeed are asking, many questions like these. The Tokio government has stated frankly, and with at least an outward show of sincerity, that in occupying Manchuria it intends to give to its interests and to the lives and property of its nationals only that definite measure of military protection any other first-rate Power would provide under similar circumstances. It has added with equal clarity that it has no territorial or political designs upon Manchuria. We may, of course, suspect Tokio of an ulterior motive, but we must not forget that Washington has put forward precisely the same explanation when-

ever it has found it expedient to send marines into Nicaragua or Haiti or Cuba.

There is no desire here to condone the aggression of the Japanese. They have been marching brazenly down the road of imperialism since 1894. On the other hand, neither the public, though it once took a different view, nor the responsible civilian officials of the Wakatsuki Government can wholly be blamed for the militaristic misadventures that have dragged Japan into the present Manchurian controversy. It has been fairly well established by now that this was the work of the leaders of the militarist clans (the Choshu, representing the army, and the Satsuma, representing the navy) who control the armed forces of the country, and the army and navy ministries as well, and who are responsible neither to the government nor to the parliament, but only to the throne. True, public opinion did support with violent demonstrations the earlier imperialism of Japan. There were riots in Tokio when the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth were published, and further serious disturbances in 1913 when Japanese lives were taken in the revolutionary fighting about Nanking. But in more recent years public opinion has been swinging in the other direction. The slow change in sentiment may be attributed to the senseless and costly occupation of large sections of Siberia by Japanese troops after the collapse of the Russian empire, which aroused almost universal resentment among the Japanese people, to the sympathy of the lower classes for the national aspirations of the Chinese, and to the democratization of Japan resulting from the extension in 1925 of the right of suffrage to all adult male citizens.

Again, if we may judge by its past record, the Wakatsuki Cabinet was probably anxious to bring about an adjustment, satisfactory to both the Chinese and the moderates of Japan, of the Manchurian dispute suddenly thrust upon it

by the militarists. There is perhaps no one in the Far East who knows as well as Foreign Minister Shidehara what Japan's defiance of the League and the Kellogg Pact means to the peace machinery of the world. But the government's position was admittedly difficult. It could not ignore the realities of the situation, the imperialistic course to which previous governments had committed it, or the *fait accompli* with which it was confronted by the militarists in the capture of Mukden. Even then it might have saved a great deal from the wreckage had it been in a position to convince the public that the efforts of Washington and Geneva to resolve the controversy were sincere and disinterested. But the imperialist Powers which intervened in the Sino-Japanese quarrel in the name of world peace came into court with unclean hands, and that fact was not lost sight of by the Japanese public. Japan had not forgotten that thirty years ago these same Powers (though here we must except the United States) were seeking to carve up China with the one hand while holding back the Japanese with the other, and that only ten years ago the Western Powers (this time including the United States) had given their blessing to the 1915 treaties, the logical consequences of which they were now condemning.

The Japanese had learned something of modern economic imperialism early in the nineteenth century, first from the Dutch colonists in the East Indies and from the Russians, with whom they quarreled over trade rights in Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands, and later from Commodore Perry, who, supported by four naval vessels and 560 armed men, entered Uruga harbor on July 8, 1853, to offer Japan a commercial treaty with the United States. But their first disagreeable contact with the international imperialists did not come until after the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95. By the terms of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which ended the war, China ceded to Japan the Pescadores Islands, Formosa, and the Liaotung peninsula in Manchuria. Here Japan's interests clashed with those of Russia, which had marked out the whole of Manchuria as its special sphere of influence. France, Germany, and Russia made representations to the Tokio government, declaring that Japan's retention of the Liaotung peninsula would constitute a menace to the peace of the Far East. Japan agreed to return the territory upon payment of an additional indemnity by the Chinese. Russia promptly got busy, borrowed the money to help China meet the increased indemnity, persuaded Peking to enter into a secret alliance directed against Japan and to allow Russian capital to build a railway across North Manchuria to Vladivostok (the present Chinese Eastern Railway), and then, in 1898, openly negotiated a convention with China whereby Russia was given a twenty-five-year lease ("for the purpose of insuring that the Russian naval forces shall possess an entirely secure base on the littoral of northern China") covering the very territory that the European Powers had in 1895 compelled Japan to surrender. It did not escape the Japanese that the Russian naval base at Port Arthur pointed directly at the islands of Japan. In the same year, 1898, Germany, Great Britain, and France as well acquired leased territories in strategic corners of China, while in 1899 the Russians obtained from Great Britain a qualified recognition of their special interests in Manchuria, to which was added in the following year a statement from the German government indicating that Berlin would not challenge Russia's position.

Thus the maneuvering of the European Powers placed Russia in apparently permanent possession of a strip of Chinese territory that was not only coveted by Japan, but which the Japanese considered a direct threat to their national security so long as it remained in the hands of a rival Power. But this did not satisfy the Russians, and they made the fatal mistake of overreaching themselves in their imperialistic greed. Under the cover of the confusion attending the Boxer uprising, Russian troops occupied the whole of Manchuria. Japan protested with much heat, charging Russia with having violated the "open-door" principle which had just been enunciated by the American Secretary of State, John Hay, in the hope of stopping the partition of China. The United States joined in the protest to protect the "open door," and Great Britain followed, ostensibly for the same purpose but actually for quite another reason. Russia and England had for almost a century been engaged in an intense imperialist war over Asia, and the British were alarmed by this latest Russian aggression. To check St. Petersburg, the British flew into the arms of the Japanese, signed with them the treaty of January 30, 1902, which became the basis of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and so made Japan, against whom the imperialists had combined only a few years before, a partner in the future execution of British imperialist policy in Asia. Eventually St. Petersburg agreed to withdraw its troops from Russia, but failed to do so within the time limit that had been set. The Russo-Japanese War then became unavoidable.

Having quickly and soundly defeated Russia, a first-rate European Power, Japan was at once admitted into that select circle of states whose influence and position must be considered in any international decisions affecting the interests of smaller or weaker countries. In brief, Japan had become an imperialist Power in its own right. The Treaty of Portsmouth transferred Russia's lease of the Liaotung peninsula to Tokio, gave Japan the southern half of the island of Sakhalin, and also control over the southern section of the Manchurian railway, together with all the mining and similar privileges incorporated in the Russo-Chinese railway agreement. In addition, the British hastened to strengthen their alliance with Japan, China formally confirmed the transfer of Russian rights in Manchuria to the Japanese, and the Powers reduced their legations in Seoul to consulates in recognition of Japan's special position in Korea. But the Japanese were still suspicious. They felt that the Treaty of Portsmouth had been forced upon them, and they were particularly resentful of the fact that the Western Powers had not compelled Russia to pay through the nose by indemnifying Japan for its heavy material losses in the war. But not daring to undermine the international prestige they had suddenly acquired, or to endanger their new holdings in Manchuria, they acquiesced in the terms of the peace treaty.

Thereafter, until 1921, the imperialist Powers left Japan to shift for itself in the Far East, although there were a few annoyances against which the Japanese protested most vigorously. These included the exclusion of Japanese immigration from the United States and the proposal of Secretary of State Philander C. Knox to internationalize the Manchurian railways (in the interest of peace, of course). The attitude of the bankers in New York, London, and Paris also annoyed the Japanese, but there is no record of a protest in this connection. The South Manchuria Railway

needed to borrow money for expansion and operating purposes, but the international bankers intimated that the railway was not a good credit risk. Under the agreement between Russia and China taken over by the Japanese, the Chinese were privileged to buy back the railway after thirty-six years, or in 1938, and, more important, the lease on the Liaotung peninsula (at the tip of South Manchuria) was to expire in 1923. The bankers were afraid that the railway would fall into the hands of the Chinese before the loans could be repaid. Japan found a way out in 1915 when the Western Powers were engaged in the greatest of all imperialist wars. China was forced to accept the treaties based upon the Twenty-one Demands, which, while extending Japan's control over Manchuria and Shantung, also extended the lease on the Kwantung area (the Liaotung peninsula) to the year 1997, and Japanese rights in the South Manchuria Railway to the year 2002, and that was the principal thing.

At the Washington conference in 1921-22 Japan came once more into open conflict with the international imperialists. It was compelled to divest itself of most of the gains of the 1915 conquest, and to promise by inference that it

would reform its behavior toward China, but the treaties affecting the Kwantung lease and the South Manchuria Railway came through the Washington debates untouched. When the good friends of China brought up the subject, accusing the Japanese of having compelled China to accept the treaties under duress, the Japanese delegation calmly replied that "if it should once be recognized that rights solemnly granted by treaty may be revoked at any time on the ground that they were conceded against the spontaneous will of the grantor, an exceedingly dangerous precedent will be established, with far-reaching consequences upon the stability of the existing international relations in Asia, in Europe, and elsewhere." The Washington conference was really an assemblage of the World War victors, and they, remembering the circumstances under which Germany less than three years before had been required to accept the terms of the sacred Versailles treaty, quietly agreed that the Japanese were right. But having thus confirmed the validity of the treaties, the imperialist Powers are now in effect denying Japan the right to defend them against what it insists are violations of these treaties by the Chinese.

Schnitzler: A Man Who Loved Life

By OTTO P. SCHINNERER

THE sudden death of Arthur Schnitzler on October 21 came as a shock of surprise to his many friends and eager readers throughout the world. He had an actual dread of death. It was not ordinary fear, as he explained, or the kind of fright he once experienced in an aeroplane when it suddenly dropped into an air pocket. His dread of death was due to his intense love of life. Apart from his many artistic and intellectual interests and human contacts he took delight in even the simplest pleasures life had to offer, the color and odor of a flower, the taste of well-prepared food, the feel of a gorgeous dressing gown, or ■ walk out in the open country. It seemed monstrous and incomprehensible to him that some day all this should cease. Although he had almost attained the Biblical span of seventy, he might reasonably have been expected to continue to live for ■ number of years. With the growing insecurity of life and happiness in Central Europe, however, and with insistent worries of ■ personal sort, he would have faced trying times which he will now be spared.

To the average reader Schnitzler was an almost legendary figure so far as his own person was concerned. Very little was known about him beyond the fact that he was of Jewish extraction, that he had studied, and for a time practiced, medicine, and had then devoted himself to literature. A long series of plays and novelettes, exquisitely embodying the Viennese spirit and delicately and subtly analyzing and portraying the human soul, bore witness to his exceptional ability and his high artistic standards.

During his lifetime Schnitzler resented any publicity regarding himself as an unwarranted invasion of his personal life. That was entirely his private affair, he felt. Nevertheless, in his kindness of heart he occasionally submitted to interviews, only to be deeply incensed at misquotations and blatant errors of fact. In recent years he more and more

acquired the habit of categorically refusing to be interviewed. Only a month before his death he wrote a long letter to a Berlin monthly and a prominent Viennese daily, protesting against an alleged interview with him on his attitude toward the Semitic question, which was given publicity in European and some American papers. He wished to make it clear once and for all that he did not give interviews, that even remarks attributed to him as having been made in private conversation could be considered authentic only when confirmed by his signature, and that he must decline responsibility for every single word and sentence in such accounts.

This desire for privacy manifested itself also on occasions when he appeared in public restaurants and hotels in Vienna or the Austrian mountain resorts. Small of stature and with his striking head and beard, he was easily recognized. Naturally people often stared at him, and this, instead of flattering him, only annoyed him; it was a bad habit, he said, to which Americans were much less given than Europeans. When the present writer once commented to him on the inconvenience to which a famous man is exposed and said that he would personally rather live in obscurity, he smiled and related an anecdote about Sudermann. Because his big black beard always revealed his identity and universally attracted attention in Berlin, Sudermann decided to retire to a small town where he could live anonymously. But when no one there ever greeted him, he felt displeased and returned to Berlin.

Closely related to his abhorrence of personal publicity was Schnitzler's utter lack of vanity. There have been perhaps few authors who were less susceptible to flattery of any kind. Not that he made no demands upon the world. On the contrary, he wanted to reap all the material rewards he could and was most insistent on his rights. An author had to make so many sacrifices, he felt, and be deprived of

so many normal pleasures that in return he was at least entitled to all the material comforts of life which the proceeds from his work would enable him to obtain. The reason an author wrote was partly the personal satisfaction he derived from thus expressing himself, but also the desire to gain a comfortable income.

Despite his lack of vanity, either literary or personal, he took great pains to preserve the records of his life. If they are not scattered or destroyed they will form one of the fullest documentations of a writer's life we have had. There are vast quantities of unpublished material in his home. Not only is the record of his literary creation available in hundreds of plans, fragments, earlier versions, and completed unpublished works, but there is a tremendous storehouse of biographical data. In addition to an autobiography covering approximately the first twenty-five years of his life, a record and interpretation of his dreams, an enormous collection of correspondence, he kept a diary for about the last forty years of his life. This diary, to be sure, is not to be published for fifty years, but Schnitzler did not consider it impossible that it might some day be considered more valuable than his works. How much importance he attached to it is evident from the fact that he kept it in a box in a bank. Finally there is a large amount of secondary source material—first editions of his books, the various translations of them, periodicals and papers in which contributions by him appeared, and a huge collection of magazine and newspaper clippings, carefully classified and filed. Some generous benefactor could do a valuable service, not only for the memory of Schnitzler but for mankind, by providing a sum of money sufficient to purchase and endow the home and its collections as a permanent Schnitzler House.

There are several reasons why Schnitzler was so greatly interested in ordering and preserving his literary possessions. First, he was systematic to the point of pedantry. It gave him an uneasy feeling when everything was not in its right place. On one occasion, when he showed the writer his collection of clippings, he discovered to his great amazement a tiny vest-pocket notebook which contained brief notes for his "Professor Bernhardt," dating back about twenty years. He seemed deeply perturbed and could not explain how it got there. The chief reason, however, that he took so conscientious an interest in his literary remains was a deep sense of responsibility which he not only manifested in all his acts and thoughts relating to his contemporaries, but in this case also felt for posterity. There might some day be some persons still unborn who would come to appreciate him and be like personal friends to him, and to them he owed a debt. Also, he stated that when looking over some of his earlier unpublished manuscripts which were still relatively crude, he often experienced a feeling of shame and felt tempted to destroy or at least revise them, but that he was deterred from doing so. It would have been dishonest in his opinion.

In recent years, especially after the tragic suicide of his daughter, from the shock of which he never entirely recovered, he lived in semi-retirement. He avoided public affairs as much as possible. His hearing was somewhat impaired, although he took pains to conceal it. He was simply bored and irritated to exchange commonplaces in large gatherings. He preferred small intimate circles. He still occasionally attended the theater and the opera and was quite fond of the motion pictures, where his defective hearing was

less of a hindrance. A number of his own works had been filmed both here and abroad and he would not have been at all adverse to writing directly for the films had he been able to market his scenarios.

He was by no means a recluse, nor did he have much spare time on his hands. Scarcely a day went by that he did not have callers or guests for dinner. He had an enormous correspondence, which he always disposed of promptly. In a few hours he would answer a stack of letters for which some other authors would require weeks or months. He personally conducted most of the negotiations concerning translations, theatrical productions, and filming of his works. He was most meticulous and finicking in these matters, which consumed a disproportionate amount of his time and more of his energy and nervous strength. To the very last he took an active part in the production of his plays by coaching the actors at rehearsals, as he did last winter when the performance of his play "Der Gang zum Weiher" in the Burgtheater was perhaps the most notable event of the theatrical season in Vienna. One marvels how he still found time for literary creation.

During the summer he usually left Vienna, spending a month or two in Austrian or Swiss resorts. He went swimming and walking, enjoying himself to the utmost. But he was generally glad to return to the comforts of his own home, which he had occupied for the past twenty years. Here he could obtain the deliciously prepared Viennese food which he valued so highly. There was always wine on his table, but he seldom took more than a sip. His objection to drinking more was characteristic of the man. It was not for moral reasons or considerations of health, but he did not wish to have his senses benumbed in the slightest degree; he wanted to be in full possession of his consciousness at all times. His love of life even affected his attitude toward sleep. He was disinclined to take afternoon naps, for, as he said, quoting from his own works, he did not want to make any advance payments to death.

In the Driftway

IN the course of his long wanderings the Drifter not unnaturally ran across Thomas A. Edison on more than one occasion. The last time he called upon him he found him so deaf that communication had to be by means of a pad and pencil, but the kindness of the man was in evidence then as always. Down to his last day there was something childlike and charming about him. He had, too, the inventor's belief in the complete success of each and every invention. Thus, a few years ago, he offered to a friend of the Drifter's a ground-floor participation in the completed storage battery. Mr. Edison was certain that he had sounded the death-knell of the gasoline automobile, and no one could have shaken his faith in that idea. The Drifter's own most precious recollection of Mr. Edison is his taking Von Helmholtz, the great German physicist, out to West Orange to introduce him to the Wizard, and act as interpreter. Nothing could have been more striking than the difference between these two men—one the finished product of the universities and laboratories of the Continent, the discoverer who accomplished all that he achieved by scientific means

from a completely scientific background; the other a self-made American inventor with so little schooling to his credit that in Europe men would have believed him absolutely unfitted either to invent anything of importance or, indeed, to deal with science. They met as equals; their mutual respect was obvious and moving; they were on warm terms of friendship at once. The Drifter remembers how both of these great men looked at the latest funnel for the phonograph, which at that time still depended upon this form of amplifier. "We know nothing whatever about this," said Edison, "why it is that like the megaphone it increases the volume of the sound." The great German agreed with a nod.

* * * * *

SEVERAL stories of Mr. Edison's earlier life have stuck in the Drifter's memory. He remembers how Mr. Edison proposed to his first wife. He had been courting her in the parlor of a mid-Victorian boarding-house and there seemed to be no other place where they could meet. Again and again Edison came only to find the parlor full of the other boarders. Finally in despair he drew a quarter from his pocket and ticked off in Morse code the sentiments which his ardor would no longer let him withhold. The first Mrs. Edison, so the story runs, was also a telegrapher. She reached forward, took the quarter from Mr. Edison's hand, and ticked the desired answer upon the marble-topped table between them. It was not so long after that a friend, entering Edison's attic room one morning, found him strangely well got up, but wandering up and down his room in more than the usual blue study. He asked Edison what it was all about. Edison replied that he was trying to remember. Some minutes later he burst out with: "Oh, yes, I know now, I'm going to be married today."

* * * * *

THERE are several versions of the next story. The Drifter likes this one best, and gives it in the words of a friend to whom Mr. Edison told it. Edison sold his first invention for \$25,000. Being given an order upon the cashier of the Western Union Telegraph Company for that amount, he astounded that worthy official by asking for it in five- and ten-dollar bills. It took every pocket that he had to dispose of the bundles, and still they came. So he tightened his belt and put the surplus inside his shirt. The next morning when the cashier arrived at his post he found Edison sitting at the door. "What can I do for you, Mr. Edison?" "Take this money away from me. I put it under the mattress last night, but I could not sleep a wink. What shall I do with it?" The cashier took pity, Edison's first bank account was forthwith established, and he was initiated into the mysteries of a check book—he who until then had never seen more than fifty dollars at a time. Doubtless it was hard for him to draw the first check. In later years he drew many, many checks of far larger amounts, for he was wont to squander millions and millions on inventions that failed, like his device for extracting ore, and his Portland cement works, always in the abiding faith that he was just on the point of a discovery to electrify the world. The Drifter feels that a great colleague was lost in Mr. Edison's absorption in his inventing. Otherwise he was a man to have reveled in drifting.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

British Wages

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 14 Maxwell S. Stewart states that in Britain "the labor unions have been strong enough to prevent any adjustment in money wages in spite of a decline in profits." The Ministry of Labor, however, has recorded net reductions in weekly wages since 1921 of well over eleven million pounds sterling. During January-July of this year the same official record (which does not include some of the badly paid trades like the farm worker, domestic servant, and sales clerk, and covers mainly the organized industries) stated that 2,425,000 employees had suffered weekly wage cuts of £312,250.

Turning to real wages and making a comparison over a longer period, G. D. H. Cole, in a careful and conservative estimate based on the same official returns, says that real wage rates are little different in 1928 compared with 1914. But short time and unemployment on a large scale reduce earnings seriously. The workers in the export trades, particularly in mining, are well below the pre-war standard. The miner, when he has a job, is making about 36 shillings a week and the average wage in textiles and pottery is nearer to thirty shillings.

There is more concerned here than a correction of fact. The British workers were promised a world fit for heroes as the reward for their war-time sacrifices. Since 1921 they have been bitterly fighting wage cuts. The national strike of 1926 and the election of Labor majorities to Parliament were protective measures. The workers know that the rentier's share of the national income has increased and was increased more by the return to the gold standard in 1925. It is true that in 1928 the British trade-union leaders met the employers in the Mond-Turner conferences to secure industrial peace, but even this was based in part on a hope of linking the industrialist and the organized workers together against the financial interests, and at the last Trades Union Congress the conferences were formally abandoned. The workers are able to show that wage cutting has already been tried and has brought no improvement. If taxation is heavy on the rich, indirect taxation weighs heavily also on the smaller incomes of the poor.

Katonah, N. Y., October 9

MARK STARR

Boston Refuses Bread

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On Sunday, October 4, the Reverend Paul Noyes, Congregational minister, of 38 Harding Avenue, Belmont, Massachusetts, with five assistants gave out 500 sandwiches to the unemployed men and women on Boston Common at the Parkman bandstand. Everything was donated and as the sandwiches gave out people willingly bought more.

An account and picture of the meeting were published in the *Globe* and *Post* of the following day, and arrangements were made for another meeting at the bandstand on Sunday, October 11. Mayor Curley of Boston, however, has refused to allow any more sandwiches to be given away on the Common. Instead of the meeting planned to give relief to the unemployed on October 11, there was another meeting by friends of Tom Mooney. During that meeting a donation of coffee and 600 sandwiches arrived at the bandstand for the unemployed. Owing to the decision of the Mayor, however, they had to be sent away.

Boston, October 12

PEARL C. SCOTTRON

For Cleveland Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to get in touch with *Nation* readers in and around Cleveland with a view to forming a lively discussion group interested in current social and economic problems. Those interested may communicate with me at P. O. Box 507. *Cleveland, October 26*

S. L. DAVIS

Contributors to This Issue

F. J. SCHLINK, technical director of Consumers' Research, Inc., is coauthor of "Your Money's Worth."

JOHN GUNTHER is Vienna correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*.

EDWARD W. PATTERSON is professor of law at Columbia University.

OTTO P. SCHINNERER spent several summers working with Arthur Schnitzler and wrote the introduction to the latter's "Viennese Novelettes."

ALAN PORTER is the author of "The Signature of Pain and Other Poems."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is on the staff of the *New York Times Book Review*.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is an English writer now living in the United States.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

REPRESENTATIVE OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

Collected with Introductory Notes, by
ALFRED LIEF

Foreword by
HAROLD J. LASKI

Uniform with

THE DISSENTING OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

\$4.50

Boxed with the foregoing \$9.00

*Boxed with the foregoing and "SOCIAL
AND ECONOMIC VIEWS OF MR.
JUSTICE BRANDEIS"* \$13.50

The above volumes may be purchased at all bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue

New York City

Finance

France's Stake in a Sound Dollar

SINCE September 20, when Great Britain went off the gold basis, the Federal Reserve banks have "lost" more than \$700,000,000 in gold through export and earmarking, of which our shipments to France account for more than \$300,000,000. Never before in history has there been such a stupendous movement of the metal across international boundaries. A million dollars in fine gold weighs almost a ton and three-quarters. Actual shortage of cargo space is believed to have limited the export movement at times during recent weeks.

The gold standard was not designed to stand any such procedure. Yet the talk of the United States possibly joining the ranks of nations which cannot pay in gold merely shows how people have taken counsel of their own wild imaginings rather than of statistical fact and economic probability. Various calculations have been made as to the maximum amount of gold which our Reserve banks could lose without violating the legal reserve requirements under which they operate. At the end of September the National City Bank placed this theoretical figure at \$2,000,000,000. More recently, Moody's Investment Service calculated the amount of potential free gold at slightly over \$1,000,000,000.

But it seems entirely probable that long before those limits are approached, the power of foreigners to command our gold will have been exhausted, from a practical point of view. That power is derived from existing bank balances and the sale of bills and other securities (mostly short-term) on our markets. The question has always been, then, whether these assets outweigh our ability to pay gold on demand, and the answer appears to be a conclusive no. Bankers are inclined to believe that France's available assets here are somewhere between \$300,000,000 and \$400,000,000 instead of the more familiar estimate of \$600,000,000. A recent statistical study prepared by Eastman, Dillon and Company, based upon the Commerce Department's compilations of international payments, places the net short-term assets now controlled by foreigners at \$564,000,000.

But to assume that gold shipments would continue as long as any foreigner had a dollar which he could convert is to ignore the fact that the world is not yet ready to wipe out the last vestige of its credit system. Business is still being done between nations—an enormous business by the standards of a generation ago—and money must be borrowed and lent and maintained abroad to finance trade. Except for one recent month, American exports have continued to exceed imports, and the amount of the excess creates foreign balances that may be used to draw back gold, to the extent that this excess is not offset by "invisible" items.

Furthermore, the rather widely held concept of France as a ruthless tyrant of the gold markets, drawing the metal away from other countries to serve her own political ends, fails to take into account the fact that France has balances in other centers than New York, and that a reckless pulling down of foreign currencies would merely add to the substantial losses which the French have already sustained through shrinkage of foreign assets, "frozen" credits abroad, and depreciated exchange rates. The dream of dominating a financially ruined world, if it has found expression in the popular French press, has probably been a nightmare in Paris banking rooms. M. Laval means it when he joins President Hoover in promising to work for stability in the foreign exchanges.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Drama, Films

The Dry Heart

By ALAN PORTER

When the sun passed, who poured around
Comfort over the barren ground,
At whose divine and peaceable gaze
Earth flowered in beauty and shone with praise,
When death had stolen the brave sun
The land was bitterly alone.

And I can swear—for it is I
Whose blooms unseasonably die,
Whose garth is perishing with frost,
Whose ancient, loving sun is lost—
I swear the sun is blood-bereft
And weeps for the dear land he left.

I saw the phantom of the sun,
The white, the cold, the miserable,
The empty phantom of the sun.
This phantom, evil and malign,
The husk and absence of the sun,
The accurst and the inconstant moon,
Told me a glozing and a lie.

This phantom told me that the sun
Was never wedded to my soil
But spread an equal and bright love
On other lands; and other lands
Flower in the sun and laugh with flowers.

I know this fable is a lie.
The round and miserable disk,
The empty moon is the sun's ghost:
The sun is dead.
I see it like a heart grown dry:
The sun is dead.
If it is cold in this gray land
And if the moon above is cold,
If all the Arctic of the sky
Looks down on the Antarctic earth,
I know the sun himself is dead
And nothing of the ancient warmth
Stirs in the dying universe.

The Buried Renaissance

The Brown Decades. A Study of the Arts in America, 1865-1895. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

OF all the historians of our national culture, Lewis Mumford is in many ways the best equipped. He is informed, careful, and scholarly; the range of his interests and knowledge is remarkably wide; his criticisms are always shrewd, and illuminating even when not entirely just, for behind them lies not only a well-considered philosophy of criticism, but a remarkably well-articulated philosophy of life. His style, too, is a worthy medium for his thought. While it lacks a cer-

tain gusto and spontaneity, and gives the impression of being somewhat too premeditated, and while, in spite of this, there are some unfortunate slips in it (I encountered no fewer than four sentences in the present volume, for example, in which the predicates do not agree with their subjects), it is in general smooth, deftly woven, and genuinely distinguished.

Mr. Mumford now returns to a closer examination of the period which he treated more briefly in "Sticks and Stones" and "The Golden Day" under such titles as *The Gilded Age* and *The Pragmatic Acquiescence*—the period which runs, roughly, from 1865 to 1895. He has renamed it, most appropriately, "The Brown Decades," and he has modified his view of it perhaps more than he has modified his title. At least he has greatly changed his emphasis. For this is a record, not of those figures which the age itself regarded as its dominant ones, but of the men and women who quietly fulfilled themselves beneath its crass and often grotesque surface, the admirable architects, engineers, landscape designers, painters, that the age itself underrated or ignored.

After a brief reference to the literary men and women who did not reflect the dominant ideas and interests of their period—to Emily Dickinson, Charles Sanders Peirce, Henry George, Edward Bellamy—Mr. Mumford turns to the non-literary artists with whom he is here mainly concerned—to Frederick Law Olmsted, who not only planned and built Central Park, but recognized all the related elements in a full park program and a comprehensive city development; to John A. Roebling and his son Washington, who conceived the Brooklyn Bridge and brought it to completion; to H. H. Richardson, who began as a "romantic" architect but came more and more to conceive his problems in terms of the inherent nature of the building itself and its relation to society; to John Wellborn Root, who in his stripped, austere design for the Monadnock Building brought the tendencies of Richardson to their logical goal; to Louis Sullivan, designer of the Auditorium Building and of the Transportation Building at the World's Fair, and the great propagandist for the "new architecture," who saw that the whole problem of building must be thought out afresh, and that the solution must be of such a nature that it would apply to every manner of structure, from the home to the factory; to Frank Lloyd Wright, who brought Sullivan's best ideas to actual expression more completely and convincingly than did Sullivan himself, and in whose work "modern architecture in America was born"; and, to make an end, to such painters as Thomas Eakins and Albert Pinkham Ryder, the importance of whose work, particularly as compared with such lionized contemporaries as Whistler and Sargent, is only beginning to be recognized. Mr. Mumford's estimates of all these figures are acute and balanced. One is grateful to him, also, for such incidental rediscoveries as the architectural criticism of Montgomery Schuyler, which seems to have anticipated all that is sound in the somewhat hysterical polemics of Le Corbusier.

Yet "The Brown Decades" as a whole does not quite live up to its broad subtitle, "A Study of the Arts in America, 1865-1895." There is no mention at all, for example, of music, though such well-known composers as MacDowell, de Koven, and Victor Herbert were all active in the period covered, and though Mr. Mumford, in commenting on such figures as Stieglitz, Marin, and Georgia O'Keeffe, brings his treatment of the graphic arts virtually down to the present. Moreover, in attempting to do justice to the neglected figures who created what he once referred to as "the buried renaissance," Mr. Mumford has himself neglected the accepted figures of that age, who were not necessarily unimportant because they were acclaimed by their contemporaries. This, of course, can be considered a fault only if one is looking for a picture of the age

that is at once complete and independent. Given Mr. Mumford's main intention, however—to place the whole sum of achievement of the Brown Decades in a better perspective—his principle of selection is quite justified. Moreover, he fulfils in the present volume what is perhaps the primary function of the critic, who must be first of all not a fault-finder but a virtue-finder. From this standpoint, the present book, in spite of its narrower scope, has a quality somewhat lacking in "The Golden Day." That admirable essay was marred not only by too neat a schematism, but by a certain condescension and lack of generosity, particularly in treating such figures as Mark Twain and William James, a lack of generosity which Mr. Mumford is himself apparently coming to recognize. "Every mind," as he points out now, "has a right to be known by its soundest and maturest expression."

HENRY HAZLITT

Eros in America

A Calendar of Sin. By Evelyn Scott. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. Two volumes. \$5.

NOW that Willa Cather has turned her back on anything likely to prove disturbing, Evelyn Scott emerges as perhaps our most important woman novelist. Her defects are many and exasperating: an idiom which oscillates between the strained and the banal; an inability to select and condense; a tendency to over-rapid composition. In short, she is not a first-rate artist. But she is something just as interesting—a fearless one. There is a convention, still flourishing in England and America, that the woman writer should deal with details rather than with wholes and prefer the touching to the tragic. To this convention Evelyn Scott is blind. As readers of that remarkable novel "The Wave" will agree, her eye turns naturally to whatever bulks large and serious in American life. The keynote of her work is courage, a sober willingness to follow wherever the intelligence may lead. For this reason alone "A Calendar of Sin," unwieldy and diffuse as it is, enlarges the imagination far more powerfully than an idyll of evasion like "Shadows on the Rock."

If not a great book, it has at any rate a great subject—the failure of American love, one of the basic tragedies underlying the national career. To get at the tangled roots of this tragedy the author goes back to the Reconstruction era and compresses into her narrative the broken lives of five generations. That perspective errs which views the collapse of marriage and the tumultuous uncertainty of our sexual conduct as peculiar to our own day. The causes of our erotic bankruptcy, like those of our industrial bankruptcy, lie deep in our history, though they are by no means so easy to disentangle. Similar in their contours, the records of these two failures exhibit the same features of horror, ugliness, bondage, and defeat. In one case the end-product is a paralyzing economic imperialism; in the other—Reno and tabloid murders.

One or two of the characters in "A Calendar of Sin," by a violent suppression of desire, achieve a pathetic, autumnal resignation. One or two evade the issue by fake spiritual wallowing—or by lunacy. The others live out their erotic lives in pain, misunderstanding, and self-deception. Not one individual really gets anything out of love. John Dolan, who devotes his life to making money that he may satisfy his wife's insane whims, attains his final insight into passion by identifying it with disaster—"the curse of all of us . . . the crime of loving someone." Only one of them, old Edwin George, who has sacrificed his high natural intelligence to the grimmest of the gods—the Lares and Penates—has the courage even to imagine the beautiful satisfactions of lust. At the end of his meaningless

career, as he buys a wedding trousseau for his daughter, his heart finally unburdens itself, saying: "I bequeath to my youngest daughter, Laura Josephine, a hatred of all shams—including those by which I've had to live—and, out of the literal poverty in which I die, intelligence, ■ love of love—all to the glory of the flesh!"

What lies at the root of these tragedies? The lives of these men and women would seem to answer, a hysterical over-valuation of the emotion of sex. Particularly during the period which this book covers—that of our industrial expansion—the middle class discovered very few of the many normal outlets of emotional expression. Both the men and the women remained emotional juveniles. The males exhausted their energies in ■ mad economic battle; the females throttled theirs in an attempt at upholding the genteel cultural tradition which their husbands, excusably enough, had no time for. This general emotional starvation resulted in a deifying of the women as the conservers of the national idealism. This, in a way, was intended to compensate for the morally shabby life an industrial pioneer was forced to lead, as far as business was concerned. Also, in the course of a busy life, it became much easier to enshrine women than to understand them. It saved thought and therefore time. The first romantic experience, as a corollary, was overemphasized. It was received by most women and by many men as a sort of revelation of divinity—pleasanter if accompanied by carnal satisfaction, but not to be questioned if it were not. Calf love was taken with utter seriousness—most of the marriages in "A Calendar of Sin" are terribly premature unions—and marriages that should have been dissolved within a twelvemonth were religiously maintained by both parties, even though in so doing they suffered the agonies of the damned. Particularly in the South (most of Mrs. Scott's people are Southerners) where the puritan outlook was reinforced by the chivalric tradition, erotic disaster was inevitable. The morbid canalization of an emotion which is normally mobile and capable of growth and alteration resulted either in self-delusion, frequently to the point of mania, or in stoically accepted misery. And for those doomed ones whose bodies were too much for them, the only way out lay through the red door of violence. Therefore the subtitle of the book—"American Melodramas." Murder, rape, self-mutilation, sadism, and suicide were the necessary products of any society which systematically distorted its erotic energies, confused them with spiritual nostalgias, or brutally sublimated them in the market place.

The final form which this mad sexual conflict assumed was the invisible matriarchate under which we now live. This had its first real development, as the pages of "A Calendar of Sin" show us, in the latter half of the nineteenth century during the era of feverish industrial expansion. The bourgeois, impotent to achieve a mature sexual adjustment to his woman, idealized her. Thus a seemingly significant relationship was established. The diffuse emotion it generated was useful in that it blinded him to the emptiness of his own emotional and economic life. As sophistication increased, this idealization became more difficult. But there still remained the necessity to relate the female somehow to the male career. Accordingly, a connection was made between the bourgeois's economic activity—his nearest approach to a real existence—and his perverted romantic idealism. The woman now became somebody not to adore but to work for. She developed into a sufficient reason for an otherwise meaningless technique of money-making. And in terms of this sufficient reason it is quite possible to interpret much of our apparently unique industrial energy and therefore of the history of the nation in general.

All these knotty and tragic problems achieve concrete meaning, if not complete clarity, in the course of Mrs. Scott's 1,400 pages. No one else has had the courage, or indeed the knowledge, even to attempt them in the form of fiction. It is an

immense and important job and it is all the more regrettable, therefore, that the author has not tackled it supremely well. Had a competent editor worked painstakingly with her over this enormous welter of prose, a great novel might have resulted. It would have been reduced by half. Irrelevant episodes—such as the perfectly fantastic Wild West folderol about Wilbur George—would have been pitilessly cut away. Chunks of sociology and history would have been refined so that the background emerged unforcedly and unpedantically. And Mrs. Scott's English would have been purged of its unfortunate affectations and its frequent shoddiness.

With all its faults, however, "A Calendar of Sin" towers over most contemporary American fiction. There is no evasion in it, no prettifying, no substitution of style for intelligence. It must be read.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Penrose as Symbol

Power and Glory: The Life of Boies Penrose. By Walter Davenport. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

IN 1912 Theodore Roosevelt went about the country denouncing the "Barneses, the Guggenheims, and the Penroses." Inasmuch as he did not become President by his tactics, he might better have spent his time calling down anathema on bituminous coal, the competitive spirit, Christopher Columbus, the Bessemer process, and Henry Clay Frick. He might better have denounced Joe Murray, who got him his first political job by much the same means that Good Time Buck Devlin employed to send Penrose to the Harrisburg of Matt Quay's dispensation.

For the Penroses, as anyone with even a tinge of the gospel of economic determination can see, were merely the highly visible symbols of something that Roosevelt could never hope to kill without radically changing his philosophy and organizing a group from the ground up. This he never did; he was always willing to accept machine help, and up to the last he was willing to dicker with the Penroses and the Boss Bill Flinn's for political preferment. He could not see that Penrose was as much a part of the growth of an economic order as the Carnegie Steel Company or the Knights of Labor—inevitable expressions of actual democracy, the democracy of unequal integers which industrialism breeds. Harold Laski has defined government as a function of the group or groups that are able to make the most effective demands upon it. High tariffs, of which Penrose was the priest, are merely an expression of a "most effective demand." After the retirement of Nelson Aldrich from the Senate, Penrose was chief ambassador of the group able to make the most effective demand at Washington, and all the Sherman anti-trust laws in the world could not nullify that demand.

Mr. Davenport does not consciously see the inevitability of the Penroses, and the inability of the Roosevelts to cope with them. But he has no illusions about the workings of an industrial democracy, and he has the wit to know that Penrose's real foe was not Roosevelt, who could be seduced without realization of it, but La Follette, who controlled, like Penrose, a political machine from the ground up—and a machine dedicated to different demands from those postulated by the Carnegies and the Fricks. Because of this lack of illusion Mr. Davenport conducts no witch hunt; he never condemns the subject of his biography, but is satisfied to expose the workings of Penrosism. And he has a gorgeous time doing it. Penrose, "the last of the great political bosses in America" (as he has been optimistically called), here steps out of the obfuscation which he preferred to monuments, a noble lineage, and a great name. Posterity meant nothing to this gluttonous giant, whose consumption of here-and-now duck and bourbon was Gargantuan; and doubtless he

would have scorned the historian as much as he did the "sniveling masochists" (his own phrase) who wanted to read the details of his father's funeral. But whatever his opinion of historians, he might have approved the spirit of Mr. Davenport's portrait, for Penrose was no hypocrite. He employed no public-relations counsel, and he distributed no bright dimes. Quite frankly he believed that the strong should rule, and for the plain people who let themselves be mulcted he had nothing but contempt. Morality, he often said, was a device of the weak to trap the strong. Personally he flouted it, and in this book he displays a mud-lust that would have made the reputation of a dozen serious Satanists. He spit where he pleased, he said what he pleased, he got drunk when and where he pleased, and the good people of Pennsylvania, either through their legislature or by direct vote, sent him to the United States Senate from 1897 until his death in 1921. Only once did his habits boomerang upon him, and that was in 1895, when an enterprising photographer snapped him as he was emerging from a brothel at dawn. Threatened publication of this picture kept him from running for mayor of Philadelphia, his home town. Unfortunately, this was the one position he had set his heart upon.

Was his cynicism, his desire for power merely because it gave his huge frame something to do, a part of the natal Penrose? It would take considerable search of the man's adolescence to determine the truth of the matter. And how much, actually, did the defeat in the mayoralty campaign have to do with the molding of the Penrose of 1920, who was a moving spirit in the Senatorial Soviet that saddled a tired country with the Ohio Gang? Mr. Davenport is unable to tell us.

Yet these facts are needed if we are to understand the inner evolution of a scion of the Penroses and the Biddles into the ward politician writ large. And much more is needed for the perfect Penrose biography. When this perfect book is written, it will include a great deal more than Penrose, who will dominate it merely as a symbol. It will begin with Simon Cameron and Matt Quay, go deep into coal, steel, railroading, and traction, and their impact upon a pastoral democracy, explore such interesting matters as the rise of the Vares, tell us why, around 1912, "bossism" began to lose visibility (it hasn't disappeared), and, in general, be the story in essence of expansive America. Such intimate matters as the Archbold letters, which linked Penrose with Standard Oil, will have to be set forth in detail. Henry Hart thinks the cleverness with which Boies deflected the stream of oil toward Roosevelt the key to Penrose's skill as a politician.

But Mr. Davenport does not pretend to have written anything more than a lively and diverting portrait. And when the perfect Penrose biography is written, Mr. Davenport's garner of anecdote, philosophy, and incident will be the salt to give the greater work its savor.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. Gerhardi Confides

Memoirs of a Polyglot. By William Gerhardi. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

MR. GERHARDI was the son of an English cotton manufacturer who had settled in Russia; he was brought up in St. Petersburg, served during the war on the British military mission in Siberia, and with the publication in 1922 of "Futility" graduated into the class of promising younger novelists. His autobiography describes the three phases of his career in about equal proportions, beginning with a fourteen-page discussion of his ancestry and working up to an appropriate and triumphant climax in the shape of a lecture tour in America; it is adorned with eight photographs of the author, illustrating different stages of his meteoric rise.

In an age of spiritual confusion autobiography is a most useful form of expression, even when the author can only formulate his problems without suggesting any mode of escape. Unfortunately those writers whose confessions would be most valuable are precisely those who find it most distasteful to expose themselves in public; one would sacrifice much to have the autobiography of T. S. Eliot, but we must content ourselves instead with objective statements of his beliefs, beneath which the all-important personal factor is scrupulously hidden. Sick souls will derive little comfort from the memoirs of Mr. Gerhardt. He makes a show of emptying his pockets, and his candor extends so far as to describe the numerous compliments which he has received from well-known personages and the women, equally numerous, with whom he has slept. But the ultimate Gerhardt, if he exists, remains hidden; as he describes himself, he is an adventurer, wholly extroverted, who vastly enjoys the contemplation of other people's eccentricities and his own triumphs; he swallows experience with the gusto and the superficiality of a schoolboy.

This is a very amusing book. The descriptions are vivid; and anyone with the slightest trace of snobbery will enjoy the last two hundred pages, in which we are taken to tea parties and dinner parties with the great. Mr. Gerhardt gives just those little intimate details about H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw and D. H. Lawrence which everyone likes to hear; and he rarely displays malice—though Hugh Kingsmill will hardly be grateful for the statement that he is the original of the philanderer in "Pending Heaven." Most readers, however, will be a little nauseated by Mr. Gerhardt's vanity; and the book confirms the impression made by his last two novels that he has few undeveloped potentialities and is unlikely to improve on "Futility" and "The Polyglots."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Life and Continuity

Life: Outlines of General Biology. By Sir J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. \$15.

IT is a pity that the publishers of this book had so little confidence in the public taste that they set its price at the high figure of \$15, and that they did not even bother to print an American edition but imported the pages from England. For here is a work that is deserving of the widest possible sale, a work written for popular understanding without pandering to popular prejudices. Without detracting from the merits of Messrs. Wells and Huxley's "Science of Life," it may be said that this work is far superior to it. Indeed, as far as the reviewer is concerned, he frankly confesses that he finds it difficult to overpraise the book, so ideal are both its conception and its execution.

We know what it is to find an inspiring teacher—not one who scintillates with the false glamor of vaudeville stunts, but one who is exuberant and infectious with the enthusiasm of genuine knowledge. The qualities of such a teacher are difficult to carry over into the printed word. But here we have two mature teachers who are as persuasive in print as they are by word of mouth, and who combine detailed scientific knowledge with a mellow philosophic grasp of the whole.

This philosophic grasp of the whole is particularly necessary in expounding a science so close to man as is biology. If man were not so similar and yet so different from other animals, biological knowledge could be expounded without the danger of half-truths. But as it is, a subtle "biologism" pervades even the most accurate and the most conscientiously written biological treatises. Messrs. Wells and Huxley have not

avoided it. But Messrs. Thomson and Geddes have deliberately set themselves on guard against it. They have incorporated special philosophical sections on the relation of psychological and biological categories and on the place of biology in the human scheme of things—sections which are extremely worth while on their own account, but which serve at the same time to protect the biological truths against unconscious error and false suggestion. And on every specific problem which has relevance to human affairs, the authors have brought to bear a wealth of educational and ethical insight springing from their experience not alone as biologists but as men. A striking case is the treatment of eugenics, which achieves a rare quality of intellectual sanity without loss of enthusiasm for the betterment of the race.

In addition to philosophic balance, the authors have achieved a balanced organization of their scientific subject matter and a style which expresses the content. They have not padded their work with hair-raising tales of the evolutionary adventures of life, but they have kept all their concrete material in line with their systematic principles. On this account nobody will be able to say of the book that it reads like a novel—an insipid compliment which is equivalent to praising a lion for resembling a bird. But the work reads without effort, and at times, when the content allows it, the language rises to great sensual beauty.

The first volume begins with a definition of biology and a preliminary discussion of the characteristics of living organisms, characteristics which open up various lines of inquiry. There follow two long chapters (each a fair-sized book in itself) on ecology, or the interrelations of life and environment, and physiology. Then comes a chapter on reproduction and sex, which is distinctive on several grounds. First of all, the authors have made the subject their own ever since their first joint book on "The Evolution of Sex" in 1889. Secondly, they are peculiarly well qualified to bring together the highly analytic material drawn from so many sources with the aesthetic and romantic qualities that develop not only in the human sexual relationship but in lesser degree at various points on the biological scale. It is in this chapter that the authors develop their case for eugenics, although they return to the theme in a later chapter on Biology in Its Wider Aspects.

The next chapter, dealing with the bio-psychological approach to the phenomena of life, is quite a novelty in a treatise on general biology. Although the central message of biology is the idea of continuity, and continuity or kinship is a twofold relationship, yet most biologists have interpreted the sweep of life in a downward sense alone, always seeking to "reduce" human and mental phenomena to the biological and the biological to the physico-chemical, as if the lower categories were somehow more real, more fundamental than the higher. But to understand, for example, the relationship of instinct and consciousness, it is necessary to trace the kinship in both directions—to realize that instinct is unconscious consciousness and that consciousness is a subtle flowering of instinct. It is to the great credit of Messrs. Thomson and Geddes that they have been faithful to the biological idea of continuity, and that without identifying either the higher with the lower or the lower with the higher, they have stressed the kinship of the conscious and the organic, and the impossibility of explaining either one by the abstract principle of mechanism.

The final chapter of the first volume is devoted to organic form and architecture and prepares the way for the treatment of the developmental and evolutionary aspects of biology which, together with the human and philosophic problems of biology, form the content of the second volume. The chapter on the development of organisms is fascinating in the extreme, and it recounts many facts not ordinarily available, as for example the error in the common interpretation of flowering plants. As regards the chapters on evolution, the fact that one of the

THE PUBLIC PAYS

A Study of Power Propaganda

by

ERNEST GRUENING

Author of

"MEXICO AND ITS HERITAGE"

How the power interests of this nation have attempted to debauch public opinion through pulpit, press, school, college, radio and forum.

\$2.50

At all bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue

New York City

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

A Story of Ancient Israel

By **LOUIS WALLIS**

The first novel based on the critical, or scientific, interpretation of Hebrew history, showing in concrete form how the religion of the Bible developed without miracle through a great struggle for social justice and international peace.

From Prof. Lewis B. Paton, Hartford Theological Seminary:

"The first Biblical story that I have seen that has behind it sound critical and historical knowledge. A story that is consistent with history, and that gives a true picture of the times with which it deals."

From the National Jewish Ledger:

"Presents to us that world which we have always wanted to penetrate and to know and could not. Makes it real and intelligible."

\$2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK

authors is a neo-Darwinian and the other a neo-Lamarckian has guaranteed an exceptional fairness to both of the rival explanations of the evolutionary process.

We have already mentioned the general sense of the philosophic and humanistic chapters. Space forbids us to discuss them at greater length, except to say that there is a veritable treatise of sociology (drawn evidently from the ideas of Geddes) to be found in the two final chapters of the work.

A book like "Life: Outlines of General Biology" will help to dispel the fear that our age of scientific specialization will degenerate into a Tower of Babel, in which one specialist will not be able to understand another and the public will understand nobody. Messrs. Thomson and Geddes have shown that specialization does not preclude synthesis and fusion with a cultural background, or educational popularization before the wide public.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Notes on Fiction

The Hero. By Alfred Neumann. Translated by Huntley Paterson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

The hero of Alfred Neumann's latest novel is a counter-revolutionary gigolo-gunman thrown against a background of post-war Germany. His assassination of the revolutionary Prime Minister supplies the action for a story that is handled with much of the same skill Herr Neumann employs in his historical romances. The motivation of his hero, however, is somewhat synthetic; one feels that Herr Neumann, after he makes his hero commit a crime, simply wallows in psychoanalysis. In other words, the poor little gigolo-gunman cannot carry the heavy load of guilt-consciousness that Herr Neumann has placed upon his shoulders. Of course he goes crazy, and when he does, Herr Neumann has a perfect right to say anything he chooses about him. Perhaps the intention behind the novel was no more serious than to give us a new kind of murder-mystery thriller in a Middle European environment.

The Loving Spirit. By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

The spirit of Janet Coombe, born 1811, dominates this sentimentally romantic novel of four generations with a fifth putting in its appearance in 1928. Thomas Coombe, Janet's husband, is a humdrum kind of man and all the children take after him except Joseph. The love of mother and son dominates the middle part of the book and is heightened to such a degree by incident and description as to seem wholly incredible. Joseph is a wild, Byronic sea captain of a hero and it is his untamed spirit, inherited from Janet, which passes into the two young cousins, the contemporary lovers, who unite to carry on the loving spirit. The title is taken from Emily Brontë; and each of the four parts of the volume is headed by long quotations from her poetry. But nothing could be further removed from the mind and temper of the creator of "Wuthering Heights" than the sentimental heroics of this naive romance.

Precious Porcelain. By Neil Bell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Probably most novelists have flirted with the idea of writing a detective or mystery story containing all the usual elements of horror, suspense, and psychological significance, which should deal with real people in place of the mechanical shades to be found in the usual run of such fiction. Mr. Neil Bell has attempted something of the sort, and the result is a formless, oddly reading tale which fails to hang together but which is often stimulating for all that. The tone is sometimes reminiscent of George Birmingham at his best and again of Aldous

Huxley. The plot, which is concerned with a series of mysterious events occurring in a small English cathedral town, does not begin to take shape for the reader until he is two-thirds through the book—causing him some bewilderment. Meanwhile there are some excellent (and quite irrelevant) discussions on contemporary philosophical and religious trends. Among the books which this freak story calls to mind are J. B. Priestley's "The Old Dark House," Claude Houghton's "I Am Jonathan Scrivener," and Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The novel is a queer mixture. But although the reader may be tempted to drop it again and again, it has a quality which induces him to return to it until he has finally arrived at the bitter end.

Drama

Satire and Dulness

WHEN one of our very able but canny playwrights was asked why he did not cultivate the satiric form, he is said to have replied that satire "is what closes on Saturday night." If this generalization is justified then more's the pity, but it happens that the past week has revealed two examples of the genre whose disappearance would be something less than an irreparable loss. "The Sex Fable," at Henry Miller's Theater, and "Wonder Boy," at the Alvin, both exhibit an almost grim determination to be satiric, but both achieve something which is, if possible, more fatal to satire than to any other form—namely, dulness.

The first is translated from an enormously successful French comedy called "Le Sexe Faible," and if the unparalleled stupidity of the transliterated title may be taken as an indication, then some part of the flatness of the play may be attributed to a peculiarly wooden translation. But in any event and whatever the cause, the play is languid where it ought to be sprightly and ponderous where it ought to be bright. If it was sparkling in the original it has suffered a sea change while crossing the Atlantic, for in English its jests explode with the force of a wet firecracker and its epigrams, like a wounded snake, drag their slow length along.

All about the modern woman and the way in which man has been forced to change roles with her, it concerns itself chiefly with the gigolos—both professional and amateur—who now discover themselves in the place once occupied by the belles. They find to their despair that though many are willing to keep them, eligible women shy off from matrimony for the same reason that jolly bachelors were wont to do in the good old days when it was woman's business to get married as soon as she could and man's to keep single as long as possible. But though the possibilities of this theme are obvious enough, it would seem to be most suitable for farce, burlesque, or even vaudeville; whereas, in the present instance, a kind of gravity keeps creeping in to make one wonder whether one ought to laugh with its sponsors or at them. Doubtless a producer finds it impossible not to take seriously even a farce when it has run for more than two years, but that is no reason for playing it as though it were by Ibsen. "The Sex Fable" is not "Hedda Gabler," or even "The Pillars of Society."

As for "Wonder Boy"—a tale of the movies and of how a giant of the industry got a hunch that he could make a star out of a particularly dumb youth who wanted only to go to dental school—it rushes to the opposite extreme. Jed Harris, its producer, has earned a reputation for vigor, and in a play like "Broadway" his virtuosity was able to triumph over a rather commonplace script; but in the present instance nothing commensurate with the sound and the fury seems to emerge.

SEX HOSTILITY IN MARRIAGE

By TH. H. VAN DE VELDE, M.D.

Formerly Director of Gynecological
Clinic of Haarlem, Holland. Translated
by Hamilton Marr, M. A. (Cantab.)

author of

IDEAL MARRIAGE

This is the 2nd volume of Dr. Van de Velde's
trilogy, of which *Ideal Marriage* was the first
352 Pages Illustrated \$7.50

"A book, rich in knowledge, from
which many a lesson may be learnt. It
may be recommended to doctors and
educated laymen for serious study,
bringing, as it will in many cases, help
and preservation."

Prof. DR. A.H.M.J. van ROOY

LIST OF CONTENTS

FIRST SECTION

The Origin of Hostility in Marriage

- CHAPTER I.—Introduction: a Dramatic Sketch.
- CHAPTER II.—Primary and Secondary Sexual Aversion.
- CHAPTER III.—The Contrast between Masculine and Feminine. Part I. Typical differences. Masculine Characteristics.
- CHAPTERS IV.-V.-VI.—The Contrast between Masculine and Feminine. Part II. Feminine Characteristics. Emotional Capacity. Vulnerability and Plasticity. Maternal Instinct.
- CHAPTER VII.—The Contrast between Masculine and Feminine. Part III. Sexual Physiological Differences and their Psychological Significance.
- CHAPTER VIII.—From Specific Aversion to Antagonism in Marriage.

SECOND SECTION

Prevention and Treatment

- CHAPTER IX.—Introduction. Apologia of Marriage.
- CHAPTER X.—The Choice of a Partner. Part I. Love and Common Sense.
- CHAPTER XI.—The Choice of a Partner. Part II. The Circumstances.
- CHAPTER XII.—The Choice of a Partner. Part III. Health.
- CHAPTER XIII.—The Choice of a Partner. Part IV. The Character.
- CHAPTER XIV.—Insight and Adaptability.
- CHAPTER XV.—Importance of Practical Erotic Knowledge in Marriage.
- CHAPTER XVI.—Treatment.
- FINAL SURVEY EPILOGUE
- APPENDIX—42 Illustrations taken from Life and Works of Art.

COVICI · FRIEDE, Publishers

386 4th Ave., New York City

Please enter my order for

.....copies of SEX HOSTILITY
IN MARRIAGE at \$7.50 the copy.

.....copies of IDEAL MARRIAGE
at \$7.50 the copy.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Check Enclosed.....

Name.....

Address.....

(S N I)

SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY AND TOMORROW

A Series of Four Lectures by

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

(Twice Visitor to Russia—in 1922 and 1931)

On Thursday Evenings, 8:15 o'clock

Nov. 12—*Introduction—Personal Impressions and Experiences.*

Viewpoints and standards. Contrasts and contradictions. Progress in Russia after nine years. The people and the scene in city and country. Is the government a tyranny? Are the people happy? Is Russia utopia or hell?

Nov. 19—*The Five-Year Plan—Will It Succeed?*

What is the Plan? What do we mean by Success? What price success? Propaganda. Workers and peasants. The collectivization of the farms. The goal—and beyond!

Dec. 3—*Aspects of Life in Russia Today.*

Marriage and divorce. Children and the home. Education. Religion. Work and play. Crime and punishment. The fate of the intelligentsia.

Dec. 10—*Russia and the Future.*

Menace or Promise? Is Russia preparing war? Will Russia destroy capitalism? Are the Bolsheviks the new barbarians? Or are they the builders of the future? The challenge at this hour. What shall we think, and do?

At The Community Church now meeting at

TEMPLE BETH-EL—Fifth Avenue and 76th St.

Single admissions, 50 cents; course tickets, \$1.50;
a few front reserved rows, \$1.00.

Apply, Church Office, at East 76th Street

Obviously he has flung himself upon the rather labored text and gone at the audience with a "Laugh, damn you, laugh" in his heart, but the play is mangled by the elaborate machinery of its staging and drowned in the noise of the all too vociferous playing. There are ten scenes in the first act alone, and a prodigious hubbub throughout the entire evening. Lights flash on and off, telephones ring, loud speakers blare, stenographers rush madly about, and the principal players risk apoplexy at quarter-hour intervals. Indeed, there is so much frenetic activity that a kind of hysteria seems at moments to communicate itself to the audience, but I doubt if even those who laughed were really moved by mirth or got much pleasure out of the evening. When it was over I could think of little except the fact that the whole production seemed to me to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Harris's strong-arm methods with the drama.

In theme and general technique "Wonder Boy" bears a certain resemblance to the ill-fated "Man on Stilts" which came and went at the beginning of the season, as well as to earlier plays like "God Loves Us" and other attempts to apply a more or less "expressionistic" technique to satire on contemporary life. Most of these have been unsuccessful, but I hesitate to conclude therefrom either that contemporary satire is impossible or even that the technique is inappropriate. It may be only that in each instance the author has chosen an all too obvious subject. The business of satire is to reveal the hidden absurdity in accepted things and not, as these playwrights seem to suppose, to belabor the most patent and recognized grotesqueries of our civilization. Perhaps plays about fake heroes and about the moving-picture industry usually fail merely because no one can make these things funnier than they already are. It is as useless to burlesque the clown as it is to paint the lily.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.

Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.

Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.

Hamlet—Broadhurst—W. 44 St.

Here Comes The Bride—Chanin's 46th St.

If I Were You—Comedy—41 St. E. of B'way.

Lean Harvest—Forrest—49 St. W. of B'way.

Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.

Payment Deferred—Lyceum Theatre—45 St. E. of B'way.

Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.

The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.

The Constant Sinner—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.

The House of Connelly—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.

The Left Bank—Little—44 St.

The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.

The Sex Fable—Henry Millers—124 W. 43 St.

The Roof—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.

Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

Films

With Benefit of Garbo

"SUSAN LENOX" (Capitol Theater) is a conventional Hollywood film which has the good fortune to star the incomparable Miss Garbo. The picture has a few unusual merits. For one thing, it employs melodrama without entirely sacrificing conviction, so that even though a movie storm, liquor, and a quite typical villain conspire at an attempted rape of innocence it still seems likely. What is much more important, the best part of the picture from the point of view of both acting and directing is its portrayal of first love. Here is more good pantomime and much less bad dialogue about love than we have come to expect from the movies since they learned to talk. And even though Clark Gable and his dog seemed to me a little fatuous (the dog, of course, is blameless), the action up to the parting of the lovers is swift and moving. From here on the common Hollywood sins are committed, largely through misplaced emphasis. The development of Susan's character which plays so important a part in the book becomes a short series of shots leading up to what are evidently the highest wages of sin—a New York penthouse for which an Irish politician pays the rent. The penthouse scenes are treated at great length in the typical movie manner. They are followed by an even more conventional movie set, the Central American dance hall to which Susan finally comes in search of her sweetheart. The sweetheart, as usual, is in that mysterious "interior" whence so many movie heroes have returned, alas, unshaven, thirsty degenerates. The story ends with a clean shave, unmistakable first step toward regeneration. The photography is excellent

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES □ DEBATES □

MAURICE SCHWARTZ in
A Comedy for Cultured People
"IF I WERE YOU"

By Sholem Aleichem
"... it has a simplicity and sincerity which is genuinely charming."
—Joseph Wood Krutch
COMEDY THEATRE 41st St. E. of Broadway
Evenings, 8:40. Best seats, \$2.50
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Penn. 6-3558

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

Composed of 3 plays
"Homecoming," "The Hunted," "The Haunted"
All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:15 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
PRICES: Orch. and Mezzanine \$8. Balcony, \$5, \$4, & \$2 (Includes 3 plays)
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS
GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S

The CHIMES of NORMANDY

with ROY CROPPER, VIVIAN HART, EDWARD NELL, JR., VERA MYERS, DETMAR POPPEN, HERBERT GOULD, ROBERT CAPRON
2 Weeks Beginning Monday, November 16—Seats Now
VICTOR HERBERT'S "NAUGHTY MARIETTA" with Ilse Marvenga
Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.
ERLANGER THEATRE, West 44th Street, PENN. 6-7963.

Most Sensational Play of the Year!

MAE WEST

in THE CONSTANT SINNER

"As sound and respectable as Belasco's 'Lulu Belle'."
—Joseph Wood Krutch in The Nation

ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40
Mats.: Wed. & Sat.

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. & 8th Ave.
PENN 6-6100

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; Evenings, 8:30

"Represents the American theatre at its best."—Atkinson, N. Y. Times

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

"The Left Bank" is a part of the American ... a spectacle
... novel and familiar."
—Krutch, The Nation
'A better play than 'Street Scene.'"
—Ruhl, Herald-Tribune

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

The SEX FABLE

A Comedy by EDOUARD BOURDET

with

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL RONALD SQUIRE

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 W. 43rd Street
Evenings at 8:30 sharp Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

PAYMENT DEFERRED

A New Play by Jeffrey Dell

with CHARLES LAUGHTON

LYCEUM THEATRE 45th St. E. of Broadway
Evenings 8:30 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

EUROPA 154 W. 55 Street. Cir. 7-0129
Cont. Noon to Midnight Popular Prices
2d BIG MONTH — LAST WEEKS

The Romantic German Screen Operetta

DIE LINDENWIRTEN VOM RHEIN

("The Inn at the Rhine") The only worthy successor to "Zwei Herzen"
11:30 to 12 Daily Robert Stolz Musicals

DEBATE

NOV. 8th
SUNDAY 8:30 "Is Capitalism Worth Saving?"
HON. HAMILTON FISH, JR., vs. CHARLES SOLOMON
Says "Yes" Says "No"
Brooklyn Forum—Brooklyn Academy of Music
30 Lafayette St. Flatbush
Tickets are still available—25c—50c—\$1.00 at Box Office—Rand Book Store,
7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C. Tel. ALgonquin 4-4620
Nov. 15th—SYMPOSIUM ON "RUSSIA"
H. V. Kaltenborn, Matthew Woll, Norman Thomas, Geo. S. Counts

A Clearing House of Opinion THE GROUP Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.
Tuesday, November 10th, at 8:30 p. m.

IRMA KRAFT will speak on:

"YESTERDAY AND TODAY IN ART AND DRAMA"

This Sun. aft. at 4:30 p. m. IRMA SIMON, speaks on: "DOMINANT
WORLD TENDENCIES—Ford—Einstein—Tagore"
(Weekly notices on request) Tea Served

The Institute of Arts and Sciences

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

Specialist in Foreign Relations

November 8 "The New South America"

VACHEL LINDSAY

Popular American Poet

November 10 "New Poems and Old"—Readings

JONAS LIE, N.A.

American Painter

November 11 "The Modern Spirit in Art"

HAROLD NOICE

Ethnologist, Explorer, Photographer

November 12 "Red Majesty" (Illustrated)

MUSICAL ART QUARTET

Well-known Chamber Music Ensemble

November 14 Concert

Members Annual Ticket (\$15) Admits to More than 150 Events
Throughout the season—mid-October until April 1—the Institute offers a well-balanced program of evening events—lecturers, concerts, plays, and recitals at the McMillin Academic Theater, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th Street.

YOU MAY BECOME A MEMBER

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

7 E. 15 St.

AL-4-3094

THOMAS L. CHADBOURNE

Organizer of International
Sugar Conference

"How Far Is Planned Production Possible
Under Present Conditions"

Monday, Nov. 9, 8:30 p.m.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Columnist and Actor-Producer

"The Future of the Theatre"

Thursday, Nov. 12, 8:30 p.m.

PETER MONROE JACK

"Leading European Novelists"

Wednesday, Nov. 11, 7 p.m.

ADELE T. KATZ

"Music in a Changing World"

Studio-Lecture-Recitals

Fridays, 8:30 p.m.

Single Admission to Lectures—50c

Write, phone or call for further information

Pronunciation

Bad pronunciation is a serious handicap in every business or social circle. Correct your pronunciation by Webster's Collegiate.

Vocabulary

Build the comprehensive vocabulary that is worth so much by daily reference to the 106,000 words in Webster's Collegiate.

Definitions

Sure knowledge of words and their exact meanings is offered in clear, authoritative explanations in Webster's Collegiate.

Synonyms

Exactly the right word for every purpose is indicated in the full synonym treatment contained in Webster's Collegiate.

Word Usage

Why let blunders in your speech and writing put you at a disadvantage? Webster's Collegiate is a sure guide.

**Just the Facts You Need
Are Yours Instantly in**

Webster's Collegiate

It contains a full vocabulary of 106,000 words, with definitions, etymologies, pronunciations, and indications of proper use—a dictionary of Biography—a Gazetteer—a special section showing, with illustrations, the rules of punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.—Foreign words and phrases—1,256 pages—1,700 illustrations.

The Best Abridged Dictionary

because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"—Webster's New International Dictionary. Thin-Paper Edition: Special Merriam Cloth, \$5.00; Fabrikoid, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50.

Purchase of your book-seller or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information and free specimen pages.

**G. & C.
MERRIAM
CO.**

**Get
The
Best**



**NO. 100
Broadway
Springfield,
Mass.**

throughout. Photography and, in fact, all the mechanics of picture-making are usually done well in Hollywood.

By far the most important thing in the film is Miss Garbo herself, beautiful, mysterious, world-weary, the envy and despair of debutantes, shop girls, and other movie actresses. Her range is not wide. In the present picture the early role of young innocence is not constantly sustained. Yet she never grows tiresome, even in tiresome roles, probably because, unlike most of her rivals, she has personality and intelligence as well as physical beauty, and these make her acting consistently interesting. It is unfortunate that Miss Garbo continues to draw such banal stories. She deserves first-rate plays which would test her abilities instead of merely showing off her charms. Also, she has yet to find the perfect leading man. Clark Gable has no subtlety, either of action or voice. In contrast to Miss Garbo his acting seems more gauche and his voice more parrot-like than they really are.

"Das Flötenkonzert von Sans Souci" (Cosmopolitan) and "Eine Freundin so Goldig wie Du" (Tobis-Vanderbilt) are just two more second-rate German movies which, in my opinion, are incomparably worse than second-rate American pictures. "The Flute Concert of Sans Souci" is a heavy piece about Frederick the Great. The photography is bad, and interminable talk for the most part takes the place of action. The one episode which might have been exciting, a horseback ride (Hollywood does this superbly), is badly muffed. The other picture, a comedy, abounds in humor of the practical-joke variety, quite unmotivated and very lumbering. Its action, like its humor, is abundant but slow. For reality and speed and general gaiety the Silly Symphony on the same program, "A Cat's Nightmare," is much the superior production.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Now it can be told!

Read the STRANGE CAREER of MR. HOOVER UNDER TWO FLAGS

JOHN HAMILL'S frank disclosure of the inside story of HOOVER'S career, up to his presidency, is substantiated either by living witnesses or indisputable court documents. Every thinking man, Republican or Democrat, should know the plain truth.

F A R O—381 pages—\$3.75

YOUR bookseller may be afraid to show this sensational book. But politics and influence cannot hold back the truth any longer. You can easily get this book the whole world is whispering about by making use of the coupon.

USE THIS COUPON

William Faro, Inc., 200 B'way, N. Y. Gentlemen: Please send me, postpaid, one copy of "THE STRANGE CAREER of MR. HOOVER." If check is not enclosed, send C. O. D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Landlords:—



If you are worrying about renting your apartments or houses, there are 35,000 readers of **The Nation** who consult **The Nation** for their needs.

STOP WORRYING—an advertisement in this section will only cost you \$3.08 for 30 words (minimum) and will be seen for a week.

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, N. Y.

CO rlandt 7-3330

FOR RENT

APARTMENT

10TH STREET, 29 WEST. Near Fifth Avenue. 5 rooms, entire floor; refrigeration; open fireplace; will decorate to suit; \$125.00.

ROOMS

ETHICAL Vegetarian nurse seeks to rent large, sunny double room, suitable for couple, or mother and child; co-operative type persons. Phone Riverside 9-9105.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, well furnished, light, quiet room, suitable two. Fireplace, plenty closet space, separate entrance, private family. Excellent location at Madison Ave. and 86th St. Permanent. \$25 to \$45. Rhinelander 4-3997.

FOR SALE

CHILDREN'S CAMP—on beautiful lake, near Albany. Fully equipped to accommodate 50. A. Goldstein, 553 Sutter Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Tel. Glenmore 4-6584.

CABIN FOR RENT

4-ROOM furnished cabin, fireplace, shower, Blue Ridge Mountains, N. C., Alt. 2600 feet, 300 acre tract, moderate climate, ideal writer. Photos. \$35. 3 months. Allen, Room 1109 News Bldg., N. Y. C.

PERSONALS

BRIDGE PLAYING members desired by studio club. Tournaments. Call any evening. Joel Studio, 36 Union Square. Entrance on 16th Street. Phone Gramercy 5-5961.

NOT ONE Original Idea in a carload of skulls," wrote a friend about his human environment recently. Now he has a dozen interesting, unconventional, debunked and liberal-minded correspondents, because he joined CONTACTS, the only correspondence club for the mentally isolated. Particulars for 4c postage from Contacts, 211 East 11th St., New York City.

WANTED, young man, in return for transportation, to help drive 1931 Hupmobile round trip or either way from Los Angeles to New Orleans, leaving early December, returning early January. Write fully air mail, arranging interview. Box 551, c/o The Nation.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1931

No. 3463

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	529
EDITORIALS:	
Hoover's Notice to Quit.....	532
Economic Insanity.....	533
Business and the Y. W. C. A.....	533
Edison and Immortality.....	534
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	535
IF I WERE DICTATOR. By Stuart Chase.....	536
GOVERNOR OLSON OF MINNESOTA. By J. O. Meyers.....	539
HEGEL—A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER. By Oscar Jaszi.....	541
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	543
CORRESPONDENCE	543
FINANCE: HAS THE DEPRESSION TURNED THE CORNER?	
By S. Palmer Harman.....	544
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Two Sonnets from Petrarch. By Joseph Auslander.....	545
American Authors. By Granville Hicks.....	545
Science for the Child. By Carroll Lane Fenton.....	546
Children's Books—1931. By Sophie L. Goldsmith.....	547
Books in Brief.....	548
Architecture: A Factory in Holland. By Douglas Haskell.....	549
Music: Anton Bruckner. By Arthur Mendel.....	549
Drama: Our Electra. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	551
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
From the Heart of Germany. By William Harlan Hale.....	554
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	556

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE COMMITTEE appointed by Herbert Hoover to investigate the charges by the Navy League that the President exhibited "abysmal ignorance" in dealing with the navy and that "at every turn" his efforts were intended to "restrict, to reduce, and to starve the United States Navy" has reported with great celerity. As was to be expected, the committee gave to the President a clean bill of health. It convicted Mr. Gardiner, president of the league, of numerous misstatements, notably in connection with the charges that Mr. Hoover entered into secret agreements with Prime Minister MacDonald on the occasion of the latter's visit here; that he refused to allow even an executive session of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee to see "the full record of its [the Administration's] negotiations and possible commitments" prior to the London conference; and that the President intended in connection with the one-year naval holiday to forego the construction of 87,000 tons of ships now being built. Mr. Hoover will doubtless be gratified, especially since Admiral Rodman was a member of the committee and so offsets to some degree the two Hoover office-holders on it, Messrs. Jahncke and Castle. We ourselves have no doubt that any sane, intelligent committee not composed of big-navy maniacs would find for Mr. Hoover, although he has done far too much for the navy to suit us and has shown at times a fear of the jingoes

unworthy of his office. We sincerely hope the matter will not rest here. We should like to see a committee of the Senate, headed by Senator Walsh of Montana, probe into the whole question of this pestiferous Navy League, the source of its funds, its relations to naval officers, and kindred matters. Let us have light on this organization which presumes to dictate its naval policies to the American people.

TWO MYSTERIES continue to becloud attempts to analyze the situation in Manchuria. First, to what extent is the civilian Japanese government, which speaks for Japan at Geneva, Washington, and Tokio, in control of the Japanese troops who act in the name of Japan on the mainland of Asia? Second, have Japan and Russia a secret understanding, and if so what is it? Upon the answer to the first depends judgment of Japan as a responsible member of the family of nations. Upon the answer to the second depends, in large part, the peace of the world. But no very cheerful answer to either question is possible. Either the Tokio government has been deliberately deceiving the Western world, or it is not able to control its generals, in which case it is hard to see wherein Japan can claim superiority, as an agent of "law and order," to the bandit generals of China. It was the local military who began the Japanese action; apparently they continued and expanded it in violation of definite orders from Tokio; presumably they were responsible for the temporary advance beyond the Nonni River, threatening the Russo-Chinese railway across North Manchuria, a movement which seems now to have been abandoned. One must assume, too, that they have dictated the shifting attitude of Japan at Geneva. Ten days ago Japan talked of withdrawing troops as soon as the present "emergency" was passed and of a desire merely to assure protection of its nationals.

NOW JAPAN IS SHOWING its hand. It has refused Chang Hsueh-liang, ruler of the Three Eastern Provinces, permission to return to Manchuria, and has insisted that he withdraw his troops south of the Great Wall. Then it has turned about and complained of a lack of functioning government in his absence! It has encouraged the establishment of subservient local "governments" supported solely by Japanese military force. And when these little groups of irresponsible individuals seize the salt revenues, as at Newchwang, and the League protests, Japan pretends to wash its hands of the whole business and say that it is an affair between two groups of Chinese! Japan says openly that it will not withdraw its soldiers until China explicitly recognizes the validity of the treaties embodying the famous and infamous Twenty-one Demands which Japan forced upon China under cover of the World War. A corrupt, Japanese-subsidized Chinese government unwillingly accepted them in 1915, after vainly appealing to the world for help; no subsequent Chinese government has ever recognized them except in so far as *force majeure* gave them the status of fact. Japanese statesmen and generals know that no government could accept them and remain in power in China. Yet the Tokio government now says that Japanese

troops must remain in Manchuria until those "treaties" are respected. And Russia? Russia was silent when the Japanese began their advance, as Japan was silent when Russia slapped China's face in North Manchuria two summers ago. Russia is still, for Russia, mysteriously silent, though the Japanese have advanced to within ten miles of the great railroad which is owned jointly by the Russian and Chinese governments. It is, to say the least, strange. It suggests the possibility that Soviet Russia has, with Japan, followed the old imperial pattern of dividing weak provinces into "spheres of influence." The League of Nations, on the other hand, has acted with an energy which has surprised most observers. What it will do, now that Japan has openly defied its fiat, remains to be seen.

THE CONTINUED ADVANCE of wheat prices, followed by a sharp recovery in the prices of other agricultural products, an advance in silver, and a sharp rise in both the bond and stock markets, is a significant sign of a change in financial sentiment which may presage a broader economic recovery. Both wheat and silver are highly "barometric" commodities; it was their violent fall that foreshadowed the present almost unparalleled world depression, and it is therefore not unreasonable to hope that their present partial recovery may in time be followed by some improvement in general business. The collapse of wheat to the lowest price in three hundred years meant a drastic shrinkage in the purchasing power of the agricultural community; the precipitous decline in silver meant a violent shrinkage in the purchasing power of the Orient. It has been the prediction of many economists that a recovery would not come until a certain equilibrium had been restored in the price structure—until retail prices, rents, and costs of production had fallen, and until raw materials and agricultural products had recovered somewhat. Both developments have now been taking place to some extent, but both will have to go much farther before the existing deadlock can be broken.

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S fourth Cabinet is beyond doubt a distinguished one. There are eleven Conservatives, four National Laborites, three Samuel Liberals, and two Simon Liberals. The three members of the Labor Cabinet who followed Prime Minister MacDonald into the Conservative fold, Philip Snowden, J. H. Thomas, and Lord Sankey, become Lord Privy Seal, Secretary of State for the Dominions, and Lord Chancellor, respectively, with, among the Conservatives, Stanley Baldwin as Lord President of the Council and Neville Chamberlain, the most enlightened of his family, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The five Liberals are Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Donald MacLean, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Sir John Simon, and Walter Runciman. The only real surprise, according to the press, is the appointment of Sir John Simon in place of the Marquess of Reading as Foreign Secretary. As the author of the Simon report, Sir John's appointment is not a happy omen for sorely troubled India. If it is not a Cabinet of all the talents, it is certainly a group of very able men. It now remains to be seen whether and for how long they can cooperate. Several of them are sworn free traders, notably Snowden and Runciman, and these men have undoubtedly been put into the Cabinet for the express purpose of acting

as a brake on the tariff extremists in the Conservative group. But they are in a minority, and the question remains: How long will the Conservatives permit themselves to be led by the man whom they have been denouncing for more than twenty years as a most dangerous Socialist and extremist? We note that Prime Minister MacDonald spoke with great soberness when he returned to Lossiemouth. Not so reassuring, however, was his stressing the fact that there could be no definite plan or program just now and that the government would have to feel its way.

DR. BRUENING made a remarkable, and a remarkably encouraging, speech to the executive committee of the Center Party on November 5. Admitting frankly that the German government has repeatedly erred in its fiscal policies, the Chancellor declared:

It is now necessary to open fully the books of German economy to the world. That is the best and strongest weapon of the government, and to forge it was the government's task during the last year. As a result the reparations question has already been seen by the world in an entirely new light.

He admitted that after the inflation Germany took money which it did not know how to use "and, what was more, did not appreciate what it would mean to pay it back." He is clear, however, that the time for further sudden and dangerous financial emergencies like that of last July has passed, and that the process of gradual and systematic reduction is under way. He promised that the "knife of the surgeon will be radically applied to the public household and private business to eliminate the remaining sore spots." He declared that the government's chief task now is to keep the country from splitting into two opposing camps, and that while it did not wish to perpetuate the present semi-dictatorial rule, it "needed time and freedom" to solve this problem of domestic peace and security. Fundamental business conditions he ventured to pronounce sound. We hope that he is right, but it is undeniable that the German situation remains grave and must continue so until some fundamental questions are solved. First of these is, of course, a definite settlement canceling reparations and debts.

SINCE THEODORE DREISER is heading a committee to investigate conditions in the mining counties of Kentucky, that unhappy and beleaguered section sees itself on the front page of the New York papers. This is all to the good, and Mr. Dreiser's public-spirited interest in unfortunate human beings is thus turned to excellent account. The Dreiser committee finds "a reign of terror" in Harlan County; it discovers that miners' children are starving, underclothed, and cold; that miners suffer from dysentery that results from malnutrition; and that they are at the mercy of mine guards, sheriffs, county judges, jail keepers, and any other officer of the so-called law into whose hands they are so unfortunate as to fall. All these things have been told before, but they cannot be told too often. That Mr. Dreiser's income is \$35,000 a year and that he gives none of it to charity was also told, but this information did very poor service as a smoke screen. The Red Cross has so far kept its lady-like hands off miners' relief because the wicked miners were all mixed up with industrial disputes and the Red Cross deals only in Act

of God. The State officers of Kentucky have ignored the tales from Harlan; the Harlan officers have pooh-poohed them. One can only fervently hope that Theodore Dreiser's name is well-enough known throughout the country to spread his story everywhere. If it makes the *New York Times* front page often enough, the Governor of Kentucky may have it brought to his attention.

A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD NEGRO of Snowhill, Maryland, sometimes called Orphan Jones and sometimes Yuel Lee, has been accused, by his own confession, of murdering a family of four persons for whom he had worked and by whom he had been discharged. A representative of the International Labor Defense got from Jones or Lee the statement that the confession had been obtained by third-degree methods and that he was actually innocent of the crime. Bernard Ades, a Baltimore lawyer, was detailed by the International Labor Defense to defend the Negro. Mr. Ades was set upon, with two associates, when he left the courthouse on November 4 and beaten severely by a mob which had thrice tried to lynch the prisoner. Returning to town after a day's absence, Mr. Ades attempted to be heard in the court and to get in touch with his client. Judge Joseph Bailey of the Circuit Court, however, refused to give him redress for the beating or to allow him any connection with the case. A special dispatch to the *New York Times* from Baltimore quotes the judge as saying he would not recognize Mr. Ades as counsel for Jones-Lee, because "no representative of an organization like that has any standing in court." Governor Ritchie has refused to intervene in the matter. The question, therefore, should be put up squarely to the American Bar Association. The International Labor Defense is an organization in good standing, whose political faith only a minority in this country share; nevertheless, it has, with due form, employed a member of the Baltimore bar to defend, in a perfectly regular way, a prisoner accused of murder. Judge Bailey, in refusing, for the reason he gave, to permit Mr. Ades to take the Lee case, was not only without his rights but reflecting discredit on the bench.

THE ROLE OF STOOL PIGEON is distasteful to honest men; in peace time the spy is merely another snooper, a betrayer of friendship, a traitor to confidence and fair-dealing. These melancholy reflections are induced by the story of Sergeant John Leonard of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Seven years ago somebody told Sergeant Leonard to get evidence on the Communist Party. It was, one assumes, a job to his taste, for he set about it in a thorough manner. He changed his name, he became such an ardent Communist that he was elected secretary of the Regina branch of the Communist Party of Canada, he worked with the party members as a fellow-official, he plotted with them, he gave them orders, and took counsel with them. A few days ago he washed off his false whiskers, put on his scarlet uniform once more, and appeared to testify against nine members of the party whom he had shown up in all their sanguinary hues. There are several interesting points in this story; one is that it took the Sergeant seven years to catch nine Communists. At that rate the bulk of the party would seem to be fairly safe for a considerable period. Another is that the Canadian Communists, discovered to be in practically daily communication with Moscow—by pigeon

post, probably—were said by Sergeant Leonard to have received \$3,000 from the terrible Russians. If the world revolution is to spend \$3,000 to make nine Communists, the cost of revolutionizing the rest of us would seem to be almost prohibitive. The incident, therefore, is not without its humorous features. But when it is duly considered, there remains a very ill-smelling residue of betrayed friendship and dishonor to associates, the price of an unfortunate and certainly not too successful attempt to "get your man."

CHARLES U. BECKER, Secretary of State of Missouri, has had the kindness to send us a copy of his address delivered at the fifty-third annual meeting of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association. It is an excellent speech in many ways. He hits the press hard when and where it deserves to be hit—namely, for its effort to dominate government and for not always telling the truth and all the facts. But what challenges us most is the peroration of this remarkable address. As many of our readers are doubtless, like ourselves, in the habit of making public speeches, we cannot forbear sharing this peroration with them; it may be utilized freely by anybody in the speech-making business since it is not copyrighted. We venture to submit that anyone concluding an address in these words can never be accused of un-Americanism, unpatriotic doctrines, or disloyalty, whatever he may say in the body of his address. Here are these precious words:

God raised up Washington and Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln in times of urgent need. Each of them faced dark hours in national crises. Earth's immortals were discovered when the fate of nations was trembling in the balance. I believe the same God who heard Washington's prayer at Valley Forge gave us Herbert Hoover for this critical hour, and that history will write his name among those most precious to the hearts of the American people.

THE LATE THADDEUS H. CARAWAY was one of those picturesque Southern figures in the Senate which one regularly hopes may wholly disappear, though at this juncture one who seems to be a worse demagogue—Governor Huey Long of Louisiana—will shortly take his seat. Senator Caraway had much of the demagogue and poseur in him, affecting the broad-brimmed black felt hat of the South and the old-fashioned frock coat of statesmanship. He could orate for hours, often with much vitriol, usually with extreme partisanship; he utilized to the full the background of his "typically American" rise from boy farm-hand to railroad worker to book- and medicine-peddler to school teacher. Undeniably some of the ruggedness of the soil on which he had to work at the age of seven clung to him, and from that came his understanding of the problems of the poor whites of his State and section. For all that he lacked breadth and real leadership; he was true to type, intensely anti-Negro, and he knew well how to hate. But he deserves to be gratefully remembered for certain praiseworthy stands he took. He helped to initiate the Federal Farm Loan legislation; he vigorously supported disarmament proposals, and he called upon the Senate to investigate and brand the Senators who would profit by a wool tariff. Best of all, he never ceased to attack Harry M. Daugherty while that official was in Harding's Cabinet, and his fight on the Teapot Dome scandal was one of the best made in the Senate.

Mr. Hoover's Notice to Quit

ONE thing the election of November, 1931, has conclusively proved: barring unforeseen contingencies and inconceivable blundering by the Democrats, President Hoover has received from the voters an unmistakable notice to quit at the end of his term. The tide that set in so strongly a year ago is running as strongly still. Who can question this in view of the unheard-of Democratic majority in New Jersey of 238,000—a change of 184,000 votes—for a weak candidate who swept out of office a Republican Governor; and the similar ousting of a Republican Governor in Kentucky, which Mr. Hoover carried by a majority of 180,000? That the vote was directed straight at the Hoover Administration was admitted with amazing frankness by the defeated Republican candidate in New Jersey, ex-Senator Baird himself. Surely no other interpretation could be put upon the overturn in the Eighth Michigan Congressional District, a seat held by the Republicans for thirty-three years, long almost the private possession of James W. Fordney, co-author of the Fordney-McCumber tariff act. That the loss of this seat has given the Democrats for the moment control of the new House of Representatives which meets next month is almost less important than that this rock-ribbed Republican district, containing many farmers, has turned to the Democrats. Beside this the retention of two other Republican seats, one of them that of the late Speaker Longworth in Ohio, by a majority five times as large as that of a year ago, is of no significance. And what happened in Connecticut, where the largest cities elected Democratic mayors, further confirms the drift to the Democrats—the Republicans ran behind the Socialists in Bridgeport.

The Republicans have the cold comfort of pointing out that the party in power invariably pays the price for bad times; this is true, as true in Germany and in England as in the United States. But no one who observes the situation can lay all this resentment of the voters merely to the industrial depression. Mr. Hoover himself has so deeply offended the voters as to have had the unfortunate and unprecedented experience of being booed on his last two public appearances. His picture when thrown upon the screen almost never evokes a single hand-clap. He has utterly failed to capture the affections or arouse the interest of the public. Not if the stock market should rise one hundred points and wheat go back to a dollar a bushel before November next, would he be able to win the confidence and affection of his fellow-citizens. They have tried him and found him wanting. Nothing but a Democratic alternative much worse than Mr. Hoover could return him to the White House.

If this is so much clear gain, the result of the election has none the less its bad side. The loss of the control of the House will afford Mr. Hoover an easy opportunity to place the blame upon his political opponents if little constructive should come out of the first session of the new Congress. Proof of this is already to be found in a dispatch of the chief Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, dated November 4. He reports that it is "apparent that many Republicans, including some officials of the Hoover Administration, will welcome" a Democratic organization

of the House because "they feel that with the Democrats nominally dominating the House that party will find itself in a position of responsibility for legislation likely to be productive of making errors which may not be pleasing to a large part of the electorate."

There you have the measure of the sportsmanship and the statesmanship of the Administration! The coming session is to be one of the most important in our history. Never did the Congress convene in a graver economic situation. There are issues to come before it of vital import not only to the United States but to the entire world. There will be a vast confusion of counsel, a multiplicity of proposed remedies, perhaps a bitterness not known for years, with the Democrats on their side destitute of program or capable leadership. And at this moment the Republican leaders desire only to sit back and let the Democrats make as many errors as possible. This the answer to the needs of the hour! This the way to go to the rescue of the ten million unemployed. It is a sound instinct indeed which makes the electorate rebuke such public servants as these. The only pity of it is that there is no worthy opposition to turn to.

Again, we ask the Republicans whether they are deliberately desirous of having their party commit suicide by renominating Mr. Hoover. One of the Progressive Senators was asked during the last weeks of Mr. Harding's life whether the renomination of Mr. Harding was inevitable. "Why, of course," was the reply, "do you think that there is anybody else in the United States who would publicly defend such an Administration?" On the same theory, perhaps, the renomination of Mr. Hoover may be justified; we can see no other. If the Republican leaders really permit it, they will show themselves to be stupider and more incompetent than had been believed. Yet when an alternative course is proposed to them, the reply is that there is no possibility of defeating Mr. Hoover because of his control of the office-holders who supply so many of the delegates to the convention, especially from the South. To this we respond that this is merely another reason for preventing the renomination of Mr. Hoover. The power to renominate himself through office-holders appointed by him is something that no President should ever have. There could be no more useful or important service at just this juncture than to smash this power once and for all. Senator Borah, we note, has been waited upon by a delegation which has offered him the financial support necessary to enter the primaries next year and make headway against Mr. Hoover. In the light of the election returns we feel that Senator Borah would need very little money to win State after State. But he is the great Progressive who is bold and courageous and outspoken only up to the moment when a political campaign becomes acute. Just this weakness has kept him from being the dominating figure in American public life today. A true and really brave patriot in his place would not hesitate for one moment. He would use all his power and his energies to keep from the White House a man who has brought to the party no distinction or success and to the country no leadership or relief.

Economic Insanity

THE more one looks into the matter, the more amazed one becomes at the apparently overwhelming sentiment that has developed in Great Britain in favor of a high protective tariff. The satiric poem of MacFlecknoe which we reprinted in our issue of last week from the *New Statesman and Nation* seems less a caricature of the grotesque process of reasoning which has led to this sentiment than a sober picture of it. One can only assume that the long-continued economic sickness of Great Britain has driven the voters to a desperate state of mind in which they are willing to try any quack remedy suggested. The United States, they apparently reason, is—or was—a prosperous nation, and the United States has a very high tariff; therefore the thing to be done is to follow its example. True, we raised our tariff one or two years ago and conditions almost immediately became very much worse than they had been—but that is still the best explanation of present British psychology that we have to offer.

Immediately one begins to examine the question in detail, however, it becomes more and more difficult to see on just what goods a higher British tariff can be placed. In the twelve months ending September, 1931, total British imports amounted to £881,000,000. Of this amount £427,000,000, or almost half of the total, represented food, drink, and tobacco. The primary need of Britain is to feed her population; and she cannot seriously be intending to raise her own wheat and cattle, her own tea, coffee, tobacco, sugar, and oranges. Therefore we may safely assume that she cannot place a tariff on the items in this classification except the revenue tariff that already exists on tobacco, for example, and the revenue and protective tariffs that already exist on liquor.

The second classification of British imports consists of raw materials, which in the twelve months ending in September amounted in value to £183,000,000, or more than one-fifth of the total. Now these raw materials—cotton, wool, lumber, petroleum, rubber—are absolutely essential for the continuance of British industry; to cut down the amount imported would be directly to cut down British industry itself; wool and lumber can only be produced in England with comparative wastefulness, and most of the other products could not be produced there at all. We must conclude, then, that the British cannot be contemplating a tariff in this direction.

We are left with imports consisting of articles wholly or mainly manufactured as the only classification on which a tariff could be placed. Manufactured imports amounted in the twelve months ending September to £261,000,000, or less than 30 per cent of the total imports. But when we come to this section, we find that it is already to a very large extent protected, mainly by the so-called "safeguarding duties." Motor cars and parts, tires, gloves, buttons, gramophones, musical instruments, cutlery, clocks, lace, manufactured silk and artificial silk—all have to pay an ad valorem duty of 33 1/3 per cent, a duty which seems already reasonably high; and other articles in the classification—chemicals, for example—have to pay specific duties. Of course, as our own Congress has shown, a tariff rate is never so high that

it cannot be jacked up higher. But assuming that the 33 1/3 per cent duties are raised to double that level, and that other tariffs are added on products not now covered, what is likely to be the result?

The first result must be to reduce the volume of manufactured imports. It is the belief of the British protectionists, of course, that British home industry will immediately expand because it will be called upon to supply the goods previously imported. For several reasons this belief is not likely to be realized. In the long run imports are the payment for exports, and exports must be ultimately reduced to the extent that imports are reduced. Though manufactured goods make up less than 30 per cent of British imports they constitute more than 75 per cent of British exports. Those countries which find their previous manufactured exports cut off by the British tariff will be compelled to try to sell their surplus in their own countries or in other countries, where they will probably displace a corresponding volume of previous British manufactured exports. But though this is likely to be the result, it is going to be difficult to convince the British protectionists, when it occurs, that it is their tariff that has brought it about. British exports, perhaps, will hold up in volume for some time after the higher tariff is adopted, first, because the depreciated pound in itself acts to stimulate exports, and, second, because the British may hold up their exports for a few years by taking gold in part payment and extending foreign loans.

The effect of the British tariff, in brief, will be to strike another heavy blow at world trade. As England, second only to Canada, is our best customer, the effect on our own trade is likely to be particularly severe. Under any conditions, but particularly under present conditions, for Britain to raise her present tariff would be a piece of economic insanity. But Americans must not forget which nation it was that started the world on its mad tariff course.

Business and the Y. W. C. A.

THE Y. W. C. A. has seemed to be one of the few religious organizations which have been effective in the labor field. It has been willing not only to pass beautiful resolutions, but on occasions to do something concrete for the workers. It actually printed a play written by the daughter of Harry Ward, indorsing unionization and the strike for social justice.

But recent events in the Y. W. C. A. in Rochester, New York, have been very disturbing. The Industrial Secretary, Miss Ethel Davis, working with the enthusiastic cooperation of over 200 working girls, maintained a forum to which, besides conservative speakers, she invited the secretary of the Socialist Party, William Hapgood of the Columbia Conserve Company, and A. J. Muste of Brookwood Labor College. Later she permitted her girls to produce Muriel Ward's play "On the Line." This play had been published by the Women's Press of the Y. W. C. A., had been approved by the national industrial staff, and was listed in their catalogue for use in industrial departments, but it supported the strike as a method of obtaining justice. The

Rochester Chamber of Commerce made a vigorous protest against the play. The Y. W. C. A. finance-campaign manager, who is also head of the Community Chest, is reported to have said that if the facts regarding the meeting or the play got to Mr. Eastman of the Eastman Kodak Company, "he would not give a cent to the new Y. W. C. A. building," and that perhaps it would be better if the entire industrial department were abolished anyway, as it was jeopardizing the financial campaign of the association.

As a result of the protests, Miss Davis was finally asked to leave. The committee of the Board of Directors made the following statement:

The Personnel Committee at its meeting on April 28 voted to recommend to the Board of Directors that Miss Ethel Davis, secretary of the Industrial Department, should not be asked to return to the Rochester association at the end of her present contract year. The committee wished to express its appreciation of Miss Davis's work as characterized in her generous giving of herself to the department, her devotion to a cause which she believes vital, her indefatigable study of industrial questions, her intellectual keenness, her capacity for friendship and ability to help individuals in difficult situations. In spite of these excellent qualities, however, the committee feels that it is unwise to ask her to return because of:

1. A lack of mutual confidence between Miss Davis and the Board of Directors,
2. Her personal handicap in a lack of emotional control,
3. Her lack of discretion in discussing professional matters.

The final vote of the board stood twenty-six to eight, and in the minority was the member elected by the industrial girls. Another resigned as a protest. Later eighty-eight of the girls enrolled in the Industrial Department signed a statement saying they would not come back to the association if Miss Davis was forced out. The general secretary, in explaining to friends on the staff what had happened, is reported to have said, "Miss Davis is a prophet and not a teacher, and Rochester has no room for a prophet."

Not content with the action of the local association, a representative of the business interests wrote to the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., and later appeared before them with three members of the board, protesting the circulation of the play "On the Line." It is reported that Mr. Eastman had previously indicated that he might give \$250,000 to the new Y. W. C. A. building, and that after the play was given, he "made a protest claiming that the play 'On the Line' is strike propaganda and demanding that certain members of the National Board meet with several people from Rochester for discussion." At the meeting in New York the head of the Rochester Community Chest and campaign manager of the Y. W. C. A. presented Mr. Eastman's point of view. As a result of this protest, the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. for the first time read the play, and then agreed it should be withdrawn.

In the face of these facts, these questions should be asked: Is the Y. W. C. A. going to listen to the dictates of business interests and suppress plays which they have already indorsed and published? Is it not possible that just such action as this may make thousands of working girls lose faith that the Y. W. C. A. will really help them to a better economic and social life?

Edison and Immortality

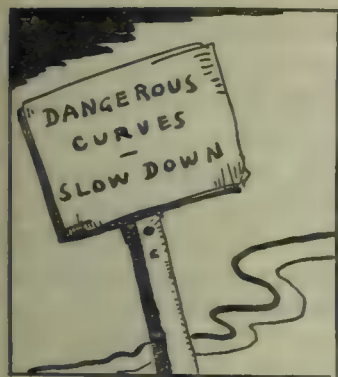
IT was inevitable and proper that Thomas Edison should be instantaneously received into the American pantheon, but it is a pity that he had first to undergo that regularization which is commonly the fate of great men upon whom popular sentiment lays hold. In the days when he was doing his greatest work he was a lonely figure with a character of his own, but when his personality became one of the advertising assets of a great corporation he was press-agented in the best modern style and persuaded or compelled to fit into the picture. He selected a successor, he recreated the first electric light, and when he went fishing with Firestone and Ford the rotogravure editors were obligingly notified. But none of these things were so bad as those which have been done to him since his death. He has become not merely, or not even principally, a great inventor, but above all a spiritual leader, for it has been discovered that he was deeply religious at heart. This man who was in reality a type of materialism at its best has been handed over, whether he would or no, to preachers.

That his will left nothing to churches, to charity, or to education will count for nothing. Neither will the fact that he created something of a sensation not many years ago by expressing the dogmatic opinion that when a man died he was dead. For now his pious friends remember that he had changed this opinion and Henry Ford comes forward with the delightful opinion that "the greatest thing that has occurred in the last fifty years" is "Mr. Edison's conclusion that there is a future life for all of us." Surely this is a strange way to honor a great man. He devoted his life to the creation of instruments which only he could have devised, but he is chiefly important for an opinion which thousands hold and which was just exactly as weighty in his mouth as it would have been in the mouth of any one of the John Smiths who listen to his phonographs under the light of his electric lamps.

Whether or not Mr. Edison actually held this opinion we do not know and we do not care. He had exactly the same reasons for believing in or doubting personal immortality that everyone else has, and he was doubtless not exempt from the very human tendency to let hope count for more and more as death came nearer and nearer. But there are solid reasons why it is too bad that so much importance should be attached to so irrelevant a matter. If politicians kiss babies and Hollywood stars boast the simplicity of their family life, no harm is done. But it would be well if our scientists and technicians could encourage us to value a man for his real talents and to take his opinions on those subjects upon which he is really competent. We liked Mr. Ford better when he thought history was bunk than we do since he has become a prophet. As for Edison, he was an empiricist who had so little respect for theory that he does not seem to have taken the trouble to familiarize himself with even those general principles which would have shortened his labors. He learned everything he knew by the method of trial and error, and in view of that fact he would have been more consistent if he had consented to say only, in the words of another great American, "I expect soon an opportunity of knowing more with less trouble."

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



ALL historical prophecies are more or less futile. But we are in the midst of a "revolution." That means that everybody is talking. Why should we be the exception?

In the first place I think that this is really more of a social than an economic revolution. I hear it said on all sides that this present upheaval means

the end of capitalism and I do not believe it. For even Russia cannot get along without capitalism. Russia is really a capitalistic country with this difference—that there the state has usurped the role played in other countries by the private promoter. Instead of seeing capitalism disappear from our world, amid the loud hoorays of the triumphant proletariat, I believe that we are only beginning to see the dawn of that strange and mysterious economic system which, even under its present stupid and wasteful and greedy guise, has done more for the general comfort and happiness of the average man than any of the other systems that have gone before. As long as such utter imbeciles as the great Sage of Detroit are allowed to have their say in the matter, and as long as "farsighted" banking geniuses with the mental vision of a new-born mouse are running things, I do not expect any lasting improvement. But there are others in the enemy's camp who are by no means deprived of intelligence. The present hopeless muddle may give them their chance. I think it will do so, and then at last we shall be able to discover whether capitalism is really doomed or not. Personally I see the present revolution merely as a prelude to the real reign of capitalism. But it will be a capitalism that is very different from the orgy of pawn-shop greed which for the last hundred years has so thoroughly disgraced all our public affairs. This may not be a very elegant phrase but at least the reader will know where I stand.

I think and hold it to be true that we shall see a return to an infinitely simpler form of life. The present state of civilization is entirely too complicated for the average individual, who will never be able to grasp more than two or three elementary facts at a time and who is completely lost as soon as he is asked to deal with questions involving the use of words of three syllables. Our pace is too fast for him. Our ambitions are too high for him. He does not want to be the president of the company for which he works. That is the sort of childish nonsense emanating from the old log-cabin-to-the-White-House school of history now rapidly going into the discard. All the average citizen asks for is "safety." He wants a little job of his own, a woman of his own, a few kids of his own, and perhaps an old car with which he can tinker after supper. Give him a short period of respite from working for somebody else, a two weeks' annual vacation, and he will be perfectly contented as long as he knows that he is "safe" and that his job waits

for him when he returns. I think that we shall return to a much simpler mode of living and loving and eating and drinking and collecting those Immaterial Objects which the Brethren of the Advertising Guild have forced down our throats these last twenty years by dint of their eternal ballyhoo. This change will come about pretty abruptly.

I do not believe that any official disarmament conference will ever accomplish anything. The delegates to such conferences, recruited from among the old-school diplomats, will see to that. Armies and navies will tend to disappear because the soldiers and sailors are no longer able to take their jobs seriously. For the greater part of their time they are doing something entirely useless and unproductive, and they know it. Armies and navies will eventually disappear from the face of the earth just as the military orders of the Middle Ages have disappeared.

I believe that science will at last have the courage to bid theology remove its little playthings from the track of progress and go chase itself. Then at last there will be an end to the so-called Era of Good-Will between science and theology. The two are absolutely incompatible and always have been. I believe that the time is about ripe for such a declaration of spiritual independence. America will be the bulwark of theology because our people are largely recruited from the European middle classes and lack the mental and economic independence of the proletariat and the aristocracy. But in the end America too will have to follow suit. It is merely a question of time. We need not worry about it. It will come of itself.

I believe that we need not worry half as much as we do. This is not the first time the world has passed through an experience of this sort. We have had other "revolutions" and the world has never yet come to an end. There always was a younger generation which finally solved the so-called "hopeless" problems bestowed upon it by the fathers and grandfathers, solved them according to its own views but quite satisfactorily. I believe that the present younger generation is, on the whole, a great deal brighter and a great deal more intelligent than we, of the older school, have ever been willing to concede. And that is why I lose so little sleep about something that is now completely out of my hands and in the hands of my sons.

Finally, I believe that the old order of things is now almost as dead as the proverbial door-nail and that all efforts to revive it or keep it going are a mere waste of time and energy. I believe that we who realize this ought to warn our neighbors who still listen whenever Uncle comes for Sunday dinner and tells them about the good old times. And I believe that while waiting for the arrangements which the younger generation are about to make for our benefit, we might just as well go on living, more or less as we have always done. If these few ideas constitute a dangerous revolutionary program, then, my good banking friend, make the best of it. To me they seem merely plain, ordinary, common horse-sense.

If I Were Dictator*

By STUART CHASE

I

IT is distinctly understood, I trust, that in this literary make-believe I am *dictator* in the bluntest sense of the word, unhampered by Congress, Cabinet, Supreme Court, the doctrine of States' rights, or similar checks and balances and democratic nonsense. The rules of the game provide, furthermore, that I possess a thumping majority of popular opinion. If the office is to be maintained by machine-gun, I quit. It is assumed that American farmers, workingmen, professional people, and industrialists (not to be confused with business men) want a change, and want it so badly that they are prepared to forego the sovereign right of the ballot, and to suffer a considerable margin of temporary inconvenience.

The first thing which I would do on taking up the reins, or the scepter, or the Big Stick, or whatever it is dictators take up, would be to inscribe over my desk, in a conspicuous location and in large black type, the following slogans:

Too Much Wheat and Not Enough Bread!
Too Much Cotton and Not Enough Clothes!
Too Many Bricks and Not Enough Houses!
Too Much Drudgery and Not Enough Jobs!
Too Much Goods and Not Enough Money!

The Economy of Abundance Has Technically Displaced the Economy of Scarcity.

And in red letters:

Mankind Is the Most Adaptable of All the Animals but Behavior Patterns Change Slowly!

It is assumed that your dictator has been appointed to meet a specific economic crisis, on the general order of the present one. His work therefore falls under two main heads. He has first to take steps for the immediate succor of human misery, steps overhasty perhaps, not completely mapped out, but *steps*. Secondly, he should call forthwith a planning council to prepare a long-swing program which hopefully may resolve some of the paradoxes which glower from his office wall.

II

I appoint my obedient cabinet, and forty-eight obedient State governors. All legislatures are dissolved; not a law is to be passed for an indefinite period. Ukases only. Rustics are guided through the empty Capitols as Russian peasants now boggle through the deserted splendors of the summer palace of the Czars. Administrative departments and bureaus are maintained intact, headed by sympathetic executives ready to carry the dictator's orders into immediate effect. (Soon they will undergo extensive reorganization.)

My first order is to abolish the protective tariff save in cases where a genuine infant industry, well adapted to North American economy, can be proved. Coincident with this step, foreign governments are urged to stimulate world trade by doing the same.

I then renounce all claim to further receipts on account of war debts, and respectfully request my brother dictators and parliaments to do likewise. They may or may not; I shall.

I then abolish the army and the navy, replacing them with a magnificent air force at, say, 5 per cent of the cost. This force I shall maintain only until Europe ceases to simmer. A stout and efficient federal police corps had also best be retained for future reference in domestic reforms. Profit-eers and speculators will certainly fight these reforms with a ferocity as yet unknown. The disposition of the displaced soldiers and sailors we shall return to presently. The broken-hearted admirals and generals had better be deported with a pension for life. They will never be happy here, and they might cramp my style from time to time. The behavior of jobless generals in Mexico I have observed to be thoroughly mischievous.

I lose immediate revenue on the tariff but more than make it up on the army and navy. The budget, however, needs additional revenue. I instruct the Treasury Department to put the war schedules of income taxes into operation with just a shade more emphasis on the higher brackets. I am strongly disposed to take all inheritances which exceed one million dollars, but I shall curb my impatience until the planning board reports. A million dollars ought to be enough to ruin the second generation almost as effectively as the more fantastic figures now obtaining. I also have it sinisterly in mind to come down on all personal incomes of more than \$100,000. That sum should be sufficient to keep an American family in modest comfort. Back of this drive, of course, is an attempt at better distribution of national income in order to maintain purchasing power at healthier levels. The cry will be raised immediately that all initiative and progress will fly the country. Fortunately I need only smile and point to Russia, which has achieved more progress and developed more initiative on \$125 a month, the official party salary, than any other nation has ever dreamed of in an equal period.

Which reminds me that I must recognize Russia at once, grant her long-term credits duly safeguarded, sell her a billion dollars' worth of American goods in the next twelve months, and thus give the depression another sock in its estimable nose.

I shall cause to be issued from \$3,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000 in Prosperity Bonds, for the purpose of immediately utilizing a million or more unemployed on public works. As I understand it, the blue-prints for the useful expenditure of huge sums are already in the files of the federal engineers, and work may be started any day without waste or lost motion. Highways, waterways, public buildings, power-site development, flood control, afforestation, slum clearance, construction of great recreational centers—these will be among the chief projects. The chemical division of the sometime army I shall turn loose on the mightiest war against insect pests and parasites any nation has ever known. Bugs, beetles, bacilli will be driven to the last ditch with flame and gas and

* This is the first of a series. Articles by Glenn Frank, H. L. Mencken, Harold J. Laski, and others will appear in successive issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

poison. The remainder of the army and navy will be apportioned, so far as they care to take the jobs, among the other reclamation services. Mr. Benton Mackaye will be invited to prepare plans at once for a great series of townless highways, the only sensible method of coping with the traffic problems of a country motor mad.

Your dictator will move at once to the inauguration of a system of unemployment insurance so designed that only a brazen liar can attach to it the term dole. In fact, it would be a good idea to give dole shouters a little vacation among the beautiful mountains of Alaska. Their lack of originality grows increasingly fatiguing. We propose a self-sustaining, self-respecting, scientific system based on the soundest of actuarial methods. It must be integrated with a network of federal employment exchanges, and ultimately with vocational clinics to direct men and women displaced by machinery to new jobs.

Since it will take some time to get the system functioning, immediate relief must be provided for those who are not absorbed by the public-works program. This federal relief will supplement local relief; and no American family will be permitted to fall below a certain minimum standard of living, say \$30 a week. For those too proud to take it, arrangement will be made to loan them the money against their status in the coming unemployment-insurance system. When they secure a job they may retire the loan and help the insurance reserves thereby.

Needless to say, these loans, distributions, and pay rolls for public works will add enormously to popular purchasing power, and so assist the recovery of industry as well as mitigate the plight of the unemployed. The effect on the federal budget will not disturb me in the least. The United States borrowed some \$15,000,000,000 for destructive purposes in 1917 and 1918 and soon afterwards embarked on a great prosperity joy ride with surplus governmental revenues which were positively embarrassing. We can borrow up to \$5,000,000,000 for constructive enterprises and necessary human relief without a qualm. At least, I can. We shall have a bit of a nest egg, furthermore, in the new supertaxes on incomes and inheritances.

Closely interlocked with the insurance project will be a complete system of old-age pensions. Payments on this account would hardly start to function until the immediate crisis is past. I shall take early steps, however, in withdrawing from industry all children under eighteen, putting them back in school, and making their jobs available to the adult worker. An intensive study will at once be launched into the varieties of work which the older man is best equipped to handle. This nonsense of firing at forty must cease without further ado.

Next I shall throw open the files of the Bureau of Standards to the general consumer that he may learn how to secure his money's worth. The knowledge which now permits the government to be the canniest purchaser in the market—knowledge for which the consumer pays—will then be his. This will be hard on the adulterator, the shoddy maker, the jerry builder, the price booster, the faker who relies on astute advertising to put his gadgets across. Such concerns must either mend their ways or go to the wall. Either course will be all right with me. But the honest producer will be deluged with new business. The net effect will be to cleanse and strengthen the industrial structure,

while wiping out some billions of waste in advertising and competitive selling. I think I shall use the cream of the displaced salesmen on a great publicity campaign for public health and sanitation. The others will have to report to the exchanges and secure a useful job on the new housing projects or the new super-power system.

Wine and beer will be made legal as well as desirable commodities. This will operate drastically to reduce the bootlegging industry and take much of the habit-forming compulsion out of racketeering in general. While we must plow deeper to remove the economic causes which are responsible for the phenomenon of the racket, I shall not wait for nature to take its course. The flower of the ex-army, the ex-navy, and the ex-marine corps will be picked to declare immediate war on the gangster, to invest every great city, and by any means, military or civil, to drive him to immediate capitulation or death. He is just as ugly a cancer in our social life as unemployment. Of the gunmen who escape alive, the youths I shall put in special schools and strive to recondition their habits; the veterans I can waste no further time upon. Their reconditioning is too expensive a matter. Hopeless cases will be placed on a large, roomy, uninhabited island, together with all the surplus stocks of government munitions, especially bombs and firearms, and bidden to go to it in one last grand fusillade. Nor will there be any babies on the sidewalks of that island.

III

For the long-swing program I shall invite such persons as Wesley C. Mitchell, J. Russell Smith, R. G. Tugwell, George Soule, W. R. Ogburn, Grace Abbott, William Z. Ripley, Robert Lynd, Paul Douglas, Leo Wolman, Sidney Hillman, Charles A. Beard, Owen D. Young, Frances Perkins, John Dewey, Senators Norris and La Follette, Clarence S. Stein, Ralph E. Flanders, Walter Lippmann, Walton Hamilton, Bernard Baruch. If any candidate develops serious symptoms of rugged individualism, Hoover model, I will throw him out. Needless to say, every person appointed, including your devoted dictator, is ramping, stamping individualist so far as ideas and behavior are concerned. A prime reason for economic planning in the future is that the going structure so thwarts and limits our personal integrity and liberty.

This group of perhaps one hundred persons will be divided into the proper subcommittees and asked to prepare a comprehensive plan for the permanent liquidation of too much wheat and not enough bread and the other paradoxes upon my wall. One is inclined to place in the agenda of the several committees such subjects as these:

1. The coordination of all basic industries into state trusts, under government supervision but operating as independent units so far as possible—utterly removed from bureaucratic control. Present security-holders to exchange their shares for new trust shares with dividends limited to, say, 8 per cent. The set-up to approximate the present organization of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a well-managed, profitable, research-guided, national monopoly with no serious problems of overproduction, limited markets, unemployment. Such trusts are particularly needed in oil, coal, iron and steel, electric power, meat-packing, textiles, lumber, railroads. The Sherman anti-trust law is of course declared a piece of antiquated timber. One of the

early duties of the oil trust will surely be to scrap three filling stations out of four, and to put every oil field on a wasteless engineering basis.

2. Federal incorporation of all companies beyond a certain size—say \$1,000,000. Full reports to be issued by them as a basis for a glorious system of industrial statistics, leading to wise measures of coordination, guidance, and control. For industries not included in the state-trust program, an integration through the agency of their several trade associations may well be in order. Mr. Benjamin A. Javitz should be summoned for advice on this score.

3. The wisdom, if any, of compulsory labor unions, and of setting a minimum-wage scale.

4. The best method to reduce working hours with every measurable growth in the technical arts.

5. The division of the United States into regional areas following natural boundaries. How to develop these regions as economic units with a somewhat greater margin of self-sufficiency than now obtains. How to stimulate their local traditions and arts.

6. How to speed industrial decentralization. This is perfectly consistent with the state trust in that the factories or stations within a given trust will normally be located all over the country.

7. How to speed and utilize industrial and commercial research. I think I shall make Mr. L. R. Smith of Milwaukee, the man who employs 600 engineers and 7 salesmen, chairman of this committee. And I am afraid the patent office must be broken wide open. One might protect the inventor but hardly the corporation which fattens on him. The day of trade secrets in an economy of abundance is done.

8. A special—very special—report on how to stimulate incentives. There are, you know, at least ten incentives besides speculative profit which cause *homo sapiens* to take off his coat and spit on his hands. A commission of psychologists will be dispatched to Russia to study the methods there in use.

9. How about splitting agriculture into two main divisions—industrial farming and individual farming; the former to concern itself with the great staple crops—wheat, corn, cotton—susceptible to mechanized mass-production methods; the latter to continue farming as a way of life with diversified crops and a large measure of self-sufficiency? The first might well go into the state-trust technique like steel and railroads, and be operated by skilled agronomists frankly as an industrial enterprise.

10. What is a feasible and workable scheme to control new investment so that it is not wasted in excess capacity or purely vicious projects?

11. What is to be done with that costly luxury the New York Stock Exchange? With the securities of the state trust not subject to speculation, its activities, thank God, will be necessarily and automatically curtailed. But a margin of mischief will undoubtedly remain. We must keep an eye on it.

12. From the bankers—or better from members of my board who understand banking—I shall want a rather specific plan for expanding and contracting credit so that purchasing power may be kept in alignment with production. So that Americans, in brief, may buy back what they make. It is to be hoped that some progress in the solution of this

problem has been made by the steps already taken—the public-works program, unemployment insurance (as a buying-power reserve), free trade, heavy income taxes on the indecently rich.

13. Where, in the industrial structure, has free competition a legitimate function? In new industries, in luxury industries, in certain aspects of wholesaling and retailing, in certain service industries such as laundries? I shall ask that that line be drawn as rapidly as may be. It will have a profound effect on my whole economic policy. Free competition probably has its place, even in an economy of abundance, but hardly sprawled all over the bed.

IV

While the Planning Board is preparing its report—full time it must give, and well paid it will be—your dictator will, I fear, indulge himself in a few private ukases. These may or may not be pertinent to the solution of grave economic problems, but they will give him much personal satisfaction. After all, if one is to be a dictator, one might as well go all the way. It is a hard life and a few gleams of sunshine will be appreciated.

He will, then, inaugurate a nation-wide system of birth-control clinics with Mrs. Margaret Sanger and qualified physicians in command. He will establish sun-bathing reservations near all great cities, but the instant one of them turns into a nudist cult it will be summarily abolished. On and after a given date he will deport any citizen who places a signboard on a public highway. Designated hoardings at seemly locations will of course be permitted. He will incarcerate any pilot who so far forgets himself as to broadcast advertising matter from the air. A menagerie cage will receive those who seek to use the radio for advertising purposes. No tourist will be permitted to cross the Rio Grande without passing a comprehensive examination in comparative civilization, Mayan and Aztec history, and appreciation of the popular arts and handicrafts. Your dictator will forbid the manufacture of chewing gum, outboard motors, corsets, steam riveters, and derby hats. He will make it mandatory for men to dispense with woolen coats on hot summer days. He will appoint Mr. Gilbert Seldes the official Hollywood censor, and it will be a censorship not of morals but of art. His job will be to forbid vulgar and moronic films; to raise rather than to debase for profit the popular taste of Americans. Your dictator will tear down some twenty square miles of greater New York, plant it to grass and flowers, and give that suffocated city at last a chance to breathe. He will—but sterner matters call.

V

When the planning reports are handed in, I propose to set the recommended machinery moving as briskly as possible—with an eye still on the last motto above my desk. The best available executives will be secured at salaries running up to \$100,000 a year, the top price. When parts of the mechanism jam—as they are bound to—I will scrap them instantly, and if no substitute is available, retreat to the old procedure, pending a better plan.

When everything is running as smoothly as one could hope, I will appoint a permanent board of managers, preferably from the engineering profession, and retire. But a pineapple doubtless will have retired me long since.

Governor Olson of Minnesota

By J. O. MEYERS

St. Paul, October 23

WHEN revolt broke out in Minnesota last November and the citizenry voiced its regret at having succumbed to the Hoover propaganda of 1928 by electing a Farmer-Labor governor, its choice was acclaimed by the right wing as a victory for Moscow.

Nearly a year has passed since this ex-bootblack and ex-freight-handler carried the Farmer-Labor Party to victory with a majority of nearly 200,000 votes. Ten months have passed since the "reds" seized the Statehouse. But Minnesota to date is neither morally nor financially bankrupt. In those months Governor Olson, by his swift, direct, sure strokes, by the force of his personality, and by his courage, has accomplished more than did all the conservatives who preceded him during their long years in office. The Governor has made his blunders—chief of which has been his failure to eschew the use of the political favoritism that has marked the regimes of the two major parties—but these are far offset by his accomplishments.

Governor Olson's veto of the Metropolitan Sewage Disposal bill, calling for construction of a joint sewage-disposal plant to serve Minneapolis, St. Paul, and South St. Paul, has been his most courageous action. This measure, which was passed the night before the 1931 legislature adjourned, was promptly vetoed by the Governor (an attempt to override his veto failed). The measure came to be known as the "St. Paul plan." Backed as it was by the three newspapers of St. Paul, the St. Paul City Council, the St. Paul Association of Commerce, the Bureau of Municipal Research, and the packing interests at South St. Paul, courage was required to kill it. But Governor Olson, not content with having merely vetoed it, returned the bill to the senate with the simple statement that in his belief the measure was "unfair to the taxpayers of Minneapolis, St. Paul, and South St. Paul."

Whom, then, would it have benefited? The packers of South St. Paul. The plan would have allocated the costs of constructing and operating a metropolitan sewage-disposal plant to serve Minneapolis, St. Paul, and South St. Paul on an assessed valuation basis. Under that plan Minneapolis would have paid 62.7 per cent of the cost; St. Paul, 35.6 per cent; and South St. Paul, 1.7 per cent. The total annual charge to each city over a period of thirty years for costs of operation and amortization would have been: Minneapolis, \$1,080,000; St. Paul, \$610,000; South St. Paul, \$30,000.

Figured on the basis of the amount of pollution which each city contributes to the Mississippi River (the figures were arrived at by the Metropolitan Drainage Commission after several years of study), the cost division would have been: South St. Paul, 9 per cent; Minneapolis, 57 per cent; and St. Paul, 34 per cent. The total annual charge under this plan for operation and amortization would have been: Minneapolis, \$970,000; St. Paul, \$595,000; South St. Paul, \$155,000.

The packing industries of South St. Paul pay approximately 55 per cent of all taxes levied in that city; therefore

under the St. Paul plan the packers would have paid but \$16,500 a year, whereas under the plan which would have charged them actually for the amount of sewage they pour into the river the packers' annual charge would have been nearly five times that amount for thirty years, or \$85,250 annually. The St. Paul plan vetoed by Governor Olson would have meant a net saving to the packers over the thirty-year period of approximately \$2,508,000. It is no wonder that they maintained two lobbies in St. Paul hotels and wined and dined legislators in an attempt to push it through.

Minneapolis, forced to contribute the major portion of the costs under the St. Paul plan, naturally opposed it. But legislators from the rural districts and from districts adjoining the Mississippi River, who had been clamoring for years to have the river cleaned up, saw the St. Paul plan as the one most likely to succeed, and lined up with St. Paul.

When Governor Olson vetoed this measure which was opposed by Minneapolis, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, evidencing once more that splendid spirit of brotherly love that exists between the two cities, referred to him as "the Governor of Minneapolis." Mayor Gerhart Bundlie, a sincere but amateurish St. Paul politician (he speaks frequently at business-club luncheons and his speech is almost always on "The Legal Aspects of the Trial of Jesus"), immediately launched an attack on Governor Olson. He was joined by the St. Paul Association of Commerce. Nothing was too bitter for them to say about the Governor.

Other opponents of Mr. Olson pointed out that during the 1930 elections he had been weak in Minneapolis. They saw his veto purely as a political move, since Minneapolis, with a population of 464,356, would be of more importance to him politically than St. Paul, with but 271,606. But even such attacks cannot explain the \$2,508,000 which he virtually wrested from the packers and gave to the taxpayers of the Twin Cities. Since the Governor's veto of the sewage bill the Twin Cities have been attempting to work out a sewage-disposal plan acceptable to both Minneapolis and St. Paul, excluding South St. Paul.

Although Governor Olson announced a contemplated inquiry into fraudulent advertising and the use of deceptive containers for foodstuffs, and another into violations of the State's anti-trust laws, only one inquiry has actually got under way, producing results before it was fairly started. That was the investigation which R. A. Trovatten, Commissioner of Agriculture (an Olson appointee), opened into alleged excessive profits made by ice-cream manufacturers. Simultaneously with Mr. Trovatten's announcement of the inquiry, ice-cream manufacturers declared an immediate reduction in the prices of ready-packed ice cream, which dropped from forty-five and fifty cents a quart to thirty and thirty-five cents in most stores.

Many of the reforms which Governor Olson advocated in his message to the legislature failed to pass—mainly because the conservatives who control the House of Representatives usurped the power in the upper house, seizing the reins of government from Lieutenant Governor Henry Arens,

the dirt farmer who, as a member of Governor Olson's party, was carried into power with the youthful chief executive. On the opening day of the session conservatives, fearing the radical element that had come into the Statehouse, proceeded for the first time in the history of the State to deprive the lieutenant governor of all power by taking over the appointment of the powerful rules committee.

Among the reforms which the Governor proposed were the passage of appropriate legislation designed to remove the inequalities between independent merchants and chain stores; the repeal of the vicious Brooks-Coleman Act, which took control of transit companies from the various city councils and placed it in the hands of the Minnesota Railroad and Warehouse Commission; the passage of a compulsory old-age pension law; reclassification of tax laws to remove the heavy tax burden from farm lands; exclusion of labor unions from the State's anti-trust laws; establishment of a State-owned printing plant, and the passage of legislation to prohibit use of injunctions in labor disputes until adequate and immediate hearing has been granted.

Conservatives joined the Governor in the passage of a program of public construction to alleviate unemployment. "By reason of a governmental policy carried on under the claim of economy," he said, referring to the previous administration, "our State institutions are greatly in need of appropriations for repairs and enlargement. . . . Let us meet the situation frankly and courageously and provide for these improvements, not only because they are an immediate necessity, but also because they will assist the people of Minnesota in our unemployment situation." No sooner had he spoken these words than he proceeded to ask passage of a law "providing that wages paid on public work carried on directly by the State, or by contract with the State, must be equal to the highest prevailing scale of wages paid for the particular kind of work performed."

Failing to obtain passage of such a law, the Governor immediately set a minimum-wage scale on all highway-construction work and ordered the State Commission on Administration and Finance to incorporate minimum-wage scales in the specifications for all State construction jobs. The wage scales in each case were to be set in accordance with the prevailing union scales for skilled and unskilled labor in the various localities where the construction work was to be done.

Less than an hour after he spoke on this subject, hundreds of unemployed men ("reds" the papers called them) marched upon the Capitol, swarmed about the corridors. Lean, tired, hungry men, with babies at home crying for food. Would the new Governor be as "liberal" as he pretended to be, or would he call upon the police to throw them out? Within a few moments after they arrived he sent an emissary out to talk to them. The Governor would be glad to see them all in his office, but there wasn't room. Would they please appoint a committee which the Governor would be glad to see? He would listen to their demands, and do everything he could for them.

Shortly after Governor Olson had established minimum-wage scales on highway-construction work, several contractors attempted to blow a little righteous indignation into the Republican newspapers of the State. They took editors to construction camps, pointed out to them the number of tractors in use, and said in effect: "There—see what Olson's minimum-wage law is doing. It's cheating workmen out of

jobs. We've been forced into this motorization because of his vicious law." Their efforts failed when the Republican State Highway Commission came to the Governor's aid, and after a brief survey made public figures to show that the motorization had been going on gradually and that even under the minimum-wage law the increase in the use of motorized equipment had been no greater than formerly.

Who is this Floyd B. Olson, Governor of Minnesota? Why his rapid rise to his present powerful position in a rock-ribbed Republican State? Why was he able to accomplish what the Farmer-Labor Party had been attempting unsuccessfully to accomplish during the past twelve years?

To begin with, he is an erstwhile bootblack and freight-handler and former county attorney of Hennepin County. He is energetic and forceful, and speaks—especially when talking with newspapermen—the language of "The Front Page." The real Floyd B. Olson can probably best be described by the following: when alone in his office and at home, he smokes a corn-cob pipe; he never smokes it in public; he is afraid that people might consider it a pose. A poor boy who wanted an education, he shined shoes and peddled newspapers to pay for it. He wanted to become a lawyer, so a job as a freight-handler provided the money. His first position as an attorney was a clerkship in a law firm. He waited for his opportunity. It came in 1915 when he was twenty-four years old. Just as an important case was to be tried, the trial attorney of his firm became ill. Young Olson was given the job—and won the case. In 1919, when the Hennepin County attorney was removed, Mr. Olson was appointed acting county attorney, was elected to the office when the term expired, and was reelected twice. In 1924 he was nominated by the Farmer-Labor Party as its candidate for governor, and lost by only 40,000 votes.

It was not until 1929 that Mr. Olson gained any important recognition. As county attorney for Hennepin County, he opened a grand-jury investigation of graft in the Minneapolis City Council. Four aldermen went to prison; a half-dozen business men were convicted of giving bribes.

In 1930, when the Farmer-Labor Party again asked him to run for governor on that ticket, he refused unless the party allowed him to write the platform and would agree to accept it without change. He further requested that, if elected, he was to be under no obligations to anyone in making his appointments. The party agreed and its candidate was triumphantly elected.

Whether or not Governor Olson has held to his resolve to be free in making his appointments is a moot question. He has removed virtually every appointive official holding over from the Christianson administration. And yet in all these appointments only one smacks of political pressure. One of the few really capable public officials among the Christianson appointees was H. W. Austin, State Commissioner of Purchases. There were rumors that the Governor intended to remove him. The Governor denied it, but shortly after his denial was published, he had replaced Mr. Austin.

Because he suffered throughout the summer from a severe illness which might have made another campaign impossible, the Governor's future political course was uncertain, and vague reports were circulated. He has put an end to these by announcing recently that he is restored physically and ready to accept the candidacy of the Farmer-Labor Party in 1932.

Hegel—a Hundred Years After

By OSCAR JASZI

ON November 14 the centenary of the death of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel will be remembered in the halls of many universities and many scientific societies, not only in Germany, but in every place where the great performances of philosophic thought are revered. There can be no doubt that few philosophers have influenced their own and later generations to the same extent as did this former theologian who, after many weary years as private tutor, high-school principal, and—after his growing fame—professor at Heidelberg, became the leading spirit of the University of Berlin. He created in Germany a school of thought which was influential in practically all fields of spiritual research, and the *Hegelianer* enjoyed many favors of the Prussian government. In this way the system of Hegel became a sort of state religion which cemented the foundations of the new Prussia and later the Bismarckian empire. Long after Hegel's death his thought was a motive force in the elaboration of this imperial sham constitutionalism which, based on a powerful military caste and a highly efficient bureaucracy, transmuted the former "people of poets and philosophers" into a nation of warriors and *Realpolitiker*. At the same time many of the outstanding thinkers of England, France, and Italy came under the sway of Hegel's metaphysics; it is sufficient to recall such names as Proudhon, Renan, and Taine in France, Green and Bosanquet in England, and Croce in Italy to show that his influence was not only political, but that world-minded thinkers found an enormous impetus in his general philosophy. Yet in the last decades of the nineteenth century his influence waned conspicuously. The growing force of the natural sciences and democratic public opinion began to regard his philosophy as antiquated and impatiently repudiated his "medieval hair-splitting." Hegelianism became the weapon of a few isolated aristocratic thinkers, or the slogan of imperialistic diplomats and generals. After the World War, however, the forgotten philosophy of Hegel again became a mass force. We witness a curious rebirth of the Prussian state philosopher, of the "high priest of the Absolute," of the reconciler of Christianity with the imperialistic *Machtstaat*, in two antagonistic camps and in two antithetical ways. In a conscious and systematic way he has become the chief philosophic authority of fascism; in a more hidden, half-conscious fashion, through his midwife role in the birth of the Marxian system, his great influence in the present ideology of the Soviet state cannot be disguised.

This rebirth of the thought of Hegel in the leading revolutionary and counter-revolutionary countries cannot be explained by the philosopher's personality. Indeed, no other first-class thinker has been so dull and personally unattractive as this prophet of the World-Spirit. There was nothing dynamic or thrilling about him. The moral heroism of Kant, the national ardor of Fichte, the brilliant romantic imagination of Schelling were alien to him. He had no sense of the greatness of nature. No passionate love ever colored his life. (A love letter to his fiancée is a heavy dissertation on the distinction between "satisfaction and happiness.") No great

and true friendship gave impetus to his soul. His style, sometimes called the "grand style," distressed his contemporaries. It is not only monotonous, but such a conglomeration of Aristotelian, scholastic, and Kantian terminology, which he used in an entirely arbitrary manner, that perhaps no two men have ever understood him in the same way. He himself is reputed to have said: "Only one of my students has understood me, and even he failed." No wonder that such classic writers of clear and forceful expression as Schopenhauer and Dühring attacked him with the lashes of irony.

The remarkable influence of Hegel's system on different generations and temperaments, in short, can be explained only by an analysis of the philosophy itself. Hegel was not an occasional philosopher; in spite of his conservative leanings, he was not a subservient advocate of powerful interests. His social and political philosophy can be understood only as the coronation of his whole system. We must keep in mind three determining forces of his metaphysical edifice. One was his larger intellectual bias. He was a logical imperialist with a deep mystico-religious background. He had an insatiable desire to express his enormous knowledge of facts in systematic logical formulae. He became almost a philosophic pope, who in his chair at the University of Berlin regarded his philosophy as the final and ultimate expression of the World-Spirit. The second was the atmosphere of those colossal historical events through which he lived. He saw the grandiose beginnings of the French Revolution, which, in spite of his conservatism, he admired in the most enthusiastic way; he was shaken by the bloody events of the Terror; he regarded Napoleon's entry into Jena with awe (in a letter he wrote that he had seen "the World-Spirit on horseback"); he lived through the wars of liberation, suffered the humiliation of Germany, breathed the atmosphere of the Holy Alliance, and was irritated by the second French revolution and the Reform Bill in England.

The third determining force in his thought was his growing dissatisfaction with German conditions and his longing for a united Germany which could rival the great nations of the West. His dissatisfaction with contemporary conditions was so strong that in his youth even his solid religious foundation was shaken. His attitude toward disunited Germany was exactly the same as that of Machiavelli toward disunited Italy some three hundred years earlier. No wonder he became an ardent admirer of the Florentine. His philosophy, moreover, surpassed Machiavelli's doctrine in its terrifying non-morality. What was for the author of the "Principe" a lamentable necessity under the entirely corrupt conditions of the period became in Hegel's state worship almost a corollary of the moral law. What happened here is one of the darkest chapters in the history of human thought. Machiavelli was, so to say, canonized, and the idea of the *Staatsraison* created a special morality for practical politics which had nothing to do with the commands of individual morality—indeed, was entitled to crush them. All the bloody sacrifices, the cruel exploitations, the broken treaties for the maintenance or enlargement of the state were

now sanctified by the purposive evolution of the World-Spirit. The state had no other duty than to maintain and fortify itself, and everything that opposed its glorious march must be smashed ruthlessly.

This amazing dogma is a logical and inevitable consequence of the Hegelian system, for which the whole evolution of nature and of the spiritual world is a continuous self-realization of the World-Spirit, which, through the trinity of its dialectic process, through the thesis, antithesis, and synthesis of its self-created categories, proceeds victoriously toward a more and more complete self-consciousness. In this system of logical idealism thinking and being become identical; and Hegel, the only true prophet of this process, in whose mind the World-Spirit, so to say, recognized itself, did not shrink from the final conclusion: "What is rational is real, what is real is rational." In this evolution toward a complete self-realization of the Spirit, the state is the ultimate term because it signifies the highest degree of moral reality, which is freedom. Of course not the freedom of social reformers, humanitarians, politicians, or petty Philistines, but the freedom of chosen individuals who feel themselves united with the World-Spirit. This almighty principle of the Hegelian philosophy is a shrewd Demiurge. Not only does it inspire the great men of the period, the *weltgeschichtlichen Persönlichkeiten*, with the half-conscious vision of its intentions, but through the "trick of reason" (*List der Idee*) it drives all the personages on the historical scene toward its final purposes by deceiving them through the desire for personal gratification. Thus world history becomes an immense theater of marionettes, in which kings, statesmen, and generals, though often struggling for personal advantage, help the World-Spirit in its bloody but divine progress toward a greater freedom for itself. This is why war is the chief moral agent in the edifice of Hegelian thought. Abhorred and detested by vegetative minds, war is, in the great creative process, an inevitable necessity, the supreme instrument of the *Weltgericht*, because the real meaning of world history is the repression or final extirpation of those states which have lost their significance in the march of the World-Spirit. For in any great historical period there can be but one nation which is the great ruler—all the others must be subservient to the nation which carries progress onward; that is, makes the next step in the evolution of moral freedom.

It is very difficult in our time to realize the great hypnotizing force of this doctrine, which was unsuccessfully challenged by the indignant outcry of the sober Schopenhauer: "Spirit? Who is this fellow? And how do you know him? Is he not rather an arbitrary and comfortable hypostasis which you do not even define, much less deduce or prove?"

But it is easy to see that this whole system is animated by all the tendencies of the restoration period which followed the overthrow of Napoleon. It is a challenge to the whole philosophy of natural law which culminated in the system of Rousseau and was further developed by Kant. The self-reliance of individual morality, of the autonomy of human personality, must be crushed in order to introduce the power of the state. While Rousseau and Kant stood for the independence of the individual, for Hegel the individual is only an insignificant cell in a vast organism. The categorical imperative is replaced by the state imperative; the social con-

tract by the manifestation of the Absolute. Individual perfection is of no importance. The chief aim of the evolution is the realization of the Spirit. The state is no longer an instrument in the hands of enlightened individuals; the individuals are instruments in the hands of the state. The idea of eternal peace is ridiculed; war as a world tribunal is worshiped. Pacifism is repudiated for imperialism. A successive emancipation of the human race is a shallow dream compared with the *divina comedia* of the World-Spirit. To seek and work for the "best state" is a fad; only the arrival of the "inevitable state" is of importance.

Even this hopelessly inadequate survey will explain, I hope, the success of the Hegelian philosophy at the present time. That it has become the state philosophy of fascism scarcely needs pointing out. All the claims of the Mussolinian imperialism seem to find support in this system. The rebellious individual, incapable of grasping the lofty ideas of the Duce, must be annihilated. Nor must we forget that Hegel hated the liberal parliamentary state, and dreamed of a renewed medievalism in the form of strictly regulated corporations. The will of the people must be carried on, but the people are blind; therefore their organic leaders must find out their real will. Class divisions have a divine origin which cannot be eliminated, but must be coordinated. Many decrees of Gentile, the Fascist educational reformer, sound like dissertations on Hegelian philosophy.

Not so obvious is the influence of Hegel on the Marxian system and on its final expression in the Soviet state. But Marx himself said that he had realized the fundamental thought of the Hegelian system, "putting it on its feet rather than on its head," as Hegel had left it. By this the prophet of materialism meant that the mysterious World-Spirit of Hegel found in his hands a more solid and robust explanation in the dialectic movement of society itself, which, according to the laws of economic determinism, must inevitably lead to communism. The chief Demiurge was no longer the pale moral freedom of the Spirit but the self-realization of the whole of mankind in terms of material and spiritual prosperity. But this new World-Spirit was as tyrannical as the old one of Hegel. And when Lenin said that, if necessary, two-thirds of mankind should be exterminated in order that the glorious realm of an emancipated world might be realized, he spoke in the spirit of the Hegelian philosophy. Similarly, when the founders of historical materialism asserted that communism would be mankind's "leap from the world of necessity to the world of freedom," they surely felt themselves as the executors of the will of the philosopher of the Absolute. Furthermore, the whole ideology of the Communists, ridiculing individual morality and the right to freedom of thought and self-expression, can be easily supported by many quotations from Hegel.

It would be a thrilling task to follow the example of Croce, who has demonstrated wonderfully what is living and what is dead in the philosophy of Hegel, and to show what is dead and what still living in his social and political conceptions, but unfortunately it would be too lengthy an undertaking here. The only suggestion I would make is this: that the future of our whole civilization depends on whether or not mankind will be able to reconcile Hegel's and Marx's tremendously strong historical vision of what is and was with the deep moral intuition of Rousseau and Kant of the things which ought to be.

In the Driftway

NOT long ago the Drifter, caught in New York, turned into Madison Square Garden to have a look at the World Series Rodeo. It is an annual affair and worth the price of admission merely to hear the names of the places the boys with the wide hats hail from. Amarillo and Okmogie, Tucson and Hurricane, Las Vegas and Three Rivers, Cripple Creek and Mustang Island. Geography is uprooted; the Garden becomes a dry plain where the wind blows incessantly, back and forth, like a cow's tail switching flies. As for the cowboys, their names are as fresh as the shade in a coulee in July. And they sit slouchy and long-legged on the white fences of the stock pens in the Garden as if they were sitting on any old corral fence west of the Platte. The illusion is complete when the first cowboy walks away from his first encounter with a bucking horse. A cowboy's walk is not so much ■ walk ■ an expression of contempt for walking. The legs cannot forget the contours of a horse's back.

THERE was some excellent riding, lassoing, and hanging on at the Garden the night the Drifter went there. The horses and the steers and the calves had full play. The cowboys worked. And if any tenderfoot thinks it is not hard work to rope, throw, and truss up a calf so that he can't get away from the hot branding iron (this is omitted from the Garden show)—and do it all in as little as twelve seconds—he should try it some time. As for bulldogging a steer with horns that look three feet long but are probably only two and a half, the Drifter would rather watch it than try it. He does wish, however, that he had gone in for broncho-busting. A bucking horse is a beautiful study in violent motion. The rider is a foil to heighten the effect and provide a climax when he flies off at a tangent from the arched back of his mount. The Drifter has no desire to be a foil but broncho-riding is only the first and least part of a much larger undertaking. Breaking a spirited colt to the saddle without injuring his spirit must be as delicate and fascinating a job as controlling a spirited child. The Drifter suspects it is much more satisfying. A child grows up and finds you out. A horse, by some magical dispensation, is both intelligent and loyal. He never doubts his master, never disgraces him, never leaves him willingly, worships him to the last ride whether he be cattle thief, movie actor, or only a drifter. The Drifter still intends to break in a good horse. Then if he survives the experience, he will retire—in the course of one of his retirements—with his charger to ■ log cabin and a snug barn on some wooded slope where trails are up and down and long and quiet, where the smell of pine trees rather than motor exhausts tempers the mind of man and horse.

THE Drifter has wandered far from the Garden. It is even farther to the last rodeo he saw outside New York. It was part of a Fourth of July celebration on an Indian reservation in Montana. Indian reservations have a quality all their own of desolation, as if life had really stopped

even though allotments are farmed and the general store prospers. The town of Arlee that day was full of the tepees of Indians who had come long miles to see the celebration. Old squaws smoked their pipes inside. Young squaws smoked cigarettes outside. There was some exciting riding in the corral. The show was lively enough. Cowboys, both Indian and white, were hurtling through the air at frequent intervals, and one horse in his blind rage at being mounted killed himself on a jutting fence rail. But the Drifter could not help being haunted by the realization that the cowboy and his pony, like the Indian, have had their day. Roping calves, bulldogging cattle, breaking horses used to be part of an honest (or dishonest) day's work. Now their only economic value lies in the arena. The clothes that once were worn because they were practical have become only a costume. The "rodeer" which was work has become a rodeo which is merely a spectacle. The ranch, like the reservation, harbors ■ dying race.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Farmers and the Cow War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your "little private revolution" in *The Nation* for October 7 touches only the fringe of the garment of cow-testing. Are the farmers in Iowa and Minnesota and Wisconsin and other States against honest testing of their herds? Do they want sick cattle and profitless live stock? You ask them. It was the farmers who initiated the tuberculin testing and asked for State help and reasonable legislation. A tuberculous cow is a dead loss as ■ producer, and a tuberculous calf or steer is the poorest profit-maker the farmer can have. So he wants to rid his herd of this disease.

What, then, is the matter? Why do the farmers of Iowa pick up their pitchforks to keep the testers on the other side of the fence? First of all, the farmers are convinced that the serum, as it is now made, is as useless for tuberculin testing as thin rainwater. But the real rub is under the other shoulder. The State had been paying the farmer a nominal price for all condemned cattle and selling them to the packers in Omaha, St. Paul, Chicago, and Kansas City to be made into soap. All went well for a time, and then the packers began to discover cows and steers that were not infected. A federal inspector was appointed to decide which animal was and which was not infected after it had been killed and opened up. If it was found to be bad it passed to the soap vat; if sound it passed to the A-1 meat department and could be served in the Waldorf-Astoria as porterhouse steak. It was obviously cheaper to buy tested and condemned beef at one cent a pound—the price paid to the State—than to buy on the regular market at seven to ten cents a pound.

Let me quote a recent letter from my two sisters who still remain on the farm where our whole family was born and brought up—right over in Minnesota, seventy miles west of Minneapolis:

Well, ■ few weeks ago here comes ■ man and says testing is going on and a special test is to be made. So the next day we had to get all the stock into the barn—those that had been in the pasture all summer, also. But as we had lost only one in a former test we did not think much of it. When he came back to see if there were any reactors he found six three-year-old heifers nearly ready to come fresh, two three-year-old cows that were milking, and one four-

year-old cow that was milking. We got mad and told him they were no more sick with T. B. than he was. But he said he was a federal man and knew his business. So we had to send nine of our healthy cows to be slaughtered. We sent Fred down to see when they were butchered, and do you know they were passed as perfect, only four that they had to try to find a pimple in the skin or a spot in the liver ■ big as a pin head, but not one had T. B. at all. Martin Olsons lost three, so they came over and we said we will have to quit raising any more good milk cows for Armour and Swift to buy at one cent a pound. . . .

The cows referred to in the letter were well-bred Holsteins and worth more than three times what the State paid the owners for them. In this particular case, as in most other cases, this raid on the farmer has put him on the rocks and taken his very livelihood from him.

With the tuberculin testing, the grasshoppers, and the Farm Board the farmers are hard put. The slaughtering of every third cow came long before the Farm Board thought of plowing down every third row of cotton.

New York, October 1

J. O. BENTALL

Fewer and Better "Films"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot understand why *The Nation* devotes so much space to reviewing films. It seems to me that *The Nation* exercises good judgment when it covers as many arts as possible. Literature, drama, music, painting—these are arts. Present-day motion pictures are not. To determine whether ■ pursuit can be rightfully termed an art, one must judge its traditions and the attainments and intellectual capacities of those engaged in it; also, whether it has recognized aesthetic qualities, whether it is a civilizing influence, and whether it helps one to live more intelligently.

If I am right, then motion pictures cannot be called an art. Films represent chiefly a form of entertainment and are more accurately likened to bridge and backgammon. I assume that *Nation* readers prefer to choose from this entertainment only the best; therefore your critic should report only on such films as he thinks are worth while. His reviews will then be ■ truly critical and selective guide. In reporting on the arts, however, both the good and the bad should be reviewed, for we should be familiar not only with the notable accomplishments in an art but also with the inferior.

Some may think that the standard "worth while" when applied to films is debatable. I don't. In *The Nation* for September 30 your own Henry Hazlitt proved that the better films are adapted from the stage. I am not implying that your critic should limit his reviews to such films. Good pictures come from other sources too or are written directly for the screen. I merely suggest that there need be nothing elusive about the term "worth while," and that a discerning critic, by using good judgment, noting the source of a picture, being familiar beforehand with the players in it and their former pictures, and reading the advance ballyhoo, can guide himself, just as he can *Nation* readers, to the worth-while films with little loss of time and patience. If your critic sees an inferior film, it isn't necessary to take up valuable space to disclose his error or to tell us something that has long been common knowledge—that the movie magnates are vulgarians and that the mass taste is banal.

If *The Nation's* irrevocable policy is to have "Films" appear at scheduled intervals and take up a specified amount of space, it would be preferable to see the reviews of inconsequential films supplanted by white space.

Jackson Heights, N. Y., November 2

I. K. ROLLING

Finance

Has the Depression Turned the Corner?

MANY observers believe that the past fortnight should be marked with ■ white stone as signalizing the turning-point in a period of depression which, considering only the stupendous values involved, has had no counterpart in history. If this proves to be the case, the occasion will be almost unique in that it was identified contemporaneously rather than some months or years after the event, as usually happens. The explanation seems to be that so many weaknesses, maladjustments, and difficult situations have moved dramatically toward improvement in the past two weeks as to create a strong presumption that conditions cannot again be so bad as they have recently been.

Nearly every competent student has believed that one of the first signs of recovery would be an upward movement in drastically deflated commodity prices. This we have had in wheat, which has risen approximately 20 cents a bushel, or 43 per cent, within a month. Further, it has been recognized that panicky misgivings regarding the American banking and credit structure, expressed in currency hoarding at home and enormous exports of gold to foreigners, was a condition making economic recovery impossible while it lasted. Now, when our statistics show a decrease of \$24,000,000 in money circulation in a week, as against more than a billion increase in twelve months, the signal is flashed around the world that the dollar is not going off the gold base after all, and speculators abroad engage in ■ mad scramble for American currency which—with other influences, to be sure—sends nearly every foreign exchange rate below the dollar par.

In addition to these so-called natural movements of economic forces, produced by man in the mass without conscious leadership, individual actions by bankers and heads of government have served to reassure the doubters and to lay the groundwork of political agreement needed for ■ solution of some of the world's vexing problems. The Hoover-Laval conversations, the Interstate Commerce Commission's rate decision and "pooling" plan, the organization of the National Credit Corporation to aid distressed banks, the unexpected payment by the Bank of England of two-fifths of the \$250,000,000 credit obtained last August from the Bank of France and the New York Federal Reserve Bank—all these events have without question had a cumulative effect, both concrete and sentimental, on the business outlook.

What kind of prosperity is this toward which the American people, hopefully but with many remaining doubts, is raising its eyes? One thing is certain. To the extent that business recovery is accomplished without the insane misuse of credit which characterized 1928 and 1929, the level of activity will be at a far lower level, possibly for years to come, than it was during our recent "new era." If gold begins to flow our way—probably through release of earmarked stocks now held by the Federal Reserve—the first use to which it is likely to be put will be the paying off of a good part of the \$716,000,000 of rediscounts which member banks owe at the Reserve banks. Much of that borrowing probably represents antiseptic credit, applied to sore spots in the business organism without great hopes of profit. The paying of debts, plus the skepticism of a disillusioned public, does not augur well for an immediate resumption of the inflationist process.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Music, Drama

Two Sonnets from Petrarch

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Non fur ma' Giove e Cesare sì mossi

Never was Jupiter so set on thunder,
Nor Caesar never so resolved to shatter
But Mercy like a blast would swoop to scatter
The flame, or tear the hand and sword asunder.
Milady wept: my Lord said (O sweet blunder!)
That I should see her, hear her sorrows flatter
My soul with listening, and thrill to the matter
And very marrow of my bones with wonder.
To me Love pointed, carved into my breast
That bright and silver tear, those mysteries
Cut with a diamond at Love's behest,
Where, with his subtle and incessant keys,
He still returns, as to a treasure chest,
My own true tears, my dark sighs to release.

Nè per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle

Not summer stars in a hushed violet sky
Throbbing, nor white sails on a violet sea,
Nor glittering knights riding through greenery,
Nor long-eyed stags that dizzily flash by,
Nor tidings that could make a dead man cry,
Nor love appareled in royal melody,
Nor, by soft fountains beside grass and tree,
Girls tall as angels singing where they lie—
Of these may none ever unlock my heart
Well fastened with the dust of her slim hands
Beneath the stone that spilled my light at length.
O life, what bliss it were to wrench apart!
My will burns to her, though it understands
How she despoiled and stripped it of its strength.

American Authors

Classic Americans. By Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

WITH the exception of the very dull, not particularly well-written, and not altogether essential chapter on the colonial background, this is a valuable and important book. Dr. Canby is at his best when he is treating a single writer, for then all the evidence may be collected and subjected to conscientious analysis. Often this analysis yields fresh and significant results. His whole treatment of Irving, for example, is incisive, but he is especially acute in his discussion of Irving as a Federalist. Similarly, the discussion of Cooper as a Quaker, that of Poe as a journalist, and that of Emerson as a preacher are pointed and certain to be influential. Of Thoreau and Whitman he has nothing quite so original to say, but his observations are thoughtful and just. The only disappointing chapter in the book, aside from the introduction, is that on Hawthorne and Melville, which is only moderately penetrating in its estimate of Hawthorne, is admittedly inadequate in its comment on Melville, and is a good deal less resourceful than it might be in its comparison of the two writers.

Dr. Canby tells us that he first planned a complete history

of American literature and subsequently restricted himself, very wisely, to this less ambitious project. He did not, however, forget his intention of studying American literature "in the light of its social and intellectual backgrounds," and not the least valuable portion of each essay is that which defines the essential Americanism of the author under discussion. Such an approach suggests, of course, comparison of "Classic Americans" with Parrington's more elaborate treatise, and in that comparison Canby does not fare so badly as one might suppose. He is obviously less familiar than Parrington with social history, and he has not the space and presumably not the ability to document thoroughly his generalizations about the American scene. But his powers of literary analysis are so much greater than Parrington's, and he is so much more ingenious and so much more inclusive in his treatment of any particular author, that he discovers influences and tendencies that the intellectual historian, with his not very subtle critical apparatus, overlooked. And he shows, more consistently and more resourcefully than Parrington, the operation of social and intellectual influences in the processes of literary creation.

Canby, too, has his social philosophy. It is less explicit than Parrington's forthright Jeffersonian liberalism, but it is there and can be pieced together. The most sweeping generalization in the book is an incontrovertible one: all of these men—like most artists, of course, as Canby admits—were opposed to the commercial spirit, and in their various ways reacted against it. With this opposition Canby strongly sympathizes. He admires, therefore, the program of Thoreau, for it is the most drastic and, from one point of view, the most practical protest against the gospel of mammonism. But he not only sees that Thorellianism is no way out for modern society; he is himself incapable of making the sacrifices that Thoreau made. And so he associates Thoreau's criticisms of money-grubbing with a less austere way of life. He writes, it may be noted, very sympathetically of Irving's federalism and of Cooper's ideal of the gentleman-ruler. He points out that each of these eight writers was, in his own way, an aristocrat, and that their respective philosophies are suitable only for intelligent minorities. Gradually, then, we see what he is driving at: the need for such a minority today, refined, cultivated, critical of commercial standards, individualistic in the best sense, loyal to the finest American traditions. It would be unfair to call him a neo-Federalist, for the Federalists were the bulwark of business enterprise; but it is with one element in the Federalist tradition that he affiliates himself.

There is no space here to point out the inadequacies of this position as a social philosophy, but it is important to indicate, however briefly, its inadequacies as a basis for criticism. Canby says that we have had no great writers since these men died; he is right, and it is to be hoped that in a second volume he will show why this is true. But in the meantime we have the question of what these authors, admittedly our greatest, can mean to us today. This is a question that Canby evades. Their day is coming, he says; they will have a place in the future; the time will soon be ripe for them. But that is all on the assumption that our industrial society is about to stabilize itself and give birth to the intelligent minority he hopes for. "We have gone through," he says, "that necessary state where the means for living without digressive effort are readily provided. . . . The plain man has acquired civilized luxuries, if not civilized tastes." So? Are the means of living readily provided for the six or perhaps ten million unemployed, or for the miners of Harlan County? This is not a quibble; it is a fundamental issue for literary criticism. If Canby's aristocratic minority can exist only at the cost of the continued suffering of millions of men—and the evidence seems to be on that side—can it come into

being, and if it does can it endure? If not, what is the importance of these "classic Americans"? Can they be classics either in a society from which basic economic injustice has at last been eliminated or in a society in which the struggle to eliminate that injustice is the most important consideration? If so, from what qualities will their classic significance be derived? These are questions Canby does not answer, for he does not even see that they exist. The critic who does answer them will make a revolutionary contribution to both literary and social thought.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Science for the Child

ONE sultry summer day I took refuge in a library. Because the reading-room was so hot and its magazines were so commonplace, I found my way into the children's room, there to seek the shelves marked Nature and Science.

I was poorly prepared for what I found. Years of research had allowed me to neglect changes in science as written for children. I knew that books were prettier, of course, and I assumed that their language was up to date. Yet I knew little of new trends in purpose and subject, and nothing of merits in comparison with those of the books I myself once cherished.

The remedy for ignorance seemed to be reading. As I read, I began to plan a more leisurely survey which, by stressing books of this year and last, would result in judgments clearer than those gained from selected pages and attractive bindings. Not an analysis, but a rambling survey which still would trace main paths in science.

Even a ramble must start somewhere; and the universe seemed likely ground. In the days of my own juvenile reading, astronomy generally appeared in books composed of legends and poems, illustrated by mythological monsters and a few star maps. Such a book (but of 1931) is "Stars and Their Stories," by Alice M. M. Griffith (Century, \$1), whose store of scientific information is correspondingly meager. At the opposite pole stands "The Stars for Sam," by W. Maxwell Reed (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), a well-written book which reflects the tremendous range—and change—of modern astronomy. From galaxies to electrons, the elements of our modern universe appear in words, drawings, and rarely good plates. Editing by Dr. Charles E. St. John is ample guaranty of accuracy.

In the history of that small astronomical body, the earth, honors also are held by Maxwell Reed—and have been since "The Earth for Sam" was first printed in 1929 (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). In unconventional language and with abundant illustrations this book traces the development of both the earth and life. Novel sketches by Karl Mosely give point to obscure geologic theories.

For younger readers "How the World Is Changing," by Edith Heal (Rockwell, \$1.25), offers a fine account of earth processes, while a companion volume, "How the World Began," tells the story of animals in the geologic past. "Stories of the First Animals," by Edith Walker (Farrar and Rinehart, \$1.50), treats the same field. For me it is spoiled by some awkward poems and very coarse drawings which lack the virtue of true simplicity. Yet I can think of no book of my own early youth which rivaled any one of these in presenting the science that is now my specialty.

Living things fare better, even, than fossil ones in books which stress principles rather than history or detail. The Rockwell series contains "The Garden of the Earth," by Janet McGill, a cleverly illustrated and readable account of basic functions in plant life. "Green Magic," by Julie C. Kenly (Appleton, \$2.50), covers similar ground a little more fully, with woodcut illustrations which make the book a treasure.

Miss Edith Patch puts many essays on plants into her growing Holiday series (Macmillan, \$2 each), of which the most recent title is "Holiday Hill." Both as writer and scientist Miss Patch is our leader among nature essayists for younger children.

For older ones "The Life Story of Beasts," by Eric Fitch Daglish (Morrow, \$3), offers both good mammalogy and unusual pictures. Mr. Daglish's woodcuts are unique and beautiful, and the long list of his books that Morrow has published seems to show that they have met royal welcome. Frankly, I suspect a good deal of it comes from adults, who find in these sophisticated black-and-whites virtues strictly in tune with modern life.

Both adults and youngsters will appreciate the "Standard Natural History," edited by Professor Pycraft (Frederick Warne, \$6). A competent scientist and a popular writer noted for his pages in the *Illustrated London News*, Professor Pycraft has provided us with a natural history which is both good reading and a standard reference, maintaining the traditions long ago set up by another Englishman, Richard Lydekker.

Good books on birds and insects are surprisingly few in this year's lists. "Bird Memories of the Rockies," by Enos Mills (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), is a nature volume of merit, though it hardly presents the science of ornithology. Margaret Powers's "The World of Insects" (Rockwell, \$1.25) is a worthy member of the Nature of the World series through which that publisher has gained his place in the sun. It follows the trend of modern biology by stressing essential functions and problems of insect life rather than dealing with individual groups or species. Miss Patch includes excellent life histories of damselflies and aphids in "Holiday Pond," my favorite of her series.

Animals lend themselves to treatment in stories, and such stories have formed vital parts of the science education of many a growing naturalist. They continue to appear and "Northern Lights," by Mikkel Fonhus (Longmans, Green, \$2), carries on the tradition of Roberts, with the polar bear as its hero. To Wilfrid Swancourt Bronson, however, must go credit for inventing a new type of nature story which both lives up to the demands of the modern child and tells more facts than many textbooks. "Fingerfins," the story of a Sargasso fish, and "Paddlewings," that of a Galapagos penguin (Macmillan, \$2 each), outrank any nature stories of my own youth in both style and store of basic information. Compared with them, N. Karazin's "Cranes Flying South" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is a disappointment indeed—though there doubtless are some who will prefer its humanized birds to Mr. Bronson's "Paddlewings."

Like the insects, man is not fortunate in publishers' offerings for 1931. In fact, the best survey of archaeology remains "Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age" by Marjorie and C. Quennell, first published by Putnam in 1922. Though it displays that restraint which characterizes British books in popular science, it is thoroughly readable and admirably illustrated. Its nearest rival is Grace Kiner's "How the World Grew Up," of the Rockwell series, which suffers from rather clumsy drawings. "Mog, the Moundbuilder," by Irving Crump (Dodd, Mead, \$2), is a tale of a young moundbuilder whose days are filled with bloody battles and hairbreadth escapes. It may raise the hair on juvenile scalps, but it will not teach much about those remarkable aborigines of southern Ohio.

The adventure of science appears in two books by Amabel Williams-Ellis. "Men Who Found Out" (Coward-McCann, \$2) tells the lives of such men as Galileo, Van Leeuwenhoek, and Lister, without an attempt to moralize; "The Voyage of the Beagle" (Lippincott, \$2) is a rousing tale of travel and discovery assembled from the writings of Darwin and Admiral Fitzroy. Both are well done, and fill honorable posts in the

varied and significant library of science that awaits the modern inquiring child.

In "The Story of Health" (Harper, \$1.25) Hope Holway tells in simple—yet not too simple—words the story of healing from smoking medicine lodge to the laboratory and hospital. It is a great story which every boy and girl should know.

The old-fashioned hero wore gold braid or buckskin, waved a gun, and slaughtered hordes of the wicked enemy. A more modern one uses his hands to wield scalpel or test tube, and spends his time trying to enrich or save life, not to destroy it. At least, this is what we conclude from the list of heroes selected by Joseph Cottler and Haym Jaffe in their "Heroes of Civilization" (Little, Brown, \$3), which includes such names as Huygens, Lavoisier, Einstein, Koch, and Darwin. In general, these biographies are equal to the task of proving that their subjects *are* heroes, not freaks or mollycoddles. They even succeed in the more difficult job of presenting science itself as a series of great and adventurous discoveries—which is all one can ask of any hero book.

CARROLL LANE FENTON

Children's Books—1931

THE children's books which have appeared in the present year maintain for the most part a standard of excellence in which authors, illustrators, and publishers may take pride. In presenting a few of the most outstanding I can only mourn the limitations of space which prevent me from dealing with more of them.

For the children from four to seven years many picture books divide the honors of their fine illustrations with text which is the outcome not solely of a desire to amuse or even to instruct the children, but of a true understanding of their tastes and capacities. Among these there is "The Blue Teapot," by Alice Dalgliesh, with illustrations by Hildegard Woodward (Macmillan, \$2), a collection of five little stories centering about the Bay of Fundy whose definiteness and incisiveness and whose logically cheerful endings are especially satisfying; there is "The Yellow Shop," written and illustrated by Rachel Field (Doubleday, Doran, \$.75), a story whose ingenuity and resourcefulness will delight its readers; there is "The House That Grew Smaller," by Margery Bianco (Macmillan, \$1.50), which gives to a little house human feelings and reactions admirably caught by the illustrator, Rachel Field. "Boochy's Wings," by Annie Vaughan Weaver (Stokes, \$1.50), describes with irresistible drollery the experiences of a little Negro Peter Pan who tried to fly; "Mamie," well told and exceptionally well illustrated, even in a year of strikingly well-illustrated picture books, by Edna Potter (Oxford University, \$1), presents a tale of absent-minded little Mamie, of Providence in 1875, with humor and penetration which are utterly charming; "A Head for Happy," written and illustrated by Helen Sewell (Macmillan, \$2.50), is a decidedly original story of a home-made boy doll whose three girl owners were compelled to search the world for an appropriate head for him—a search in which many an adult who feels his own head inadequate will sympathize; "Peggy and Peter," by Lena Towsley (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), gives a simple account of the day of two little children, and is the most appealing of the camera-study books presented this year; "The Farmer in the Dell," by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan, \$2.50), is a little tale of farm life at different seasons of the year in the illustrations of which the Haders have surpassed anything which even they have done—particularly fine is their picture of an early winter morning. In a selection of animal stories whose humor and charm endears them even to those who think this field a bit overcrowded, there are "Bingo Is My Name," by Anne Stoddard (Century, \$1);

"Snippy and Snappy," by Wanda Gag (Coward-McCann, \$1.50); "The Shire Colt," by Zhenya and Jane Gay (Doubleday, Doran, \$2); "Ella the Elephant," by Kurt Wiese (Coward-McCann, \$1.50); "Once There Was a Crocodile," by "Margaret" (Macmillan, \$1.50). The prize for the picture books, however, must be divided between two claimants. One is "The Fairy Circus," by Dorothy Lathrop (Macmillan, \$3.50), whose delicate beauty cannot be described, and the other is "The Christ Child" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2), in which Christ's story, told from the Gospels according to Matthew and Luke, is illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham in a manner which is truly breath-taking. I am not exaggerating in thus describing these two admirable books.

For the little children who are interested in special subjects there is "Diggers and Builders," by Henry B. Lent (Macmillan, \$2), which makes the jobs of riveters, cement mixers, and derrick men perfectly clear to passionate young inquirers who have received only cautious evasions in answer to questions. "The Iron Horse," by Adele G. Nathan and Margaret S. Ernst (Knopf), gives in a lucid and concrete manner the steps in locomotive development, and is illustrated by photographs of each machine described. "The Busy Book," by Floy L. Bartlett and Alida Conover (Doubleday, Doran, \$1), is unusually rich in occupational suggestions which really work out, and the "Picture Map Geography of the United States," by Vernon Quinn (Stokes, \$2.50), has map drawings unusually intelligible to youngsters who must be led by gentle means to appreciate the more utilitarian maps they will encounter in later years. "Weather Signs and Rhymes," by Maginel Wright Barney (Knopf), will be a boon to conversational elevator boys as well as to children to whom the weather is of perpetual interest, and "The Junior Poetry Cure," by Robert Haven Schauffler (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50), is an anthology which nobly lives up to the significance of its title.

For children from six to twelve internationalism is presented by means of stories whose scenes and characters faithfully present bits of foreign countries. "At the Inn of the Guardian Angel," adapted by Amena Pendleton from the French of Mme de Ségur (Houghton Mifflin, \$2), shows us peasant France in the middle or late 1880's and an irascible comic guardian angel in the person of the Russian General Dourakine, who makes everything turn out in the blissfully perfect fashion of the times. The General makes us think of "Taras Bulba," Cossack hero of Gogol's famous classic, which has been translated and revised by Isabel Hapgood (Knopf), and which will be appreciated only by the oldest in this particular age-group. They will enjoy its blood and thunder, despite the cruelty and ruthlessness with which its pages are saturated. "Vanya of the Streets," by Ruth Epperson Kennell (Harper's), is a pathetic but not too depressing tale of the *besprizornie*, or neglected children of Russia, left to shift for themselves in the Moscow streets after the Great War. "Boy of the South Seas," by Eunice Tietjens (Coward-McCann), induces that warm identification of our own interests with those of the principal character which this author invariably succeeds in accomplishing. "Nicolina," by Esther Brann (Macmillan, \$2), happens to be the first girl swineherd we have ever met. Most of the others have been fairy-tale princes in disguise. We are glad that Nicolina of modern peasant Italy achieves the truly fairy-tale climax of a visit to Florence, under the noble auspices of none other than a boy vender of tourists' post cards. In "The Truce of the Wolf," by Mary Gould Davis (Harcourt, Brace, \$2), old Italy is glowingly reconstructed for us by a master-hand at story-telling, namely, the supervisor of story-telling in the New York Public Library. The stories are instinct with charm, sense of drama, and discrimination. "Knock at the Door," by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan, \$2), was perhaps inspired by Strephon of "Iolanthe" fame—he who

was half fairy and half mortal. Out of his Gilbertian dilemma Elizabeth Coatsworth has created one of her exquisite fantasies, this time with an old English feeling, with pictures by F. D. Bedford which are in perfect accord with the wistful charm of the story. There is a gift edition of "The Cuckoo Clock," by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan, \$1.75), with colored illustrations by C. E. Brock, an old favorite which shows us a genuine and not a fanciful bit of vanished England. "The Story of Siegfried," by James Baldwin (Scribner, \$2), gives us the German hero also in gala dress, the illustrations being by Peter Hurd. "Kari," by Gabriel Scott (Doubleday, Doran, \$2), is instinct with the fragrant and gloriously healthy influence of the apple tree which is entwined with this artistically simple story of Kari Supper from Lindeland, Norway, who was more than "just a plain home girl." "Waterless Mountain," by Laura Adams Armer (Longmans, \$3), won the prize in a juvenile contest and is a most distinguished and inspiring story of Little Singer, the Indian boy, who was finally enabled to sing his songs as he had always so burningly felt them. Finally, to knit this entire "international" group together, there is "This World We Live In," by Gertrude Hartman (Macmillan, \$5), which selects the high lights of world development and gives accounts of them in a manner so interesting that it will inevitably lead to further eager research on the part of the young readers.

For boys and girls of high-school age there is first and foremost "Calico Bush," by Rachel Field (Macmillan, \$2.50). Undoubtedly the book of the season of all those which have come to our attention, this story of the bound-out girl who takes service with a Maine family is deeply imbued with the charm of the period and the atmosphere it so vividly conjures up. In the classic beauty of its close-knit structure, in its realization of the aspects of early American life, it is deserving of a high position indeed in American fiction. "Try All Ports," by Elinor Whitney (Longmans, \$2), a fine story of early clipper-ship days in Boston, succeeds in presenting a tale of authenticity and charm, in which the salty lure of the sea plays an unostentatious but effective role. There is nothing unostentatious about the role of the sea in "Java Ho!" by Johan Wigmore Fabricius (Coward-McCann, \$2.50). Based on the log-book of Willem Bontekoe, a Dutch skipper, it tells a truly thrilling tale of a Dutch boy whose passionate love of the sea led him and his three companions into adventures electric with excitement and fun. Translated from the German, it is in its style and in certain expressions, curiously enough, reminiscent of "Hans Brinker" of beloved memory. "Away to Sea," by Stephen W. Meader (Harcourt, Brace), is the story of another sea-smitten lad who in 1821 ran away from his father's farm and signed up as cabin boy on the White Angel. It proves to be a slave ship, and the descriptions of its horrors call to mind the opening poem of Benét's "John Brown's Body." It is finely sustained narrative of great interest. "The Mystery Chest," by Rear Admiral Evans (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2), is a pirate-treasure story true to type, with all the conventions of shanghaied cabin boy, villainous captain, and elusive treasure faithfully maintained.

"Young Trajan," by Elizabeth Cleveland Miller (Doubleday, Doran, \$2), is the love story of Frosina and Trajan, young Rumanians of today who are suffering under the unjust landlord system which prevails in parts of Rumania. Shot through with the color and picturesqueness of Rumanian traditions, this story is a glamorous combination of the old and the new Rumania. Throughout "Durandal," by Harold Lamb (Doubleday, Doran), the inspiring clank of crusaders' armor and the flash of Roland's famous sword accompany a vivid and well-written narrative.

"Big-Enough," by Will James (Scribner, \$2.50), combines the lives of a boy and a horse as inseparably and convincingly

as it presents to us the American West and an absorbing story. We had thought it impossible that Will James could have a rival in illustrated stories about horses, but John Thorburn, the author of "Hildebrand" (Scribner, \$5), though his treatment differs widely, runs him a close second. The illustrations by "Wag" are excellent. Two additional "gift books" must bring our sadly limited recommendations to a close—"To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), with tempting colored illustrations by Frank Schoonover, and "The Oregon Trail," by Francis Parkman (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3), whose perennial beauty is further enhanced by a fine introduction by Mark Van Doren. The illustrations are by James Daugherty, whose powerful conceptions are appropriate to the vigor of the subject matter offered by this great record of one of the most enthralling of American periods.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

Books in Brief

A History of Sweden. By A. A. Stomberg. The Macmillan Company. \$8.50.

Sweden's history is as interesting as that of any other European people and on the whole less bloody and tragic. It had its periods of "glory"—the Viking expansion, the establishment of the first Russian dynasty, a position among the "great Powers" maintained until Peter the Great permitted Charles XII to bury the greatest part of its man power on the Russian steppes. Unlike Spain's or Portugal's, Sweden's forced retirement from the ruinous gaming table of European politics was not accompanied by economic and social disintegration. As in the other Scandinavian countries and in Switzerland and Holland, "powerlessness" has proved a blessing, and has enabled it to develop a healthy and admirable national life. Professor Stomberg's account is readable and orderly, but he is too much the conventional historian and the Swedish patriot (though he happens to be an American professor and, presumably, an American citizen) to produce a first-rate book. Its chief recommendation is not its own good qualities but the fact that it is the only work in its field available in English.

The Universe, from Crystal Spheres to Relativity. By Frank Allen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Another claimant for the honors of explaining relativity to the intelligent layman. Delivered originally as a lecture, Frank Allen's little book can do no more than skirt the fringes of this vast and complex subject. A brief but informative historical survey prepares the reader for discussions of the abstruse problems of motion, energy, and mass, space, time, light, and the ether. Emphasis is laid on the indebtedness of modern physical theory to Newton, whose concept of gravitation, far from being discarded, is still a very definite element in the speculations of Einstein. There is a very good exposition of the famous "Lorentz transformations" and of the torsion-balance experiments of Baron Eötvös with reference to "gravitational" and "inertial" mass. All of which should serve to lead interested beginners to further and more thorough study of a subject which has already inspired a little good philosophy—and much bad metaphysics.

The Song of God. A Translation of the Bhagavad-Gita. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

In the course of the Mahabharata there is an interlude in which the hero Arjuna has his charioteer, the God Krishna, drive him into the No Man's Land between his troops and his enemies so that he may see, living, the men he is about to slay.

On the side of the enemy he sees relatives and friends, and he is overcome with sadness and loses his will to fight. Krishna heartens him to do his duty; their dialogue becomes a comprehensive exposition of Indian religion and ethics. This long dialogue that reconverts Arjuna to the ruthless warrior contains material that haters of violence up to Gandhi have used as their inspiration and their text. The poem, considered as a gospel, has many sublimities; as literature, however, it has become turgid, accumulated rather than formed, and contributing to make the Mahabharata a spoiled story, the original epic having been both hidden and deformed by just such incrustations of religious and philosophic additions; precisely as Homer would be were segments of the philosophers wedged into the text. Mr. Mukerji's version, compared with three others, justifies his claim to a greater sensitiveness to the subtleties and vitalities of Hindu terminology. His interesting introduction furthers the ruin of the poem, as a poem, by insisting upon a religious symbolism obviously alien to its original nature.

Architecture

A Factory in Holland

Rotterdam, October 22

AT the Van Nelle factory here the American finds himself beaten to a frazzle at his own game. At a distance it looks a good deal like Long Island City—a gray factory with various buildings, sheds, and stacks; and yet from the very first there is a distinguishing difference. The city of Rotterdam crosses the Schie Canal on only one side of the works, which in consequence are bounded for the most part by flat Dutch pastures with grazing cows.

Now, this landscape is an integral part of the "set-up"; for in what other country could you expect a tobacco and coffee plant to be kept as spick and bright as a Dutch teakettle? From nearby the general gray breaks up into long horizontal bands of semi-lustrous iron and a vertical slab or two of concrete. The rest is all glittering, brilliant glass—not factory glass at all, as we know it, with a year's grime on it and with corrugations that keep you from looking in, but real glass such as you cannot be enjoying this minute in your New York or Chicago apartment unless you have just had it washed; this because the Van der Lieuwes have adopted the American device of a railing around the top from which is suspended a traveling car, with the window-cleaners in it constantly at work—a device we at home generally put to use only about once a year. But neither do we have such clean air all around.

To secure unbroken bands of windows, the supporting concrete columns are placed behind the wall inside the room, on a system which I explained in this column last February in connection with the New School. The total effect is hardly describable to one who has not seen it: it certainly does not say "building," since the associations are not at all with brick or stone, and the necessary heavy concrete columns are all seen through the glass shimmer; nor is it quite "ship" or "airplane," though more those than the other. It is weightless, open, bright gray, mechanical, exhilarating.

Our second visit was on a dark rainy day; and if you have not experienced it before, on such a day you are surprised by the sense of well-being that derives from the discovery that it is possible to read in comfort in the deepest part of a factory without turning on a single electric light. In the entire establishment there was not one in use, even in a hallway; the great curtains of the large central office were drawn back, that was all, and in the factory proper the men at the roasting machines,

who judge everything by an exact color and shade, were working at ease in daylight, as they will all winter long.

Now, I expound these simple matters in such detail mainly on account of our "modern" architects in New York, who maintain that the like is impossible, at least commercially. They will never believe, I suppose, that Mr. Van der Vlugt, the designer, has achieved fine air without artificial ventilation, mainly by laying out his buildings in the right direction with reference to sun and wind, and by managing so that insulation pockets and free air currents are both easily secured by simple manipulation of windows and shades.

For us I admit the problem would be more difficult. Our factory is built in the midst of smoke let loose all over the place; hence our own "modern" experiment is with a solid-wall, windowless type with which we shut the smoke out again, together with the sunlight; and then we say that natural air is not good enough for us anyway, nor natural light steady enough, and so we burn still more coal for the sake of electric light and "ventilation."

There was one objection I had heard in New York to the Van Nelle plans, and that concerned the loss of some three feet of space between the outermost columns and the wall, because the columns are not in the wall. This objection came from an architect who, I confess, is placid in the face of New York's building code, which compels him to make the wall itself from eight to twelve inches thick, where the "stolid" Dutch manage with four inches; and the two multiplications I now invite my friends to make and to compare. Yet were the whole of this objection true, instead of a third of it, I am afraid it would nevertheless all be thrown out, since, unlike us, the Dutch have no passion for crowding machinery and people. Throughout the entire factory as well as outside it, there is plenty of room; and that gets into you, too. I cared much more about that than about the combination of bright and restful colors, and the nickel-tube furniture in the offices (with American filing cabinets); it seemed almost more important than the thoroughbred style.

A good deal of the Van Nelle factory is pure swank. They use glassed-in conveyor shafts from factory to packing rooms, where metal would do; and their extra cleaning and heating cost something, in what corresponds to the advertising appropriation. It is all what we would do if we could, and dared! It is what, as you look at historical styles, you would so like to call American. They come out with it. They go the whole way.

I said a minute ago the "advertising appropriation"—no, it's the civilization fund.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Music

Anton Bruckner

WHEN Toscanini played the Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner last year, the thing that struck most of us more than anything was the lack of anything striking. When Bruckner was through saying his very true things in his quite unexceptionable way, we were inclined, like the *New Yorker* after reading Mr. Coolidge, to wonder: "So what?"

Since then Bruckner has given us three more chances: one in Mr. Hoogstraaten's performance of the Fourth Symphony in the Great Hall of the City College last summer, and the others in the recent performances by Mr. Kleiber of a single movement from a student work and by the Friends of Music of the Mass in F-minor. Whatever the conclusions to be drawn from this increased acquaintance, I hope they will not be con-



THE DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY

Theodore Roosevelt

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, *Saturday Review*

"The most comprehensive story, the most illuminating, convincing, and reasonable picture of Roosevelt."

ARTHUR KROCK, *N. Y. Times*

"True biography as it is true history . . . From persons designated as 'confidential sources' he has presented anecdotes about Roosevelt which would not otherwise find their way into biography."

WILLIAM SOSKIN, *N. Y. Post*

"Here is no synthetic concoction of complexes, no easy and glib formula to 'reveal' Roosevelt as the modern biographers reveal both God and Satan . . . Theodore Roosevelt emerges from Henry Pringle's book a life-size figure."

\$5.00 at all bookstores

THE NEW NOVEL BY

VIRGINIA WOOLF

The Waves

SARA TEASDALE

"*The Waves* is a masterpiece in its conception, speed and penetration. No woman before Virginia Woolf has used our language with such easy authority."

REBECCA WEST, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"Virginia Woolf comes to a curious and secret flowering. The sight of it is far beyond the deserts of most of us."

GERALD BULLETT, *New Statesman and Nation*

"It is impossible to describe, impossible to do more than salute, the richness, the strangeness, the poetic illumination of this book."

\$2.50 at all bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

383 Madison Ave.

New York

strued as ingratitude for the chances given us. Bruckner's reputation in Austria and Germany is so great that whatever the final verdict on the importance of his works may be, the neglect of them in other countries has been without any doubt exaggerated. Quite apart from their intrinsic value, we have profited by these performances, and we are indebted to the Friends and to Messrs. Van Hoogstraaten and Kleiber for satisfying (I had almost said, for allaying) our curiosity. But the conclusion to which many of us have come, if only tentatively, is that there was nothing to get very much excited about in either direction. There is certainly nothing in the Bruckner we have heard that is in any way offensive; nor have we received any very new, vital, or deeply consoling message.

In the three mature works we have heard there seems to me a fundamental fault in proportion: the protasis of his message is often startling, challenging, heroic; the apodosis seems too often insignificant. "If," one imagines Bruckner saying, for example, "Bach had lived in the nineteenth century [a stimulating supposition] he would not have been an eighteenth-century composer [true, but less interesting]." Bruckner starts with thematic material that seems to open the door to all sorts of interesting and stirring developments; his themes often have great vigor and individuality. But once having introduced them he finds nothing of any interest for them to do through the long pages that follow; his characters are strong, but their conversation is tepid and repetitious, and no plot connects them.

Perhaps something of this sort is what Mr. Bellmann, program editor for the Friends, had in mind when he wrote: "He is a romantic . . . because he looked upon this world, found it strange and filled with wonder, and sang of it in terms which he found adequate and uplifting"; and ten lines later: "This is the faith of a simple believer—the expression of the faith of one who is no explorer of heights or depths, no questioner, but a simple-hearted, whole-hearted participant. In the perfection of belief there is no residue of mystery." Yes, that is, and no.

Although the estimate I have implied is somewhat unenthusiastic—and I am frank to say that at the moment I doubt whether additional Bruckner performances will change it materially—it is only fair to remember that almost the whole French nation places a similar estimate upon Brahms, and in that case few of us would hesitate to pronounce it false and uncomprehending. Nor do I mean to imply that there are no passages of any duration in Bruckner that sustain a high level of inspiration. The Benedictus and the Agnus Dei of the F-minor Mass are, I think, thoroughly great music, able to stand comparison with many of the extraordinarily great works that the Friends habitually offer us.

But what is there about Bruckner that makes all those in any way connected with him catch his extraordinary taste for the unimportant? It is, perhaps, from the over-active American Bruckner Society, ardent propagandists, that Mr. Bellmann absorbed the notion that vague description and detailed accounts of previous American performances—hardly very significant matter—were of more interest than detailed historical and biographical material about the Mass and its composer. It would have been of interest to know, for example, whether Bruckner had ever heard, as seems from superficial inquiry likely, parts of his adored Wagner's "Meistersinger," with which the F-minor Mass at times has noticeable melodic and harmonic similarities. But one had to go to sources* other than the program to learn that the Mass was finished in 1868 and revised between 1881 and 1883; that "Die Meistersinger" was finished in 1867; that Bruckner spent many evenings in Wagner's company during May and June, 1865, and may very possibly have heard considerable portions of "Die Meistersinger" played by Wagner at

* Among others, "The Life of Anton Bruckner," by Gabriel Engel, published by the Roerich Museum Press in collaboration with the American Bruckner Society—a helpful and informative monograph, though written with a very pro-Bruckner (that is, anti-Brahms, anti-Hanslick, anti-Bülow) bias.

that time; that Wagner had already played excerpts from the work in Vienna in January, 1863; and that in 1873, 1875, 1876, and 1882 Bruckner came into contact with Wagner and "felt just like a schoolboy while his teacher is correcting his notebook"—he went to Wagner as disciple four times, that is, between the original composition of the Mass and its final revision. Whatever these things prove, if they prove anything, they seem to me of distinctly greater value in understanding and placing the Mass than the record of Dr. Dumler's performance in Cincinnati in 1900, or Mr. Bellamann's lyric comments.

This is perhaps an appropriate place to mention the late Mrs. H. B. Lanier and the debt in which she placed all those to whom the concerts of the Friends of Music mean something. If there is one musical organization in New York more valuable than any other, I think it is the Friends of Music; it is greatly to be hoped that the continuance and development of the Friends will not be endangered by the loss of their strongest and most enthusiastic supporter.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama Our Electra

EXCEPT for a dinner intermission Eugene O'Neill's new trilogy, "Mourning Becomes Electra" (Guild Theater), runs from five o'clock in the afternoon until about eleven-fifteen in the evening. Seldom if ever has any play received a reception so unreservedly enthusiastic as this one was accorded by the New York newspapers and, to begin with, I can only say that I share the enthusiasm to the full. Here, in the first place, are those virtues—intelligence, insight, and rapid, absorbing action—which one expects in the best contemporary dramatic writing. But here also are ■ largeness of conception and ■ more than local or temporary significance which put to rest those doubts which usually arise when one is tempted to attribute ■ lasting greatness to any play of our generation. O'Neill, though thoroughly "modern," is not dealing with the accidents of contemporary life. He has managed to give his—I am almost tempted to say "our"—version of ■ tale which implies something concerning the most permanent aspects of human nature, and it is hard to imagine how the play could lose its interest merely because of those superficial changes which take place from generation to generation. For this reason it may turn out to be the only permanent contribution yet made by the twentieth century to dramatic literature.

As the title suggests, O'Neill's fable follows, almost incident for incident, the main outlines of the Greek story. Though he has set the action in New England just after the Civil War, his Clytemnestra murders Agamemnon and his Electra persuades Orestes to bring about the death of their common mother. Nor do such changes as are necessarily made in the motivation of the characters so much modify the effect of the story as merely restore that effect by translating the story into terms which we can fully comprehend. It is true that Electra loves her father and that Orestes loves his mother in a fashion which the Greeks either did not understand or, at least, did not specify. It is true also that the play implies that the psychological quirks responsible for the tragedy are the result of a conflict between puritanism and healthy love. But this is merely the way in which we understand such situations, and the fact remains that these things are *merely* implied, that the implications exist for the sake of the play, not the play for the sake of the implications. It is, moreover, this fact more than any other which indicates something very important in the nature of O'Neill's achievement.

New and Important Publications—

The best living writer of English narrative prose writes the history of the World War in the East

The Unknown War by Winston S. Churchill

author of "The World Crisis," "The Aftermath," etc.

With the matchless brilliance that brought international fame to his "World Crisis," Mr. Churchill here turns a searchlight on the dark drama of the war in the East in which three great empires fought to universal ruin and death.

With maps and plans. \$5.00

Maid in Waiting by John Galsworthy

In his first novel since he completed the Forsyte chronicles four years ago, Mr. Galsworthy tells an absorbing story of modern England in which one of the leading characters is an American.

\$2.50

The Anatomy of Bibliomania by Holbrook Jackson

"We can truly say of this second volume that 'finis coronat opus.' One of the few real books, as it is certainly the most entertaining published for many years."—*New York Times*.

Two volumes. Each, \$7.50

Preludes for Memnon by Conrad Aiken

"Here is distinguished poetry, perhaps the most significant thing Conrad Aiken has done, a brilliant ornament in American poetry."

—*New York Times*.

\$2.50

The Five Seasons by Phelps Putnam

"His poems have the dramatic power of emotions externalized in action. The impact of that action upon the mind of the reader is immediate."

—*The Nation*.

\$2.00

The Temple of the Warriors by Earl H. Morris

The adventure of exploring and restoring a masterpiece of native American architecture in the ruined Maya city of Chichen Itza, Yucatan. "It is the story of a great adventure. For all who enjoy a tale of treasure trove 'The Temple of the Warriors' is meat and drink."—HARRY HANSEN in the *New York World Telegram*.

Profusely illustrated from photographs. \$5.00

America Hispana by Waldo Frank

author of "The Re-discovery of America," etc.

"A book of fine quality, the best of Mr. Frank's achievement so far. It is deserving of the rare distinction of being indispensable to any one who would understand America Hispana."

\$3.50

—*New York Times*.

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

REPRESENTATIVE OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

Collected with Introductory Notes, by
ALFRED LIEF

Foreword by
HAROLD J. LASKI

Uniform with

THE DISSENTING OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

\$4.50

Boxed with the foregoing \$9.00

*Boxed with the foregoing and "SOCIAL
AND ECONOMIC VIEWS OF MR.
JUSTICE BRANDEIS"* \$13.50

The above volumes may be purchased at all bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue

New York City

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
Hamlet—Broadhurst—W. 44 St.
If I Were You—Comedy—41 St. E. of B'way.
Lean Harvest—Forrest—49 St. W. of B'way.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Payment Deferred—Lyceum Theatre—45 St. E. of B'way.
Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
The House of Connelly—Martin Beck—45 St. & 1 Ave.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Sex Fable—Henry Millers—124 W. 43 St.
The Roof—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.
Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

Hitherto most of our best plays have been—of necessity perhaps—concerned primarily with the exposition and defense of their intellectual or moral or psychological backgrounds. They have been written to demonstrate that it was legitimate to understand or judge men in the new ways characteristic of our time. But O'Neill has succeeded in writing a great play in which a reversal of this emphasis has taken place at last. Because its thesis is taken for granted, it has no thesis. It is no more an exposition or defense of a modern psychological conception than Aeschylus is an exposition or defense of the tenets of the Greek religion, even though it does accept the one as Aeschylus accepts the other. It is on the other hand—and like all supremely great pieces of literature—primarily about the passions and primarily addressed to our interest in them. Once more we have a great play which does not "mean" anything in the sense that the plays of Ibsen or Shaw or Galsworthy usually mean something, but one which does, on the contrary, mean the same thing that "Oedipus" and "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" mean—namely, that human beings are great and terrible creatures when they are in the grip of great passions, and that the spectacle of them is not only absorbing but also and at once horrible and cleansing. Nineteenth-century critics of Shakespeare said that his plays were like the facts of nature, and though this statement has no intellectual content it does imply something concerning that attitude which we adopt toward "Mourning Becomes Electra" as well as toward Shakespeare. Our arguments and our analyses are unimportant as long as we attempt to discover in them the secret of our interest. What we do is merely to accept these fables as though they were facts and sit amazed by the height and the depth of human passions, by the grandeur and meanness of human deeds. Perhaps no one knows exactly what it means to be "purged by pity and terror," but for that very reason, perhaps, one returns to the phrase.

To find in the play any lack at all one must compare it with the very greatest works of dramatic literature, but when one does compare it with "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" one realizes that it does lack just one thing and that that thing is language—words as thrilling as the action which accompanies them. Take, for example, the scene in which Orin (Orestes) stands beside the bier of his father and apostrophizes the body laid there. No one can deny that the speech is a good one, but what one desires with an almost agonizing desire is something not merely good but something incredibly magnificent, something like "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . ." or "I could a tale unfold whose lightest word . . ." If by some miracle such words could come, the situation would not be unworthy of them. Here is a scenario to which the most soaring eloquence and the most profound poetry are appropriate, and if it were granted us we should be swept aloft as no Anglo-Saxon audience since Shakespeare's time has had an opportunity to be. But no modern is capable of language really worthy of O'Neill's play, and the lack of that one thing is the penalty we must pay for living in an age which is not equal to more than prose. Nor is it to be supposed that I make this reservation merely for the purpose of saying that Mr. O'Neill's play is not so good as the best of Shakespeare; I make it, on the contrary, in order to indicate where one must go in order to find a worthy comparison.

Space is lacking to pay fitting tribute to the production and acting of the play. It must suffice to say that both they and the setting do it justice. Both Nazimova as Christine (Clytemnestra) and Alice Brady as Lavinia (Electra) contribute performances hardly less notable in their own way than the play, and, indeed, everyone concerned in the production may be said to share somewhat in the achievement. "Mourning Becomes Electra" reads well; when it comes to life on the stage of the Guild Theater it is no less than tremendous.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

☐ PLAYS ☐ FILMS ☐ LECTURES ☐ DINNER ☐ DEBATES ☐

MAURICE SCHWARTZ in
A Comedy for Cultured People
"IF I WERE YOU"

By Sholem Aleichem
"... it has a simplicity and sincerity which are genuinely charming."
—Joseph Wood Krutch

COMEDY THEATRE 41st St. E. of Broadway
Evenings, 8:40. Best seats, \$2.50
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Penn. 6-3558

OPENS FRI., NOV. 13 8:45 Sharp BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
IF LOVE WERE ALL

Seats Now on Sale

Prices — Evenings (Incl. Opening Night), \$1 to \$3
Wed. Matinee, \$1 to \$2
Sat. Matinee, \$1 to \$2.50

WALTER KINGSFORD DONALD BLACKWELL
ALINE MACMAHON MARGARET SULLAVAN
HUGH BUCKLER MABEL MOORE
MARC LOEBELL and OTHERS

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

Composed of 3 plays

"Homecoming," "The Hunted," "The Haunted"

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:15 sharp. Intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performance.

PRICES: Orch. and Mezzanine \$6. Balcony, \$5, \$4, \$3 & \$2 (includes 3 plays)
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS

LAST WEEK **CHIMES OF NORMANDY**

BEG. MONDAY
NOVEMBER 16

Victor Herbert's
"Naughty Marietta"

With ILSE
MARVENGA

Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.
ERLANGER THEATRE, West 44th Street, Penn. 6-7963.

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. & 8th Ave.
Penn 6-6100

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; Evenings, 8:30

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

The SEX FABLE

A Comedy by EDOUARD BOURDET

with

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL RONALD SQUIRE

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 W. 43rd Street
Evenings at 8:30 sharp Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

PAYMENT DEFERRED

with

CHARLES LAUGHTON

LYCEUM THEATRE 45th St. E. of Broadway
Evenings 8:30 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

The Institute of Arts and Sciences
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

CRIME IN MODERN SOCIETY

A Series of Lectures on the Problem of Crime

RAYMOND MOLEY

Professor of Public Law, Columbia University
Special Advisor to Magistrate Seabury

November 24 The Market for Crime

FREDERIC M. THRASHER

Author of "Gang Life in Great Cities"

December 1 Gangs and Work

GARDNER MURPHY

Professor of Psychology, Columbia University

December 8 Is There a Criminal Type?

LEWIS E. LAWES

Warden of Sing Sing

December Crime and Punishment

McMillin Theater, Broadway at 116th Street, evenings at 8:15.
Members Annual Ticket admits—single admission \$1.00; series admission (+) \$3.00.

YOU ARE INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER

A Clearing House
of Opinion

THE GROUP

Meets in Auditorium
150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 17th, 8:30 P.M.

DR. SIDNEY E. GOLDSTEIN

will speak on:

"CHANGING ASPECTS OF MARRIAGE"

This Sunday Afternoon at 4:30 P.M.: DR. S. G. MICHLIN

Speaks on: "WHY PROLONG HUMAN LIFE?"

PIONEER YOUTH DINNER DISCUSSION

Wednesday, November 18

THE CHILD IN SOCIETY

—rebel or builder?

E. C. Lindeman, Chairman

Dr. Lois H. Meek

Dr. M. E. Kenworthy

Walter Ludwig

Reservations—\$1.50 at 45 Astor Place (Stuy. 9-7865)

SYMPOSIUM

NOV. 15th **"AS WE VIEW RUSSIA"**

SUNDAY

8:30

H. V. KALTENBORN — MATTHEW WOLL

GEORGE S. COUNTS — NORMAN THOMAS

BROOKLYN FORUM—BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

30 Lafayette Street, near Flatbush Ave.

Tickets still available—25c. 50c. \$1.00—at Box Office—RAND BOOK STORE,

7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C. Tel. ALgonquin 4-4620

NOV. 22nd — SYMPOSIUM—THE CITY—PRESENT AND FUTURE

LEROY BOWMAN, HARRY W. LAIDLER, CLARENCE STEIN, EDITH E. WOOD

PROLETARIAN IS THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

NO—BERTRAND RUSSELL Philosopher and Scientist

YES—JAY LOVESTONE Editor, Revolutionary Age

DEBATE—Friday, November 27th, 8 P.M.

CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE—67th St. and 3rd Ave.

TICKETS from New Workers School—63 Madison Ave., Tel.: BO 4-9399
\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00—75 cents.

☐ **FIRST NIGHTS** ☐

Nov. 9—Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44th St.

Nov. 9—Peter Flies High—Gaiety—B'way. & 46 St.

Nov. 9—The Social Register—Fulton—W. 46 St.

Nov. 10—The School for Scandal—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

Nov. 11—Marriage for Three—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.

Nov. 12—Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.

Within the Fortnight on opposite page

From the Heart of Germany

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Weimar, Thuringia, September 15

WHEN you leave Berlin, with its political demonstrations, its daily tides of overheated newspapers, and its legions of glittering policemen murderously armed to the teeth, and come here to Weimar, you go into a sort of retirement. It is traditional that in this town of hallowed past the present world and its troubles should become unreal. You are expected to forget Hoover, unemployment, long-term credits, and Laval; the only world here traditionally considered real is the world of Goethe, Schiller, and their circle of poets, musicians, and brilliant amateurs. When great change strikes thoughtful Germany it comes last to Weimar, where the fascination of the past is still most vivid.

Now it has come to Weimar; the fever of confusion and despair has left no locality untouched. Start talking, even here, to the kindly people who sit next to you in a small restaurant, or on the terrace of the Belvedere palace, or in the park that Goethe so superbly laid out; you hear, over and over, "It can't go on." You might expect this in the centers of political agitation; it surprises you in the woodlands of Thuringia.

"It can't go on." The country is nearing the point where disaster is inevitable. An intelligent merchant here gave me the simile: Germany is like a formerly well-to-do citizen whose income enabled him to maintain a high standard of life. His income began to decline, but his whole arrangement of life forced him to keep the standard as high as before. His income dropped more rapidly; he had to borrow, he fell into an accumulation of debts, he had to borrow again. His intentions were of the best, but his vision was naturally limited and he could not see into the future. He trusted in a coming change for the better; he adhered to his old standard; and in order to get more credits he had to falsify the statements of his resources. He was not dishonest, he was merely blinded by himself and by circumstances. He could no longer pay the interest; his creditors realized that he could never pay back the capital. There was no way out of the collapse.

This is the national process: the growing unreality of wealth. Germany is surviving only on the basis of foreign capital; this can be withdrawn and the entire economic system wrecked in two weeks. There is no reliance to be placed on such an order. The structure of capitalism here is becoming, day by day, more wobbly. You stand by in a horrible fascination against the moment when the building will come crashing down with a great roar of bursting stone and timber. What is apparent even to the visitor in a German city is the fact that the middle class is dramatically on the point of vanishing. Every month thousands of people who traditionally belonged to that class—teachers, small professional men, shopkeepers, officials—are falling into the sea of the proletariat. When the factor is unemployment, that change is automatic and in its speed remorseless. When the factor is taxation, the change is more gradual but no less inevitable. There are thousands of trained officials in Germany who re-

ceive less than \$500 a year. There are city doctors and sanitary officials who earn far below \$1,000. Taxes, in no less than twenty varieties, remove about 50 per cent of these sums. A new ordinance places a fine of 5 per cent for every two weeks' delay in payment of taxes beyond the stated quarterly date. The fine adds up mechanically to 130 per cent a year. The man who cannot pay his taxes on the appointed day is sooner or later lost. As the percentages on his payments roll up, his doom is sealed. Bankruptcy before the state naturally includes a surrender of real property; and with such Draconian mechanics proceeds the transition from landed middle class to shiftless proletariat.

Let no one imagine that the Prussian referendum of August 9 meant that the German people had discarded the intentions of radicalism. The referendum was followed in a few days by announcements of cuts of 15 or 20 per cent in the already pathetically slender salaries of thousands of officials. Extensive reductions in the salaries of all public-school teachers are being considered. In the finest shopping streets in Berlin—the Friedrichstrasse and the Leipzigerstrasse—hundreds of thousands of square feet of select store and office space stand vacant. The *Wohnungsnot* of three years ago has so completely disappeared that the best modern co-operative settlements cannot begin to rent their flats—while in Berlin alone no fewer than 125,000 families are living in huts and tents in what are euphemistically called "orchard colonies." The dreaded *Hauszinssteuer* exacts ruinous tribute from all owners of occupied premises. The burden is so great that property values are virtually vanishing, since almost no buyer can afford to pay from \$1,000 to \$8,000 a year tax on his city house or country estate. The best homes are being deserted by their inhabitants just for the sake of spiting the government and preventing it from getting the taxes due. High mortgages on the finest metropolitan houses bring nothing but catastrophe when the sale value declines from \$100,000 in 1916 to \$15,000 in 1931. But with the doubling and tripling of taxes and the dizzy decline of wages and land values, there has been no adequate fall in the cost of living. Within the year the price of bread has risen 250 per cent. These facts and situations do not discourage radicalism. They do not on the long term inspire enthusiasm for the existing order and the present government. The defeat of radical elements on August 9 was the expression of a popular desire for peace and order in a moment of utmost international crisis; the more thoughtful elements of the German nation dominated. But what was support for August 9 did not mean support for 1932 and thereafter.

To a foreign observer (who has no political passions one way or the other) there is manifest among even the higher middle groups of society an increasing skepticism of German social democracy. It is not merely a dislike for, or an indignation against, the party now in power; it is doubt as to the efficacy of the whole system. In point of fact, one hears few grave charges against the government; usually they are those of local extravagance or bureaucratic duplication, not

those of corruption or hopeless blunder of policy. The admiration for Dr. Brüning as a man of heroic calm and courageous decision penetrates deep into the camp of his political opponents. No, it is skepticism about the present social democracy that one feels. Deeper than that, it is skepticism about the capitalist system. When Germany hears that America is menaced by 8,000,000 unemployed, is shutting down its most famous factories and letting its finest crops go to waste, it begins to feel that little help will come from us, that with all our notorious wealth we are no longer in a position to help. When Germany observes the failure of English exports to compete in the very colonies with the goods of China and Japan, when it sees the sacred pound sterling go wavering, when it realizes that England lost its war, it begins to doubt the potency of that much-advertised Anglo-German friendship. The people are being slowly and painfully convinced, after the short hysterical enthusiasm over the "Hoover year," that the outside nations will do little for them. Self-help, they are told, must be the program. And when even the vast capitalist strengths of England and America cannot succeed in keeping their own houses in order, what chance is there for weak and tubercular Germany to accomplish that for herself?

There are, as is known, two ways out: Hitler's nationalism, and communism of the Russian brand. Both ideals are represented in Germany by powerful parties backed with considerable funds, able propaganda agents, and trained shock troops and marksmen. Young Germany is choosing between one and the other. Young Germany knows only this one thing: it will not follow the ways of its fathers, it will not pay reparations. The young men had nothing to do with the war, and they will not pay for it. They possess no accumulated wealth or inheritances which could prompt them to cling to the present order, with its moderate safety, rather than fly to revolution and financial crash. They have nothing to lose, and everything to gain, in an overthrow. What they have now is training, and no jobs; a very real Germanic strength, and nothing to apply it to. Over-mature for their years, and over-nervous and highstrung in their personalities, they are determined to carry through some reform which might make their lives worth living. Above all, I repeat: they will not pay reparations.

The feeling that despite all the nice words of friendly diplomats Germany is after all isolated in the midst of a hopelessly nationalist Europe has spread deep since the polite refusal of long-term credits. It is not only a doubt of capitalist organization that is growing in Germany; it is a doubt of the competency of international agencies to effect changes and reliefs. To realize that a small group of French patriot financiers could prevent the advancing of American credits, could take the teeth out of the Hoover proposal, and chase horrid fear into the hearts of Englishmen through a system of international gold drainage is to recognize the supreme power of one bitter nation to cancel the friendly attempts of all others. This French denial of international cooperation has naturally increased the validity of militant German nationalism; how far it has intensified the hatred against France I need not say. Indeed, all the eager urging of the German press toward a rapprochement between the two nations seems as idle beating of the journalistic air. The Germans are not for a moment deceived; they know perfectly well that French policy demands a supine Germany, and that French power

CROWDED YEARS

Reminiscences of
WILLIAM G. MCADOO

"No better picture of the Wilson administration from the inside has been contributed in this generation. The young man's struggle for an education, his rise in politics, his work in the cabinet, his story of the government operation of the railroads—make a climaxing story—vividly, swiftly, delightfully told . . . in a style with little embroidery and yet with unusual charm."—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. Illustrated, \$5.00

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By BERNARD FAÏ

"This biography by the able French author of the life of Franklin is sound, and very readable, but its quality and charm comes from French romanticizing of Virginia."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. Illustrated, \$4.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



The 50 Bitter
Years Through
the Eyes of —

EMMA GOLDMAN

One woman threw her titanic energies into a magnificent half-century struggle for her ideal, anarchism without compromise. But she lost—and the tragedy of that defeat is the real story of her life. Today her memoirs stand as the record of an age, the record of a truly remarkable career.

Living My Life

Here is the document of a woman for whom no moral or social barriers existed. 13 illus. 6 1/4" x 9 1/2", 993 pp. and index. Two volumes. Wherever books are sold. \$7.50

ALFRED - A - KNOPF
730 Fifth Avenue - New York



resides solely in the assurance of that condition. This bald and undenied fact alone kills any popular desire for hand-shaking across the Rhine.

Thus Germany confesses itself to be in a state of siege. The nation stands alone, and it feels its own foundations slowly weakening under it. It is the sick man of Europe—and its illness is the destiny of our civilization. With the most compelling line of forts in the world on one border, and the most compelling system of social reform in the world on the other, there is not much deep reality in the cutaway charms of Mr. MacDonald or the laconic visits of Mr. Stimson accompanied by Andy Mellon.

To reduce the German situation to such essentials as these is not to be a professional alarmist; it is merely to admit what everyone realizes today but often likes to gloss over in silence. It is merely to take as basic what the whole world is feeling—skepticism of the power of international accords to cope with the forces of nationalism, French Caesarism, and the eternal hunger for war. It is to take as basic also a greater feeling—the doubt of the capitalist world, the insecurity, the weariness.

There are bright sides to the possibilities of a Communist Germany: the new order, with a program of central planning and administrative reform, would surely bring about an improvement in those domestic conditions which are now becoming insufferable. Communism regnant in Germany would assuredly not extinguish the country's disinterested world of scholarship and art and scientific research; would not submerge the entire population into an undifferentiated mass-existence; would probably not even begin in especially vicious bloodshed. Communism in Germany would have to adapt itself to a different plane of culture from that in Russia; for the German mind is modern, while the Russian may be said to be medieval.

Leaving aside all commercial considerations, there is a

chief political reason to be fearful of a Communist Germany. The new order would carry with it the threat of a war to the end with France. What coordinate events and what consequences such a day would bring is in the power of no man to imagine.

And so, when I listened to a thoughtful German speak, as the sun went down beyond the gentle valley where Bach wrote his organ works, Goethe rounded out his "Faust," Schiller first produced his dramas, and a hundred other preachers, poets, artists, and philosophers have performed their living work—when I listened to him speak of the cold inevitability of a conclusion, of an entire recommencement, and of a war, I found that not even here, above the silent town, was there any escape to be found from the rising tides that beat on the shores today.

Contributors to This Issue

STUART CHASE's latest book is "Mexico: A Study of Two Americas."

J. O. MEYERS is a St. Paul newspaperman.

OSCAR JASZI is professor of political science at Oberlin College.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER is the translator of "The Sonnets of Petrarch," which will appear this month.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

CARROLL LANE FENTON is a paleontologist who has devoted special attention to evolution.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH, chairman of the Horace Mann School Book Committee, is the author of "Wonder Clock Plays."

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE, formerly editor of the *Harkness Hoot*, is now traveling in Europe.



RENTALS



RENTALS



UNFURNISHED APARTMENT

TWO rooms, with steam heat, kitchenette, bath, woodburning fireplace, sunshine. Also one-room bachelor apartment with bath, fireplace. Small, quiet house in Village; professional people. Evenings, 35 Perry Street. Watkins 9-2738.

TWO studio apartments: 2 rooms, kitchenette, open fireplace, high ceilings; 2 rooms, open fireplace, high ceilings, private roof. \$75 each. 38 W. 57th St. Inquire dress shop.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

ONE spacious room, in a modern elevator apartment. Separated. Furnished or unfurnished. Reasonable rental. Tompkins Square 6-6833. 65 Second Ave. Apt. 4 H. Call evenings.

COTTAGE FOR RENT

A SNUG stone cottage tucked in the Ramapo Hills; four rooms, enclosed porch and built-in garage. All modern conveniences, commuting one hour; fireplace wood free. In private woods, privilege of tennis court and swimming pool. Tel. Suffern 1178; New York, Stuy. 9-6434. Ralph Borsodi, Suffern, N. Y.

ROOMS

SETTLEMENT in convenient transit neighborhood has residence vacancy for two socially minded young men. Cooperative boarding arrangement averaging \$12.00 weekly for room, breakfast, dinner. Box 553, c/o *The Nation*.

PLEASANT newly decorated living-bed room or suite suitable for 2 or 3 girls. Running water, kitchen privileges. Dinners optional. Near Riverside Drive, Columbia. University 4-8655.

TO RENT—Sunny corner room, two exposures overlooking Central Park. Congenial home with musical, literary family. Moderately priced. Phone before 9 A.M. or after 6 P.M. Academy 2-7681.

ONE big room, real kitchen and bath, 3 closets, open fireplace, facing South; cross draft South and North. Convenient to all transit. Suitable one or two. 333 E. 41st St. Tel. Murray Hill 2-0593.

SPLENDID, delightfully furnished, large, light room; fireplace, plenty of closet space, separate entrance. Private family. Excellent location, at Madison ave. and 86th St. Moderate monthly rental. Tel. Rhineland 4-3997.

AN ADVERTISER

wrote this about an apartment he rented through *The NATION*.

"I have gotten much better results from my advertisement in The Nation than from the two morning newspapers I used."

Rates: 30 words (Minimum)....\$3.08
Additional lines of 6 words..... .62 each

Please accompany order with remittance

Telephone or mail copy to reach us by Friday, for the following week's issue.

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street New York City
Telephone CO rtlandt 7-3330

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1931

No. 3464

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	557
EDITORIALS:	
The United States and Manchuria.....	560
Lynching the Innocent	561
The Book of the Year	561
Pot Calls Kettle	562
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	563
BUSINESS TALKS. By Robert S. Allen.....	564
EVERYBODY VOTES FOR TAMMANY. By Amicus Most.....	566
IF I WERE DICTATOR. By G. Lowes Dickinson.....	567
WHAT IS THE NAVY LEAGUE? By Benjamin H. Williams.....	569
RUSSIA AND THE WORLD CRISIS. By Louis Fischer.....	571
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	572
CORRESPONDENCE	573
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	574
FINANCE: WHY SILVER FORECASTS RECOVERY. By S. Palmer Harman	574
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
This Dark Recession. By Leslie Nelson Jennings.....	575
The Tragedy of Gold. By Henry Hazlitt.....	575
An Author in Evening Dress. By Gerald Sykes.....	576
Julian Huxley on Religion. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	576
A Dead Poetic Movement. By Horace Gregory.....	577
A Great Proconsul. By Henry Bamford Parkes.....	578
Experiments in Liquor Control. By William MacDonald.....	578
Technical Difficulty. By Kenneth White.....	579
The Sisson "Documents." By Louis Fischer.....	579
Books in Brief.....	580
Drama: Fools. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	582
Films: Without Motivation. By Margaret Marshall.....	582

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON, our former Ambassador to Berlin and London, has again rendered great public service, this time at the remarkable Armistice Day meeting in Mecca Temple in New York under the chairmanship of Nicholas Murray Butler. He dared greatly and wisely in urging that the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Japan, and the rest of the world should disarm at Geneva even should France refuse to do so. He found the present French attitude natural and intelligible, if wrong, but he asked:

If the other nations are willing [now] to accept France's military authority, and it exists whether they accept it or not, why should France hesitate to see the other nations united to reduce armaments, and so to promote a more durable peace? Resentment on her part would simply give the lie to all her former professions of peace. So I, for one, venture to urge that in so far as we Americans can help it, the disarmament conference shall not be permitted to wreck itself on the rock of French dissent. That is merely a plausible excuse for doing nothing.

This is true statesmanship. If our government fails to act on this advice and there is disaster at Geneva, the responsibility will rest largely on Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson.

Like Dr. Butler, Mr. Houghton is clear that competitive armaments "do not afford security but endanger it." Dr. Butler, by the way, correctly pointed out that the safest nations in the world today are the unarmed countries, "the Switzerlands, the Hollands, the Denmarks, the Norways, and the Swedens."

AS FOR RAMSAY MACDONALD, he went out of his way at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9 to say that "the approaching disarmament conference cannot be dissociated . . . from the general condition of the world. His Majesty's government will work its utmost to secure the success of this conference." He made, however, the mistake of saying that every nation must come into an agreement "which can be accepted by other nations as not being a menace to their security." Here again the head of a government makes the mistake of identifying all the nations with the three or four leading ones. It is genuinely disappointing that the Prime Minister is not willing to come out as flat-footedly as Mr. Houghton. Already a million signatures demanding disarmament have gone forward from Holland, and the women of England are collecting their second million. The leading British intellectuals and teachers have signed a petition demanding a 50 per cent cut in armament. How can the head of their government hesitate? Fortunately, Mr. MacDonald has spoken out more clearly about the economic chaos, and has boldly demanded that debts and reparations be promptly tackled. At the opening of the new Parliament he declared that as long as "the will of man forces an unnatural economic adjustment . . . the world will never succeed, never prosper."

BY CONTRAST with these refreshingly straightforward utterances, the speech of President Hoover on Armistice Day was the typical shuffling of the professional politician. "Peace," he declared, "cannot be had by resolution and injunction alone." Then he added, "Peace is a product of preparedness for defense, the patient settling of controversy, and the dynamic development of the forces of good-will." And to make the confusion of his thought complete, he added that peace is "the result of the delicate balance of that realism born of human experience and of idealism born of the highest of human aspirations for international justice." All of which means precisely nothing beyond an attempt to face both ways. It should be written down on the calendar that Herbert Hoover speaks honestly for peace in the odd-numbered weeks of the year and honestly for whopping big navies and for war in the even-numbered weeks. In between times he systematically endeavors to carry water on both shoulders. This fact is the greatest cause for anxiety in connection with the Geneva conference. If there is not bold and aggressive leadership at Geneva, and a determination to achieve radical results, with or without France, in cooperation with Ramsay MacDonald, then we can expect little or nothing. As usual the stumbling-block to peace is not in the hearts of any people, but in the supreme weakness and cowardice of most of the men in charge of the governments.

DESPITE ALL THE NOISE that has been made with regard to economy in the Navy Department, there is apparently to be no genuine economy. At least an analysis of the navy budget for 1932 shows no substantial reduction from the expenditures of the current fiscal year. It was announced with much enthusiasm in Washington that the tentative budget had been cut by \$59,000,000, and so word went out over the country that that amount was being saved as a result of Mr. Hoover's economy drive. But upon closer examination it was found that the total estimate for 1932 was only \$17,000,000 under the appropriation for the present year. And even this does not present the whole picture. That very useful institution, the deficiency-appropriation bill, has been overlooked. In the second naval-deficiency bill passed at the last session of Congress the navy was given an additional \$17,500,000 not included in its original appropriation. Instead of there being any saving, therefore, the navy is actually asking for \$500,000 *more* than it was given last year! Likewise, in the case of the seventeen ships the retirement of which was ordered a few days ago, it was clearly suggested that this was in line with the Administration's desire to promote economy and help the disarmament cause. But here again there were no practical gains in either direction. Virtually all the ships were slated for retirement because of age.

SOME TEN MILLION men and women are reported to be unemployed in the United States today. But the United States government, according to President Hoover, has not been neglecting them. On September 21 the President announced that by the end of the fiscal year \$1,500,000,000 would have been spent by the federal government for public works "in the aid of unemployment since the depression began." At this announcement the doughty champions of the Administration threw their hats in the air and called for three loud cheers. But what, really, do these figures mean? Mr. Harold Brayman, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, announces that they mean very little. In the first place, all detailed information about the figures is actually refused; in the second place, their total for two and a half years exceeds by only \$122,000,000 the total appropriations for the government's general building program. Instead of a billion and a half dollars spent "in the aid of unemployment since the depression began," therefore, we have the regular building program of the United States government, which would have gone on, in the main, depression or no depression, and \$122,000,000 besides, or roughly \$12 to provide work for each unemployed man. Nor will the entire amount specified by Mr. Hoover have been expended by next June; and much of it, appropriated first in 1928, is long since spent. The actual amount available *this winter* for jobs cannot be, in view of the Administration's coyness in giving out figures, exactly ascertained. But it is plain that it bears no relation to the vast sums that were so flamboyantly announced as the measure of our government's unemployment relief.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT has just sent an eloquent message to the special session of the Pennsylvania legislature appealing for aid for the unemployed. Well he may. Five departments of the government after most careful investigation have agreed that there are no fewer than 90,000 unemployed in that State, the Department of Public Instruc-

tion reporting that 125,000 school children must be given food during the winter. That means that one-quarter of the working people of this great manufacturing State are approaching or have reached complete destitution. Unfortunately, under the constitution and laws of Pennsylvania the legislature cannot make appropriations for unemployed persons and their families, nor can it do so through any State agency or political subdivision of the commonwealth or through welfare agencies. Aid must be extended in other and indirect ways. The Governor therefore asks for a State Commission on Unemployment Relief to collect money from the public and for increased appropriations for the several departments of the government that they may expand their work, notably the building of roads, in order that "as long as the money lasts, no man able to work need be forced to starve." He points out that there are not a few men in the State so rich that each of them could carry the State's whole burden of feeding, housing, and clothing the unemployed. From the legislature he expects \$35,000,000. What will the rich men do? He has already asked only a million of Andrew Mellon, who could do nothing but "take the matter under advisement." We can only hope that, unlike Mr. Mellon, others will respond at once, for the Governor is meeting the situation admirably, with courage, a warm heart, and a sense of the obligation of the State to the hapless which is worthy of the highest commendation.

WITHIN ITS LIMITS President Hoover's plan for setting up twelve home-loan discount banks should be a helpful one. The President proposes that these banks be started with an aggregate capital of \$150,000,000 for the purpose of making advances against mortgages now held by sound building-and-loan associations, savings banks, deposit banks, and farm-loan banks. The loans of the proposed discount banks are not to be made against any mortgage in excess of \$15,000; they must not amount to more than 50 per cent of the face value of the mortgage; and they are not to be made against any mortgage in default. Mr. Hoover estimates that with the capital proposed the new banks could make loans up to \$1,800,000,000, and he hopes that this plan will act as a real stimulus to home-building. In this last hope, so far at least as the immediate effects are concerned, Mr. Hoover is likely to be disappointed. The decline in home-building in the last year or two is not primarily the result of difficulty in obtaining mortgage money. But the President's move is important in so far as it will at least bring relief to the lending institutions and so eventually make more funds available for new mortgage loans than there might be otherwise. It should have the important incidental effect, also, of ending the recent dangerous agitation for making long-term mortgage loans eligible for rediscount in the Federal Reserve banks.

DISHEARTENING in the extreme—that is the news from the latest German election. In Hesse the National Socialists, in the voting for the new Diet, more than doubled their vote of a year ago in the Reichstag contest and smashed the so-called "Weimar coalition" of Socialists, Democrats, and Centrists which has ruled Hesse ever since the revolution of 1919. That is a bad day's work; as usual the middle parties were crushed and the Social Democrats paid the price by a loss of 47,000 votes. They are now the

second party, with 168,300 votes, the Hitlerites having rolled up 290,000, as compared with 138,000 fourteen months ago, while the Center not only held its own but gathered in 8,000 additional ballots. This latter fact may be due to Dr. Brüning's personal appearance in the Hessian campaign; otherwise the result is undeniably another severe blow to the Chancellor's prestige. That he will be able to hold himself through the winter still appears probable; but the vote in Hesse is ominous indeed when one recalls that the Prussian Diet elections come next spring and that if Otto Braun, the Prussian President, falls, the way will be opened for a Hitler Government in the Reich.

AFTER MANY MONTHS of hesitation the railroads have at last consented to enter into national conference with the railroad unions and to consider their mutual problems of employment and wages. Thus, after a very considerable and unwise delay, the roads are adopting the proposal made by the unions some time ago. In the meantime conditions have been getting steadily worse for everybody concerned—stockholders, bondholders, management, and labor. The prices of railroad securities have been dropping ever since it became clear that this was not to be a short depression and that the income of the railroads would suffer both from the decline in general business and from the competition of trucks, pipe lines, and airplanes. Uncontrolled disruption of the railroad-security market was bound to produce alarming effects throughout the business system, because these securities have for a long time been the prime investments of trust funds, banks, and insurance companies. The more important holders of railroad securities have taken steps to protect their interests but it is not clear that they can accomplish much without a fundamental improvement in business and, hence, in railroad earnings. With the drop in traffic and the need for drastic economy, the management of the roads kept off the question of labor. The unions consequently find themselves faced with the problem of a large and growing volume of unemployment among all classes of railroad labor. To railway owners, operators, and security-holders, all concerned with protecting the capital structure of railroad companies, the only solution for the existing critical situation lies either in increasing rates or in reducing wages, or in both.

THE ALTERNATIVE of higher rates was rejected by the Interstate Commerce Commission within the past few weeks. Since then the newspapers have been filled with every variety of rumor announcing, at the one extreme, the voluntary acceptance of wage cuts by the workingmen of specified companies, and at the other the summary rejection of the whole idea by the representatives of organized railroad labor. It is in this atmosphere that the conversations between management and labor are taking place. The unions, vastly troubled by the plight of their unemployed members, have apparently decided to meet requests for wage concessions with demands for an unemployment program, which may take the form of a universal reduction in the work day, unemployment insurance, or both. The railroads, while they are on this occasion acting in unison, have made it clear in their preliminary announcements that decisions cannot be made in the conference affecting specific conditions of employment on individual lines. If this should continue to be

their attitude, it is difficult to see how any plan for absorbing a substantial number of unemployed railroad men can grow out of these deliberations. A joint program for reducing costs and absorbing the unemployed must, to be effective, apply to the railroad industry as a whole and must involve the type of measures of industrial planning which were forecast by President Robertson of the Locomotive Firemen in his recent testimony before the La Follette committee in Washington.

THOSE PERSONS who thought that book censorship was about dead in the United States owing to the admirable efforts of Morris Ernst and his enthusiastic coworkers will be surprised to hear the report of John S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Mr. Sumner said that seizures by the society in the past year had been "the greatest in history": books, "novelties" to the number of 16,000, \$8,000 worth of reputed immorality in one haul, one burlesque show, and a number of copies of "Fannie Hill" are among the exhibits to which Mr. Sumner points with pride. "Generally speaking," he declared, "we can obtain convictions today in cases which would have resulted in acquittals four years ago." And as if to prove that the censorship business is looking up, comes the announcement that the Federal Customs Bureau, on appeal, on November 11 barred a group of etchings by James McNeill Whistler and Anders Zorn as obscene. When it was pointed out to Anthony Czarnecki, Collector of Customs of Chicago, who first forbade the admission of the pictures to that delicately constituted city, that the artists in question were welcomed in every picture gallery in the country, he replied that displaying a picture, even a nude, in an art gallery was one thing, and selling copies of it to the unprotected public was something different and evidently more dangerous. The censorship battle is by no means won. We are a long way from our goal, that of permitting grown-ups to decide for themselves what books they shall buy, what plays they shall see, and even what pictures of undressed females they shall look upon.

WE SHOULD LIKE to call the attention of Congressman Hamilton Fish and others of his kind, who live in dread of the red menace, to the large votes rolled up by the Communists in the recent elections in New York City and in Great Britain. In England, Scotland, and Wales together the number of Communists who went to the polls reached the alarming total of 74,824 out of a total British electorate of 21,399,175. If this does not show that the British Empire is in danger, what could? Beside it all questions of the gold standard, unemployment, and the downfall of British industry pale into insignificance. The King must now feel for the first time that his throne totters under him. In New York City the results were even more terrifying, especially in view of the fact that we know how much Russian money has been poured into the metropolis for the purpose of corrupting our so easily corrupted American electorate. There were 363,237 votes cast in the Borough of Manhattan, and—hold your breath, please—no fewer than 1,798 of them were recorded for the Communist candidate for President of the Borough of Manhattan. Tremble, Mr. Fish, tremble, and sleep not of nights. The Communist enemy is within our doors.

The United States and Manchuria

IN all the welter of the conflicting news from Manchuria nothing stands out clearly save that more than ever the world's peace machinery is at stake and that the time has come for the United States to show its hand and lay its cards upon the table. We have heard and read the evidence on both sides from the most competent authorities. We are entirely convinced that no matter what the Chinese provocation, there is no defense for the Japanese aggression, and that, if there is not a united and determined front by the League and the United States, the Japanese will sooner or later annex Manchuria as they have Korea. What we need most to throw light on the situation is for our State Department to let us know what it has actually been doing and why it is that in at least a section of the Japanese press the belief prevails that the United States has been supporting Japan rather than the League. Our Administration owes it to itself to make its own attitude clear to every American citizen, unless a hideous injustice is to be perpetrated in Manchuria, the seeds of future war sown, the League of Nations humiliated and defied, and both the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg pact definitely breached.

Since the capture of Mukden on the night of September 18 the American people have been kept in the dark as to the exact position of their government in the Manchurian controversy. The State Department has acted with hesitation and with secrecy. The American consul at Geneva did, of course, participate in the deliberations of the League of Nations Council a month ago; it is also true that Ambassador Dawes has been sent to Paris to be near the Council during its present discussion of the Manchurian question; and it is equally true that the State Department has professed a desire to see this question peacefully settled. But it has sent numerous communications to Tokio the contents of which have not been made public, and it has acted very slowly in supporting the various measures the League has taken to bring about a settlement.

It is not particularly important now to point out that Washington could have invoked either the Kellogg pact or the Nine-Power Treaty immediately after the first outburst in Manchuria. Perhaps the State Department had excellent reasons for hesitating at that juncture. But why, after publicly promising to support the League's program so far as it consistently could do so, the department should have waited several days before joining with the League when it invoked the Kellogg pact on October 17 has never been satisfactorily explained. Certainly there would have been no inconsistency in hastening to support a treaty to which the United States was not only a party, but of which it was the chief sponsor. Again, the State Department hesitated after the League Council voted on October 24 to request the Japanese to withdraw their troops into the railway zone before November 16. Several days were allowed to elapse before any communication touching on this point was sent to Tokio from Washington. And even here the strictest secrecy was observed. No one outside the State Department and the Tokio Foreign Office knows what the United States has said to Japan in connection with the League's demand that Japan withdraw its

troops. The American press and public are simply told that the department is following a policy of "responsible silence," and that the people must "take the department on trust for a while." It was just such "responsible silence"—a phrase which would doubtless have appealed to Isvolski, Poincaré, Baron Holstein, and the British Foreign Office had it been invented in time—that helped to bring on the World War. How can the American people, viewing today the disastrous results of an era of secret diplomacy in Europe, take "on trust" the utterances of their government when it insists on following precisely the same perilous course?

The net consequence of this secret diplomacy has been to raise a suspicion in Geneva that the United States is sabotaging the League's efforts, and to encourage Tokio into believing that the United States has covertly been supporting the Japanese position in Manchuria. The *Osaka Mainichi*, the *Tokio Nichi-Nichi*, the *Japan Times*, and other influential newspapers have openly interpreted the American policy as one of partiality for the Japanese. In an editorial dated October 19 the *Japan Times* said: "Official circles Monday intimated that the present attitude of the United States toward the Manchurian incident, which has been misunderstood to some extent in Japan, especially after the recent participation of an American observer in the League Council, has now come to be appreciated considerably by the Japanese government as it has been made clear that the United States government is very favorably inclined toward Japan."

The State Department has sought to excuse its secrecy on the ground that publication of the various notes that have passed between Washington and Tokio would embarrass the "peace party" of Japan in its attempts to curb the militarists in Manchuria. Such an excuse might be understood if there really were a "peace party" in existence in Japan today. But the liberal opponents of the militarists, far from seeking to curb them, have been united behind them ever since September 18. The *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Tokio Nichi-Nichi*, the two great liberal newspapers, have long opposed the often unrestrained activities of the military clans. On November 15, however, Hikoichi Motoyama, owner of these papers, revealed in an article published by the *New York Times* that this excuse of the State Department for its secrecy is now without warrant. Mr. Motoyama said: "It is not always that we Japanese people agree with our government, but in the main issues regarding the Manchurian question the whole nation is in perfect accord, regardless of political parties or philosophical schools. We stand united behind our government."

If it is not true that the United States has been covertly supporting Japan in the present emergency, the State Department will have nothing to lose and much to gain by dropping all secrecy and coming out into the open with its Manchurian policy. But if it continues its present course, it cannot complain if the suspicion remains that it is misleading not only the League of Nations but also the American people, who are not unfriendly to Japan but who want to see justice done. Secret diplomacy has never in history been shown to be a firm or lasting foundation for international justice.

Lynching the Innocent

THE most striking thing about the report just issued from the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching is the declaration that "there is real doubt of guilt of at least half the victims of mob violence." This shocking statement from a group of highly respectable and in no sense hysterical citizens points to the blackest page in the dark history of American mob violence. There were twenty-one lynchings in 1930. One of the victims was lynched "solely because he had offended political opponents," and another "to prevent his appearance as a witness in a serious court case against white men. In five of the other eleven cases it was not clear that the mobs got the guilty persons," and in the other six "there was doubt as to the truth of the charges against the men lynched."

The commission carefully considered the time-honored—one might almost say time-dishonored—contention that Negroes are lynched solely for the protection of white female chastity. "The popular opinion that most lynchings are for the punishment of crimes against women," the statement declared, "is wide of the fact, for of 3,593 persons lynched during the forty-one years ending with 1929 only 23 per cent were accused of actual or attempted crimes against women, while 77 per cent were lynched for other offenses." White Southern women have themselves made a protest against this aspect of the situation. The Georgia Association of Women for the Prevention of Lynching is only one of the groups organized to condemn mob violence in the South, and the women in this group and in others like it declare that they wish no such "protection for their virtue" as is afforded by burning a black man over a pile of tarred logs.

What, then, are the causes of lynching? The commission finds a direct relationship between lack of education, low economic status, and lynching. Curiously enough, lynchings do not occur most frequently in the "Black Belt," but in thinly settled counties and in those with less than 25 per cent of Negro population. In number of mob victims since 1889, Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, and Louisiana led with 465, 464, 364, and 349 lynchings, respectively. But figured on the basis of Negro population, the percentage of lynchings was greatest in Florida, with Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas following in order. It is interesting also to note that of the twenty-one persons lynched in 1930, only one had gone beyond the fifth grade and eleven were totally or practically illiterate. One other popular fallacy was exploded by the commission—the claim that courts do not convict Negroes accused of crime and that lynching is therefore necessary to assure punishment. In eighteen months ending July 1, 1931, 68 Negroes were executed by law in the South and 470 were given life sentences. Eight of the executions were for rape, 57 were for murder, and 3 were for other crimes.

This brings us to the mob itself. The commission rather too solemnly declares what every man and woman who has ever seriously considered the lynching problem knows, that "in most lynching cases, if observers had the will and courage to do it, there would be no difficulty in identifying mob leaders and members. Generally the mob members made little or no effort to conceal their identity; yet officers and others present in their midst usually testified that they recog-

nized none of them." The commission might have said instead that a lynching in many cases is as much a public festival as a barbecue; that men and women attend it in a spirit of ferocious enjoyment; that they mingle freely with one another, neighbors, friends, associates, unmasked and unafraid. Of course they know one another, they know the sheriff and his deputies, and the officers of the law know them in return. Yet the convention that will make it impossible for the sheriff to "recognize" any member of the mob is so clearly understood by everyone in the community that no apprehension is felt in thus being openly engaged in lawless and shameful acts. Indictments were returned in only six lynching cases in 1930, and so far only four of the forty-nine men indicted have been convicted. One may pause to remark that this is probably a high average and is indicative of the slowly changing attitude toward mob violence that is evident in the South.

For the attitude is changing. There were 255 lynchings in 1892 and 10 in 1929; the average for the past six years has been 17. The press, the church, and many prominent citizens have denounced lynching and have taken shame to themselves and to their communities when any occurred. As rather dramatic evidence of this new point of view one may cite an incident that took place a short while ago in Huntingdon, Tennessee, when Mrs. J. C. Butler, wife of the sheriff of Carroll County, was presented with a medal from the community for her heroic action in resisting a mob that attempted to take a prisoner away from the jail she was guarding in the absence of her husband. Mrs. Butler, alone and without a gun, merely told the mob that it would enter the jail "over my dead body." The mob that was brave enough to kill a helpless, unarmed prisoner was faced down by a woman. Mrs. Butler not only deserves the highest commendation for her courage but she points the way to one of the simplest solutions of the lynching problem—respect for their duty on the part of officers of the law.

The Book of the Year

THERE has just been published what in its cumulative force is probably one of the most devastating volumes to appear in the last decade, and yet it is only sixty-four pages long and not a line of it is the author's own. All he has done has been to make a collection of the confidently optimistic prophecies of the past three years from our great statesmen, industrialists, bankers, and economists. These he has printed in the conventional black type, but he has interspersed in red type a record taken from daily headlines, stock and grain quotations, wage reductions, and so on, of what actually followed these prophecies. What will become of the national admiration for our "best minds" if this book gets into real circulation we hesitate to think, for the contrast between prophecy and event is appalling. The author's own attitude is apparently not as reverential as it might be, for he openly calls the book, "Oh Yeah?"*

The volume opens fittingly with the Presidential campaign of 1928, in which Charlie Curtis said: "The only issue in this campaign is the continued prosperity of the American people." Charles Evans Hughes agreed: "Everyone must

realize that if the election results in a Republican victory, business all through the country will be heartened and stimulated." The candidate thought so too: "When we [the Republican Party] assumed direction of the government in 1921 there were five or six million unemployed men upon our streets. . . . Within a year we restored these five million workers to employment. . . . Were it not for sound governmental policies and wise leadership, employment conditions in America today would be similar to those existing in many other parts of the world." On October 25, 1929, the day following the worst crash in Wall Street history, Mr. Hoover made a statement to the press saying, "The fundamental business of the country . . . is on a sound and prosperous basis." As this statement, unfortunately, was followed by further and further breaks, the President thought he would make it stronger. "Any lack of confidence in the economic future or the basic strength of business in the United States," he said in November, 1929, "is foolish."

But the record of Mr. Hoover is already reasonably familiar to our readers, as is that of his lieutenants. We can pause only to recall Dr. Julius Klein's comment in June of this year: "In July up we go," and Andrew Mellon's New Year's message of 1930: "I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring." Let us turn to our great industrial leaders, to the Rockefellers, say, who on October 30, 1929, allayed anxiety by announcing that they were accumulating stocks: "Believing that fundamental conditions of the country are sound and that there is nothing in the business situation to warrant the destruction of values that has taken place on the exchanges during the past week," the elder Rockefeller asserted, "my son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stocks." "Oh Yeah?" follows this statement by printing in red the quotations of "some sound common stocks" on the date of the announcement as compared with their 1931 low prices. For example, Anaconda Copper on that day sold at 95; its low this year was 125½; New York Central was selling then at 199½ and fell this year to 49½; Standard Oil of New Jersey was then 65½ and fell this year to 28¼, and so on. But the prophecy record of the Rockefellers has probably been better than that of the other great business leaders. In "Oh Yeah?" the reader can refresh his memory on the predictions of Charles M. Schwab, Henry Ford, Irving T. Bush, Julius H. Barnes, Charles E. Mitchell, and a score of others; as well as on the views of professional forecasters like Irving Fisher, who concluded on October 16, 1929, that "stock prices have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau"; of Roger W. Babson, who was luckier—for a few months; and of Leonard Ayres and Sir Oracle Arthur Brisbane.

We regret one or two omissions from the volume. Reed Smoot, for example, is remembered for discovering in April of this year that "one of the most powerful influences working toward business recovery is the tariff act which Congress passed in 1930," but nothing appears of his statements just prior to the passing of the act that American business had slowed down chiefly because of lack of certainty that the great bill would become law. Nor does Mr. Hoover's statement about two automobiles for every family appear. But these are petty shortcomings in the most enlightening history of the American mind that has appeared in years.

Pot Calls Kettle

THOSE who have seen or read Mr. Shaw's "The Apple Cart" will remember the speech made by the American ambassador on the subject of Anglo-American unity. Discussing our common traditions, he turns to one of his English colleagues to remind him that, whereas the latter now has his office in a building designed by an American architect, "I, on the other hand, was brought up in the shadow of Ely Cathedral, which, as you remember, was taken down stone by stone in the year 1935 and reerected in New Jersey."

Unfortunately, however, not all Britishers are prepared to regard with an equal complacency the gradual process by which England is being despoiled of her antiquities. In a speech recently broadcast from London to this country some very hard things were said about those Americans who ruthlessly cart away the ancient structures which they have bought. There is a society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings in Britain which is carrying on a fight against the ruthless destruction and the hardly less disastrous "restoration" of valuable monuments, but the society is apparently helpless against "a few wealthy vandals" who make a practice of "buying up and transporting bodily ancient buildings from England for erection in Squedunkville or some other inappropriate and uncongenial spot across the Atlantic."

In general, we sympathize of course with the plight of any people which is compelled to witness the spoliation of its country. Moreover, it so happens that Viscount Lee of Fareham, who made the speech in question, has earned a certain right to speak through his various activities, which include his presentation of the famous old manor Chequers to the British nation for the use of its Prime Minister. But there are, nevertheless, certain reasons why we consider the situation one which calls rather for simple regret than for a moral indignation directed particularly against Americans. In the first place, it seems to us that those who sell are at least as much at fault as those who buy, and, in the second place, it must be remembered that England itself has been a despoiler in the past. There was at one time no little indignation over the matter of certain statues known as the Elgin Marbles which were certainly not indigenous to the British Isles, and there were also—to come down to more recent times—persons who speculated maliciously over the attitude which Lord Carnarvon would probably take in case a group of Anglophile Egyptians should propose an expedition to England for the purpose of exhuming his ancestors.

Two wrongs do not make a right. On the whole we sympathize with English distress. But there is no doubt about the fact that though the treasures of art inevitably follow wealth and power, it is very difficult for the losers to regard the phenomenon with the philosophic calm which the takers find appropriate. And in that connection we always remember the unconscious irony perpetrated by the directors of a museum of casts which we once visited. One exhibit—which happened to be a reproduction of a bit from a Belgian cathedral—was indignantly labeled, "Stolen by the Germans in 1914." But a little farther down the hall was an Egyptian piece which bore the following more temperate label, "Acquired at the capitulation of Alexandria."

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



L OUD cheers. The band plays the national anthem of the Pays de Cockaigne and Queen Pollyanna in a golden coach drawn by nineteen white mice makes her triumphant entry into the Realm of Peace and Plenty. Three months ago I began this page by talking of revolutions. Three months of Hoover Hooey

and Coolidge Content and, behold, my nails have been clipped, my revolutionary ears have been trimmed as neatly as that of any poor little Scotty, and I smile upon the best of all possible worlds (cellophane wrapped) while the populace dances a dehydrated folk-dance around the softly mooring image of the Golden Calf.

But wait a moment before you stop your subscription to *The Nation* and decide to take the *American Magazine*, arguing that if you want "that sort of thing" you might as well get it at the original source. There is to be a short P. S. and that postscriptum appears today. Rarely before (the word "never" makes historians a bit uneasy) has society been in such an unholy mess. Just because I cannot share the common belief in a bogymen begotten of a capitalistic mother and a father who believed in mass production, that does not mean that I deny the presence of some wicked troll hidden deeply in the darkest corner of the domestic woodpile. Although I have never seen the creature I know that it exists. And what is more, I have been able to define its true nature by sifting all available circumstantial evidence, and its name is the Wrong Accent.

Fair reader and otherwise, have you ever been present at a concert conducted by a maestro who had a wrong ~~setting~~ of rhythm? The tribe exists and its name is legion. To sit through such a performance is a torture of the first magnitude, for no matter how well the fiddlers fiddle or the brasses bray or how adequately the percussion department serves kettle and bass drum, the thing-as-a-whole will cause you a week of uninterrupted nightmares. In music the true pitch and the true shadings mean much, but the accent means everything. Turn ta-ta-ta-tee into ta-tata-tee and a world comes to an end, a dozen planets are turned back upon their predestined courses, while Betelgeuse is reduced to the dimensions of what our Westport grocer used to call "very small French petit-pois peas."

The wrong accent is the unpardonable sin of which the Good Book speaketh. For God was a master of emphasis. If you have any doubts, read carefully again the first chapter of Genesis.

Every generation has united upon a rhythm of its own. But as long as the majority of the people felt that the emphasis was placed upon the proper note, the marching tune to which they accomplished the voyage from the cradle to the grave became a source of happiness and inspiration which

made them feel that they were in harmony with their surroundings and that life had a meaning and a purpose. Greek music and medieval music and even the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may mean very little to us but that has nothing to do with the case. The question which faces us today is this: How do we like our own little tune? And the answer, speaking for myself and for vast millions of my fellow-men and using the trenchant if inelegant vocabulary of two of the greatest critics of modern existence, Mesdames Anita Loos and Dorothy Parker, the answer is as follows—the tune is lousy.

Here of course my banker friend will sharply disagree with me. He will invite me to sit with him at his desk and watch the procession of men and women as they eagerly push forward to the paying and receiving windows of his Emporium of Business. "How about these?" he will ask me. "The tune seems to suit them all right."

In the first place, does it? And even if it does, does that prove anything except that they are no longer able to hear the difference between right and wrong, that a hundred years of bad conducting has deadened not only their ear but their sense of values?

In my native tongue there is an expression describing the mental state of a person who no longer sees any purpose in existence. "The music has gone out of his life," we say, and even in this clumsy translation it will be clear what I mean. In the case of the world at large the music has not gone out of life, but the tune, instead of being a sprightly song of joy, has been turned into a dirge because the men called upon to conduct the performance insist upon stressing the wrong note, insist upon putting the accent where it does not belong.

There is nothing the matter with the score. I am no pedant. Gershwin and Johann Strauss, being honest and sincere artists, mean quite as much to me as Bach and Hayden, but a Symphony in Blue with the wrong emphasis is just as exasperating and deadly as a Symphonie mit Paukenschlag when the tympanist beats his instrument a second too late or too soon.

There is no use in hollering for new compositions and throwing all the old ones into the ash-can unless we first of all fire the old conductors and get men with a sense for the true accent of life.

It is the accent, the emphasis, that counts. All the rest is of secondary importance. During the last hundred years the emphasis has invariably been on the down beat "things," whereas it should have been on the up beat "men."

And until we shall have found a really first-rate conductor even the interesting Overture Proletarian of Oberkapellmeister Lenin and the Marcia Trionfale of Cavaliere Mussolini will serve no earthly purpose except that they will fill the air with a great deal of unnecessary and often exceedingly unpleasant noise.

As for our Symphonia Domestica—all I can say is, God help us!

Business Talks

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, November 12

DURING the past few weeks, in the committee room of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee on the fourth floor of the Senate Office Building, one of the most illuminating public studies in recent years has been quietly going on. (The hearings have been temporarily suspended, but will be resumed in the near future.) Deftly and skilfully, and in an atmosphere of persuasive friendliness, a penetrating and revealing scalpel has been applied to the economic state of the United States.

And startling indeed is the situation that has been uncovered. But, because it is only the picture as a whole that shocks and stuns, the daily developments have received for the most part only passing press notice. It is too much to expect that such a scholarly and grave survey could successfully compete with visiting French premiers and Presidential "ignorance" commissions. Visitors, too, have been few and infrequent. Occasionally an especially big name among the witnesses has brought some onlookers, but for the most part the high-ceilinged chamber has seen only the direct participants—two Senators, several secretaries, and a handful of reporters.

These quiet, organized, and productive proceedings, unusual at any time, have been all the more remarkable because of the contrast between them and those being conducted simultaneously just two floors below. Here, too, a select Senate committee has been sitting in a special study. But instead of an atmosphere of sympathetic interest and a desire for information, there have been chiefly cheap partisan politics and deliberate obstruction; instead of clarity there has been confusion; instead of planned progress, derision, discourtesy, and stupidity.

The first committee is under the leadership of its sponsor, Senator Robert M. La Follette. Assisting him are Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and Senator Henry D. Hatfield, of West Virginia, the first a Democrat and the latter a Republican. Senator Sheppard, in his sympathetic interest, regular attendance, and unfailing courtesy, has ably seconded his youthful chairman. Senator Hatfield has so far been present only at the opening session.

The committee was authorized by the Senate in the closing days of the last session to explore the possibilities of economic planning in an uncontrolled capitalistic system such as exists in the United States. Senator La Follette believes that government-directed economic planning is possible in a capitalistic economy. He will introduce legislation for that purpose at the coming session of Congress. To lay a broad, sound basis for this legislative effort he worked for months carefully preparing himself and planning for a wide public survey of the economic situation. He called in the assistance of economists and experts and with their aid mapped out the work and scope of the survey. For each witness summoned, a carefully prepared catechism was worked up. The whole organization work of the committee is an excellent example of high public service.

The second committee has a completely different history.

It is, to begin with, a deliberately stolen committee. Its sponsor, Senator Wagner, also intended to conduct a study of a great public question—unemployment compensation. Like Senator La Follette he proposed to spend the nine months' Congressional interim in making a broad and scholarly inquiry into a subject on which he will offer legislation. It is a long-established Senate rule that the sponsor of a committee, if he so desires, is made its chairman. In recognition of this practice Vice-President Curtis named Wagner as the first member on the committee. That formally established his right to the chairmanship. But Mr. Hoover intervened. Just as he killed the Wagner employment-exchange bill by a veto when he could not defeat it in Congress, he now stepped in to rob Wagner of his committee. He summoned Hebert, of Rhode Island, and Glenn, of Illinois, two of the most servile and reactionary Administration followers in the Senate, whom Curtis had put on the committee, and ordered them to deny Wagner the chairmanship. Despite the shamelessness of this request the two loyal henchmen followed their master's command. By voting for himself Hebert made himself chairman. He and Glenn then rejected all Wagner's plans for an organized and sympathetic study and instead called upon Secretary Doak to lend them one of his agents to prepare a "report" on the matter.

Finally, and wholly without preparation, they announced hearings and invited known opponents and critics of the proposal. Upon Wagner has fallen the whole task of obtaining students and experts on the subject and extracting their authoritative information. These witnesses have been met with open hostility and discourtesy by Hebert and Glenn, who even went so far as to ridicule with raucous laughter the repeated admonition by Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant, that men are starving amid boundless plenty. The report of these hearings, if not doctored, will be a record of one of the most contemptuous breaches of public duty in the recent annals of the Senate.

The hearings of the La Follette committee, even though they have not been completed, already afford an insight into the existing economic situation in the country and the views and state of mind toward it of the American business leader, in his various elements, that is unparalleled in private or public form. The survey, sketchy as it has necessarily had to be because of limited funds, is nevertheless the only comprehensive study of present conditions that exists.

Four conclusions stand out from the mass of information so far obtained: (1) that absolutely no reliable and correlated statistics exist in the country today showing the extent and degree of the ravages and hardships of the depression, and that the Hoover Administration by its policy of official misrepresentation has obscured the facts; (2) that business does not believe economic depressions can be eliminated and, with isolated and powerless exceptions, is opposed to governmental effort to try to bring order out of chaos; (3) that the industrialists are gearing their future plans to the home market, while the banker has his eye on the foreign field, and that between the two groups there is a wide cleavage over

the practicability of trying even to cushion business slumps; (4) that only in the ranks of labor is there any grasp of the basic problems involved in the situation or of what measures are needed to cope with them, or any effort being made to do so on a sound basis.

Time and again, through the testimony of such witnesses as E. A. Goldenweiser, director of the division of research of the Federal Reserve Board, L. H. Sloan, vice-president of the Standard Statistics Company of New York, Professor Leo Wolman, Professor J. M. Clark, George Soule, of the *New Republic*, and Miss Frances Perkins, New York State Industrial Commissioner, the committee has demonstrated the total lack of any sound statistical information about the true state of affairs. The committee has shown that in the greatest economic disaster in the history of the country, with incalculable damage to public health and well-being comparable only to that caused by a devastating enemy invasion, there not only exists no information as to the extent of the trouble, but the government in power is deliberately holding back what little data might be procured. Witness after witness, including some of the business leaders, deplored this want and urged that measures be taken to overcome it.

A few of the many facts concerning present conditions brought to light by the committee are as follows:

Since 1928 the net income of 550 leading industrial corporations has been divided by three, but their dividends have shrunk only from \$1,900,000,000 in 1929 to \$1,400,000,000 in 1931. Defaults in bonds up to last September have been about \$61,000,000, while the face value of securities in question by the end of this year will have depreciated by \$3,000,000,000. Only a quarter of these bonds are foreign; the greater proportion is in industry. [Mr. Sloan.]

Farming communities in the West, and even Western cities, are paying a substantially higher rate of interest for bank loans than are New York customers. The national income is 25 per cent less today than two years ago; production is off 50 per cent; 1,234 banks have already failed this year and 1,930 failed in 1930; farm prices have reached their lowest point in many decades; 3,300 commercial firms have failed, an all-time high. [Dr. Goldenweiser.]

In 1927 18.5 per cent of the population of the country were either at the level of bare subsistence or below it; 16.8 per cent were at the level of a minimum for health and efficiency; only 8.4 per cent were well-to-do; and only 1.7 per cent had liberal standards of living. [Mr. Soule.]

Pay rolls have fallen off an estimated 37 per cent and employment 27 per cent; hundreds of thousands of workers' homes are being broken up; abandoned tenements are in great demand with several families crowding into one apartment; and hospitals and doctors have never been more overwhelmed with work while receiving less for it. Technological improvements are permanently depriving thousands of workers of their jobs, and part-time work is as high as 53 per cent in many industries; there is no national system of employment clearance agencies by which labor can be relocated. [Miss Perkins.]

The outcry of the business leaders against government-controlled economic planning was practically unanimous. With the exception of Henry P. Kendall, president of the Kendall Company, a textile and cotton-goods manufacturer who has introduced into his extensive business the most advanced employment-continuity measures, every representative of business protested against giving the government power

to enforce stabilization and planning. The industrialists, who have direct contact with the worker, conceded the desirability of an attempt to regularize employment. Most of them, representing great corporations, have attempted by various palliatives, such as part-time work and shortened hours and weeks, to do something along this line. Heavy overturns in labor are costly. But they all vigorously objected to the idea that the government should enforce measures to insure jobs.

Voluntary action through the instrumentality of trade associations is their solution. The Swope plan or the plan of the Chamber of Commerce advisory economic council is the device they propose. Pressed by the committee as to the likelihood of success through such means, some of them had the frankness to admit that there were great obstacles. "I believe that if a couple of hundred of major units in the bituminous-coal industry could agree on a program, you could make an immense amount of progress," said George J. Anderson, president of the Consolidation Coal Company, one of the largest bituminous-coal corporations in the country, with mines in a number of States, "but I recognize that the fringe, uncontrolled and up to now uncontrollable, would in the end seriously hamper their efforts."

The bankers were cold even to the trade-association suggestion. Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the Governing Board of the Chase National Bank, flatly declared that industrial stabilization was impossible. He was as bluntly dubious as to the possibility of gaining any worth-while knowledge for future use out of the present disaster. His whole emphasis was on international finance. In that field he was sound and hopeful, advocating the elimination of tariff barriers, the slashing of war debts and reparations, and a rapprochement between France and Germany. In industrial matters—but let the record speak for itself.

LA FOLLETTE. Then I take it that there is nothing which can be done that will be effective in saving us from these great fluctuations in business activity.

WIGGIN. I do not think so. A man lives so many years and his experience only lasts with him ■ many years . . .

LA FOLLETTE. Your counsel is really one of despair, then. We are to keep on, then, suffering these terrific dislocations and the suffering that goes with them on the part of the people generally.

WIGGIN. I think you are looking for a superman. There is no such thing. Human nature is human nature . . .

LA FOLLETTE. You think, then, that the capacity of human suffering is rather unlimited.

WIGGIN. I think so.

Labor's profound hopelessness under the present system was poignantly and vividly described by the several labor leaders who have so far appeared before the committee. D. B. Robertson, president of the Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, left a conference of the railroad brotherhoods convened in the capital to map out a united policy on wages and employment, in order to tell the committee about the terrible hardships inflicted upon his workers by mechanical developments and the depression. In the past ten years the number of railroad workers has been reduced from 2,000,000 to 1,250,000, Robertson said. Not less than 250,000 men have lost their jobs because of technological developments.

Sidney Hillman, impartial chairman of the Amalga-

mated Garment Workers, told of the efforts to meet the many and complex problems of this highly unstable industry. More than \$6,000,000 has been paid out of joint worker-employer funds for unemployment and technological compensation in the past seven years. Last year \$1,500,000 was disbursed for these purposes. "Our experience proves conclu-

sively," he said, "that unemployment and technological insurance can be successfully administered in this country. But no one industry can cope alone with such demands. The whole country must be organized on this basis, and that can only be brought about through governmental authority and direction."

Everybody Votes for Tammany

By AMICUS MOST

TAMMANY had to be vindicated. The Seabury investigation was getting a little too hot. And what part of the city would be better for purposes of vindication than Senator Hofstadter's own section—Senator Hofstadter, the Republican chairman of the investigating committee? And what part of that section would be easier to make an impressive showing in than the Seventeenth Assembly District, whose population consists chiefly of poor and politically ignorant Porto Ricans, Virgin Islanders, and various other Spanish-speaking immigrant groups, particularly as these Porto Ricans have the "privilege" of voting just like any American-born citizen and it is almost impossible to check the validity of their claim of birthplace or the length of residence in the district?

Then came Election Day. One woman in the district in question had for years voted Republican because the district leader had promised to help her father become a citizen but had never done so. She had a weak-minded brother who had been driven into the insane asylum through the petty persecution of a graft-seeking probation officer, and she had finally come to the conclusion that the only way to eliminate all this was by a complete sweep-out of the entire system that permitted graft and corruption in government. She decided to register her protest by voting Socialist. Going to the polls early, she entered one of the voting-machine booths, installed to prevent dishonesty in voting. Although she did not ask for assistance a hanger-on entered with her and proceeded to vote the Democratic ticket for her in spite of her loud protests. When she attempted to stop him he pushed her out by force. She ran over to three policemen who were sitting close by and complained, but they simply laughed at her. The election board had also seen all this but they were unconcerned, although curiously enough they consisted of both Democrats and Republicans. The woman went out angrily and telephoned the Socialist Party headquarters.

Shortly afterwards a Socialist watcher arrived. He at once noticed that the voting machines were not placed as required by law, facing the board table, but were in a corner hidden by a large post; that there were a number of rough-looking individuals hanging about, and that with every voter an "assistant" entered the booth. He protested. Immediately he was seized by a number of men and rushed out with such force as to be thrown through the door. The police to whom he shouted for assistance turned around and ignored him. One of the men who assaulted him wore a Republican captain's badge. The Socialist watcher returned and remained as close to the polling-place as he dared, although he was continually reminded that if he valued his life it would be safer to leave.

About noon Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for president of the Borough of Manhattan, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Mary Fox of the League for Industrial Democracy, Edward Levinson, publicity agent for Mr. Thomas's campaign, two newspaper reporters, and the writer, Mr. Thomas's campaign manager, arrived at the polling-place in the course of a tour of inspection of polling-places in the borough. This group was later described at the police station by the Democratic candidate for alderman, who styled himself "alderman," as "Mr. Thomas and a bunch of gangsters." Upon entering we were at once surrounded by a very large group of plain, ordinary thugs. Almost before we could say a word the chairman of the board shouted that he wanted to have the place cleared. This seemed to be the signal to the assembled "assistants" and the police. Three of Mr. Thomas's group were assaulted and all were hustled about, pushed, and beaten. Mr. Thomas himself barely escaped assault. Two of the party who had been attacked asked the police to arrest the men who had struck them, identifying them to the police. The police promptly proceeded to arrest the complainants and hold on to them long enough to permit the offenders to escape. One of the Socialists was held by an officer and marched around the place in an attempt to get somebody to place a complaint against him. It is almost impossible to describe the atmosphere of the place, full of hoodlums, roughs, and hangers-on, with obvious connivance between the Democratic and Republican watchers and either connivance or fear from the police. As later described by the witnesses, every voter was being intimidated and forced to vote as required.

We left the place and got into Mr. Thomas's automobile. As soon as we sat down, one of the crowd slashed a tire. When we tried to hold this man, we were pushed away by his friends, who allowed him to escape. We left the car and went to the police station by taxi. Ahead of us we found the Deputy Attorney General, a Democrat appointed by a Democratic Attorney General, the aforementioned Democratic candidate for alderman, and others. Mr. Thomas, explaining what had happened, demanded that a new set of police be sent to the polling-place. The Deputy Attorney General suggested that the slashing of the tire was a "practical joke" and the "Alderman" offered Mr. Thomas his protection as if he controlled the police. The police lieutenant, upon being told by Mr. Thomas that the Democrats had a crowd of hangers-on who had done all the damage, tried to suggest that they "might be outsiders."

We returned to the polling-place and found there the police captain with a squad of policemen, including, however, the officers previously stationed there. As we made our com-

plaints to him, he and ourselves were completely surrounded by the Democratic officials and the same crowd, who continually attempted to intimidate us by asking our names and addresses, thus suggesting that there would be retaliations later. When we walked out of the building we were followed to the street by a man who later claimed that he was a Republican watcher, who said in a very loud voice: "You lice, you robbers of the poor—ever since we drove the Socialists out of this section six years ago we have had peace, now you have again come to make trouble."

A few days later two of us went to the Republican district leader, who was described to us as extremely wrought up over the fact that the Republicans had made such a poor showing in the district. He told us that he knew definitely of dozens of cases of Republicans whose votes had been taken from them and that he knew of one woman on his board who had burst into tears when she had seen him because of her inability to prevent illegalities at the polls. He admitted to

us, however, that when he had been present after our departure he had appealed to our watchers rather than to his own. We asked him if he was prepared to make a statement and to get affidavits from those Republicans who had claimed that their votes had been stolen. He carefully explained that that was impossible because if he did such a thing the lives of these persons would be in danger and his clubhouse might be blown up.

When the voting machine was opened on the evening of Election Day, the results were as follows: Levy, Democratic candidate for borough president, 850 votes; Carrington, Republican candidate, 8 votes; Thomas, Socialist candidate, 0 votes. This in a district where there were seven registered Socialists, where two years ago when Norman Thomas ran for mayor he received fifty-one votes, and where a number of years before a Socialist had been elected to the Assembly six successive times.

Thus is democracy served.

If I Were Dictator*

By G. LOWES DICKINSON

THE editor has invited me to say what I would do if I were dictator; but my modesty compels me to dismiss this flattering idea. Instead, I propose to make a point that is as plainly true as it is commonly ignored. The present political and industrial system, I shall argue, is breaking down before our eyes, and either we shall lapse into ruin or we shall develop a world government.

By the present system I mean briefly two things—nationalism and capitalism. These together produced the great war and the peace which, unless we mend our ways, is but an introduction to another world war.

We have, indeed, the League of Nations, and that is the rudiment of a possible new order, but it is thwarted and throttled at every point by nationalism and capitalism; with the result that up to the date of this writing it has been unable to do anything effective in the matter of armaments, tariffs, currency, raw materials, unemployment, overproduction, or underconsumption. The old order is bankrupt, and the new has hardly begun to emerge. What would that new be? At this stage I can but hold it up, in its general lines, as a pattern. But unless we begin to look up at such a pattern, we shall continue to stumble along the old paths till we plunge over the precipice. What, then, I ask, would the world look like under a world government?

First and before all, war would have been abolished. Until that is done everything else is idle. For if every fifty years or so the world is to be plunged back into the conditions of 1914 to 1931, or rather into much worse conditions—for the next war will employ all the latest instruments of destruction which all nations, after forswearing war, are elaborately devising—it is idle to talk of any reconstruction. We should be merely piling up the pyre on which our civilization was to consume itself. We must disarm, and completely. For while we are armed the armaments themselves drive us into war. Soldiers and sailors and airmen are re-

luctant to admit this, for without war their occupation would be gone. It is, however, true, and palpably true, as many plain men and women are coming to see. Thus the whole future of the world may depend on whether or not the disarmament conference next year produces any result.

Complete disarmament would mean that national forces were reduced to a mere police. Once that were done it would be possible to have an international air force to suppress anywhere and at once any attempt at rebellion against the world order. The world without war would be a world where all disputes would be settled by arbitration or judicial process, and where the defeated party would no more attempt to get its way by force than it does within the limits of any civilized state.

The abolition of war would thus end nationalism, in the sense in which nationalism is a menace; but we should still have to deal with capitalism. What does capitalism mean?

It means, first, government by the rich in the interests of the rich and its sign and mark is that the rich mainly provide and solely direct the capital. In doing this their only purpose is the making of profits. For though accessory contributions to the public good may occur in consequence of their activities, they occur without their knowledge or care. Under this system, which excited the enthusiasm of the earlier economists, the wealth of the world increased by leaps and bounds, and possibly, though not certainly, the wealth of the masses may have been greater than at most times in the past. But the series of strikes, lock-outs, and civil tumults which have been continuous over the past hundred years show that capitalism, when it was most successful and active, though it had created it, could not solve the social problem; and now it is palpable that it has failed all along the line. The enormous natural resources of the United States, a constant influx of the most active elements from Europe, and other advantages of a temporary character have obscured there more than anywhere else this essential fact. But suddenly the eyes even of Americans have been opened, for thou-

* The second of a series of articles on this subject. Others by Glenn Frank, H. L. Mencken, Harold J. Laski, William Allen White, and Lewis Mumford will appear in successive issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

sands are standing in queues demanding bread. America is feeling the universal break-down of capitalism. It cannot any longer have the illusion of an independent and self-sufficient life. By its insistence on the payment of war debts it is helping to ruin Europe; but also, by reason of its enormous production, it more and more needs European markets. It wants to sell and Europe cannot buy. Hence these tears! Overproduction and underconsumption are destroying capitalism. We will not now dwell on the paradox that while in China people are starving by millions, wheat is rotting in the United States, though that is one of the most striking facts with which we are confronted. But, apart from that, in all the most highly capitalized countries millions are out of work, supported by doles, and on the verge or in the act of starvation. Capital dangles goods before them in vain, for they cannot afford to pay for them. The first thing a world order would do would be to adjust production to consumption; and nothing but a world order could do it.

That it would do it is clear, or will shortly be clear, from the example of Soviet Russia. There and there only an effort is being made to substitute order for chaos; and when one considers under what difficulties the experiment is being made, how Russia started only a few years ago to convert a primitive population of peasants into an industrial nation, how capital has to be raised somehow on the spot because the capitalistic nations will not lend, candid observers can but be astounded by the results already achieved. The nations of the West, after denying the facts for years, begin now to admit them. The Russian experiment is the first ever made on a large scale to plan production according to need instead of leaving it to chance. But such an experiment made in just one country can only embarrass the others, as is shown by the hatred of Russian goods displayed by Western states. The planning must be world-wide. Otherwise we shall find nations going once more to war in the desperate attempt to secure markets. Capitalism must either transform or devour itself.

A world order which should adapt production to consumption would have no use for tariffs. These, in fact, are but the desperate efforts of states, first, to make themselves as far as they can self-supporting for the next war—a purpose which only the United States and Russia could approximately achieve—and, second, to benefit one part of their population at the cost of another. Tariffs thus involve a kind of civil war, for, however they may be manipulated, some parts of the population must lose while others gain. But, also, they are one of the causes of international war. This will be clear to anyone who has studied in detail the origins of the late war. But I will illustrate it by an example more recent, and more significant for us now. There is a party in England that would like to put a ring fence round the British Empire in order to reserve for members of that Empire the advantages of British trade. Would that be a matter of indifference to other states? Hardly, when a fifth of the surface of the world is involved. Yet a British statesman who believes himself to be genuinely pacific has repudiated indignantly the notion that foreigners would dare to object. The British nation, he said, in such a case would rise in its majesty and wrath and—there would be another “just” war! Let us take another example, that of raw materials, and the exploitation in the interest of some single state of the resources of undeveloped countries. Every stu-

dent of recent history is aware that this has been a main motive of the division of the world among the European Powers, and of the wars that have arisen out of that. Capitalism thus means war as, and because, it means anarchy. That is written over all its history. And a world order would have as its first and most urgent task to control the raw materials of the world, and to provide for a peaceable and equitable distribution of them.

A world order, then, you may say, would be a Utopia. I do not know. But I am sure that without it civilization will collapse, and I would ask the reader to interpret in this sense the signs of the times, remembering that the question before us is not whether capitalism can endure—it is already judged and condemned—but what the alternatives are to be.

The answer can only be tentative; but two great signals stare us in the face. The first is the League of Nations and the second Soviet Russia. The League, it is true, is but an embryo and one which may never survive to maturity, but it is the one and only thing in the international order which stands for the new ideal. The absence from it of the United States, however comprehensible, is none the less from the world point of view a terrible danger. That signal is red. But the danger is diminished by American cooperation in disarmament, in economic discussions, and in other activities of the League; and through these perhaps, before too long, America may come to take its proper place at the head of the movement toward world order. The other signal, that of Soviet Russia, is at once green and red—red as seen by the outside world, which has flouted and bullied it with all the zeal of fanaticism and hatred, but seen from the side of Russia itself, green with the color of hope. Now, nowhere outside Russia is such a determination to recast society to be found; and nothing but such recasting will serve our new needs. It is time we ceased being shocked at Russia and began to move along the same path, only by the ways of peace instead of violence.

Besides these two great signal lights there are others, over a great part of Europe, whose meaning is obscure. They are those of the numerous dictatorships. What these really mean, whether they mean anything except passing will-o'-the-wisps, it is hard at present to say; but if they are to have any real and lasting significance it will be because and so far as they inaugurate the birth of a pacific world order.

Lastly, there are the countries which are still attempting to govern themselves by public opinion. Of these, the little ones—Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland—though they are the most civilized, are also the least able to determine the future of the world. For they have the unpardonable vice of being weak. Of France and Germany I will not speak. Perhaps before this article is in print we may know whether France intends to drive Germany into anarchy, and on that may depend the salvation of Europe. But England and America stand on a plane of their own. If they can cooperate, if they can so use their popular institutions that capital itself will cooperate in its own transformation, and if meantime they can maintain the peace of the world, they may inaugurate the new order before its collapse into chaos. But they cannot do this unless they see and understand, and that not slowly but quickly, how surely the old order is bankrupt, and what the new order must be. Is there time? Is there ability? These are the questions put to us by the sphinx of history, and I dare not pretend to answer them.

What Is the Navy League?

By BENJAMIN H. WILLIAMS

THE Navy League, in accusing the President of the United States of "abysmal ignorance," committed a serious tactical blunder. While making charges of this nature, the league itself was in a most precarious position. Its statements have been of a highly controversial character. They have not been carefully edited for the purpose of eliminating erroneous and questionable material. Consequently the literature of the league is not only filled with unsound conclusions, but it also contains mistakes of the most elementary sort regarding armament and disarmament. Furthermore, the league has had trouble in the past and was once denounced by a Secretary of the Navy as a public enemy.

A league of this sort has, in the chief maritime countries, seemed to be an inevitable hang-over from the days of armed commerce. In Germany before the war the Navy League numbered on its rolls some 900,000 members and, with a yearly budget of a million marks, actively circulated the doctrine that German commerce required rapid naval expansion. Great Britain has her Navy League, which has opposed parity with the United States. The appeal which it makes to the nationalism and conservatism of the Englishman is summarized by the query: "Nelson gave us the command of the seas over a century ago. Are we going to keep it?" A more dangerous attitude is found in the patriotic societies of Japan, which give a present-day application to the doctrines of the Samurai. The assassination of Prime Minister Hamaguchi for his support of the London naval treaty indicates the point to which the opponents of disarmament in that country may go.

Comparing the American league with these institutions, our own product is small in size and weak in influence. The principal effort of the organization has been to urge the needs of a large navy and to complain of the civilian influence in determining the size of American armaments. During the Administration of Woodrow Wilson the league precipitated a bitter controversy when it declared that "powerful labor interests" had brought pressure to bear upon the government to cover up a plot to destroy a powder magazine at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The accusation so aroused the ire of Josephus Daniels that he forbade the presence of officers or agents of the league on naval vessels or naval reservations. He termed the league "as much an enemy of the country as any anarchist." The fluent Secretary of the Navy further declared that he would not let the organization take part in naval activities until it should be "dead, damned, and resuscitated" and that "we do not want any sideshows that stab us in the back."

Some 4,000 names appear upon the membership lists of the league and the annual budget is in the neighborhood of \$30,000. Most of the members, of course, have little idea of the activities of the organization. Probably many of them suffer acute embarrassment when they see in cold print the accusations made by their officials. The executive committee includes some names of prominence: Walter Bruce Howe, T. Douglas Robinson, Ogden Reid, Henry Cabot Lodge,

N. M. Hubbard, Jr., James W. Wadsworth, Arthur Curtiss James, Nelson Macy, and Henry Breckinridge. The latter, however, dissented when the league attacked Mr. Hoover.

William H. Gardiner, the president of the league, has appeared in recent years to be the main part of the organization so far as the expression of opinion is concerned. He is a retired engineer-capitalist who has for some years been dipping into naval matters and expounding through league statements and magazine articles a sort of sea-power theory of history. He claims to be the author of the view that "North America, particularly the United States, has ceased being virtually self-sufficient and is taking on the character and outlook of a great island centrally placed in the oceanic world." The creator of this doctrine contends that this island position calls for a powerful navy, which is not to defend the United States against attack but to go cruising across the oceans and to swing the muzzles of huge guns before the people who furnish us with raw materials. The Navy League, Mr. Gardiner affirms, specializes in accurate information.

The ideas of Gardiner and of most of those who advocate great naval power come from the brilliant writings of Admiral Mahan. Mahan was a master of the facts of naval warfare as it existed from the seventeenth century to the time of the World War. From the data of this period he concluded that sea power is necessary to national prosperity and greatness. There is much evidence in the conditions of past centuries to sustain the theory. Piracy, closed seas, the practice of commerce raiding, even in times of peace, and the conflicting efforts of the maritime nations to profit from the cheapness of improved sea transportation, particularly by trading forcibly with the backward peoples in Asia and America, led to the development of armed sea power. Those countries which could best control the sea routes profited from the commercial revolution in somewhat the same way as communities located at suitable factory sites have more recently prospered from the industrial revolution. Since the World War the doctrine has become a cast-off of historiography. The close integration of the world through commerce, communication, and a sensitive world-credit system has bound the interests of each important country with those of the family of nations and has made it disastrous to seek commercial expansion by force. Great Britain, with an enormous naval preponderance during the World War, found that the conflict brought destruction to her markets, industries, and financial power. Germany, which in 1913 was rising to the first rank in world business affairs, sought to promote her trade interests by building a huge navy. The German economic success had been due principally to the genius of her scientists and commercial leaders, the efficiency of German labor, and the wealth of German resources. When, persuaded by the German Navy League, the government turned to building warships, however, it alarmed England and helped to precipitate a conflict which destroyed German commerce, shipping, and finance. At the same time the United States forged to the front as the leading economic

power in the world; and it is typical of the new international regime that this country in its rapid advance did not rely on the aid of sea power. In fact, during the time when the United States was leaping to the forefront the navy men in this country were deploring the weakness of our military and diplomatic policies. For these reasons the doctrine of the dependence of commercial and governmental policies upon a powerful navy has lost its meaning.

The Navy League has, however, continued the fight for the old-fashioned naval methods of protecting and expanding our trade. It has been a consistent opponent of the disarmament movement. When the London treaty was placed before the Senate the first demand of the league was that the consideration of the subject should be postponed until the following session, in the hope, no doubt, that the treaty would then be set aside for questions of domestic importance. When, however, the matter came before the special session of Congress in the summer of 1930, the league issued a statement opposing the treaty. The league has continually demanded larger appropriations for naval construction. The Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover Administrations and Congresses, according to the league view, have disbursed less than a quarter of what has been required for the "replacement upkeep" of the navy; and in spite of the fact that we have spent more for the army and navy than any other Power, our government has skimmed the navy by \$80,000,000 per year. Recently the league has been striving to create such a demand for larger appropriations as will block any agreement by the United States to the principle of budgetary limitation at the Geneva disarmament conference. It has also stressed the value of large war vessels, attempting thereby to make impossible an agreement on the reduction in size of capital ships. The league has assailed the plan for a one-year armament holiday to which the American government has adhered.

Mr. Gardiner evidently considers that those who have up-to-date opinions regarding international peace and therefore cannot concur in the big-navy view are simply ignorant. Here we are strongly reminded of our old friend, William B. Shearer, who looked upon himself as the best-informed man in the country on naval affairs. These two, Gardiner and Shearer, have dabbled in naval history sufficiently to acquire a terminology which is unfamiliar to the general mass of people. For some reason the ability to handle esoteric terms appears to the public as evidence of superior wisdom. The imposture is harmless enough when the one who benefits from it has sufficient sense of humor to appreciate the joke. The tragedy arises when the beneficiary takes the matter seriously and actually believes that he has suddenly developed omniscience upon the subject.

In an article written in 1926, in which he referred disparagingly to the lack of knowledge among public officials, Mr. Gardiner suggested that they should study the naval question and inform themselves of the definite prospect that Japan and Great Britain would support each other in a movement to abolish the submarine. Now it is fundamental that the Japanese have consistently fought for the retention of the submarine from the Washington conference to the present time. They have had no intention of conspiring to abolish this highly prized weapon of their defense. An error of this sort upon an elementary point occurring in the midst of condemnation of the ignorance of others puts Mr. Gardi-

ner in the position of a blind passenger vociferously shouting condemnatory remarks at the ship's pilot.

One of the most bitter statements which the league has issued was that of October 11 condemning the proposal of the League of Nations for a one-year armament holiday. The Navy League statement read: "It would seem inconceivable, therefore, that any American official working in the interests of the United States would countenance committing the United States to such an inequitable and disadvantageous holiday." At that time it was known that the Administration at Washington was likely to approve the holiday plan, and the denunciation, with all its implications of disloyalty to American interests, was leveled straight at President Hoover. But the Navy League did not even know what the plan was. The statement compared the tonnage of various nations in figures of ships already built in a way which showed a belief on the part of league officials that during the holiday such figures would represent the sole naval strength of the Powers and that tonnage under construction would be stopped. The text of the proposal had, however, already been published in the United States, showing a contrary intention. It definitely states that the holiday is to affect ships not already on the stocks "provided always that vessels under construction might be continued and completed." Thus the league, without understanding the published terms of the holiday plan, plunged into an abusive attack upon Mr. Hoover for his expected adhesion.

Mr. Gardiner's statement of October 28 is probably the best-known of the league's publicity efforts. The document dramatically charged President Hoover with ignorance and thereby secured the public attention which Mr. Gardiner was evidently seeking. The investigation of the statement and the exposure of its errors which have followed have been swift, though it must be pointed out that the inquiry committee was naturally expected, from its composition, to be friendly to the President. Some of the mistakes in the league statement are so gross that they need only to be called to the public attention to be clearly recognized. Thus the declaration that the United States had secured with Japan an over-all ratio in auxiliaries of 10:6 at the Washington conference appears manifestly incorrect when it is pointed out that the Washington treaty omitted any consideration of vessels other than capital ships and aircraft carriers. The assertion that the Administration refused to allow the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to see the full record of its negotiations prior to the London conference will be recognized as false by those who remember the continued offer of the President to allow any Senator to examine the record in confidence. The committee of inquiry took Mr. Gardiner to task for publishing tables of figures "known by him to be obsolete at the time the statement was issued," and declared in general that "Mr. Gardiner's statement contains many inaccuracies, false assertions, and erroneous conclusions."

There is no intention here to charge the president of the Navy League with deliberate misstatement. But in the naval controversy he and his friends are fanatical advocates of a defunct theory. Like other extreme controversialists, they have their blind spots. They minimize or neglect facts which seem important to others. And they are prone to over-emphasize and at times to exaggerate whatever material is useful in supporting their thesis.

Russia and the World Crisis

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, October 18

THE Soviet frontier is like a charmed circle which the world economic crisis cannot cross. While banks crash, while production falls and trade languishes abroad, the Soviet Union continues in an orgy of construction and national development. The scale and speed of its progress are unprecedented. They have converted many disgruntled Muscovites from opponents of the Five-Year Plan to enthusiastic supporters.

The Bolsheviks are confident that this advance cannot be interrupted. They are therefore drafting the second Five-Year Plan. Its details will be worked out by experts, factory directors, and workers, but its broad outlines are now being discussed by the highest authorities of the land. At a very recent counsel at which Stalin presided the question of future pig-iron output arose for debate. Pig iron is the foundation of all heavy industry, and determines the volume of steel, iron, coke, coal, and machine production. It is, in a large sense, the coefficient of heavy industrial progress. Russia yielded 4,000,000 tons of pig iron in 1913, 5,000,000 tons in 1929-30, and will, according to plan, have manufactured 17,000,000 tons in 1932. Three giant foundries now nearing completion at Magnitogorsk in the Urals, at Kuznetsk in Siberia, and at Zaporozhie in the Ukraine will produce more than all of Czarist Russia. Pig-iron growth during the first Five-Year Plan is phenomenal.

The State Planning Commission originally suggested raising pig-iron output to 56,000,000 tons by 1937. At the recent party meeting a representative of the State Planning Commission was prepared to reduce this figure to 40,000,000 tons. Whereupon Stalin interrupted and urged that it be placed at 25,000,000 tons. This Stalin proposal means that heavy industry—steel, metals, coal, and so on—will be retarded so that light industry, which supplies clothing, food, homes, and luxuries to the population, can be stimulated. The foundation having been laid during the first Five-Year Plan, more attention can be paid to the superstructure in the second. Stalin said that the second *Piatiletka* will serve to clothe and feed the Soviet masses. Their desire for a higher standard of living will be satisfied.

Thus, when the rest of the world will either be in a state of crisis, or at best healing the wounds of the crisis, the U. S. S. R. promises to enter a period of prosperity. In 1932-37, while the Russian workers are reaping the fruits of their present sacrifices, the workers in other countries will be making continued sacrifices in order to save capitalism for the capitalists. This contrast may have far-reaching social concomitants. It is the chief international significance of the second Five-Year Plan.

The dominant principle of the second *Piatiletka* is the gratification of the daily consumption requirements of the country. With the exception of grain, therefore, little if any food will be exported. The production of textiles, shoes, dwellings, intra-city transportation facilities, paper, kitchen utensils, clothing, small mechanical appliances, cultural necessities, electrical supplies will increase many times. The first

Five-Year Plan is creating the machines and factories which will manufacture these goods. Almost all the raw materials are available within Russia. Soviet imports, as well as exports, will consequently drop during the second Five-Year Plan. Certainly the U. S. S. R.'s foreign trade will lag far behind the growth of national industry.

The Soviet Union accordingly tends to become more self-sufficient and less dependent on outside assistance. This is largely the result of the foreign situation, although it dovetails with Communist desires. For although the world economic crisis does not spread to Russia, the U. S. S. R. nevertheless feels its effects. Whether in consequence of the stringency of credits or because of the stupidity and fear engendered by the financial depression, Moscow is receiving fewer and worse foreign credits. The Russians must face the fact that their help from capitalist sources may fall to a minimum. The United States is turning away from Soviet business. When the Amtorg, for instance, lately offered to buy 25,000 to 250,000 bales of the Farm Board's cotton which may never find a market and may be burned or sunk in the ocean, Carl Williams, speaking for the board, said: "Why should we grant credits to a nation which we do not recognize?" England, whose greatest difficulty is a shrinkage of exports, shows signs under Tory guidance of permitting party interests to interfere with Soviet business. France is trying to obstruct German credit operations with Moscow, but she has not yet decided to finance Soviet commerce herself.

Last summer, when political and economic negotiations were suddenly resumed between Paris and Moscow, the Bolsheviks were sanguine about huge French credits. I think they are more sober today, and while, to be sure, the situation both with respect to France and other countries may change, the high officials who are drafting the second Five-Year Plan proceed on the assumption of reduced foreign trade and of reduced foreign credits.

It is this accumulation of circumstances and not only the Bolshevik wish to make life pleasanter for the Soviet citizenry that has convinced Stalin of the advisability of forcing the tempo of light-industry production. For while the development of heavy industry is dependent on imports of complicated machinery, Russia already has the means of increasing the volume of consumption goods. Taken as a whole, therefore, industrial output in Russia will mount very rapidly during the next quinquennium. But the emphasis will be put on articles of everyday use.

Some time ago I asked a prominent Bolshevik how he would solve the American economic crisis if he were appointed economic dictator of the United States. He said immediately that he would foster trade with Russia. He would do it, he said, in the best interests of capitalist America. For if Russia receives little or no foreign financial support, it will have to concentrate on light industry, without, however, neglecting heavy industry. But if it had the money, it would enjoy a boom in both fields. The riches of the U. S. S. R. are unlimited, its potentiality of growth is fabulous, and as a market it is well-nigh inexhaustible. Untold mineral and

power resources are still untouched. It may sound exaggerated, and at the moment, of course, it is altogether unrealistic, yet the exploitation of the wealth of the vast continent which the U. S. S. R. comprises could very likely lift the entire capitalist West out of the slough of despond in which it is floundering today. Perhaps the capitalist world has no interest in building up Soviet Russia. Neither is Soviet Russia consumed by any desire to save capitalism from shipwreck. Nevertheless, Moscow would gladly accept co-operation from capitalism even though it would thereby grant capitalism another breathing space, and if the world's bourgeoisie were not intellectually bankrupt, it too would seek relief by injecting strength into what it fears may be its ultimate conqueror. There is of course a double paradox in this situation, but that does not change the facts. The future may have in store a prolonged armed economic truce between the capitalist and Communist worlds during which each will seek to exploit the existence of the other.

If the Russia of today suddenly turned private-capitalistic but continued its present rapid economic advance, every industrialist, banker, and exporter of the world would certainly have representatives on Moscow's doorstep. It is the height of folly to boycott a huge market, and a safe market in a country which has already had its revolution, at a time when millions of persons go hungry and billions of money are being lost for lack of markets. But this is the situation which Russia faces, and her leaders are patterning their plans accordingly.

The decision of Stalin to stress the population's everyday needs during the second Five-Year Plan seems like an admission of the wisdom of the now-suppressed right opposition led by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsy. Rumor has it, indeed, that Rykov may soon resign his position as Commissar of Posts and Telegraphs in order to be advanced to the Supreme Economic Council, where he will take charge of light industry. The right wing always demanded that more attention be paid to light and less to heavy industry. Rykov's promotion may therefore be regarded as the vindication of the opposition's program. But in fact it documents the greatness of Stalin, which even his worst former enemies now admit. For if Rykov's platform had been adopted in 1928, Magnitogorsk, Kuznetzstroi, and other industrial giants would not now be built. Nor would the Stalingrad and Kharkov tractor factories be producing machines. Nor would collectivization on a large scale have been carried out. And without these measures the stimulation of light industry would today be impossible. Moreover, it is obvious now that the U. S. S. R. stole the last three years from history, so to speak. The Five-Year Plan could not be started now. The international economic crisis and the anti-Soviet financial boycott would make it impossible. Stalin took advantage of a temporary situation between 1928 and 1931 to build the foundation of a new industrial Russia. The task is far from complete. But enough has already been accomplished to permit of further domestic progress despite limited outside assistance.

At present Stalin, having destroyed the right opposition and then assigned its members to minor posts, can magnanimously reinstate them into power. Events have justified him. He now does what Rykov and Bukharin advocated in 1929. But it was wrong then and is proper and inevitable today.

The supply of consumption goods has grown rapidly

during the last six months, and the Bolsheviks, in consequence, have been able to avoid further currency inflation. A walk through Moscow streets would convince even the skeptic that living conditions have improved and that store stocks have been replenished. The situation is very far from satisfactory, but the fact of progress and the now universal confidence in the success of the Five-Year Plan generate a healthy atmosphere of enthusiasm and dispel many earlier doubts. Time after time acquaintances who half a year ago rained abuse upon Bolshevik heads come in now and confess that recent achievements have won them over.

The Soviet output of cotton goods, woollens, knit goods, and leather and rubber products rose about 30 per cent during the last year, and continues to rise month by month. These commodities are immediately gobbled up at any price and leave the hungry domestic market unsatisfied. But it is obvious to all citizens that the increase in light-industry production is the natural result of the large-scale construction of iron and steel mills and machine foundries and of the agrarian socialization provided for by the first Five-Year Plan. This immediate dividend inspires faith that the second Five-Year Plan will yield even greater practical benefits, particularly since the Communists now make that their specific goal.

In the Driftway

"IT has become a hallowed tradition," writes Mr. Hoover in his recent proclamation, "for the Chief Magistrate to proclaim annually a national Day of Thanksgiving." Now the Drifter, as his friends must be aware, is usually suspicious a priori of all traditions, hallowed or otherwise. After a careful reading of the President's latest Thanksgiving Day observation, the Drifter feels it his sad duty to report certain misgivings about this one. With the third winter of widespread unemployment nearly upon us, in all its ugliness, want, and distress, Thanksgiving Day has not, for him at least, a genuine ring. Somehow it sounds ill-suited to the times. The President's counsel that "our people rest from their daily labors" brings to the Drifter's mind some ten million jobless to whom that advice will seem more than slightly ironical. And he wonders how many of that army stopped work on Thanksgiving Day in 1929, not realizing that they would still be resting two years later. Will they be duly appreciative, as the President is, that "the passing adversity which has come upon us" is a "spiritual" blessing?

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

A LARGE part of our people, the Drifter suspects, will be equally dubious of the wisdom of the following:

Our country has cause for gratitude to the Almighty. We have been widely blessed with abundant harvests . . . Our institutions have served the people. Knowledge has multiplied and our lives are enriched with its application.

In the time of our forefathers this would have made sense. Bountiful crops were just cause in earlier times for gratitude and hearty thanks. For they meant the assurance of food and security through the long winter. But under our topsy-turvy economics abundant harvests assure us nothing.

They are a dubious blessing indeed when rich surpluses leave the farmer poor and the destitute hungry. It were better had the harvest been lean. The well-stocked storehouses would not then present a tantalizing mockery of the knowledge that has multiplied.

WHAT the Drifter is working toward is the suspicion that our highly mechanized society has to a large degree outgrown the Thanksgiving Day custom. Abundance today is not the blessing of plenty. Even the farmer—forced to specialize in one crop—sees wheat piled high on his land and lacks necessary food. The Drifter hastens to add, however, that he does not mean that we should abolish the holiday. He is in favor of all holidays, the more the better, and his vote is for this one. But he believes that it should have a more realistic purpose. As a beginning he offers a new name for it—Fact-facing Day. To be sure, it is not quite so optimistic as Thanksgiving Day, but it might prove more fruitful. Instead of offering spiritual consolation to the needy and expressing pious hopes that by another year the Almighty might have matters adjusted to normal, the nation would unite in facing the facts of our adversity. The Drifter believes this might lead to action which would make abundant harvests mean abundance for all. And should that happen, you would see an ardent campaign to change the name of Fact-facing Day back to Thanksgiving Day.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Defense of the Spirit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I have space for a few words prompted by Benjamin Ginzburg's article, Religion and the Lost Leadership, in your issue of October 21? It was so good that one felt it ought to be better.

Much of the \$817,000,000 a year spent on religious worship in this country may be wasted for all it contributes to intelligent thought of God. For thinking people what is heard in many of our churches may help atheism almost as much as a vital theism. But there is more to be said. Not all church people fall into this thinking class. More than that—and much more!—what religion does is not entirely dependent on the correctness of its ideas. Even if the idea of God promoted in the churches is antiquated—for that no defense is offered—there is much reason to believe that other and higher values, even a "social vision in these disordered times," are generated and conserved.

To say that the church is negligible as a factor in the fight for social justice or that its influence is used too timidly to make it a real force for a better order is entirely intelligible. But to say that "the connection between religion and social justice is today as extrinsic as . . . the connection between religion and physical gymnasiums" is seemingly to deny or ignore the facts. Mr. Ginzburg ought to know his prophets better. With them and not with the apocalypticist, at least in the social aspects of his work, Jesus stood in direct historic succession. And so, it may be held, stand all those today, whether avowedly or not, who advocate and work for Christian social ideals. And that even though the concrete "proposals" made by them are drawn from "secular economists and reformers"! The spirit

that moves them, whether secular or religious, frequently arises from religious sources, and in so far as it does, its result must be regarded not as a "sideshow" of religion, but as an expression of the "religious spirit."

Meadville, Pa., October 20

IRWIN ROSS BEILER

The Trouble with the Doctors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anent the editorial The Doctors Look at Medicine, in your issue of November 4, the trouble is that those doctors who speak are really not the ones who are looking. Most certainly doctors who charge \$10 a visit for each of two children, or \$50 for a consultation, or who have doorkeepers, nurses, and secretaries are not in a position to see clearly the medical needs of the largest part of our population, consisting of poor people who have probably never heard of these doctors. The doctors competent to speak on the cost of medical treatment and its real value are those who practice medicine among the working class. These people can receive medical care in their homes at a cost of about \$2 per visit. Unfortunately, the cost is not what is wrong with medicine.

The great trouble with medical practice is its terrible incompetence. It is absolutely impossible to give the great mass of ailing people the benefits of modern medicine under our prevailing system. A typical case is a man of forty-five who complains of gastric symptoms which office visits over two weeks fail to relieve. This man should have a thorough examination of his gastric tract—X-ray, test meal, etc.; and does he get it? He cannot afford the fee of the private Röntgen examination. He cannot lose the time necessary to lie in the ward of a hospital under observation for a week, and anyhow he could not pay for it. He cannot wait for long hours in a free clinic.

The solution for the countless cases of this type is in some form of state medicine. I have read again and again the cry of the medical profession against "state medicine," but it has always been the men in the foremost rank who have been doing the crying—men who do not come in contact with the difficulties of the working and lower-middle classes, men who belong, as in your article, to the \$10 and \$50 class, where state medicine has no place.

Philadelphia, November 4

W. STEINBERG, M.D.

After the British Election

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is literally true that nobody foresaw the amazing massacre of Labor at the polls. Nor can anybody give a really convincing psychoanalysis. As the election drew near, everyone believed that the National Government would be returned with a working majority—but nothing more. It was, I suppose, in the main a triumph of propaganda and skilful phrasing. The word "national" with its imprudent claim "Vote for your country" no doubt counted heavily among a people the vast majority of whom did not know why "the nation was in danger," or what the danger was, or who put it there. Decorated by the best-known heads of all three parties (with the exception of Lloyd George) the appeal stampeded alike the ignorant and the timid, who believed the impudent falsehoods about the "crash of the pound" and the loss of all their savings to which Snowden and others resorted at the last moment to cover any fear which protection might otherwise have caused. From the Tory standpoint the election was engineered to get a tariff, though today not a single Tory newspaper except the *Express* mentions the

tariff. The Tories are solid for protection, they mean to have it, and deserve to put it through. Not immediately, of course, possibly not until next April's budget. The pound must first be stabilized and the people's mind (if mind it can be called) must be allowed to settle down to the interest which normally outweighs all other interests, namely, sport. But the protectionists cannot wait long. Even if some little recovery of trade and employment takes place, they will use that as evidence of the general revival of political confidence. They generally believe in a tariff, and MacDonald, Snowden, and their little gang will have to take their medicine or get out. The Liberals are mainly responsible for this situation. By pretending to distinguish an "emergency" or "temporary" tariff from a permanent one and pledging themselves to "consideration" of a remedy they knew was bad, they threw some five millions of votes into the National pot. Why? Partly to obtain places in the government, but chiefly because they feared, not the Labor Government's "inflation," but more taxation, which the financial situation really needs.

The last Labor Government was of course extremely lax in its finances, and large savings were impossible. But the man actually responsible for this bad finance was Snowden, the bankers' friend, the man who had the effrontery to denounce the program which earlier he had helped to formulate as "bolshivism gone mad." As for the British press, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Statesman* alone have helped to preserve liberal traditions. The *News-Chronicle* has been contemptible. There is speculation as to the possibility of Lloyd George reconstructing and "leading" a Labor Party!

The result of the election brings despair of any real democracy. A people that can be tricked over and over again, in 1914, 1918, and 1931, by similar devices commands no respect and cannot "govern." But the position of Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Herbert Samuel, and J. H. Thomas in the hands of a vast Tory House of Commons, bent upon reaction not only in finance but in constitutional and imperial affairs is an interesting spectacle. There are here no signs of trade recovery except the little fillip which the degraded pound has given to some export trades. The state of Germany is deplorable, and France, having apparently squared Hoover, will do nothing to help, either financially or otherwise.

London, October 29

J.

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT S. ALLEN is a member of the Washington staff of the International News Service.

AMICUS MOST was campaign manager for Norman Thomas.

G. LOWES DICKINSON is the author of "A Modern Symposium," "The Greek View of Life," and "After 2,000 Years."

BENJAMIN H. WILLIAMS is professor of political science at the University of Pittsburgh.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

HORACE GREGORY has recently published a translation of Catullus.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is an English writer now living in the United States.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

Finance

Why Silver Forecasts Recovery

SELLING at approximately 37 cents an ounce, silver recently stood in a ratio of about 56 to 1 to gold—still a long way from the sacred 16 to 1 about which a political battle raged thirty-five years ago, but a decidedly better ratio than that which existed last February, when the price of silver was not much above 25 cents an ounce. The metal is up 11 cents an ounce from its low point, and the rise is being hailed as an additional evidence of improving business conditions, for silver traditionally is one of the first commodities to advance when a depression has run its course.

Just why this is so is extremely obscure. Commodity prices rise in the wake of a great slump because people have economized so long and so hard, and producers have cut their output so low, that the compulsory revival of demand makes itself felt on a reduced supply. Silver, however, ranks far down on the list of items which Western peoples feel an overwhelming urge to purchase, after long abstinence. Nor is the actual or prospective reduction of new supplies, while it is substantial, such as to threaten a shortage for habitual users in the arts or for government mints. In 1930 various governments dumped about 71,500,000 ounces on the market, from demonetized and debased coinage, and there has been no clear indication that this selling has permanently come to an end.

It may be suspected that silver owes its quality as business forecaster, such as it is, to the combined function of the metal as both money and commodity among Oriental peoples. Gold has "appreciated" in terms of commodities to an enormous extent in the last two years; why should not silver, the money of the Eastern nations, at last break away from the depression influences which assail it as a commodity and assert its higher value as a money in terms of commodities?

This is merely another way of saying, of course, that India and China, in spite of grinding poverty and low standards of living, may succeed at some stage in putting their economic house in order, to the extent of being able to produce a surplus of exports which can be converted into the metal they value so highly. This, obviously, has not yet occurred in any sense recognizable to Western eyes, but the speculators of Shanghai and Bombay, among the shrewdest in the world, do not wait for the event. They forestall it, and cash in when the up-country takings justify their judgment.

It is a curious commentary on our highly organized business structure that the first stirrings of recovery from a slump should occur in the primitive economic organization of the Orient. Low-priced silver has operated in the East precisely as a depreciated exchange—that of Great Britain, for example. Indians and Chinese have had to pay dear for imports because they paid in cheap silver, and exports have had an advantage because foreigners paid in silver. The fall in prices has been a cruel burden, but it is tending to produce its orthodox effect—a "favorable" foreign-trade position.

This angle of the situation is illustrated by the fact that in the depressed year 1930 India is estimated to have taken 94,500,000 ounces of silver, the largest total since 1925. Such substantial consumption was made possible by the fact that while India's command over foreign money, through exports of goods, was at a low ebb, the price of silver was also at a low ebb. The same thing may be going on now, foreshadowing business recovery and the return of purchasing power to a little regarded but vastly important area.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Films, Drama

This Dark Recession

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

This dark recession has no text from which
To draw what simple resignation reads
In a year's harvest, whether lean or rich,
When early planting often runs to weeds.
Snow falls and in its time the sap will rise.
Hills have their labor, not of faith like ours,
Unshaken when a rock-starved hemlock dies,
Preaching no gospel in a spathe of flowers.

Earth can bear chilly witness that I ask
Nothing beyond the somber truth of trees—
Twice beautiful, but never twice the same.
Much can be lost; these wintry sunsets mask
A multitude of small finalities,
Not less our own because they have no name.

The Tragedy of Gold

America Weighs Her Gold. By James Harvey Rogers. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

REVIEWERS yield too often to the temptation to say of a book they admire that it ought to be in the hands of every American, but one may go so far as to say that if Professor Rogers's volume could be got into the hands of the President, the Cabinet, and every member of Congress, and if they could all be got to read it, and if—a desperate assumption—a working majority of them could be got to understand it, then at last the world might be put on the way to a real economic recovery. At least, on the off chance that this piece may happen to be read by one of the captains of industry who have been giving anywhere from \$10,000 to \$1,000,000 to "voluntary" unemployment relief, I throw out the hint that it would require little more than \$1,000 to get Professor Rogers's book into the hands of the aforesaid group, and if they really succeeded in digesting its message, the \$1,000 would have been spent to far more effect in the long run than \$1,000,000 for relieving immediate distress, for it would have helped to restore the economic stability of the world.

When I despair of our statesmen being able to understand this book I do not mean to imply that it is particularly "difficult." It is, on the contrary, an extremely clear, compact, and able history and exposition of the role that gold has played in the world since the outbreak of the World War, particularly of the causes that drew nearly half of the entire monetary supply to the United States, and left the lion's share of the remainder in the hands of France. These causes ought to be clear by now to everyone in their broad outlines. Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities the French and English began to buy war supplies from us heavily. As their own industries came to be turned more and more exclusively to war work, they had few exports with which to pay for their imports from us, and to the extent that they could not raise loans here, they were obliged to send gold. After the armistice they found themselves saddled with huge war debts to us, and though we had been transformed in a few years from a debtor nation to one of the world's two great creditor nations, we took every possible step to prevent our debtors from paying us. For the interest and principal of

international debts can be paid ultimately only in goods and services, but instead of lowering our tariff walls to make this possible, we have been raising them to more and more preposterous heights. And to the extent that we have not permitted our debtors to pay in goods and services, and have refused to extend them further credit, we have compelled them to pay in gold. The result of this policy has been to give us a constantly greater useless and dangerous supply of the metal, and to draw it away from nations that need it desperately. To America's tragically stupid tariff and debt policy, in short, must be allotted a large share of the responsibility not only for Germany's recent crisis and England's abandonment of the gold standard, but for the whole of the present unparalleled world depression.

All this Professor Rogers sets forth with great clearness; his exposition is supplemented by attractive colored charts and concise statistical tables; and it is astonishingly up to date. Though the book was completed before England deserted the gold basis and before the recent so-called "raid on the dollar," it hints very strongly at least at the first consequence, though it could hardly have been expected to anticipate the second.

Though Professor Rogers's analysis is very sound in its main outlines, there are one or two points of theoretical weakness. In the early part of the volume he assumes that when new gold comes on the market, the industrial and other non-monetary demands are filled first, and that only the "residual supplies" go into monetary or reserve use. Yet an analysis of his own table (pp. 213-214) should have led him to see that it was no accident that the amount of new gold that went into monetary and reserve employment in the five war years from 1914 to 1918, inclusive, averaged \$322,000,000 annually, an increase of \$95,000,000, or 42 per cent, over the average of the five years before the war, and that this happened though world production of gold actually declined in the war period from a pre-war annual average of \$460,000,000 to one of \$432,000,000. Here it was obviously the industrial demand that got only the "residual supplies." It is significant also that in the post-war years 1919-23, inclusive, the new gold going into monetary use declined again by nearly 50 per cent.

A much more serious theoretical error lies in Professor Rogers's assumption that the pressure of payments and the flow of gold here must result in the rise of our price level and the decline of foreign price levels. He calls this—with some justification—the "classical theory" of the matter; it is at least the traditional textbook theory; it is accepted by Professor Rogers himself, and therefore he is puzzled and driven to offer many explanations of why it has not worked out. "A long search for statistical evidence of such price-level separations," he remarks, "has yielded only negative results." He then offers "four possible explanations" of this failure. The second is this:

Existing price indexes are ill-adapted to the purpose of making international price comparisons. The more reliable ones are in general so highly influenced by international products, such as wheat, cotton, sugar, coffee, silk, rubber, et cetera, the prices of which are determined in world markets, as to make them almost unusable.

This remark is naive. For the products that Professor Rogers mentions—as the products that he would *exclude* from his price-level comparisons—are the chief products of international trade! Indeed, the prices of *all* the transportable products that enter into international trade tend, because of their very nature, to be determined in world markets. There is, and there has been for generations, a great gap between the price level in the United States and the price level in, for example, Italy, but to the extent that that gap exists in articles which do not enter into international trade—such as land, houses, rents, goods of local consumption, etc.—it is *irrelevant* from Professor Rogers's stand-

point. But where the gap exists in articles that do enter largely into international trade it is seldom likely to be much greater than the cost of shipment plus the amount of the tariff. Professor Rogers will never find the kind of growing gap he conceives of between American and foreign gold price levels for the simple reason that gold itself, in so far as its movement is unrestricted, has one world value and not a number of separate national values, in the same way that wheat and cotton have a world price and not a merely local price. Finally, Professor Rogers's implied belief that the United States could raise and control its gold price level merely by a deliberate policy of credit inflation has little to support it; and his final sardonic jibe at our "caterpillar natures" for continuing to adhere to the gold standard seems a trifle gratuitous in view of the fact that he himself has no substitute to offer.

HENRY HAZLITT

An Author in Evening Dress

First Person Singular. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THE question is sometimes asked, Why should the man who wrote "Of Human Bondage" now write trash? It is indisputable that Mr. Maugham, despite the authorship of one novel of almost universal appeal, ceased some time ago to be a force and was bought, as it were, for the stable of W. R. Hearst. In fact, so vivid has been his conversion to Mammon that we imagine him now as most of the time in evening dress, the perfect picture of a fashionable novelist, carnation always in lapel; so that quite naturally he takes his place among the glittering passengers in the grand saloon of that quadruple-screw ship which bore "The Gentleman from San Francisco" across the ocean, that ship which symbolized, in Bunin's short story, the meaningless great world that is to be destroyed—modern Babylon.

And as a matter of fact, in these "Six Stories Written in the First Person Singular," where Mr. Maugham appears in the background as "I" and "the novelist," most of the time he is in evening dress. Our curiosity is aroused; we cannot help reading the book, whether or not the actions of its principal characters are imaginary, for what it reveals by the way of the personal life of its author. And why not? Why stop on the frontier of flimsy artifice when the real world lies beyond? Why be content with "Mortimer Ellis," with "Mrs. Albert Forrester," with "Ferdie Rabenstein," those slapdash, paper-deep fictions, when W. Somerset Maugham, the living novelist, lies within our reach? We have a chance here to examine one of the most interesting passengers aboard that symbolic liner, one of the distinctive modern types—a popular author, celebrated for long runs and best-sellers.

We observe a man of middle years and middle-class parentage who has made a place for himself in the world against what seem to have been unusually heavy odds. He is married, he says, but whenever seen he is alone. He travels a great deal. He is received into many classes of society, including the aristocracy. His warmest eloquence is shown over a lamb cutlet. There is no pressing labor that fills his life; time, in fact, hangs heavy on his hands. Being bored, he seeks diversion at swell restaurants, at hotels, at parties, and picks up, naturally, a kind of savoir-faire. Not a real savoir-faire, however, any more than the swell world in which he moves is really swell, the aristocrats really aristocrats, the friends really friends. The truth is that he is far too timid, too thin-skinned to be a man of the world; the "high life" that he frequents is no more than a greater night club with its cash register concealed; the aristocrats are pushing, shaky vulgarians; and the friends detest one

another. It is a world of pseudo-suavity, of pseudo-pleasure, of pseudo-gentility, and genuine dislike.

Now let us look at the stories. The fortune of a manufacturer, as we know, often rests upon exploitation, sharp practice, juggled stocks, adulteration. Upon what rests the fortune of a popular author? We must recall that he is obliged to meet the requirements of women who will read the advertisement next to his story and will buy a pore cleanser because some needy heiress has signed her name to a prepared indorsement. We must not be surprised if he drives home his innuendo with a hammer, if he employs a "brilliance" that would dazzle no one but a housewife, if his work as a whole bears the same resemblance to its pretensions as troops on the musical-comedy stage bear to real soldiers. These are stories of the middle-aged married woman who ruined both her own life and her husband's because she did *not* commit adultery; of the comic-strip bigamist who needed one more wife to make it a "round dozen"; of the duke's daughter who slept on the sly with a footman; of the unattractive spinster who by a change of clothes, coiffure, and audience was transformed into a famous beauty and wit; of the reversion to type of a family of Jewish nobility; of the highbrow authoress whose henpecked husband eloped with the cook and inspired her to write a best-seller. Mr. Maugham, showing signs of his experience in the theater, has "pointed" his stories with an uncanny sense of his audience. There can be few clichés to incrust his six subjects that he has overlooked.

Anyone who glances below the surface will see that however jauntily he claps on his topper and sets off for Ciro's, at heart he is very unhappy. And what else could be expected of a writer of his gifts, the green-hued Mildred's creator, when he has been brought to the point of declaring resignedly in his preface that "the average life of a novel is ninety days." The tragedy of Somerset Maugham is in that apparently bland cynicism. Ninety days! What an incentive to good workmanship, to care, to creation! No writer can put his heart into a book that is going to be thrown away. And no one—no, not even the manufacturer—is happy in producing shoddy goods.

There is despair then in the heart of the impressive figure in the grand saloon. It is a tortured smile on the face of the distinguished author as he inwardly waits—for what?

What metamorphosis took place? What happened to the man who wrote "Of Human Bondage"? Were his desires worldly from the start; was he fired originally with no artist's longing to see and make, but with an earthling's lust to dine well and glitter? Or was a man of genius, a virgin heart, seduced by the great world of riches and power?

"Woe to thee, Babylon, that mighty city!"

GERALD SYKES

Julian Huxley on Religion

What Dare I Think? By Julian Huxley. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

IT is no wonder that simple rationalists like our own Mr. Menckend end by regarding the human animal as hopelessly incorrigible. No sooner have they liberated him from the burden of superrational obligations and fears than he begins to invent them anew, and instead of passing from orthodoxy into materialism he rushes into the arms of a new religion as soon as he is dislodged from the old. Even science—or at least the scientist—turns traitor, and physics, no less than biology, begins to discover that incomprehensibility leads—as of old—straight to God. The Quantum theory, to say nothing of "Heisenberg's principle," seems about as far from common sense as the doctrine of the Atonement, and the old-fashioned, hard-headed

rationalist who used to hope that science would lead mankind into a simplified world must feel that there is not too much to choose between a council of Byzantine theologians and a meeting of a society for the advancement of science where the theory of an exploding universe is defended against the theory of a dying one and the "cosmic ray" is set up against the second law of thermo-dynamics. Nor is he to be entirely blamed if, with a despairing sense that we are getting back to the place we came from, he mutters bitterly to himself, "Homoeusian or Homoeousian?—Credo quia absurdum est."

Now, Julian Huxley, as it is hardly necessary to say, does not belong to the group of scientists who are so extravagantly demonstrating in their own persons the contention that the religious tendency is indomitable. He quite frankly expresses his disapproval of those, like Whitehead and Eddington, who represent "a premature attempt to cut the Gordian knot by means of a philosophic mysticism," and, indeed, he goes farther, for when he comes to discuss what it is possible to believe he so completely rules out anything suggesting even a legitimately personifiable God that his religion—if it may still be called by that name—is as much more tenuous than that of Millikan or even Whitehead as theirs is more tenuous than, let us say, the religion of Gladstone. But the fact remains that even a biologist as cautious as he feels the impulse to discuss the subject, and that in the present book he turns rather quickly from a discussion of the future possibilities of biological control of the human species to what he calls "scientific humanism" and ends with a chapter on Science and the Future of Religion.

There is, he says, no such thing as a "religious instinct"; but there exist, nevertheless, in man certain capacities for feeling which find in religion an opportunity for expression not afforded by science. When the former is stripped of its pseudo-scientific claims, when it is prevented—as it must be prevented—from interfering with the rational pursuit and rational use of knowledge, there remain, "first, a reaction of the human spirit to the facts of human destiny and the forces by which it is influenced; and, secondly, a reaction into which there enters a feeling of sacredness." Moreover, these reactions are of great importance, since "while the scientific picture of the universe, in which naturalism and determinism rule, grows ever more triumphant and complete, yet it becomes ever more sharply set off from the world of values in which the human spirit has its being . . . [and] the mysticism of some modern philosophers is due to a reaction against the aridity of a world without values." Scientific humanism must recognize that "religion is a way of experiencing the impact of the outer universe on the personality as a whole," and that "the universe and the human personality being what they are, this way of feeling will always involve some feeling of sacredness." Hence, though the religion of the future must carefully guard itself against any tendency to be anti-scientific, yet it must recognize the fact that "in religion, so long as it is alive, four aspects are blended: there is immediate emotional experience; there is ritual expression; there is a connection with morality; and there is an intellectual scaffolding of ideas and beliefs. These can never be wholly disentangled."

Few will quarrel with Mr. Huxley's most fundamental idea, for even those who fear that the use of the word "religion" prepares the way for absurdity will admit that pure science in itself has no concern with even the conception of value, without which, nevertheless, a genuinely human life is impossible. Few also will deny that the war between science and religion—as it was understood in Gladstone's time—is not only over but that it ended in a decisive victory for science. One may, however, be permitted to wonder whether or not it is true that—as is now so commonly maintained—redefinition of terms has made meaningless the whole conception of a "conflict" between science and religion, and one may ask still further

if that redefinition does not, indeed, make even clearer than it was before what the nature of the conflict is.

No one can deny that religion and science still clash over the importance to be attached to certain ideas of "value" and of "sacredness"—to be attached, for example, to the nature of the marriage relation—and that such ideas stand in the way of the scientific control of population in which Mr. Huxley himself is so much interested. Nor will it do to say that these ideas must and will be adjusted so as to permit science to do her beneficent work. For no matter what values religion creates, certain of them are bound recurrently to interfere with the proposals of a growing or changing science, and hence the conflict is bound to arise from time to time just so long as certain things are made valuable or sacred in a way which science cannot recognize. To say this is not of course to say that each individual conflict may not be ultimately resolved, just as that concerning population will doubtless be resolved. But it is to say that the "conflict between science and religion," instead of being defined out of existence, is, as a matter of fact, destined to be again and again—perhaps eternally again and again—reborn.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Dead Poetic Movement

The Poems of Wilfred Owen. Edited with a Memoir by Edmund Blunden. Viking Press. \$2.

READING Edmund Blunden's introductory memoir in Wilfred Owen's book of collected poems is a depressing experience. The collection is not a success; Owen's work was and still remains incomplete, poetry written by a man who died too soon and whose failure was characteristic of an entire movement in English poetry. Wilfred Owen was a Georgian, little known in this country, but as much a part of the movement as Edward Thomas, Rupert Brooke, Robert Graves, Siegfried Sassoon, W. H. Davies, and half a dozen others. Today he is remembered as the best of a group who wrote directly of the war and attempted to make poetry rise above the conditions of trench warfare.

At this point it might be well to make a brief summary of the Georgian platform, and in doing so we must go back to pre-war England. The Georgians were revolting against the more florid aspects of the late Victorians, particularly in the work of Swinburne and Oscar Wilde. They returned to Wordsworth and the simple, declarative sentence, and were all for rediscovering the English countryside where old men sat in calm sunlight eating red apples. Beauty was their cry; not drawing-room or literary beauty, but beauty of the outdoors and of the primitive. We may go no farther for the best expression of these tendencies than the South Sea poems of Rupert Brooke and the pastorals of W. H. Davies. But for moments of realistic sentimentality (see W. W. Gibson, W. H. Davies, and even John Masefield) the Georgians ignored or flatly rejected city life and modern civilization. So much for the positive elements in the movement.

What they lacked or failed to develop was equally important. They underrated the value of precision in the use of words and ideas. Their vocabulary was a rehash of words found ready made in traditionally romantic poetry. Vague ideas of beauty were enough for them, and by the time the war drove them back into civilization they had exhausted the possibilities of their platform. The picture is pathetic, for they were ill-equipped to meet the needs of war-time hysteria and disillusionment.

Georgian war poetry, though popular for a few years, was a ghastly experiment. From the patriotic rhetoric of Rupert Brooke's war sonnets to the hastily assumed realism

of Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen, poetic bankruptcy was in evidence everywhere. Robert Graves, Sassoon, and Owen made a futile gesture toward honesty. They adopted strained, hard-boiled attitudes which were something of a right-about-face from their original positions, and produced a language that was neither poetic nor an accurate use of the vernacular. Yet there is scarcely a poem in Owen's entire collection that does not disclose genuine emotion. His courage was admirable, but his medium was an inadequate weapon with which to fight war and its brutality. All the horrors of war could not upon a moment's notice be thrown into imaginative perspective.

One sympathizes with Edmund Blunden's effort to defend Owen against a critical—and perhaps hostile—posterity. Scattered throughout the volume such lines as these are found:

Till the fierce love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

and

Heart, you were never hot
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot.

Here is the beginning of poetry, but one finds it impossible to follow Blunden when he speaks of Owen as another Keats. Perhaps Rupert Brooke would have developed beyond all others, perhaps Owen. One thinks of how Sassoon turned from poetry to novels, of W. H. Davies's arrested development, of how Gibson, though still alive, is sterile. In all likelihood the Georgian movement was not killed by the war but died a natural death.

There is, however, a curious exception, a single poet, now living in this country. He was a visiting American and a friend of Edward Thomas. All the original simplicity that the Georgians strove for is found in his poetry. Their language has been made over into a language that is his own and is foreign to their ears. His name is Robert Frost.

HORACE GREGORY

A Great Proconsul

Lyautey. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.

M. MAUROIS has explained in his "Aspects of Biography" that for him biography is a form of self-expression; his "Shelley" and his "Disraeli" are aspects of his own personality, media for the release of emotional attitudes which he objectifies by attaching them to historical personages. Biography, in other words, is a substitute for fiction. If the biographer can find congenial subjects, he has certain advantages over the novelist; he is freed from the task of invention—a task which the greatest artists have often preferred to avoid; and he can inspire immediate conviction in the truth of his narrative. This form of biography is impossible, however, with living personages; it requires ample materials for defining the intimate emotional characteristics of its hero; and it can be written only with complete candor.

In "Lyautey" M. Maurois gives us a portrait of a great man of action. Since Lyautey is still alive, is in fact his biographer's personal friend, M. Maurois confines himself to a narrative of events; he is even unnecessarily cautious about estimating personal character and describing individual traits. Very occasionally there are flashes which remind us of the author of "Disraeli" and "Byron"; we learn that Lyautey is a romantic of action; that his passion for work springs from an immense capacity for boredom; that his aristocratic and Christian background made him a bad politician but a great colonial administrator; that his success was due to his capacity for flinging himself with the same enthusiasm into whatever lay before

him, to his willingness to abandon all theories and general principles when they no longer corresponded to the facts, and to his unbounded confidence in his subordinates. But in the body of the book Lyautey rarely comes alive. A contemporary can be made real only if his character is guessed at much more boldly or if his actions and background are painted in with much greater detail.

Lyautey sprang from a royalist and Catholic family, and in his youth he visited and offered his sword to the legitimist heir to the throne. His acceptance of the republic was hastened by an interview with the Pope, who refused to ally the church with a cause so obviously lost, and by an attempt to improve the conditions of the soldiers in his company, an attempt which was considered revolutionary by his conservative friends and won him approval from the liberals. Up to the age of forty, however, he was merely an undistinguished cavalry officer who had never seen active service. In 1894 he was appointed to Tonking; there he served under Gallieni, and from Gallieni he learned how the conquest of savage countries should be accompanied by the spread of civilization—by the building of roads, railroads, and telegraphs, by the establishment of farms, manufactures, and markets. At the same time the genius of the people should not be thwarted; good government and civilization must be spread through the natives and not in spite of them. It was this doctrine that Lyautey afterwards applied in Madagascar and finally in Morocco, which, with a brief and unsuccessful interval at the War Office in Paris, he governed from 1911 to 1925.

Lyautey is the greatest proconsul of our time, and the Anglo-Saxon peoples, who have so often claimed a monopoly of the art of government, might profit by a study of his methods. There were two factors in his success which both English and Americans have too often forgotten. He remembered that colored peoples were human beings like himself; he treated them as equals and preserved their institutions whenever possible; his Christianity, says M. Maurois, had taught him that all men were brothers. And all his buildings and towns were planned with the utmost care for the aesthetic effect, and so that they blended with the native architecture around them.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Experiments in Liquor Control

Liquor Control. By George E. G. Catlin. Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.

The Prohibition Experiment in Finland. By John H. Wuorinen. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

M. R. CATLIN has compressed into one of the small volumes of the Home University Library as good a general survey of the whole problem of liquor control as could reasonably be asked for. He sketches the history of drinking as a social habit in various countries and at different times, examines the physiological, biological, and psychological aspects of the use of alcohol, reviews the economics of the use and sale of liquor, and discusses prohibition, the licensing system, and other experiments in public control. A good deal of statistical material is worked into the narrative, and the explanation of the various methods of control is exceptionally detailed for so condensed a work.

One gathers that Mr. Catlin's perfected society, if he could have the making of one, would offer little opportunity for the personal use of alcohol, and the reader who does not sympathize with that view will be likely to conclude that the book is at bottom a defense of prohibition, or at least of rigorous restriction. The conclusion could hardly be otherwise with a book which, while carefully pointing out the limitations of present

methods of control, repeatedly emphasizes the evils of drinking and the moral contrarieties which confront a society in which drinking exists. With all its judicious balancing of pros and cons, the book seems somewhat tendentious. Mr. Catlin agrees with those who think that the claims of alcohol to biological, physiological, and psychological usefulness are on the whole ill-founded. To the extent that personal efficiency is actually reduced by drinking, the drinker, he properly remarks, "indubitably weakens the economic strength of his nation in world competition and in maintaining the standard of real wages of the community," but he apparently believes that with a higher standard of living and "under more spacious conditions of life" excessive indulgence may be expected to decline. The theoretical case for prohibition he regards as "invincible" provided the consumption of alcohol is regarded as "potentially dangerous," if "restriction, as distinct from the mere control of even free play of natural impulses, is regarded as a cardinal principle of sound morals and of a religious civilization," and if the majority that wants prohibition is to rule. The most efficient method of control, he thinks, is through local trusts "for the sale, where demanded, under the most respectable and agreeable conditions, of all such alcoholic liquors as public opinion might choose to sanction," although this would not work in a community which resented the idea of the association of any public body with the liquor traffic.

Prohibition in Finland has been severely criticized anew since Dr. Wuorinen's book was written, and his work is therefore especially timely as a thorough and scholarly study of the system. Although in no sense popular, the book will be valued for its admirable history of prohibition in Finland, for its careful and detailed statistical investigation of the operation and effects of the system, and for its impartial review of the difficulties with which the scheme had to contend. It is interesting to note that Dr. Wuorinen clearly forecasts some radical modification of the system in the light of the experience of the past decade.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Technical Difficulty

The Old Crowd. By William Fitzgerald, Jr. Longman's, Green and Company. \$2.

THE second novel by William Fitzgerald, Jr., deserves attention not particularly for its excellences, but for defects which are now common to the general run of novels. These defects seem to be almost wholly technical defects, for William Fitzgerald writes smoothly enough and he has the distinct ability to establish the external manners of his people's lives and to let those manners shade and brighten his people's conduct, without in any way suggesting that this shadow and light is the substance of their lives. He does not, besides, simply evoke the past, like Hergesheimer, or try to build a mood of regret.

In spite of these advantages, his novel falls apart. It is built around the shadowy character of the "Colonel," a lecherous lady-killer; but it is merely built around, it is never really built up. This novel, like so many others, is episodic; each episode is a whole, a piece by itself. Nothing touches anything else. Consequently the characters are isolated, arrested; they too never touch each other, and their various reactions are arrested reactions to be told about. There is no motion within the novel. And when finally the end is reached in the episode in which the Colonel tumbles down a flight of stairs instead of opening a door into a sleeping servant girl's room, as he had intended, his crash is noiseless in the novel. It is as if he did not fall at all down wooden stairs, waking his invalid wife and breaking his own real neck, but instead dissolved in-

stantly into empty space where nothing else was, but where, we are told, Racey, Sue, Master Will, Miss Bess, all the old crowd, are. The defect is fatal to the story.

The defect can be labeled a technical one because the form of the novel makes it impossible that the characters be otherwise than separate from each other; the episodic nature of the novel is final. Because the characters are arrested, they have a sameness about them. They must be stopped at the same significant points to make the novel even a possible one to write; and so they arrange themselves around the figure of the Colonel in various attitudes, like a chalk-white tableau in a circus. If one of them happens to move, as some of the minor characters occasionally do, the tableau is upset, disturbed. The result is a kind of bastard realism; various real attitudes are assumed, but only attitudes. Any motion in the novel disfigures these attitudes, instead of making them poignant and moving. The characters do not stop like people in the street and then pass on naturally. They stand like cows and ruminate, never changing expression.

The defect is traceable, probably, to the devastating influence of the short story on the novel. Characters in short stories are bound to have a minimum of characteristics; their lives, if pretending to realism, must be fixed for an attitude. Gradually the short-story manner has crept into the novel, until most novels of less than first-rate rank are a collection of short stories, variations on a theme. If William Fitzgerald, Jr., can get the short story out of his system, he will probably write a novel of considerable distinction.

KENNETH WHITE

The Sisson "Documents"

One Hundred Red Days. By Edgar Sisson. Yale University Press. \$5.

EDGAR SISSON went to Russia in 1917 to conduct anti-pacifist propaganda on behalf of George Creel's official Committee on Public Information. He arrived in Petrograd after the Bolshevik Revolution, on November 25, 1917, and remained one hundred days. That period has impressed itself indelibly and, as he himself indicates, almost pathologically, on his mind. He still lives in it. His ideas on Russia have not changed since 1918. Lenin to him is "the madman." Trotzky is "perfidious Trotzky." The Bolsheviks are the "boldest pirates in history," who, he prophesied in 1918, would soon be swept "from the country they have temporarily stolen." He says of his experiences in the Soviet capital and en route: "I have lived in darkness for five months." This is an unwitting confession. He knew very little of what was going on around him. But that the aftermath of "the ten days that shook the world" was to him "darkness" is the measure of the man. He hated the Bolsheviks as soon as he understood that they would not finish the war on the side of the Allies. He evaluated the revolution by only one standard: was it pro-war or anti-war? This is the clue to all Sisson's revelations.

Sisson's thesis is "the Bolshevik-German conspiracy." The Bolsheviks were a "puppet government" acting under direct instructions from the German General Staff. His sixty-eight "documents" are intended to prove this proposition. Whether they succeed is a question apart and will be dealt with below, but it is significant that nothing in Mr. Sisson's detailed daily log, nothing in his lengthy citations from Soviet speeches and decrees supports his theory. On the contrary. In January, 1918, Sisson wrote in a letter, "If any class in Russia will fight Germany it will be the Bolsheviks." Only when his "documents" were imposed on him did he begin to believe that the secret of Bolshevik acceptance of the Brest-Litovsk separate

peace was a previous agreement between Lenin and Ludendorff. One could as well accuse Hindenburg of being an Allied spy for submitting to Foch's harsh armistice terms. Lenin had no choice. Sir George Buchanan, the British ambassador in Petrograd, said so in a message to his government on November 27, 1917. Other keen observers shared his view. But Sisson, the war-to-the-bitter-end patriot, could not see this simple truth.

Of course, Lenin and other Communists, and some non-Communists, came from Switzerland across Germany to Russia with Ludendorff's aid. Ludendorff thought they would serve his purposes. He was also serving theirs. Later, in a crisis, Lenin was likewise prepared to ask the Allies for assistance. "Please add my vote," he wrote, "in favor of the receipt of support from the Anglo-French brigands." The phrasing explains why the same Lenin welcomed the cooperation of the German General Staff. And did not American, French, Italian, and British officers train the red army after the Brest-Litovsk treaty was negotiated, and after United States Ambassador Francis had seen Sisson's "documents"?

Admiral Kolchak, the Allies' biggest "white" hope, was in Singapore en route to the British front in Mesopotamia when the British "ordered" him to proceed to Siberia and start a movement against the Soviets. The Allies financed him, his government, and his armies. Forgeries and stolen tapes are not necessary to demonstrate that all anti-Bolshevik military efforts—Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel, Yudenich, Miller, Chaikovsky—depended for their very existence on material support from the Allies. Sisson wished to help Kolchak. Is the difference, then, that the "whites" took from the pure hands of the Allies, and the Bolsheviks from the horrible "Huns"?

Sisson's fable of the "Bolshevik-German conspiracy" has been a sinister influence, and some people still credit it. A careful analysis of his book undermines him completely. Space, unfortunately, does not permit exhaustive treatment here. I can only indicate that the chapter on the Kalpashnikov case is patent distortion, as will be seen from a study of the American Red Cross memorandum which Sisson presumably had to print lest Colonel Raymond Robins publish it and refute him. The story of the Diamandi arrest is wicked misrepresentation. The Bolsheviks imprisoned him, broke off relations with Rumania, and sequestered the Rumanian gold fund because Rumania had occupied the Russian province of Bessarabia beginning January, 1918. Sisson omits this "detail" of the occupation. There is no mention of it in all his 455 pages. But the omission enables Sisson to "explain" Minister Diamandi's incarceration by means of a "document" purporting to contain the German General Hoffmann's instructions to Petrograd to carry out the arrest. But the whole thing is too transparent. Moreover, although Sisson was, with the help of the British intelligence service, tapping the Bolshevik wire from Petrograd to Brest-Litovsk, he did not understand what was happening in the Communist Party: how it split on the Brest issue. The documents on this important historical episode were published in Russian years ago, and were made available in English in my "The Soviets in World Affairs." Sisson, however, relies on the "information" he gathered in 1918, and frequently goes wrong. He also misinformed Washington. He thinks, for instance, that Zinoviev sided with Trotzky. The very opposite is true. Lenin's position is hopelessly mangled by Sisson. I could list scores of factual errors.

I pass, however, to the "documents." The first one was the letter in which General Hoffmann is alleged to have commanded the Bolsheviks to arrest Minister Diamandi. It was shown to Ambassador Francis by Eugene Semenev, editor of the suppressed Petrograd *Evening Times*. Semenev claimed that it had been withdrawn from the Bolshevik archives at Smolny headquarters, and could be photographed but had to be

replaced. This occurred on February 5, 1918. Three days earlier Colonel Robins, the chief of the American Red Cross in Russia, showed Sisson a batch of similar "documents" supposedly proving a "Bolshevik-German conspiracy." Robins regarded them as worthless. Sisson took them seriously. They were being peddled about in the city, and offered to numerous embassies and individuals. Sisson discovered that they could be traced, for the most part, to the Right Social Revolutionaries (Semenev was a Right Social Revolutionary) and to the group of monarchist generals—Kaledin, Kornilov, and Alexeiev—with whom the Right Social Revolutionaries like Savinkov were cooperating. Later in February several groups working for Semenev and Sisson are said by Sisson to have taken advantage of the chaos resulting from the removal of Soviet headquarters from Smolny to the Moscow Kremlin to steal a number of originals. Sisson himself never obtained any of the "documents" directly. He did not know, he merely accepted the word of Semenev and others that the "documents" were really taken from Bolshevik files. "The responsibility for the genuineness of these documents," Sisson quotes Semenev as writing in 1921, "rests upon me personally. Over fifty of them I handed to Mr. Sisson during February, 1918 . . ." This may be sufficient authority for Sisson, but not for the historian.

Professor Voss, whom Sisson proclaims as an expert on Russian affairs, expressed his opinion of the Sisson "documents" in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of March 31, 1919. He affirmed that although "by far the larger part of the collection bears . . . the stamp of authenticity on the face of them," nevertheless, "it is questionable whether some of the documents he [Sisson] considers genuine are so—we refer to numbers 5, 6, 10, 11, and 35." But how can "documents" supposedly lifted from Bolshevik files be anything but genuine? If some are forgeries may not all be forgeries? Even Paul Miliukov does not accept all the "documents."

Except in the case of three or four "documents," we are asked to credit them on their own internal evidence, with no objective or circumstantial proof. The support for one "document" is in another "document." Thus, Sisson presents Document 1. It is intended to show that the Bolsheviks took German money. Below it Sisson comments: "I have not a copy of this circular nor a photograph of it, but Document 2, next in order, proves its authenticity at once curiously and absolutely." He adds that the Bolsheviks officially denied the existence of Document 2.

Mr. Sisson did only one thing in Russia that may be regarded as useful—he circulated millions of copies of President Wilson's peace address through the German lines on the Eastern front, thus undermining Germany's morale and perhaps shortening the World War. He himself admits and repeats that he could not have achieved this without the assistance of the Bolshevik Government—"the German agents."

LOUIS FISCHER

Books in Brief

The Golden Vase. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

In "The Golden Vase" Lewisohn narrates a brief episode in the life of an American novelist named John Ridgevale, who, at the age of fifty-six and after the publication of a two-volume novel, travels to Europe for his health. Meeting Lisl Schönbrenn, a young woman who translates his novels into German, he falls in love with her, but because of the discrepancy in their ages leaves her. This fragile story, in which Lewisohn's stylistic virtues come close to perfection, provides him with an opportunity to discuss two of his three favorite themes: the rela-

tion between literature and love, and the place of the artist in America. (His major preoccupation, the racial problem, does not enter into this book.) His treatment of the former theme has never been clearer or, perhaps, more persuasive; his treatment of the latter is, ■ usual, vague and superficial.

Wings Against the Moon. By Lew Sarett. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.

This is Mr. Lew Sarett's fourth volume of what is really, by definition, folk poetry. All of his best verse has been rooted in legend and in Indian and lumberjack lore. This poet has the spirit of the frontiersman, and his experience as ■ woodsman, his knowledge of animal life and of the various out-of-door aspects of living form the background for all of his writing. His writing is in the direct line of descent from one of the earliest of American characteristics in literature, the tall tale of the backwoodsman. Here is the vanishing American wilderness, here the simple language and imagery, the direct manner of thinking, the ballad technique which mark genuine folk poetry. When Mr. Sarett attempts the translation of more subtle emotion or the form of the more intricate lyric he usually fails; on his own level of observation he is very successful.

The Career of Julian Stanley-Williams. By Adrian Alington. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

The career of a mediocre actor who suffers from delusions of grandeur, sponges on his mother, wrecks his wife's life, and finally murders his tiresome soul-mate and mistress and commits suicide would have made good enough material for ■ short story. As a long novel which only repeats in event after event the hero's vanity and selfishness, it is monotonous and pointless. Even if there were no structural faults in the novel, the author's heavy bearing down on Julian's shortcomings would be sufficient to weaken it.

Half-Lines and Repetitions in Virgil. By John Sparrow. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

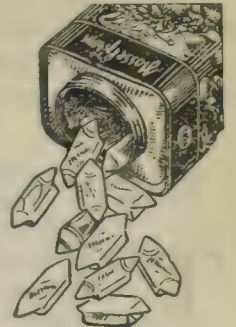
If the minuteness of this study is evidence of its author's patience and skill as a scholar, the very fact of its existence testifies to the peculiar fame of Vergil, whose epic is here examined with a view to determining whether the famous hemistiches and repeated lines were intentional or not—whether or not, that is to say, Vergil would have removed them had he been given time to complete his revision. Mr. Sparrow, steering ■ middle course between the extremes of opinion, analyzes all the hemistiches and repeated lines, and attempts—usually with success—to decide in each case whether the passage involved was unfinished or whether it was left this way for effect.

Social Thinking Shackled. By Leo Jacobs. The Grafton Press. \$2.

Dr. Leo Jacobs, author also of "Three Types of Practical Ethical Movements," has written in "Social Thinking Shackled" a dignified, scholarly, and extremely interesting little book. It cannot fail to engage the attention of students of social theory and particularly of those who seek to comprehend the foundations on which our wavering economic structure still rests. It is Dr. Jacobs's contention, ably and succinctly argued, that the essential strands of our economic-political-social fabric were first and finally woven by Aristotle. The Stagirite therefore becomes the first great theoretician of capitalism. All the precepts of our industrial paternalism, according to Dr. Jacobs, find their origin in "nature's private secretary." Aristotle is the post to which our social thinking is shackled. A knowledge of the origins of our present social paralysis is surely ■ stimulus to any constructive effort to ameliorate it. From this point of view Dr. Jacobs's analysis is seen as one which is not merely shrewd but undeniably valuable.

Thanksgiving's Coming

Welcome It
with Mosselprom!



The turkey's good and fat . . . your menu is planned from soup to nuts. But how about the after dinner sweets? You know you won't appreciate anything heavy. Now's your chance to

delight your family and guests—serve Mosselprom! Delicious imported fresh fruit—filled *crunchy* morsels that will add the last perfect touch to your feast. Each piece separately wrapped—orchards of fruit in every pound. Moderate in price, and even more economical, purchased in the original 5-pound tin. And try Mosselprom Chocolate Cream Caramels, and Orange and Lemon Slices. Sold at your grocer, delicatessen, drug or department store.



AMTORG TRADING CORP., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MOSSELPROM

IS THE FIRST OF THE NEW, IMPORTED "PROM" CANDIES



Distributors for the retail Grocery Trade

A. KRASNE

136th St. and Walnut Ave.

New York City

Three Studies Just Published on

MANCHURIA

By C. WALTER YOUNG

Japan's Special Position in Manchuria (\$3.00)

The International Legal Status of the Kwantung
Leased Territory (\$2.25)

Japanese Jurisdiction in the South Manchuria
Railway Areas (\$3.00)

" . . . these three volumes constitute one of the most important contributions which have been made during recent years to the scientific study of political conditions in the Far East."—W. W. WILLOUGHBY.

(Complete Set of Three Volumes \$7.50)

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS · BALTIMORE

REUNION

CAMP

TAMIMENT REUNION

November 22nd—Sunday Afternoon

Unusual Feature Surprises

will be given in the "most luxurious swimming pool in the world" at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, and in the most beautiful ballroom in the United States.

Admission to Dance and Exhibition . . . \$1

HOTEL ST. GEORGE

Clark St. Station, I.R.T.

Clark St., B'klyn.

Court St. Station, B.M.T.

Drama

Fools

TASTE in clowns is doubtless even less disputable than taste in other things, but Mr. Ed Wynn has long been my favorite among the professional fools of today, and I am prepared to give my reasons for finding him supremely satisfying to mind and soul alike. No one can exceed him in solid, impenetrable asininity, but no one can, at the same time, be more amiable, well-meaning, and attractive. Nature gave him a large and solemn face which seemed to promise an unending series of well-intentioned blunders, and his art succeeds somehow in giving the impression that his career has been merely the result of following with an admirable consistency Polonius's excellent advice—"To thine own self be true."

Others, doubtless born with an equally strong natural tendency toward awkwardness, stupidity, and incoherence, have struggled against these native gifts and ended by being merely an annoying point or two below par, but Ed Wynn took the wiser course and by cultivating his defects has made himself the glorious epitome of that particular type of mental deficiency which flowers in the fully developed blunder. Nor has he forgotten to stimulate that constantly recurring hopefulness, that capacity for forgetting in an instant the failures of a moment just past, which alone makes it possible for one to stumble over oneself as often as he does. He is so eager to demonstrate one of his inventions or to recount the plot of the movie whose pathos has impressed him. He is so sure that with the one or the other he is going to redeem himself. And then the something which only he did not expect goes wrong again. Once, the sentiment of his re-creation of the old days in vaudeville is spoiled by the wholly unintentional pun committed when, four tennis balls in his hand, he asks the orchestra to play something "in the juggler vein." Again, the pathos of his tale about the loss of a pet bird which lays square eggs is destroyed by the innocent remark that though this animal superficially resembles a parrot, it cannot say anything except "Ouch!" Mr. Wynn looks hurt. With a glance he begs the audience to give him one more chance and he begins all over again. But it is really no use and everyone except him knows that it is not. Incongruity is his natural element; everything which looks easy turns out to be hard and everything is ridiculous exactly in proportion to the earnestness of its intent to be otherwise.

This is no time to discuss the metaphysical aspects of the phenomenon. I shall postpone to some indefinite future the problem of whether it may be taken to support the Bergsonian or the Freudian theory of the nature of the comic. But I must defend my belief that Mr. Wynn is nobler than any of his foolish competitors—nobler even than Charlie Chaplin, through whose clowning runs a streak of pure sentimentality which to me, at least, is highly distasteful. Joe Cook, on the other hand, resembles him in pure folly, but Joe Cook is so merry himself, so delighted by his own absurdity, that he lacks Wynn's appealingness, and as for the Marx brothers—worthy though they are, their style is quite different. What charms one in them is sheer uninhibited brutality. Pure animals, they lack wholly what a seventeenth-century divine called the "seraphic part" of man, and they are probably at their best when treating women with a casual insolence whose peculiar satisfactoriness is doubtless accounted for by the fact that Americans are much oppressed by the extravagances of their own chivalric tradition. Wynn, on the other hand, is at least half seraphic. He would never be rude. He means so well and one likes him so much

that one often hopes against hope that, just for his sake, something will turn out as he intended. But this charm of his, like every other charm, defies analysis and both the skeptic and the student had best go see him in his delightful revue "The Laugh Parade" (Imperial Theater). He is as funny as he has ever been and he has also introduced several novelties into the production of the revue—chief among which is the hiring of performers with real talent. The show is described as an "entertainment," and unlikely as this may appear to those who frequent musical comedies, it is really entertaining.

"Caught Wet" (John Golden Theater) is in outline merely another of those "who-stole-the-pearls" mysteries, but thanks to the expertness of Rachel Crothers it moves brightly and it has some amusing characters who illustrate what is referred to in "Hamlet" as "flaming youth." Galsworthy's "The Roof" (Charles Hopkins Theater) is a sentimental drama about a group of assorted Englishmen who had their characters "tested" during a fire in a small Paris hotel. It seemed to delight an audience and is probably destined for a long run, but I found it distressingly thin and feeble.

The Messrs. Clark and McCullough, who appeared in Peter Arno's musical comedy "Here Goes the Bride," should perhaps have been included in the dissertation on clowns. Though they belong to the established tradition of the burlesque show they are also exceedingly funny, and by being almost constantly present they made amusing an otherwise fearfully dull show.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Without Motivation

IT is not surprising in a country where millionaires and sales managers perform prodigious feats merely because they can that our films should pay so little attention to motivation. No doubt mass production is in part responsible. With so many people collaborating on a single picture coherence and integrity are likely to be lost. And herein, perhaps, lies one important reason why the best movies so far have been the faithful adaptations of good books or plays which are planned and written by only one or two people. If skeptics could be scattered over the lot with instructions to ask "Why?" at very frequent intervals, the American movie—and American life as well—might in time become less spectacular and much more nearly an art than it is at present.

"The Sin of Madelon Claudet," which is worth seeing only because of Helen Hayes's excellent performance, is a case in point. It is the story of a French girl who is left with an illegitimate child, gets involved with the law, though she is innocent, and goes to jail for ten years. At the end of her sentence she is persuaded not to reveal her identity to her son who wishes to become a doctor and whose career would be ruined by her past. So far, so good. But the mother, to provide for her son's education, becomes a prostitute with unbelievable promptness and no apparent struggle. She sinks lower and lower until at last, ill and worn out, she becomes a charge upon society, just as her son reaches his goal. There is a false ending tacked on, in which the famous physician takes care of his mother in her last days; there is also a foolish prologue which employs that ancient and quite useless device of having the story told. These are tiresome but superficial sins. The fault which ruins the picture goes much deeper. It lies in the fact that at a crucial point the play parts company with its principal character. The character created by Miss Hayes early in the picture and sustained consistently throughout demands something much less

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES □ DEBATES □

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS

VICTOR HERBERT'S "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

With ILSE MARVENGA

Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.
ERLANGER'S THEATRE, West 44th Street, Penn. 6-7963.

MAURICE SCHWARTZ in

"IF I WERE YOU"

By Sholem Aleichem

"... it has a simplicity and sincerity which are genuinely charming."
—Joseph Wood Krutch

COMEDY THEATRE 41st St. E. of Broadway
Evenings, 8:40. Best seats, \$2.50
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Penn. 6-3558

THE ACTOR MANAGERS, INC., PRESENT

IF LOVE WERE ALL

with WALTER KINGSFORD, ALINE MACMAHON, DONALD BLACKWELL, MARGARET SULLAVAN, HUGH BUCKLER, MABEL MOORE, MARC LOEBELL, others.

BOOTH THEATRE. 45th St. W. of Broadway
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Mats. Wed. \$1 to \$2, Sat. \$1 to \$2.50

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:15 sharp. Dinner
intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

PRICES: Orch. and Mezzanine \$8. Balcony, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2 (includes 3 plays)

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA. 45 St. E. of Penn. 6-8118
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

SYMPOSIUM

NOV. 22nd "THE CITY—PRESENT AND FUTURE"

SUNDAY Prof. Leroy Bowman—Harry W. Laidler

8:30 Clarence S. Stein—Edith Elmer Wood

BROOKLYN FORUM—BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

30 Lafayette Ave., near Flatbush Ave.

Tickets Still Available, 25c—50c—\$1.00 Box Office

RAND BOOKSTORE—7 East 15th St., N. Y. C.

NOV. 29th DEBATE—COMMUNISM VS. SOCIALISM

Scott Nearing vs. Norman Thomas

PROLETARIAN DICTATORSHIP IS THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

NO—BERTRAND RUSSELL Philosopher and Scientist

YES—JAY LOVESTONE Editor, Revolutionary Age

DEBATE—Friday, November 27th, 8 P.M.

CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE—67th St. and 3rd Ave.

TICKETS from New Workers School—63 Madison Ave., Tel: BO 4-9399

\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00—75 cents.

A Clearing House
of Opinion

THE GROUP

Meets in Auditorium
150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 24th, at 8:30 P.M.

PROF. H. W. L. DANA

will speak on:

"WITH SHAW IN MOSCOW"

This Sunday Aft. at 4:30 P.M.—J. GEORGE FREDERICK

Speaks on: "MATURE LOVE vs. YOUNG LOVE"

SING HIGH, SING LOW

By MURDOCK PEMBERTON and DAVID BOEHM

"Malicious and amusing—The Inner workings of a great Opera House."
—John Mason Brown. "Exposes the real story that every newspaperman
knows and in newspaper prints."—Burns Mantle.

SAM H. HARRIS THEA., 42nd St., W. of B'way. Mats. Wed.-Sat. 2:30

Evenings 8:30

All Evenings, Best Seats \$3.00



AVON THEATRE, West 45th Street

James B. Pond presents

Cornelia Otis Skinner

offering for the first time
her new idea in theatre entertainment

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII

As presented with distinction at St. James Theatre, London
"The idea is a happy one and it was admirably carried out."
—London Times.

Limited Engagement. Every Evening at 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Seats at Box Office

STEEL

A New Play

by

JOHN WEXLEY

Author of

THE LAST MILE

TIMES SQUARE THEATRE, 42 St., West of Broadway
Evs. Best Seats \$3. Thurs. Mat. \$1.-\$2. Sat. Mat. \$1.-\$1.50

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

MANSFIELD THEATRE, 47th St. W. of B'way
Chi. 4-5852

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; Evenings, 8:30

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real
in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its
approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street, Trippham L.A. 4-8818

Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

With WALTER CONNOLLY

Opens TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 24, at 8:30 p.m.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE., 124 West 43rd Street

PAYMENT DEFERRED

with

CHARLES LAUGHTON

LYCEUM THEATRE
Evenings 8:30

45th St. E. of Broadway
Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT on Page 584

THERE is never a dull page in *The New Statesman and Nation*, England's leading weekly review.

If you take a real interest in international affairs—political, social, literary, scientific, artistic or financial—you will find in *The New Statesman and Nation* a weekly inspiration. Its comments and criticism are written with a measure of detached common-sense that makes it refreshingly readable, whilst its contributors are drawn from the most virile and authoritative writers of to-day.

The Publisher invites those not familiar with *The New Statesman and Nation* to send a post-card for a specimen copy of a recent issue.

THE NEW Statesman and Nation

10 Great Queen Street,
Kingsway,
London
W.C.
2

Sixpence every Saturday or by Postal Subscription at any address in the world—30s. (or \$7.50 payable London) including postage.

DICTATORSHIP

In Politics, Industry and Labor Unions, is
Fought in Every Issue of

THE NEW LEADER

America's Foremost Socialist and Labor Weekly

Every Week

Norman Thomas

On "TIMELY TOPICS"

Other Contributors Include:

HEYWOOD BROWN

McALISTER COLEMAN

MORRIS HILLQUIT

KARL KAUTSKY

DR. HARRY W. LAIDLER

LOUIS STANLEY

UPTON SINCLAIR

THE NEW LEADER

7 East 15th Street

New York City

\$2.00 for One Year

\$1.00 for Six Months

(Readers of The Nation are welcome to a sample copy)

lurid than a career of prostitution, movie style. The enfeebled old woman who grows so convincingly out of the younger woman just released from jail wears the marks of resignation, drab self-sacrifice, and poverty, but not of cynical dissipation for money. The scenes which depict her as a wanton are not of a piece with the characterization as a whole. It is as if De Maupassant, having given the characterization he does give of Mathilde in "The Necklace," had represented her arbitrarily as paying for the jewels by selling herself. Unfortunately, so long as the movies, like the nouveaux riches, regard simplicity and the ordinary sequences of life as signs of poverty and inferiority, we shall continue to have occasional good performances lost in a welter of spectacular clichés.

If unmotivated sentimentality is the prime fault of American movies, speed is their outstanding virtue, aside from the sheer mechanics of photography. "The Unholy Garden," with Ronald Colman, is a fast-moving farce written by Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur. The idea of a ruined palace in the Arabian desert in which fugitives from justice reside is exploited with gaiety and sophistication. The dialogue, which depends for its effect on the contrast between intellectual crooks and strong-arm gangsters who are thrown together in the "palais royal," is very amusing, and Mr. Colman as the prince of bank robbers maintains his position as the most civilized actor on the screen, with the possible exception of Lewis Stone. That the idea should be allowed to work out its non-moral destiny is, of course, too much to expect. The spirit of farce is at several points crushed under a noble and naive romance in which an exceedingly colorless young lady (Fay Wray) is represented as winning the heart of the irresistible Mr. Colman. But though Mr. Colman is not allowed to steal the ingenue's money, farce has the last word; the final lines of "The Unholy Garden" are as effective as the closing scene of "The Front Page" by the same authors.

MARGARET MARSHALL

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
Hamlet—Broadhurst—W. 44 St.
If I Were You—Comedy—41 St. E. of B'way.
If Love Were All—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Payment Deferred—Lyceum Theatre—45 St. E. of B'way.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Avon—W. 45 St.
Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
The House of Connelly—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.
The School for Scandal—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

□ FILMS □

NOW PLAYING!
THRILLING GERMAN HUNGARIAN FILM OPERETTA
with scenes laid in beautiful Munchen
"SEIN LIEBESLIED" (His Love Song)
with Paul Vincenti and Ernest Verebes — famous Hungarian stars
Directed by Geza von Bolvary, who is responsible for
"Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt"
EUROPA 154 West 55th Street Circle
Just East of 7th Ave. 7-0129
Continuous Noon to Midnight Popular Prices

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1931

No. 3465

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	585
EDITORIALS:	
Japan's "Victory"	588
Taxes Must Go Up	589
An Inalienable Right	589
Science and the Press	590
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon	591
THE FEDERAL FARM-RELIEF SCANDAL. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	592
MELLONISM TAKES THE COUNT. By George S. Bailey	594
IF I WERE DICTATOR. By William Allen White	596
"GAG RULE" UNDER FIRE. By Newton Aiken	598
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	600
CORRESPONDENCE	600
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Anti-Soviet Concentration in Paris. By Pierre van Paassen	602
FINANCE: THE FUTURE OF THE RAILROADS. By S. Palmer Harman	604
HOLIDAY BOOK SECTION	
THE CRITIC'S DILEMMA. I. SCIENCE OR ART? By Joseph Wood Krutch	605
MR. DODGSON AND LEWIS CARROLL. By Dorothy Van Doren	607
RICH RETURN. By Louis Untermeyer	609
THE STEAM-HEATED ROOM. By Isidor Schneider	609
BOOKS, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Statesman à la Mode. By Oswald Garrison Villard	610
The Men of Property. By Clifton Fadiman	612
Emma Goldman. By Freda Kirchwey	612
A Mississippi Dreiser. By Allen Tate	614
The Battle of Determinism. By Benjamin Ginzburg	615
A Neo-Romantic Poet. By Matthew Josephson	616
Books in Brief	617
Art: Matisse, Without Purpose. By Paul Rosenfeld	618
Music: Has the Metropolitan Gone Musical? By Arthur Mendel	620
Drama: The Kinds of Comedy. By Joseph Wood Krutch	621
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	624

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

BY COMBINING A GOOD HEART with a shrewd political head Mayor Walker makes, in his trip to California to intercede for Tom Mooney, a gesture that leaves his critics temporarily speechless. Here is a man who has been taken to task by them time and again as a slacker who placed the interests of the city of New York a long way after the interests of Jimmy Walker; and here is that same man traveling 3,000 miles—with only one football game for diversion on the way—to make a plea, as a private lawyer, for the man who has for nearly fifteen years been in jail as the chief martyr to labor's cause. If this seems churlish, let us hasten to say that no more fortunate thing could have happened to Tom Mooney: Jimmy Walker, hobnobbing with his friend Sunny Jim Rolph, will do more to end an imprisonment which thousands of honest Americans believe unjust than any other agency in the country could possibly do; for the first time in years, indeed, there is real hope for Tom Mooney. Moreover, 3,000 miles is a long way to go for a mere political gesture, and there is no doubt that Mayor Walker was genuinely moved by his belief in Mooney's innocence as well

as by the appeal of Mooney's eighty-four-year-old mother. When all this is said, however, the fact remains that *if* the Mayor had wished effectively to silence his critics, and *if* he had wished to weaken the force of the Seabury revelations—which are getting nearer and nearer home—he could not have chosen a more effective method. It is all to the good for Tom Mooney and all to the good for Mayor Walker; and he has our warmest wishes for a happy and successful journey!

THE RAILROAD EXECUTIVES have met the Interstate Commerce Commission's freight-rate proposals in a less generous spirit than might have been hoped for. There is some justification for the plan of the executives to extend the benefits of the proposed freight-rate increase to the weaker roads in the form of loans rather than outright gifts; they contend that to treat the advances in this way would "relieve legal difficulties regarded as substantial." The executives are also justified in holding that these loans should be repaid by any railroad before that road pays or resumes dividends to stockholders. But they are following a narrow policy in providing that such loans must be paid off within two to four years and that these loans must bear interest at the prevailing rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Such a policy would mean that the strong roads would ultimately get the full benefit of the freight-rate increases, which was not the commission's intention. It would plainly mean—the executives' statement to the contrary notwithstanding—that the weak roads would be saddled with more debt and more interest charges. If the proceeds of the suggested freight-rate increase are to be distributed to the weak roads in the form of loans and not of "gifts," then the commission should at least insist that these loans bear no interest and that their principal be repaid or reduced only when an excess of earnings over existing fixed debt charges makes such repayment possible.

WITH THE REFUSAL of the railroad union leaders to accept the 10 per cent "voluntary" reduction in wages suggested by the railroad executives, the question will probably soon be placed before the Board of Mediation provided by the law for the settlement of railway labor disputes. The union leaders are apparently not opposed unconditionally to a wage reduction; they insist, however, that they cannot accept such a reduction when the railroad executives fail to give assurance that the money saved through a wage cut will be applied either "to increase employment or even to stabilize existing employment." The railway executives, in their turn, hold that under present depressed and unstable conditions they are not in a position to give assurances of the kind demanded. Their contention is, briefly, that a large number of railroads are faced with receivership; that only a cut in wages will now forestall such receivership, and, further, that the wage cut they propose would still leave the income of railway labor in terms of living costs substantially where it was in 1929 before the present depression began. The whole problem would be immeasurably

simpler to solve if all investment in the railroads were in the form of stock instead of more than half being in the form of fixed, interest-bearing bonds. As the situation stands, the main losses of the railroad depression have been taken by labor and by stockholders. Dividends have been cut 25 to 50 per cent or omitted altogether; a large part of railway labor is now unemployed, another part has been placed on reduced working hours; while the great mass of bond-holders are still receiving their interest undiminished. Whatever the solution of the problem, the present situation illustrates more seriously than ever before the dangers of fixed capital obligations in a fluctuating economy.

SIGNOR GRANDI, Foreign Minister of Italy, has at least had the satisfaction of knowing that the United States government will do its utmost to secure such distinguished visitors as himself from possible assault by any of the less responsible residents of the country. Whether he obtained anything more substantial during his stay in Washington is rather hard to say. Grandi has, of course, been assured that the United States wants peace, favors a reduction in armaments, is praying for relief from the international economic situation, and would like to see something done in all three of these directions. But he could have learned as much by remaining in Rome and reading the daily newspaper dispatches from Washington. The personal contacts he has established in this country will undoubtedly help both the United States and Italy, but if he came seeking something more definite he has very likely been disappointed. During the Fascist Foreign Minister's stay here the most elaborate precautions were taken to guard his person. To protect him from possibly hostile New York crowds upon his arrival, he was required to board the train to Washington at an obscure and seldom-used railway station in New Jersey, and when he received the keys of the city from Mayor Walker, 2,000 policemen were detailed to line up along lower Broadway facing the bystanders on the sidewalks. This must have made Signor Grandi feel not only that he was safe but that America was just like home.

THOSE AMERICANS who believe that the United States should cease all trading with the Soviets and who plan to have a bill introduced into Congress cutting off business relations with Russia ought to be greatly relieved by the latest figures for that trade. During the first ten months of 1931 the Soviet Union placed orders for only \$49,400,000 worth of business as compared with \$102,800,000 during the same period of 1930, a drop of 52 per cent. The October figure is startling. Only \$298,000 worth of American goods was purchased, less than 10 per cent of the orders placed in October of last year. The enemies of the Soviets declare that this is due to the weakening of the Soviet financial condition and to the fact that the Russians are unable to obtain long-term credits here which they can get elsewhere. That is only part of the story, we are sure; they would be less than human if they did not resent the kind of treatment they have been getting in this country. America's loss is the gain of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy. Great Britain has passed us this year, having received orders up to September 15 aggregating \$57,153,600, an increase of 200 per cent. Business with Germany has exceeded \$200,000,000 this year, an increase of more than 100 per cent, and Italy,

too, shows an increased business with the Soviets. It is interesting to note that the Soviet agent in the United States, the Amtorg Trading Corporation, has paid out \$89,000,000 in cash in the first ten months of this year, and \$9,000,000 more in the first ten days of November. For ourselves we find this loss of Russian trade an extremely melancholy happening in view of the ten millions of Americans facing a winter without work.

AN INEXCUSABLE slip of the pen and reliance upon a misleading Washington dispatch made us do a substantial injustice to Mr. Gerard Swope in our issue of November 11. Discussing his appearance before the La Follette committee, we wrote that "aside from suggesting further experimentation with the anti-trust laws" Mr. Swope had no "concrete proposal for improving the country's economic machinery." What we obviously meant to say was that Mr. Swope had no further constructive suggestions to make in addition to his plan for economic rehabilitation. Nobody else in the field of large business has made so clear-cut and so constructive a contribution in this time of economic distress and discussion of economic plans. That we have tried to make clear. We have our doubts, like many others, as to certain phases of Mr. Swope's plan, but we have never been other than grateful that it was advanced by a man in his position to stimulate discussion and to prove that some men in key industrial positions are thinking and planning for the future. We were misled by a dispatch which said that Mr. Swope "opposed suggestions that the government put a somewhat similar plan to his own into operation." From the text of his statement it appears that Mr. Swope stated to the committee, "I am entirely in sympathy with having a national economic council." He added, however, that the work given to this council would be "so large that I question whether there would be any adequate results."

ENGLAND'S NEW National Government did not hesitate very long before striking out on the high road to a protective tariff. The new emergency measure authorizing the Board of Trade to levy duties up to 100 per cent ad valorem on manufactured goods from abroad was but a first step, but nevertheless a very decisive one. History has shown that once this road is taken there is no turning back. It is true that the emergency tariff is not to be applied to agricultural products; to have proposed a tax on the food of England would have been cruel, perhaps suicidal for the present government, in view of the dark uncertainties of the coming winter. It is of more than passing significance that the emergency tariff was proposed, not by a Conservative, but by a supposedly free-trade Liberal, Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade. This undoubtedly will strengthen the position of the Conservatives when they seek to enact a permanent protective tariff next spring. Nor are the Conservatives slow to show their hand in another matter. A few days ago one hundred Conservative Members of Parliament warned Prime Minister MacDonald that he must consult with the House of Commons before declaring the new government's policy toward India. This is not only a bad omen for India, but it indicates clearly that the Conservatives intend to dictate the course of the present government, and that Mr. MacDonald must either submit to their dictation or get out.

FRITZ THYSEN, one of the steel barons of Germany, has stirred up an unexpected storm at home because of his speech before the Major Industries Conference held at Columbia University in October. He declared that the German government's social-welfare expenditures had increased from seven and a half billion marks in 1913 to thirty billion in 1930; that as a result of this increase the United Steel Works (of which he is a director) was paying taxes six times as great as those paid by steel companies in America; and that the labor unions and Social Democratic Party had by their tactics virtually destroyed all opportunity for private industry in Germany to make profits. This he called "the legalized effect of the social revolution." Critics at home immediately accused him of seeking to undermine foreign confidence in Germany, and particularly in the Brüning Government, in order thereby to pave the way for the rise of Hitler to power. Adding to this criticism, the Socialist newspaper *Vorwärts* has challenged the accuracy of Herr Thyssen's statistics, declaring the discrepancy between the 1913 and 1930 welfare figures to be much less than he claimed. Moreover, his figure of thirty billion included, according to *Vorwärts*, insurance and other payments to war veterans, which any conservative government doubtless would have been called upon to make, not to mention maintenance for thousands of families who lost all their property in the inflation, for which *Vorwärts* holds Thyssen and his fellow-industrialists responsible. Secondly, *Vorwärts* published figures to show that the tax rate of the United Steel Works was not only not six times higher than that of the American steel companies, but was in fact lower than the United States Steel Corporation's tax rate. *Vorwärts* concluded that if steel production in Germany is really unprofitable, it is not owing to socialism or social taxation but to plain mismanagement.

ALL THE PROVOCATIVE ORATORY at the command of Commonwealth Attorney W. C. Hamilton, and all his hysterical attempts to build up a red scare in the Mount Sterling, Kentucky, courtroom for the benefit of the twelve jurors, proved insufficient to convict William Burnett, Harlan County miner, on a charge of murder. The jury, after deliberating six hours, acquitted Burnett. It failed to heed Hamilton's spirited denunciation of "the red flag of murder, tyranny, and crime." The jury had presence of mind enough to remember that it was not Russia, but Burnett, who was being tried, and that the charge was not treason, but murder. The acquittal may be considered a good omen for the other miners being tried for murder, and for the sixty or seventy persons facing trial on charges of criminal syndicalism. For one thing, the Burnett trial indicates that the common people of Kentucky, from whom the Mount Sterling jury was drawn, have not been moved by the efforts of Judge D. C. Jones, of Harlan County, to pin the Bolshevik label on everyone who has dared support the miners in their struggle against starvation. But if this sympathy extends to the miners, it may not embrace outsiders who have gone into the State to investigate labor conditions in the mine fields. Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, and other members of Dreiser's investigating committee, have been indicted on charges of criminal syndicalism. Although the complaints against them appear pretty thin in substance, it is by no means certain that they can escape long prison sentences if their cases

actually come to trial. All the more reason for the heartiest support of their cause by every friend of justice.

SIX TO TEN THOUSAND families are in dire need in Lawrence, Massachusetts, as a result of the industrial struggle which the mill workers of that city have been unsuccessfully waging. The strike of a few weeks ago, although supposed to have been technically settled by a compromise wage agreement, has been turned into a lockout on the part of the mills. No relief of consequence is being extended by the city, the Red Cross, or by charity organizations. Persons who have applied to the municipal government for help have been referred to the labor unions. However, faced with a hostile press and unable to agree among themselves, the unions have had great difficulty in obtaining enough funds to care for even their own members. There are three labor organizations active in the city. One of the three, the American Textile Workers, represents 3,000 mill families, virtually all of whom are in want. Its officials have publicly offered to permit any charity organization of good standing to supervise the collection and expenditure of funds which they are now seeking to collect. The A. T. W. frankly plans to care for its own members first, but it hopes to be able to extend relief to other mill families as far as its funds will permit. Contributions in the form of food, clothing, or checks may be sent to James W. Sullivan, treasurer, American Textile Workers, 180 Essex Street, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

IN TAOS, New Mexico, the people have taken a step which will go a long way toward solving the depression—for them. Broad sides have been printed and distributed which read somewhat as follows:

To the people of the County of Taos: Attention! A new idea!

There is very little money this year.

We are going to establish an open market in the Plaza of Taos.

Come in your wagons and trucks one day each week.

We are going to trade among ourselves and with the Indians, our grain, fruit, alfalfa, vegetables, meat, wool, herbs, blankets, and whatever else we have!

Bring your things to the plaza here in Taos, Saturday, November 21, and all the Saturdays that follow.

Then we will be able to dance on the Saturday nights!

This reversal to simple barter, to a sensible exchange of goods among neighbors, is somehow exceedingly touching in the United States of 1931. For the people of Taos it will provide the necessities of life—bread, meat, warmth, comfort, and sweets. They may laugh at freight rates, at the struggles of labor unions, at the pangs of financiers who must maintain the gold standard; they may even laugh at bread lines. Nothing sadder could be said about our modern industrial civilization than that there are so few places like Taos where such a solution of some of the difficulties that beset us could be found. If the unhappy inhabitants of New York City were obliged to resort to barter, how desperate would be their plight! Typewriters to be exchanged for check-books; unused office space for a gross of To Let signs; mahogany dining-room furniture for two radio sets. The staff of life has to be carried in every day; if we are to dance on Saturday nights, it is only so long as the railroads keep their wheels greased and their trains running.

Japan's "Victory"

ON the face of the Manchurian situation Japan appears to have won a smashing victory. It has consolidated its gains, advancing far beyond its previous lines, and, with supreme insolence, has ordered the Russians not to send troops into the zone of Russian influence—in other words, not to do what Japan itself has done. Now, after having imposed its military will upon Manchuria and Russia, its representatives announce that they are ready for an after-the-fact investigating committee to be appointed by the League of Nations and to be headed by one of the most bellicose American generals. Meanwhile, Japan will be creating subservient local governments in the captured cities and will insist that all of this is merely to protect its interest in the South Manchuria Railway, which its spokesmen disclose to be as vital to Japan's defense of its homeland as the Panama Canal is to the United States.

To all of this we can only repeat that it seems to us as cold-blooded a bit of militaristic aggression as is recorded anywhere, and that, while we favor an impartial fact-finding inquiry by the League, we trust that no stone will be left unturned to get the Japanese back to their former positions, and later out of Manchuria altogether. We see no reason whatever why the Japanese crime of conquering and subjugating Korea should be reenacted at this hour in Manchuria. We are well aware of the Japanese justifications for this action: treaty violations by the Chinese, injustice to and even murder of Japanese nationals, the breakdown of local and provincial governments. They are familiar enough in every such military intervention, wherever it takes place and under whatever flag, whether in Manchuria, or Tripoli, or Nicaragua, or Haiti. There is always bad government, always insults and injury, and then the inevitable bloodshed and taking over of more or less of the weaker country's sovereignty and rights.

We can well understand why there are anger and surprise and resentment in Japan that this "civilized" procedure is being denounced by the rest of the world. The Japanese public knows, of course, that almost none of the great nations now seeking to limit its activities, and stop its aggressions in Manchuria, are taking a seat in court with clean hands. They have been guilty, too. But what the Japanese must realize is that the existence of the League itself and the signing of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg pact were meant to put a stop to this very thing, to usher in a new order of society. The integrity of China was specifically guaranteed in the former treaty. For the United States and the League to sit calmly by and witness the rendering of these treaties null and void was unthinkable. Nobody has any right whatever to criticize the League and the United States for acting. The only sound basis for criticism is that they did not act quickly or vigorously enough, that our own State Department has wobbled and blustered, and unfortunately succeeded in giving the false impression that it favored Japan when really the opposite was the case.

In other words, the Japanese are thinking in terms of a bygone era, and this remains true enough though the Japanese people are entirely united behind their government.

They must, however, be prepared to pay the price of their mistake. In the first place, China has a deadly weapon to use and has already begun to use it—the boycott. The newly arrived Minister from Siam to the United States, who was until recently Minister in Tokio, reports that the boycotting of Japanese goods by China and Russia, together with the grave depression already felt in Japan, has created a serious problem in the latter country: "Japan, I was in a position to observe . . . could little afford such a boycott." From Canton and other Chinese cities comes a report that "the business of Japanese firms has almost ceased," and that the pickets are beginning to seize Japanese goods that remain unsold after two months' warning that no further sales would be tolerated after a given date. This is as it should be. We cannot see why any Chinese should refrain from joining such a non-resistance movement. We hope that they will refuse to deal with Japanese on any terms, to the extent of rendering the residence of Japanese in China impossible.

But we are not content to stop there. We still feel that the prestige of the League and of the United States demands the development of the severest pressure, and the application of sanctions whether a fact-finding commission is appointed or not. That commission can only establish details as to who was the aggressor, what the sequence of events, and what the Japanese have actually done. The fact of the aggression is perfectly clear; the obvious danger remains of a complete Japanese control of Manchuria by the elimination of anti-Japanese elements in high places in Manchuria and the erection of a government which will recognize Japan's rights and interests to the extent that it wishes them recognized. The more that outside pressure is brought to bear either through the Chinese boycott or the action of the Powers, the greater the chance that Japanese civilians will be able to assert a greater authority over their militarist adventurers who have outraged Manchuria, and succeeded in getting the approval of their government and their deluded fellow-citizens. How much that strengthening of civilian control is needed appears from the rumors that the position of Baron Shidehara, the present Foreign Minister, who has been responsible hitherto for the moderate attitude shown toward China by Japan, has been so shaken that he may shortly retire. This would be a genuine misfortune.

But most important of all is, of course, the necessity of upholding the treaty and establishing the power of the League as a reliable agency to prevent war. If Japan succeeds in holding what it has seized in Manchuria, the prestige of the League will be at a low ebb. Should it be followed by disaster at the coming disarmament conference, the League will be so damaged as to raise grave question of its future usefulness. If Japan takes over Manchuria after what has been nothing else than war, and the sanctity of the Kellogg pact is not upheld, that document must be regarded as having been fatally breached in its first test. If Japan can defy the Nine-Power Treaty, then the United States might just as well denounce it as of no further value. What the Japanese people do not realize is that their word and their sacred honor are at stake.

Taxes Must Go Up

AFTER many months of silence on the question, the Administration has apparently at last been brought to admit the necessity for a rather drastic tax rise. Even Senator Smoot, who for months had been indicating his belief that any needed increase in revenues could be raised by a general sales tax, emerged from a conference with Secretary Mellon expressing the opinion that it will be necessary to impose a surtax of 40 per cent, or double the present maximum rate, on incomes above \$100,000.

Up until the present the Administration has virtually shut its eyes to the whole tax problem. Last June, when, instead of the \$123,000,000 surplus predicted in the preceding December by Secretary Mellon, we achieved a \$903,000,000 deficit, nothing was said about raising taxes; the deficit was met simply by borrowing. But now, facing the prospect of a deficit next June in excess of \$2,000,000,000, it is no longer possible for Mr. Hoover and Congress to ignore the situation, even with a Presidential election coming.

This does not necessarily mean that new taxes will have to be imposed sufficient to meet the prospective deficit completely. For more than a decade our government was paying off its debt at a very rapid rate. That debt reached its peak in April, 1919, when it stood at \$26,600,000,000. By June 30, 1930, it had been reduced to \$16,200,000,000. This meant reduction at an average rate of nearly \$1,000,000,000 a year. Under such circumstances two or three years of deficits could not do any real harm to the national credit. There is even a certain positive defense to be made of a policy of paying off loans at an unusually high rate in good years, and offsetting this to some extent even by fresh borrowing in years of severe depression. But obviously there is a point beyond which this policy ceases to be valid. It is sound only on the assumption that the depression is not likely to last very long; and this assumption, in the present instance, is certainly not beyond question. Further, even if the assumption were correct, a deficit of \$2,000,000,000 in any one year (an amount equal to three times the total national budget before the war) is not to be tolerated. Senator Smoot estimates that it will be necessary to raise \$1,200,000,000 more annual revenue than our present tax laws under existing conditions are likely to bring in. Assuming that the deficit would not otherwise be more than \$2,000,000,000, this would leave a deficit to be made up by borrowing of \$800,000,000. Certainly this seems the maximum deficit that ought to be considered.

That there will be a very violent drop in tax revenues in 1932 is obvious. The great bulk of our federal revenue comes in almost equal amounts from corporation and individual income taxes. The Standard Statistics Company has calculated that the net income of 555 industrial corporations in 1930 amounted to \$1,892,000,000, a decline of 44 per cent from the earnings of the same corporations in 1929, and it is clear from current railroad and industrial earnings statements that another drop of at least as great a percentage will be recorded for 1931 as compared with 1930. Individual income-tax revenues paid next year will be lower not only on account of lower incomes, but of the very heavy capital losses that have been recorded.

In these circumstances it is obvious that Congress must increase its corporation income-tax rate to some extent and increase very radically its individual income-tax rates, particularly in the higher brackets. It may be advisable to "broaden the base," also, to somewhere near that existing under the 1924 revenue act. But experience has shown that income-tax revenues do not increase in proportion to rates, and further revenues will still be necessary. The inheritance tax should of course be raised from its present level of 20 per cent, and a gift tax imposed to prevent evasion. Added revenues cannot come from an increase in tariff rates; on the contrary, customs revenues would probably be larger if tariff rates were reduced, for this would encourage a greater flow of imports and eventually produce greater income and corporation receipts by stimulating foreign trade and a general return to better conditions. A "general sales tax" of $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent, favored by Senators Reed and Smoot, cannot be seriously considered; it is never justifiable to place a tax burden on the necessities of life. But taxes on luxuries and semi-luxuries are in a different category. Our tobacco tax in the first nine months of the present year yielded \$332,000,000, a decline of only \$10,000,000 from the revenues of the corresponding period last year. Congress may well consider a restoration of taxes on automobiles, and on theater and motion-picture admissions below the present minimum of \$3, as well as taxes on jewelry, fur coats, and other "luxury" clothing, and on radio sets, cosmetics, perfumes, and similar items. A tax program of this nature will confront stubborn opposition from all the interests directly affected, but the new Congress will forfeit all public confidence if it does not meet the problem promptly and courageously.

An Inalienable Right

ONE of the strongest safeguards the American people have in defending themselves against encroachments upon their human liberties is the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus. Section 9 of the Constitution clearly states that this privilege "shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." Michigan and numerous other States have enacted laws providing that judges who withhold this privilege shall be penalized by the payment of damages to the person or persons aggrieved. Nevertheless, there are judges and public officials who apparently feel so superior to the laws of their States, not to mention the Constitution, that they do not hesitate to violate the privilege of habeas corpus by refusing to issue writs when called upon, or to honor such writs when issued. Judge Edward D. Black of Flint, Michigan, is now being sued for denying writs of habeas corpus to eighteen men who had been arrested in connection with a strike at the Fisher Body Corporation factory in Flint. In a New York case a prison warden has been fined and ordered to pay damages, while two members of the State Parole Board have likewise been ordered to pay damages for refusing to comply with a writ of habeas corpus regularly issued.

Nicholas V. Olds, a Detroit attorney, was retained by the International Labor Defense in July, 1930, to represent the eighteen men in the Flint case. When he reached Flint they had been in jail for four days or longer without having

been brought before a court and charged with their offense. Olds petitioned Judge Black to issue writs of habeas corpus on behalf of his clients. The judge refused. Attorney Olds reminded him that the privilege was one of right and not of discretion. He added that even a man charged with robbery or murder is entitled to the writ of habeas corpus. Judge Black replied: "I do not consider them the equal of any other prisoners, and as far as I am concerned they may rot in jail." Finally the attorney called the judge's attention to the statutes which make a judge liable for damages whenever he refuses to issue such a writ. To this Judge Black simply said: "You may pursue your remedy." And that is what the eighteen men are now doing.

Suit was brought on behalf of the eighteen men by Patrick H. O'Brien, Walter M. Nelson, and Maurice Sugar, members of the legal staff of the American Civil Liberties Union, who volunteered their services as counsel. Judge Black was represented by counsel for the General Motors Corporation, parent of the Fisher Body Corporation. The suit was twice dismissed on technical grounds, but the second dismissal was appealed. However, the Genesee County Circuit Court upheld the lower courts, and thereupon the Civil Liberties Union carried the case to the Supreme Court of Michigan, where the issue now rests.

In the New York case Benny Sabatino, an inmate of Auburn Prison, sought and obtained a writ of habeas corpus upon learning—from reading law during his spare time—that he had been kept in prison twenty-two months beyond the date when he had become eligible for release for good behavior. Warden Jennings refused to heed the court decree and was fined \$250 for contempt and ordered to pay Sabatino \$1,250 damages. More recently Sabatino sued three members of the State Parole Board on the same grounds, and was awarded a judgment of \$7,500 against two of them. In New York the privilege of the writ is upheld as a right. What will happen to it in Michigan?

Science and the Press

SCIENCE, as everybody knows, now makes the headlines; and that is all to the good. And science, as though aware of its reciprocal obligation, now supplies the daily press with sensations almost as regularly as does the police court itself. It is a very poor meeting of any scientific body which cannot produce at least one new dimension and a couple of original theories concerning either the origin or the end of the cosmos. Your present-day scientist prefers the larger view, and he is only too anxious to set a colleague right concerning what really did happen some few billions of years ago when the nebula in Orion was still an infant, or to correct the conclusions of another eminent rival concerning the theological implications of the latest evidence *in re* free will among the atoms.

Even as such meetings go, the recent session of the National Academy of Sciences which was held at New Haven must have been particularly rich, for it furnished the New York *Times* with a column and a half of hocus-pocus concerning things which may be very important but which even a highly trained scientist might find very difficult to understand in the half-popular, half-technical, and wholly frag-

mentary account which the *Times* gives. When we are told that Professor Henry W. Nissen, of the laboratory of psychobiology of Yale, reports that "much of the chimpanzee's time is spent in sound production," that will do—though it is, to be sure, not clear just what Professor Nissen's discovery adds to an observation which all visitors to a zoo have made for themselves—namely, that monkeys are very noisy creatures. But when, on the other hand, we read under the special head "Kasner Coins Word for Finding" how Professor Kasner of Columbia proposes the term "rac" to denominate a "new kind of curvature" which he has introduced into "semi-Euclidian geometry," it is doubtful what that statement could mean to anybody. A mathematician would doubtless want to know more, while the average reader could certainly get along just as well with nothing at all.

But the *pièce de résistance* of the session was, as has now become usual, a new theory of the cosmos, presented this time by Dr. Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology, who offers a conception which is said not only to "link relativity and the quantum principle," but also, and in general, to furnish a "background" for Einstein. Professor Tolman is anxious to save the universe from that "running down" which Eddington and Jeans predict upon the basis of the second law of thermodynamics. But Professor Tolman, unlike his equally optimistic colleague, Professor Millikan, has thought of something better than the latter's mysterious "cosmic ray," and by some ingenious mathematical method of demonstrating that we can eat our cake and have it too, he has described "mathematical models of a universe which contracts and expands in cycles, without ever running down to an ultimate standstill," and "by developing principles of thermodynamics to a general relativity theory of Einstein" has asserted that "it is possible to conceive models of the universe in which energy does not flow continually downwards, but contracts and expands in cycles of millions of years without reaching a state where further change would be impossible." "In fact, by applying relativity to thermodynamics," he said, "we can no longer speak of energy in terms of up and down or of intensities," and while we are not sure just what this means, we see no reason why a universe which Einstein has deprived of a past and a present should not get along very well without an up and a down also.

For all we know, scientists may be as grave and as cautious as they ever were, but we are, on the other hand, quite sure of the fact that they do neither science nor themselves any good by permitting and even encouraging the newspapers to report far-reaching speculations which, by running foul of one another, discredit science itself in the popular mind. Nor are we by any means sure that the newspapers have much to gain by thus playing up the incomprehensible in stories which their readers cannot understand.

There is, to be sure, the story of a worried old lady who rose after a lecture by a famous astronomer and demanded just how much longer he had given the sun to blaze away. "Ninety million years," was the reply; and as the old lady sat down she was heard to remark with a sigh of relief, "Thank God! I thought you said *nine* million." But that is a legend. There are in reality few persons who care whether the universe is expanding or contracting so long as they are sure that it will not do either to any serious degree during the next nine, or the next ninety, millions of years.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



IT is not quite fair to compare the two, for Seabury is ten times as intelligent as Necker and at least a hundred times as courageous. But we need the old Director General of the Finances of the Kingdom of France for today's private performance. So we open the puppet chest and take out wrinkle-faced little Jacques and

brush off his clothes and powder his wig and his nose, and, presto, there he is. Now the curtain can rise.

Necker was a Pomeranian who had moved to Geneva. In terms of the year 1931 he was someone who had changed his residence from Bridgeport to Philadelphia. He had no sense of humor, which meant that he had no sense of proportion. He was pompous and he had a wife with social ambitions, ■ Swiss wife with social ambitions, if you please. But he was possessed of certain virtues which few people held in high esteem in the year 1776. He knew how to work. He had learned the banking business inside out and outside in, and he could do sums faster than any man alive.

He could take ■ row of figures and read them and interpret them as quickly and as efficiently as Brother Seabury can read and explain the balance sheet of a local tin statesman with a tin box. As ■ result M. de Necker was just about as popular as ■ slightly wilted cauliflower in ■ grocery store. At first he was merely encouraged to resign. When he continued to submit budgets that were something more than mere exercises in literary mendacity he was kicked out. But Necker never reached that point of distinction at which he was deemed worthy of public assassination. And there is where Seabury, who resembles him in a great many respects, scores and scores heavily.

The Hotel Men of America had an exhibition in New York last week of such things as interest Hotel Men. They also had a dinner. And at that dinner there were speeches. Heaven knows there was enough to talk about. Had not that very day witnessed an investigation into the ultimate fate of those hard-earned dollars which the community at large had scraped together to keep the unemployed from getting pellagra a little faster than they are getting it now? And had it not been shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that ladies and gentlemen of leisure with two or three cars, and smart-alecky boys with a lazy desire for pocket-money had been paid the cash that should have been saved for the shivering poor devils of our public parks? And had anybody been interested or had anybody cared? Not in the least. It was just one of those funny things that fellow Seabury was forever digging up. Why didn't he leave well enough alone? Of course it was not as it should be. Officials should be honest. Officials should not be crooks. But after all, things are as they are, and always have been, and not as they should be. Nevertheless, giving the money for the unemployed to

people who did not need it was going just a little too far. It was almost like paying college athletes money outright. That is not done. You leave it on the mantelpiece—that is, if you are a gentleman. Well, the Hotel Men had a dinner and speeches and their chairman arose and said: "This Seabury investigation is doing our city serious harm. That man Seabury should be thrown into the Hudson River before the river freezes over. He should be done away with, for he is hurting trade." My own private guess is that the speaker, on rising, was rendered over-enthusiastic, possibly by too good a dinner. But even persons who, for one reason or another, are over-enthusiastic are expected to refrain from inciting to murder. Of course, the speech may have been incorrectly reported. But all the papers carried nearly the same version. There was no editorial comment. The incident passed unnoticed. And it was not very important either. Except as a little straw.

There is a book full of such little straws. It is the "Life of Necker," which was written by his daughter, Madame de Staël. Necker did not belong to the school of great political surgeons of which Dr. Seabury is so eminent a representative. He preferred a goose quill to a scalpel. But as soon as that goose quill started scribbling, Versailles gave evidences of great uneasiness, asked whoever would listen what good all this poking around did and where the country would end if upstart bankers from little provincial Swiss cities were allowed to question the Queen's privy purse, shook its head, and said: "All this will lead to disaster; ça ne peut pas continuer comme ça." Right again, it did not "dure comme ça." But when Mr. Capet rumbled down to his final visit in the Place de la Concorde, he may well have thought of that sublimated bookkeeper who had bored him with a vellum-printed presentation copy of his "Compte Rendu." The ex-member of the house of Thellusson and Necker was cultivating his cabbages in Coppet but Louis was going to have his head cut off.

Perhaps I am a little too dramatic. A nation brought up in the fear of God, the Constitution, and headwaiters will never dance a Carmagnole around a Tree of Liberty erected in front of the Union League Club. In the first place, the Constitution does not mention Trees of Liberty. In the second place, headwaiters would not think it quite the thing to do, and in the third place, God now being at the front with the Japanese and Chinese armies, He cannot be consulted, and without His sanction it would be hardly wise to take so deliberate a step. No, I see no guillotines ahead, but I should just love to have someone get excited over this matter. Somewhere in this vast city there must be ■ few people who feel rather deeply about these incredible scandals which Seabury brings to the surface every day. I do not know where they live, but neither did Louis know much about his critics when he dismissed Necker and exiled him from the realm of France. But a few days later there were enough protesters against Louis to pull the Bastille down and destroy it with their bare hands.

The Federal Farm-Relief Scandal*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, November 19

CANDIDATE Herbert Hoover hastened to assure the farmers in the campaign of 1928 that a Republican victory would bring them genuine legislative relief. The special session of Congress which he called early in 1929 hastened to redeem this promise by rushing through a farm-relief measure known as the Agricultural Marketing Act. But today it is not Mr. Hoover or Congress, but the farmer, who is repenting in leisure. The 1929 law was ideal in intent and acceptable in theory, but in practice it has proved quite otherwise. Indeed, the administration of that law seems likely to furnish us with another first-rate government scandal. Part of the story has already been told in newspaper dispatches from Washington, and a good deal more of it has been set forth by J. W. Brinton in his recent book "Wheat and Politics"—which is packed so full of dynamite that usually courageous correspondents here speak of it only in hushed whispers. But the most damaging facts are to be found in the archives of the Federal Farm Board and its related agencies, in the correspondence files of a few Senators and Representatives, and—by far the most significant—in the possession of certain grain and cotton brokers who are bitter enemies of the cooperative-marketing movement and of the Farm Board which was erected for the purpose of encouraging that movement.

That there will be an investigation of the Farm Board is certain. A start in that direction will probably be made by the Senate Agriculture Committee just before Congress convenes. Such an inquiry, if honestly and competently conducted, would show, first, not only that the Agricultural Marketing Act, under which the Farm Board was created, has been maladministered, but that the Farm Board through its chief counsel served notice at the beginning of its operations that it would not consider itself bound by the provisions of the 1929 law. Second, that far from encouraging the cooperative-marketing movement as required by the Agricultural Marketing Act, the Farm Board has impeded that movement, and with regard to certain commodities has deliberately sabotaged it by delivering it into the hands of one or two small groups of professional promoters. Third, that the Farm Board has allowed the \$500,000,000 revolving fund placed at its disposal by Congress to be used as a club to beat the grain, livestock, cotton, and other producers into submitting to the dictation of these promoters. Fourth, that the Farm Board has ignored if not openly violated the anti-trust laws, the Capper-Volstead Act, and the Agricultural Marketing Act. Fifth, that before turning the cooperative grain-marketing movement over to the promoters the Farm Board attempted to turn it over to the private grain trade, whose interests are, to say the least, directly opposed to those of the farm cooperatives. Sixth, that government funds have been used by these promoters, not alone for the purpose of gambling in grain and cotton, but also to enable them to create capital for themselves as private agents, to conduct business transactions not directly provided for in

the Agricultural Marketing Act, and to secure their personal control of the cooperative-marketing machinery. Seventh, that political considerations have governed many of the appointments to the organizations connected with the administration of the 1929 law.

Documentary evidence supporting these charges is pouring into Washington in growing measure. Of course, officials connected with the Farm Board emphatically deny all the allegations (though Chairman James C. Stone admitted to me that one of the board's agencies had of necessity gambled in cotton). It is likewise true that a majority of the charges apply to early actions of the board, and that since then the personnel of the board has been changed in several important respects. But the officials refuse to divulge detailed information concerning loans and the amount or volume of commodities bought and sold by the board. They expect to give this information to Congress, should it ever be called for, but such information would be of little help unless minutely itemized. More significant is their refusal to accept responsibility for the actions of organizations such as the Farmers National Grain Corporation, which they assert are private agencies, but which in fact if not in law are subsidiaries of the Farm Board.

At the first meeting of the board, held at the White House on July 15, 1930, President Hoover rather candidly said: "I have no extended statement to make to the board as to its duties. The wide authority and the splendid resources placed at your disposal are well known." The quite remarkable breadth of this authority was subsequently defined by George E. Farrand, first chief counsel of the board, who on November 21, 1929, declared that the Agricultural Marketing Act

... should be construed in the light of conditions which gave it birth, and [I] urged the adoption of a liberal as distinguished from a legalistic interpretation of the act. I told them if we stopped to hang upon words as distinguished from getting the spirit of the act, that the board would in the beginning greatly curtail its efficiency for constructive, progressive action.

In the same statement he said that "with the broad policy declared and powers conferred *the board can find a way to act and do 'most anything* which its considered judgment believes will bring about the desired objective of farm relief." With this sage advice in hand the board proceeded "to find a way to act and do 'most anything."

It was the stated intention of the framers of the Agricultural Marketing Act to use the Farm Board machinery as a means of "encouraging the organization of producers into effective associations or corporations *under their own control* for greater unity of effort in marketing," and of promoting "the establishment and financing of a farm-marketing system of *producer-owned and producer-controlled* cooperative associations and other agencies." How did the board go about the task of encouraging the producers to organize? For the purpose of organizing the livestock producers it called a meeting in Chicago on October 23, 1929. It invited to this

* This article will be continued in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

meeting sixty-six representatives of livestock-marketing groups. One of the first tasks of the conference was to appoint a committee to examine the credentials of the delegates in attendance. Some members of the committee questioned the cooperative status of certain of the invited delegates, but upon the suggestion of a spokesman for the Farm Board they agreed not to report adversely anyone to whom the board had sent an invitation. Three of the delegates were not on the board's approved list. Two of these were asked to withdraw, but a determined fight was made from the floor to seat the third, who was the secretary of the Iowa Cooperative Livestock Shippers. He was qualified in every way according to the Farm Board's own rules, and also within the meaning of the Agricultural Marketing Act, but a majority of the invited delegates finally voted to bar him from the conference. When the meeting was ready for business the livestock member of the board, C. B. Denman, said to the delegates:

We are taking those who have placed themselves in a position to go forward in a national program of cooperative marketing, *one with which this Farm Board can cooperate*. . . . Now we will let the verdict rest with you [whom we have chosen] as to whether we are proceeding in the right way of taking those that have the organized power and money to go forward in this way.

A committee of nine members was named to prepare articles of incorporation and the by-laws for this organization, which was to be known as the National Livestock Marketing Association. On February 25, 1930, the invited delegates reassembled in Chicago. But three weeks previously the Farm Board had informed them that "while not rejecting the work of the committee of nine, we are not accepting their plan as the one which we can approve." When the second meeting was convened the Farm Board presented an organization plan of its own. The committee's report was not even allowed to reach the floor for discussion. After considerable debate the Farm Board's scheme was adopted by a vote of 38 to 23. (Each delegate, no matter what cooperative organization he represented, if any, and no matter how many other delegates represented the same organization, was permitted to cast a vote.) It was first decided that before becoming effective the plan should be ratified by agencies handling two-thirds of the livestock then being cooperatively marketed. But a number of cooperative agencies, which represented at least 65 per cent of the livestock cooperatively handled in 1929, refused to approve the board's plan. Their proposed amendments were rejected, however, and the Farm Board voted to go on with the organization of a central livestock agency without the rebels. On May 7, 1930, the minority group, under the auspices of the Farm Board, incorporated the National Livestock Marketing Association and two subsidiary agencies. All livestock loans from the \$500,000,000 revolving fund have gone to this minority group. The majority, after forming a central marketing agency of its own along cooperative lines in full compliance with the terms of the Agricultural Marketing Act, filed a formal request for a loan, but its request was denied with the explanation that the Farm Board had recognized one national livestock marketing agency and would extend its aid to livestock producers through that channel only.

A somewhat similar procedure was followed in the case

of the wheat-growers. Brinton tells the better part of this story in "Wheat and Politics," a story that is heavily documented (I have checked up most of the documents and found them accurate) and one that thus far has not been successfully challenged by any of the several officials and promoters it implicates. According to Brinton, he himself proposed to former Governor McKelvie of Nebraska

. . . that each grain cooperative elevator be called upon to select a delegate—a producer of wheat from among their members—and that such delegates be called into State conventions in the various wheat-growing States, to decide upon a program and to develop a regional grain-marketing cooperative in which the local elevators would be stockholders, and at such State meetings that the Farm Board call upon these conventions to select a delegate or delegates to meet in national convention and set up a national cooperative grain-marketing system under the Agricultural Marketing Act.

Brinton continues:

Although this proposal or suggestion seemed to be looked on with favor, it was entirely ignored or discarded when the Farmers National Grain Corporation was organized; instead, the local cooperative grain institutions—approximately 4,000 in number—some of whom had been operating for from twenty to forty years, were ignored, and a general call was sent out for cooperative leaders to meet in Chicago. There assembled a group of men, some representing farmers' welfare organizations, and others representing no one but themselves.

Organization of the Farmers National—the central "cooperative" sales agency for the wheat-growers—was undertaken by Samuel McKelvie, wheat member of the Farm Board. His plan was accepted by the hand-picked delegates at the Chicago meeting, and thus it came about that control of this sales agency, and responsibility for the encouragement of cooperation among the wheat-growers, was handed over to a group of professional promoters.

The Reverend C. E. Huff was a few years ago a Campbellite preacher in Oronoque, Kansas. However, he devoted much of his time to organizing community business enterprises, selling stock in these companies to his fellow-townsmen. Among his ventures were included the Oronoque Business Association, a general store, and a farmers' bank. The business association operated a small grain elevator of 5,000 bushels' capacity. Most of these promotion schemes proved failures, but on the strength of this very limited experience in business—and particularly in the grain-marketing business—it was arranged by the Farm Board that Huff should become a director of the Farmers National Grain Corporation. He was promptly elected president of that organization, which is the sole financial agency of the Farm Board in the handling of loans to the wheat cooperatives—loans totaling scores of millions of dollars. Huff is allowed (with the consent of the board of directors) to fix his own salary, which, of course, is paid out of the proceeds of the sale of the farmers' wheat. What his salary is no one seems to know. I have it upon the authority of a former official of the Department of Agriculture that Huff is paying himself \$35,000 a year out of the Farmers National revenues. Chairman Stone "thought" that Huff's salary did not exceed \$15,000, but he admitted that the directors had recently increased all salaries—and this in the face of the continued

slump in grain! Huff, however, is only one of the several promoters who dominate Farmers National. Associated with him are, among others, John Manley, first vice-president, and M. W. Thatcher, a director. Together these three control the policies and affairs of the organization. Manley was for years a professional promoter operating among the wheat farmers of the Southwest, while Thatcher's fame rests upon his work as auditor for a number of cooperative enterprises in the Dakotas, Minnesota, and elsewhere, the failure of at least one of which has led to criminal proceedings. Anyone curious to learn just what sort of people the Farm Board trusts with its funds will find the records of several of the Farmers National officials very illuminating reading.

But Brinton's book omits for some unexplained reason a very significant aspect of the organization of the Farmers National. The Agricultural Marketing Act grew out of a determination to help the farmers erect their own machinery for the marketing of their products. They were to be freed from the private grain trade, from the much-maligned gamblers of the Chicago and Winnipeg exchanges. For years the Chicago Board of Trade and its members had been denounced as the enemies of the farmers. Yet when it came time to find a manager for the Farmers National and the Grain Stabilization Corporation, the then chairman of the Farm Board, Alexander Legge, coolly and complacently offered the job to James H. Murray, president of the Chicago Board of Trade and vice-president of the Quaker Oats Company! Murray was appealed to not only on the ground that it would be good business for him to take the post, but on the ground of patriotism. When he refused the rather questionable honor, Legge turned to other high-placed men in the

private grain trade, and they too declined the "appointment." Finally Legge had to accept a little-known miller from Alton, Illinois, George S. Milnor, a man who was not himself a producer, and one whose main business in life had been to buy grain from the farmer as cheaply as possible. And for the privilege of directing the efforts of the government to make the grain producer cooperation-conscious Milnor is now being paid the munificent wage of \$50,000 annually, of which \$14,000 comes from the Farmers National and \$36,000 from the Grain Stabilization Corporation. (It may be noted here that the members of the Farm Board themselves receive only \$12,000 a year.)

In this impartial manner has the Farm Board "encouraged" producers to organize cooperative-marketing associations "under their own control." Except in the case of dairy products and one or two minor commodities, the encouragement has consisted of forcing upon the producers, or upon as many of them as will be coerced, a predetermined pattern of cooperation in the making of which the farmers have had no voice whatever. What has been true of wheat and livestock has also been true of cotton and other commodities. (The manager of the Farm Board's central cotton cooperative, for example, is guaranteed a minimum salary of \$25,000 a year, but one that may run up to a maximum of \$75,000. This man, like the grain manager, was picked for the job by the board and not by the producers.) Truly the Farm Board has not hesitated to exercise that "wide authority" of which Mr. Hoover spoke, but what it has done—or rather what its subsidiaries have done—with "the splendid resources placed at your disposal" will probably require a Congressional investigation to determine.

Mellonism Takes the Count

By GEORGE S. BAILEY

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, which includes in its boundaries the city of Pittsburgh and its great industrial environs, has repudiated the corrupt Republican machine which has ruled it for decades, and has voted independent! This simple truth, emerging from the most violent primary and one of the most hotly contested general elections in recent years, still has Pittsburghers speculating on their political future.

The defeat of the county machine, with its entrenched strength and large war chests, its 40,000 phantom voters, its crooked election boards and devoted pay-rollers, its control over the election bureau, and its power of intimidation through rackets and municipal police in the controlled districts, was accomplished only by what amounts to a general upheaval, in which the electorate went to the polls in greater numbers than ever and registered a convincing protest vote against the kind of government they have had in past years.

Their action spells ruination for the well-oiled county machine. It means a decline in the Mellon influence in county politics and an extension of the power of Governor Pinchot to one of the very citadels of machine Republicanism. The fact that New Jersey and Kentucky went back into the Democratic column the same day meant relatively little to Pittsburgh independents. Their own about-face, they

argued, meant more. It showed how the wind is blowing, even in the fortresses of the mighty.

Charles C. McGovern, Republican, Pinchot's outpost in the western end of the State, will be the new chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, a post to which he has aspired since, as county controller, he revealed a vast number of scandalous irregularities in the county finances. Supporting him will be former State Senator C. M. Barr, who ran as an independent and whose record bears out his opposition and promises. The third, and probably the minority, member will be State Senator William D. Mansfield, Republican, sponsored by E. R. Crawford, head of the McKeesport Sheet and Tin Plate Company, who captured a primary nomination by saying nothing and who led the ticket in the general election with the united support of the city and county machines.

The last desperate stand of the machine politicians was in the general election, when for the second time in as many years the faithful old Democratic Party was hauled out of its obscurity, dusted off, and made to provide a candidate for the "regular Republicans." The first instance was when John M. Hemphill was supported against Pinchot by the Republican machine. This time, David L. Lawrence, county Democratic chairman, who aided materially in the fight

against Pinchot, was picked by the machine to bear its standard.

Lawrence failed to nose out Barr for the all-important third place, just as Hemphill failed to beat Pinchot, but, as in the gubernatorial fight, the election was so close as to reveal the immense power of the machine and the immense absurdity of the frequently voiced pleas to "support the party candidates."

The average voter, that patient fellow who usually stays away from the polls or votes for the machine in order to help out a friend or neighbor who has a political job, was the main factor in the overthrow of the machine. He turned out in unprecedented numbers. In the boroughs, townships, and city wards he formed committees, organized independent Republican local candidacies, or ran on the "Square Deal" ticket. He fought the machine with words and in some cases with fists. He rang doorbells nightly to talk about high taxes and scare up votes. He was a laborer, a skilled workman, a small business man, a clerk, an accountant, a salesman, an engineer, a lawyer, a broker, or a small manufacturer, according to where he lived. In the quiet residential suburbs his work was easy. In the industrial sections it meant fighting with any weapons at hand, and it meant danger too.

Against him was the full force of the county or city machine. The county pay roll has 2,200 experienced vote-raisers, many of them highbinders of the lowest degree. The Pittsburgh police are liberally used to crack the whip over whom they can in order to raise votes. The police of smaller municipalities, the racketeers, and the pay-rollers do not hesitate in the controlled sections to use violence against political opponents. The county registration lists were padded and so were the city's.

Joseph G. Armstrong, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners and of the Republican County Committee, had control of the pay roll and election bureau, a war chest of more than \$100,000, and the prestige of being the Mellons' political representative in the county. State Senator James J. Coyne had the full force of the powerful city machine and rackets and some of the State patronage. Mansfield had \$100,000 to spend. McGovern had comparatively little in his war chest. There were no racket concessions to be hoped for from him, and he proposed to economize in the county government and eliminate surplus jobs maintained as political favors. He had, however, the full backing of Pinchot and the State patronage in Allegheny County.

The usually placid individuals who make up the electorate had the best reasons in the world for jousting with the entrenched machine. All have felt the depression—in time, wage, and salary cuts, in the vastly depreciated value of all forms of property. The small householder, hardest hit of all, made up the bulk of the independent strength.

Many industries had been running only two and three days a week. There were thousands of unemployed among the voters. Factory and office pay rolls have been cut and slashed. Profits of small businesses are slim or non-existent. Between the primary and the general election the Bank of Pittsburgh crash started a sustained run, which in a few weeks took more than a score of banks out of business, including three downtown national banks. With the coal industry flat on its back, steel running half time or less, some railroad offices letting out all clerks of less than twenty years'

service, and many laborers and skilled workmen subsisting on a few days' work a week, a fertile field for independence was created. The householders, wondering how they were to meet interest payments and hold the family together, began thinking seriously about taxes.

McGovern, who as minority commissioner in the last four years had consistently and often violently complained against the manner in which huge sums of public money had been spent, with favored bidders and political jobs taking a large toll of the funds, attracted to his banner thousands of men and women of all ages, with no previous political experience, who were willing to work for an independent movement they felt would give them relief. Spontaneously, small local movements started and developed contacts with the McGovern camp.

With the united backing of Pittsburgh's three newspapers, a thing which never happened in the days when newspapers were locally owned, and with a split between the city and county machines, the independents rolled up sufficient votes to gain a Republican nomination for McGovern. This fact, together with the scores of prosecutions and indictments that followed the fraudulent and violent primary, broke the morale of the county machine.

The Kline-Coyne city machine, with Coyne looming as the new city power, however, made an attempt to save the day in the general election. Mansfield and Lawrence were given the full backing of the city machine, of the now fearful county pay roll, and of the controlled districts, plus the quiet support of the public utilities. McGovern linked his candidacy with Barr's. Lawrence came within 8,000 of beating the independent, but the official vote, now being counted, follows closely the unofficial and makes an appreciable gain for the Democrat impossible. In both elections, exacting vigilance by thousands of supporters was necessary to preserve the majorities of the anti-machine candidates.

The county has now to witness the official break-up of the rotten county administration. Some of the county heads are under indictment, one suddenly resigned and started for California, and a few of the pay-rollers have made overtures to the independents—of course in vain. W. L. Mellon, former State Republican chairman and chairman of the powerful Gulf Oil corporation and other interests of his family, is reported to be retiring from the political scene, owing to pressure of business and the advice of his uncle, Secretary of the Treasury A. W. Mellon.

The drive is now starting to turn the city away from its own machine in 1932. Mayor Charles H. Kline, originally selected in 1924 by W. L. Mellon as a "harmony" candidate to tie up warring political factions, has incurred the displeasure of the Mellons. His indictment for malfeasance in office followed a probe into one of the city departments, conducted partly at the instigation of a "Citizens' Committee" of prominent industrialists, which suddenly appeared in the Duquesne Club, appointed by and apparently responsible to no one. Coyne, whose power is counted on heavily by the machine, has maintained friendly relations with the Mayor, the Mellons, and Pinchot, an admittedly difficult feat. A new police-department shake-up heralds how the city machine will fight and the independents are already making speeches in the churches.

The political pot is boiling and politics has assumed a new significance for the Pittsburgher.

If I Were Dictator*

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

MY first experience in politics was as a boy of eighteen riding beside the driver on the high seat of my country town's one public hack, rounding up voters on election day forty-five years ago. Since then I have been, at various times, my party's precinct committeeman, county committeeman, member of the State Central Committee, member of the National Committee—all offices without emolument but carrying a certain amount of power. Yet for a generation I secretly cherished one political ambition: to be benevolent despot of some political unit—a city, or county, or State. But, alas, as I grew out of my fifties I made a disillusioning discovery. Despots are never benevolent. Power breeds arrogance; arrogance corrupts the understanding heart. The more power a man has, the bigger fool he is, whether power is generated in politics or with money or with fame. So I know now that if I could be dictator of this land my failure would be measured by the extent of my power.

Therefore, if suddenly, after a rubbing of the magic ring, a company of nimble genii should rise and offer me a kingdom of the earth, first of all I should say to the lads from the magic power-house as I picked up the scepter of my dictatorship:

"Most esteemed and worshipful slaves of the ring, accept my salaams and let the political government of this land go hang. It so happens that as those things go, Washington isn't half bad. It never has been half bad, and never will be. It represents about the intelligence, the courage, and the honesty of the folks. The people get what they deserve in the way of government."

Then, continuing my deceptive attitude of humility, I should roll my eyes and plead:

"Give me, the most unworthy of men, no clanking hardware of rank and power, no sidearms, no gold braid, no ribbons, no rooster feathers. Just let me have for a while authority over the invisible government. Give me secret power to control and coerce those salaried ladies and gentlemen employed by the various organizations of America—the Bankers' Association, the Federation of Labor, the League of Women Voters, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the bar associations, the Navy League, the medical societies, the Farm Bureau, the Grange, the publishers' various organizations, the Associated Press and its rivals, the various affiliations of churches, Protestant and Catholic, the bootleggers' alliances, the scientific societies, the organized college presidents, the National Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion, all those happy little soviets in American life that form public opinion and hold Congress in leash—those subterranean forces that make executives dance on their various hot grids."

Then, after the palaverer amenities, I should get down to business. For with power over those who dominate these societies, associations, organizations, and amalgamated groups, I could snap my fingers at the vote-greedy statesmen of the

responsible governments of the land—all of them, in cities, States, and in Washington. Quickly, however, I should call a small conference of politicians, not because politicians are particularly wise, but because they have the precious power of getting along with people, doing team work, making programs, getting the day's work done. I should probably put in charge as my lieutenant commander none other than Alfred Emanuel Smith, or failing to get him, Calvin Coolidge—politicians and men of their type and kind. I should say, having them all pleasantly lined up in my cabinet room:

"Now, ladies and gents, I have one job for you, one desire in my heart, and you can do what I require. I give you two decades to do the work I shall cut out for you. Here is the little, not impossible miracle I demand. To wit: Produce a social and economic status in this land which shall guarantee to men and women who are employed the same status for their lives that a dollar has when it is well invested in a bond or mortgage. Remove the fear motive from industry so that a man who works for others may know reasonably well that he is secure in his job or his wages. And don't forget this incidental detail—his wages must be sufficient to guarantee him a certain minimum standard of living. For your further instructions let me add that when I say a decent standard of living I mean a standard upon which he can live in a decent house, enjoying the mechanical comforts and luxuries of this modern civilization, eating clean, wholesome food, wearing decent and beautiful clothes, educating his children until they are at least twenty-one. The workers must be insured against the financial evils that come with sickness, accident, and old age. Moreover—here is something most important—with all this common heritage the worker must still have the priceless boon of liberty. I do not mean the right to desert his wife and children, to drive his car at his own speed, to sell dirty milk or watered stock. I am not talking of those questionable individual rights which absolve a man from his duties under organized government based upon majority opinion definitely expressed. What I am driving at, as your fellow-dictator or fellow-tyrant, is the freedom to rise as high as any citizen will, by reason of any exceptional qualities he may have, so long as he remains honest and does not, through his own rise, cramp or curtail the freedom and well-being of his fellows. In other words, ladies and gents, let's define liberty as a man's royal American right to go as far as he will honestly above the mass, if in rising he contributes something valuable to society."

It would hardly be my job to say how this should be done, but a man who came up from the lower rounds of politics honestly and successfully would know how to begin if he had before him as tools the implements that make for public sentiment and the force and energy and protection of the organized groups in American business and social life above listed. Having given my lieutenants their orders I should let them alone and not nag them, assuming their honesty, their intelligence, their courage, in short, their patriotism. If one failed me I should chop off his head and perhaps put it on a pike and let it drip all over the first page of the

* The third of a series of articles on this subject. The fourth will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

newspapers for a week, to terrify others. What I should do with my own time is this: I should organize a secret police, my G. P. U., under some such general title as the Society for the Seduction of the Supercilious. I should call into this council only men who could laugh—and laugh not maliciously but tolerantly. Perhaps I should make Heywood Broun, or Frank Adams, or Will Rogers, or Marc Connelly my Chief of Staff. And I should say to this noble band of jesters:

"Boys, the besetting sin of our beloved country is vain and carnal pride. We're a lot of strutters, and the more money we get the worse we are; indeed, in reality the richer we seem the poorer we are. What we need is humility. America will only grow strong and wax fat in truth with the strength of the humble. Therefore it is your job to go into every rich State, city, town, and village, diligently spy out there the supercilious leadership, and seduce it. Boys, humble its pride, not by taking away its power, but by letting these self-sufficient sinners know their own weaknesses and realize that 'we are all poor critters and that everything goes contrary-wise.' Catch the town banker tapping his till for pennies not dollars. Slip Russian gold into the purses of the D. A. R. Effect an exchange of pulpits between the bishops of the true faith and the Methodist Church South. Set an Episcopalian bishop over the United Brethren, and a United Brethren bishop in Bishop Manning's place; even stand up Billy Sunday in a Unitarian pulpit in Boston. If you could give a lover to some of our leading ladies of one of the various anti leagues it would help a lot. And flash the white light of self-revelation upon certain pillars of purity across the land. Don't understand that I wish to topple men down in public disgrace and humiliation, not at all. That isn't your job. What we are trying to do is to teach tolerance to the haughty through a healing knowledge of their own weaknesses. But hold on now, get this straight whatever you do. Don't make them cynics, boys; make them penitents. Don't disillusion them into thinking that all men are bad because they are suddenly taken in sin. But do let them know, dearly beloved, that man can be noble even though he fails and falls and fails again. Put comic strips upon the whitened walls of the charnel-house of our institutional life. The boys across the hall who are saving democracy by cherishing economic liberty have a big job and you can help it, most gay and irreverent seigniors, by mellowing the times. So hop to it with a will."

Sooner or later one of those political adjutants from the uplift across the hall—maybe Al Smith or Gifford Pinchot or, say, Carter Glass—is going to come out and point a finger of scorn at me and say: "What about prohibition?" And I'm going to be ready for him with this answer:

"For one hundred years and more, maybe a thousand, there will be a liquor problem in America. The conflict between the individual's liberty to drink what he pleases and society's dictum that the individual's drinking shall not depress the general welfare may not be settled in a decade or even a generation. Abolish prohibition and the problem is still here. Modify prohibition and the problem remains. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug. It must be distributed so that the salesmen will not find it profitable to oversell the customer and thereby increase the liquor habit, which menaces a highly organized social structure. It is not the content of liquor, whether 2 per cent or 98 per cent, that makes

the problem. It is the distribution of liquor so that it shall not create liquor addicts which makes the problem.

"Now then, gentlemen, here is a great opportunity for liberals. Under the prohibitory amendment and the Volstead Act we find a restless, determined, fairly well-organized minority which thinks it's a majority of the people. This minority is chafing under what it regards as an unjust restraint. Some way should be found to give a considerable minority which thinks it is a majority the right to prove its case, to present its case formally and legally, and demand a count of noses. The need of this right, which is now demonstrated by the prohibitory law, may come up in the future. Some day the lack of this right affecting a more vital issue than prohibition might shatter the Republic. Prohibition offers to liberals their great opportunity. Let them organize for a constitutional amendment which will make it possible at any time for any considerable restless minority which thinks itself unjustly restrained to call under the Constitution for a vote. Therefore, gentlemen of the council, as your dictator I hereby demand that you present to the American people a constitutional amendment which shall provide that when half of the States, through a majority of each house in their legislatures with the governor concurring, shall demand a national referendum upon any given subject, whether of statute or a constitutional enactment, then the Congress shall submit the proposition to a direct vote of the people of the States. Or when two-fifths of the legislatures in States having a two-thirds' majority of all the population of the United States shall submit such a proposition by a two-thirds' majority of each house of each legislature with the governor concurring, a similar nation-wide popular vote may be had. And, further, the proposed amendment I have in mind shall prevail when it has been adopted by a majority vote in two-thirds of the States or when it has been adopted by a two-thirds' majority vote in eighteen States, provided the eighteen States shall contain two-thirds of the population of the United States; and that this majority shall be a majority of all votes cast upon the proposed question; and, further, it shall be provided that in this popular vote majorities shall always be defined as majorities voting upon the proposition.

"Here prohibition has coined the golden hour for a real reform. If the wets are too conservative to accept it they need not palaver about their high patriotism. If they are unwilling to grant to any minority that feels oppressed by government the same right which the wets today demand for themselves, all this tall talk about their rights may be safely ignored. If the Constitution of the United States were liberalized by such an amendment as has been outlined above, no minority, no section, no class could ever rule this country against the wishes and the will of a majority of the people."

And at the close of the perfect day as dictator, I should go back to my G. P. U., my secret police, the men and women who could laugh, and say this:

"Finally, dearly beloved, hunt down the gloom spreaders—those sad, solemn, disillusioned, baffled, doubting ladies and gents who have no faith in God or man, who believe that this is a mechanical self-winding universe, a machine that has lost its key or never had one. I mean that vinegar bunch which is all mixed up and low in its mind, sure only that its own raging melancholy is the wrath of God. Teach that outfit, O my most gigglierous pest-eradicators, that it really makes little difference about these sad theories. This gloomy

philosophy gets men nowhere. The gloom-peddlers can't prove that nothing matters because matter is a phantasm; any more than the cheerful idiots can prove the moral government of the universe. But this much is finally certain: the job of a man is to live happily and usefully and to be kind and brave and as wise as he can, and after that, with God be the rest if there is a God, and if not, be kind and brave and wise anyway and charge it up to profit and loss."

And there is the plan. If I were dictator I should embody it in a few well-chosen words of general order, proclamation, and ukase, then hide myself in conference through the decades when it was working out, knowing full well that if I found my general orders obeyed, my proclamations considered, my ukases working, I should become vain and arrogant, mad probably. And so, through tinkering with the machinery I had established, I should wreck it in calamity.

"Gag Rule" Under Fire

By NEWTON AIKEN

Washington, November 20

WITH the Republican Party deprived of its majority in the House of Representatives, a determined drive is at hand to liberalize the rules, which for years have prevented a free and impartial consideration of legislation in that chamber. Insurgent Republicans and Democrats, who have thrown themselves to no avail against the procedural bulwarks behind which Republican conservatism has chosen to intrench itself in recent Congresses, are now in position to capture the parliamentary dugouts and bring the processes of legislation into the open. The two groups began to prepare for an offensive against the rules as long ago as last winter, and by the time the new Congress, with its nominal Democratic majority in the House, assembles, the shock troops will be ready for the advance.

The promise of success attaching to this venture in parliamentary liberalism derives largely from the fact that while the Democrats have a nominal majority which will enable them to organize the House, their margin is so small that in the consideration of legislation they will need the support of the insurgent group. Hence they may be expected to make concessions on the rules, on which the insurgents have long occupied an advanced position. This is not to say that many of the Democratic leaders are not sincerely desirous of liberalizing House procedure. There is a large and probably a preponderant group of Democrats who are as earnest as the insurgents in their efforts to remove the "gag" which now prevents a free exercise of legislative discretion.

In fact, the starting-point of the reform drive is to be found in a series of amendments to the rules put forward last February by Representative Charles R. Crisp, of Georgia, son of a former Democratic Speaker and one of the leading figures on the Democratic side. The purpose of the Crisp amendments, which are proposed for discussion now with a view to their adoption in the next Congress, is to free the House from the domination of the small group of majority leaders who exercise a preponderant influence on legislation.

As the rules stood in the last Congress, such autonomy was wholly lacking. Conditions were not so bad as they were before the revolt against "Cannonism" in 1910 deprived the Speaker of his autocratic powers, but authority was still highly centralized. Prior to 1910 the Speaker did everything of importance in the House. He appointed committees and thus controlled legislation at its source. He was chairman of a highly compact Rules Committee which dictated procedure and so regulated the action of the House itself. He also had the power of recognition and was thus master of

every situation on the floor. The fight of the then Representative George W. Norris, of Nebraska, and the late Champ Clark against the arbitrary exercise of this immense power by "Uncle Joe" Cannon deprived the Speaker of the chairmanship of the Rules Committee. The Democrats followed a year later by taking away the power to appoint committees. The Speaker retained only the power of recognition and its attendant mastery of situations on the floor.

These changes did not, however, make the House a democracy. They left it merely an oligarchy where it had previously been an autocracy. Under Republican rule the oligarchy has been composed of the Speaker, the majority leader, and the chairman of the Rules Committee. These three exercised all the power formerly held by the Speaker alone. The majority leader, as chairman of the Republican Committee on Committees, dominated committee assignments. The chairman of the Rules Committee, with a carefully chosen group of associates at his back, controlled procedure. The Speaker was still the arbiter of every situation on the floor. In justice to the Republican occupants of these key positions, it must be said that they generally employed their power in accordance with the wishes of the bulk of the Republican membership. But the power was exercised in complete disregard of any Republican minority, which by the aid of Democratic votes might have constituted an actual majority in passing on particular bills. And on not a few occasions general committees and the Rules Committee were used to prevent a vote on controversial issues on which public opinion was demanding action. For example, the House was not allowed to vote on government operation of the Muscle Shoals power properties during the last Congress. When the Norris resolution for government operation came from the Senate, the organization-controlled Military Affairs Committee of the House arranged to report a substitute leasing resolution. The Rules Committee brought in a rule for the consideration of the substitute as an original bill and thus shut out all opportunity for the House to express itself on the Norris resolution, although a majority of the membership was believed to approve that solution of the Muscle Shoals problem. The delay of the leaders in letting the Norris "lame-duck" amendment to the Constitution come to a vote is another case in point. Such examples might be multiplied to great length.

Many instances of this character have convinced most observers that the way to give the House autonomy is to amend the rule for discharging a committee and bringing a bill directly to the floor. An effective discharge rule enables

a majority of the House to override a recalcitrant committee that may be holding up a bill under the influence of the leaders, while a rule that is ineffective leaves the House helpless. The discharge rule to which the Republicans have adhered has never worked. It permitted the discharge of a committee and the consideration of a bill on the floor only after 218 members had signed a secret petition on the Speaker's table requesting such action. In practice, it was never possible to get 218 men—a majority of the whole membership rather than a majority of those in attendance—to sign a petition under the eyes of the powerful Speaker and of nobody else.

Recognizing the importance of this procedure, a group of insurgent Republicans joined with the Democrats on the organization of the Sixty-fifth Congress in December, 1923, and succeeded in getting a somewhat more liberal discharge rule. The practice then adopted provided for the discharge of a committee and the consideration of a bill on the floor on the petition of 150 members. Operation of this rule was surrounded by so many technicalities that it failed of its full purpose. It did serve, however, to bring to the floor the Howell-Barkley Railway Labor Act, which became law against the wishes of the House leadership. Despite this accomplishment the Republicans repudiated the rule when they came into a majority large enough to permit them to disregard the insurgents in the next Congress. They restored the present "gag rule" requiring 218 signatures.

The Crisp program provides for a discharge rule that would be a knockout. It would permit 100 members by petition to bring up on the floor the question of discharging a committee. A majority of those present would then decide whether actually to take the bill up for consideration in the House. This proposed discharge rule would apply not only to general committees but also to the Rules Committee, which has never been subjected to such a procedure. With the Rules Committee covered by this practice, it would be possible for 100 members to bring up questions of procedure as well as pending bills for decision in the House by a majority vote. In this manner the House would acquire complete control over its legislative program, which the Rules Committee now dictates by using or withholding its power to give bills a privileged status. By adopting such a rule as this the House would become its own master for the first time since the days of Speaker Reed.

A further feature of the Crisp program would provide for autonomy in committees as well. Many of the most important committees, including the Ways and Means Committee, are often immobilized at the present time because they have no regular meeting days and because the chairman is the only authority privileged to call meetings. Mr. Crisp would break such blockades by giving a majority of every committee the power to call a meeting regardless of the wishes of the chairman.

Something more is involved in these proposals than the question of autonomy. That is important, to be sure; but the impending battle over rules also brings up the question whether members of the House are to stand and face issues or dodge them. The present rules facilitate dodging. Members of the House do not always vote on issues before the eyes of their constituents. They often hide from public scrutiny behind parliamentary technicalities their constituents do not understand. It is possible for a member to tell his district publicly that he favors a measure and at the same

time use his influence privately with a general committee or with the Rules Committee to have that measure pigeon-holed so it will not come to a vote. Defenders of the present regime frankly admit that this often occurs. When Representative Bertrand E. Snell, chairman of the Rules Committee in the last Congress and now a candidate for the Republican leadership, rose to protest last winter against the Crisp proposals, he described the practice of dodging thus:

It is very difficult for a man constituted as I am to take the pounding that the chairman of the Rules Committee receives on the floor of the House, when I know the member is demagoguing. I know it because time and time again he has come to me after he has made his statement and said: "Do not pay any attention to it. I did not mean it, but I was forced into this for political reasons, but for God's sake you stand up and do what is right."

By transferring power from the House organization to the House itself the Crisp reforms would end the subterfuges to which Mr. Snell referred. There would no longer be a chance for members to hide behind the machinery set up by the organization for the execution of its plans. Congressmen would be forced to declare themselves on the floor as to whether or not bills should come up and whether or not they should pass. They would be forced to adhere in their official conduct to the professions they make to their constituents. The change would mean hard going for Representatives with weak knees, but it would put the House more nearly on a moral level with the Senate, where procedural dodges have always been difficult.

While the equal division between the two major parties which gives these reform proposals their best chance of success may disappear after the Seventy-second Congress, the reforms themselves, if they are adopted, may easily become permanent. The Norris revolt of 1910 permanently deprived the Speaker of much of his autocratic power. The Democrats came into control of the House in the Sixty-second Congress, and since they had supported the reform proposals in the first instance, consistency required them to retain and extend the rules they had helped adopt. By the time the Republicans regained control eight years later, the reform rules had crystallized into a tradition which could not be disturbed. A liberalization of the rules initiated by virtue of temporary circumstances became an enduring fact. The revolt against "gag rule" in the Sixty-eighth Congress had a different result. In the Sixty-ninth Congress Republicans recaptured a number of seats and came into a majority so large as to enable them to disregard the attitude of the insurgents. As a result they restored the rules that had been in effect prior to 1923, and neither the House nor the country was permitted permanently to enjoy even the limited fruits of the two-year insurgent-Democratic victory.

The permanency of any changes in the Seventy-second Congress promises to hinge, as in the past, on the control of succeeding Congresses. If the Republicans are deprived of control for a number of years, if the House is dominated either by the Democrats alone or by the Democrats and insurgents acting in concert on this issue, the present reform movement may break once and for all the regime of autocracy for which the House has become noted. In such an event, the nation would come into the possession of two legislative assemblies in which legislators would have to face issues openly and on their merits.

In the Driftway

WHEN he wrote of the small house by the brook, to which a world longing for simplicity might retreat, the Drifter struck a responsive chord. From all over the country owners of small houses have written to him, describing their own little castles and inviting him to visit them. From Cody, Wyoming, comes a letter telling of a "two-room log cabin on our little 120-acre ranch. . . . Walls are the rich shaded brown of bark-covered pine logs. The roof is 'dirt'—the Wyoming homesteader's thatch. That is, two layers of slabs with the bark on are laid convex sides out to form ceiling inside, 'shingles' out, and topped with a few inches of gumbo tramped flat when wet. A dirt roof is warm in winter, cool in summer, and—leaky when and if it rains."

* * * * *

CALIFORNIA has this kind of house to offer: "We live in a California-village builder's conception of a small New England farmhouse! . . . It is all so small and simple that it does not have to be taken seriously. It isn't the space we have inside but what we look out upon. To the west is the blue expanse of the Pacific, to the north a bay that must rival the Bay of Naples and, beyond, California's round hills, and to the east a small domelike mountain." Nor is the locality without inhabitants: "In winter the coyotes come as near to us as that mountainside and we hear them barking in the night. Jack rabbits are still plentiful around us. . . . Gophers are the bane of our garden. Owls, large and small, are as familiar as the robin in New England. Blue herons sometimes come up from the bay and spend long, quiet hours in the fields beyond our windows."

* * * * *

PERHAPS the best small house the Drifter ever saw was in the Duchy of Cornwall, that corner of England that is swept by winds that never stop blowing, so that plants develop great roots and little leaves to keep from being blown away, and trees are bent and twisted in strange, comical shapes. This was a miner's cottage, walls two feet thick of stone, windows set deeply in, to keep the wind out probably. The house was heated by hard-coal grates, the cooking stove was a special Cornish stove that resisted every foreigner who attempted to cook on it, and the lamps held paraffin—Americans think they are right when they call it kerosene. There was a little garden in front of the house and a small field with a still smaller friendly donkey at the back. When the rich, thick Cornish fogs came up out of the sea, as often they did, the window squares showed blank and white. And the waves sliding on the rocky beach nearby made an excellent, unintermittent accompaniment to thought.

* * * * *

PROBABLY the secret of the charm of a small house is that there is so much time for thinking. The business of living is reduced to a minimum; if the house is properly situated there are no troublesome neighbors, no adjacent buildings, no noisy mechanical means of transportation. When the brief business of tidying up and dishing up a

couple of fried eggs is attended to, the whole day remains to sit and think. Thinking may be done comfortably with the accompaniment of tobacco or without it, with a sympathetic companion or alone, with a book to look at occasionally or none. One's attitude while engaged in thought varies with the individual: some people like their feet higher than their heads; some like to lie flat. It is on the whole better not to go to bed. To think is not to sleep. Beyond that the Drifter would impose no regulations. In fact, he would not make thinking compulsory at all. He merely recommends it as a pleasant occupation, and a small, remote house as the pleasantest place in which to do it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Third Degree

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nothing that you or *The Nation* may say will adequately describe the outrages that are being perpetrated by officers of the law against prisoners to secure forced, and sometimes false, confessions. The trouble is to get our bar associations to act. A great many lawyers ignore or wink at these cruelties on the theory that the end justifies the means, which is a barbarous point of view. The truth of the matter is that our system of criminal law is hopelessly wrong and is responsible for the situation in which we find ourselves. In order to cure the defect we should have to amend the Constitution.

For years I have openly favored the Continental system of requiring the defendant to take the witness stand, but in the presence of and under the protection of the court. Confessions otherwise gathered, after arrest, are not valid under that system.

With us, a large proportion of crimes, especially crimes of cunning, go unpunished because of the difficulty of finding the evidence, while under the Continental system the evidence is frequently disclosed through the examination of the defendant.

I have at times urged that no confessions shall constitute evidence unless made in the presence of the committing magistrate or some other official, and that attempts to force admissions should be treated as criminal acts and the aggressor punished. But we shall make no headway in that direction.

New York, November 13

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

Mr. Williamson Excepts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Tired of *The Nation's* pathetically sincere claptrap I refused to renew my subscription, but I could not resist the temptation to see what you had to say on the British election. MacDonald Smashes British Labor confirms my previous impression of your careless collection of facts and your more pernicious habit of innuendo to suit your own point of view.

British Labor smashed itself. It funk'd the job in a crisis, the job of carrying on the King's government. Both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden have denied that the bankers, foreign and domestic, insisted on a cut in unemployment pay; they simply required a balanced budget before giving further credit—a not unreasonable requirement of every creditor in every walk of life. England went off the gold standard—but on a

balanced budget, an entirely different matter from going off under the circumstances existing under the Labor Government. So "most Liberals and Labor" believe protection will be ruinous to British industry? Another misstatement! Mr. Snowden (the *Times* [London], October 22) said that the Labor Cabinet voted fifteen to four in favor of a tariff as one way out of the difficulty. And the fifteen included Mr. Henderson himself.

You speak of a "cleverly baited trap"—the very words of that arch-mountebank Lloyd George. To what depths *The Nation* sinks! You have an opinion of the British electorate as poor as it is mistaken. The demagogues, the uplifters, the incompetents have been given—in the words of one elected—"a hell of a kick in the pants."

As to a "friendly government" in England; can it be "friendly" with a country having a Hawley-Smoot tariff and seeking interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent over a period of sixty-five years? The hard-boiled will be met by the hard-boiled—far from a tariff "striking a grave blow" at the Empire, it will make it: nothing else now can.

Jackson Heights, N. Y., November 10 E. WILLIAMSON

For Charity or Change?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is with concern that I read your leading editorial paragraph in the issue of October 28. I am surprised that you should urge your readers to cooperate with Mr. Hoover and give to charities and maintain the status quo; that you should desire your readers to hand charity doles to ex-Ford men, ex-Insullites, ex-U. S. Steel men, ex-Mellonites, ex-Rockefellerites, and the rest of Gerard's fifty-four (or was it fifty-eight?); that you should want us to subsidize the greedy corporations which more than any other group may be held accountable for this dreadful depression.

Your readers should refuse to give one cent to status quo charities. Let them give instead to organizations working for a new social order, to a militant political party, to organizations working for the abolition of war, for unemployment insurance. And if some of your readers' hearts are wrung by the visible suffering in their particular city and are moved to give relief, let them give largely and generously to starving strikers—who are absolutely untouched by the status quo charities.

Not one cent for charity! But money, time, and energy for the organizations of change.

New York, October 29

MARY W. HILLYER

Convent Labor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the heading *Can Such Things Be?* there appeared in *The Nation* of October 7 a letter signed by G. S. Gartong of Chicago. The correspondent rebukes *The Nation* for its tariff views, asserting that a lowering of the tariff would mean the dumping in this country of the cheaply made goods of all the Roman Catholic convents of Europe. The correspondent further declares that there are "Roman Catholic convents in the United States that use free child labor, pay no taxes or license fees, and sell their goods to greedy department stores at a large profit," and so on and so on.

It is possible G. S. Gartong confuses orphan asylums with convents. In Catholic orphan asylums as well as in corrective institutions the occupants are taught—aside from the regular school courses—various trades and handiwork designed to make

them independent when they leave the institution. The goods thus manufactured are sold at the best price they will bring. The proceeds of the sales go toward the upkeep of the institution and to other charities. The nuns and secular brothers in charge of these institutions receive nothing.

As to the charge that "dumping" of cheaply made European convent goods in this country would affect our home industries, I answer—bunk! If the "cheaply made" products of all the Catholic convents of Europe, Africa, Asia, and Australia were "dumped" in the United States, the effect would be so small that no one would be aware of it. I fear G. S. Gartong is giving over-credulous ear to the familiar anti-Catholic bunkum.

Floral Park, N. Y., October 23 ALBERT G. MACAULAY

Government Competition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulate Mr. F. J. Schlink on his article in your issue of November 11 criticizing the U. S. Bureau of Standards. On page 165 of the Hearings before the Subcommittee of the House of Representatives, Committee on Appropriations, Department of Commerce, Appropriation Bill, 1932, one may read that last year the Bureau of Standards performed \$683,615 worth of work for which it received \$72,251.45. The Act of Congress of 1901 which set up the Bureau of Standards authorized it to collect fees for work done, and the official figures show that the bureau charges 10 per cent of what any business concern would charge.

This looks very much like very unfair competition by the government with private business.

New York, November 6

WM. E. BULLOCK

All the Smart Young Men

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Did you ever stop to think that if you put a pair of horns on H. L. Mencken's head you would have a perfect picture of the devil? Just try it some time. No, I am not a Methodist or a Puritan. I am just a general practitioner of medicine who is fed up with Mencken, Krutch, and Huxley. Those gentlemen are dead and don't know it. They have no wisdom or humility. Truth and sensationalism are synonymous terms to them. They have no background, nor have they had any practical experience; they are flippant, smart, and conceited; they are as far removed from the great men whom they have falsified and vilified as a stockbroker is from an Emerson. In one thing they have rung true; they have been the perfect expression of the Vulgar Era, of a vulgarity such as this country has never known before and which I hope we shall never know again. When it dies, the host of smart young intellectuals will die also, and in another ten or twenty years we shall never know that they have lived at all.

Glen Cove, N. Y., November 10

NEIL C. STEVENS

Jeremiah Clemens

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am engaged on a biography of Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama (1814-1865), soldier, statesman, and well-known novelist. If any of your readers have letters or other information on Clemens, will they please communicate with me.

Webster Groves, Mo., November 8 CYRIL CLEMENS

Anti-Soviet Concentration in Paris

By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

ON October 30, 1930, the headquarters of the Russian Military Union in Paris issued a proclamation, signed by its president, General Miller, wherein it was hinted with sinister implication that "perhaps some other Koutiepoff cases might be necessary to unite Russians for the salvation of Russia." This document, which was the opening shot in Miller's drive to change what he called "the mentality of dread silence" among the monarchist refugees into "a campaign of direct action," was calculated to line up the hesitant nobles behind Grand Duke Cyril, the new "Czar before God and the conscience of humanity."

While many of the most influential émigrés up to that time had balked at Cyril's elevation to the imperial dignity, under pressure of Miller's threats and his insistence upon the immediate creation of a "united front against the bandits in the Kremlin," thousands rallied to the cause. Before a month had elapsed, so much progress had been made that Cyril came to Paris, accompanied by his wife and the "Czarevitch," to receive the homage of the united monarchists. On the way from St. Briec in Brittany, where the "Czar's" estate is located, General Miller surprised the "imperial" party with a joyous little military celebration. Coming along a bend in the road in the Forest of Rambouillet, the "imperial" family was greeted by a thunderous ovation on the part of some twelve hundred young Russians, who, after singing the Czarist hymn, proceeded to march past Cyril in perfect military formation. At the close of the review "Czarevitch" Vladimir tearfully voiced his pride in "the future commanders of the national Russian army" and expressed the hope that he would "soon march in their ranks for the delivery of Holy Mother Russia."

A few weeks before this demonstration in the woods General Miller had already marched up the Champs Elysées one Sunday afternoon at the head of five thousand nobles wearing their uniforms and decorations. Arrived under the Arch of Triumph, three long-haired archimandrites with towering cylindrical hats, carrying a miracle-working ikon from Nijni, had bobbed up mysteriously to swing tinkling golden censers over the battered eagles and standards, whereupon the White Guard had dropped reverently to its knees to sing "Boja Tsaria," while five thousand hands were raised above the marble slab that covers the symbolic victim to swear death to the Marxist usurpers.

Neither for the Paris show nor for the affair in the forest had General Miller bothered to obtain the necessary police permission. The records do not show, either, that Miller ever received the slightest reprimand for his unauthorized parades. This is the more surprising since the present prefect, M. Jean Chiappe, is the strictest disciplinarian of public demonstrations Paris has had since the Second Empire.

Thus, under the benevolent eye of the French government, the campaign was started to weld the three or four million Russians outside the Soviet Union into one solid anti-Soviet bloc, which would be ready, as Miller said, "to function at a moment's notice, that is to say, in placing its

man power and resources within twenty-four hours at the disposal of whatever Power or group of Powers is first to open hostilities with the red army." The French authorities acted in an entirely different manner in the case of Spanish and Catalan republicans recently; but it tolerates active interventionist preparations among the white Russians by permitting them to maintain three military establishments in Paris, one on the rue Madame, another on the rue Condamine, and the third in the rue Mademoiselle. The government has furthermore allowed the establishment under its very nose in Paris of an Anti-Soviet News Agency, and to top it all, has granted permission for the launching of a white Russian corporation for the manufacture of munitions. Thanks to this almost protective attitude, the Russian Dispersion has taken an altogether new grip on itself.

Nothing has served to put more heart into the Russian monarchist organizations than the formation of the Poutiloff-Becker Munition Company, incorporated in Paris in December, 1930. According to the corporation's charter, duly ratified by the French Ministries of War and Commerce, its object is "the manufacture, purchase, and sale of all varieties of war munitions, war equipment, and hunting arms." The founder is Engineer Edgar Becker of Berlin, whose personal contribution to the corporation is a set of patents, including one for an "explosive shell of high fragmentation and its manufacture for artillery purposes or other ends." The directorate of this company presents but a slightly abbreviated list of the St. Petersburg industrial oligarchy of Czarist days. Among the directors are Count Léon de Moltke-Huitfeldt, a Dane; M. Alexis Poutiloff, former proprietor of the Poutiloff works, chief purveyors of munitions to the imperial Russian army; M. Etienne Lianosoff, director of the Russo-Asiatic Bank, who is also a member of the board of Royal Dutch.

Chief among the powerful foreign patrons of the refugees in Paris must be counted Sir Henri Deterding. His sympathy for the cause of the exiles probably derives from two sources, the first being the expropriation by the Soviet Government of the oil wells and equipment formerly held by his company in the Batum region, and the second his marriage to a Russian princess.

In September, 1930, Sir Henri appeared before a large gathering of Russian exiles and Parisian society folk, among whom were several leading French politicians, assembled in Sèvres. They had met to open an annex to the Russo-Armenian College directed by the exiled Metacharist Fathers. Sir Henri made the prediction that the refugees would be on their way back home within a year. Private sources of information, he intimated, led him to believe that the Communist regime in Moscow was heading full speed for disaster. He called upon the refugee youth to be ready to answer the call of their fatherland whenever it should come. As a token of his faith in their speedy repatriation, he pledged himself publicly on that occasion to match every dollar collected by the various Russian patriotic organizations for war equipment with a dollar of his own.

The favorite French theory of *cherchez la femme* undoubtedly holds the key to unlock the secret of many another mysterious source of revenue for Russian monarchist organizations in France. The infiltration of Russian exiles into French society, particularly noticeable in the *chroniques mondaines* of conservative Parisian dailies of the Coty stamp, is responsible for the fact that at present no less than 3,000 Russian boys are studying at the expense of wealthy French families. Many others follow courses in aviation. At the "Young Russian" reunions, which are fast becoming society affairs of the first magnitude and where the "Czar" and his brother Andrew occasionally appear, the Yugoslav legation is officially represented.

Something more definite to cheer the refugees than General Miller's periodic manifestoes has been the foundation of a bank of its own by the Russian Emigration in Paris on January 14 of this year. This institution, known as the Mutual Credit Union, has on its administrative council such men as M. Michel Kedieff, an ex-admiral in the Russian imperial fleet, and Count Nicholas Schebeko, former Russian ambassador in Vienna, director of the Russian Association for the Liberation of the Fatherland, and member of the Executive of the Russian Monarchist Congress. M. Michel Bernatsky, whose name figures as that of one of the commissaries of the bank, is the former Minister of Finance in the Provisional Government. This man also served General Denikin as financial adviser on the latter's interventionist expedition.

In March Paris newspapers also reported the founding of a new Russo-French publication, in addition to the half-dozen intervention-preaching bilingual dailies directed by Russians that are already in existence. This new periodical bears the name of *Economic and Financial Studies*, and has for its mission the examination of the validity of funds, industrial enterprises, and all manner of economic and financial undertakings on behalf of its subscribers. Its directors include Baron Schilling, former chief of the Chancellery of the Foreign Ministry in Petrograd, and M. Nicholas A. Basily, his one-time assistant at the same institution, who achieved international notoriety in pre-war days as the writer of a report urging an immediate war for the opening of the Straits and the solution of the Constantinople question.

Miller came to Paris in February, 1930, a few weeks before General Koutiepoft's disappearance. He had been engaged in organizing the anti-Soviet front in the Far East. In March he proclaimed the unity of command for all fronts, with himself as commander-in-chief. In December he made a trip through Eastern Europe, visiting among other places the concentration camps in Bulgaria and Jugoslavia where the remnants of Wrangel's army are colonizing tracts of territory set aside for their benefit by the governments of these countries. After his return to Paris the General's optimism led him to convoke some English and American newspaper correspondents, to whom he said: "I have just passed in review my troops in Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. . . . In spite of hardships my soldiers have preserved discipline, subordination, and the mental state of a well-instructed army. . . . The moment serious troubles break out in Russia, we will mobilize rapidly and appear on the frontiers. We are convinced that we will sweep the peasant population with us on our march to Moscow. Our ranks are complete and thoroughly or-

ganized. The day war starts, another half-million Russians are ready to join us. What we need at the present time is arms and munitions to equip 100,000 men. This money will be forthcoming the moment Europe understands what we have known all along—namely, that it is only by engaging in an armed struggle with communism that the religion and civilization of Russia can be saved."

"In Paris," went on the new Russian war lord with astonishing frankness, "there exists a Russian High War College. This institution cannot begin to satisfy all those who wish to attend its classes. Nevertheless, we have succeeded in teaching the basis of military science to more than 10,000 men. This is what I want understood: We are ready. We are awaiting the hour. . . . We are awaiting the call of the Russian Fatherland with impatience!"

In the interval that elapsed between the utterance of these words and their publication in English newspapers, notably in the *Sunday Referee*, the Government of M. Tardieu was overthrown and replaced by a Cabinet under M. Theodore Steeg. At the first session of Parliament at which M. Steeg appeared as Premier, he was asked whether the government was aware that the white Russians maintained a military academy on French territory. General Miller took the hint and put the soft pedal on his saber-rattling interviews. He replied in *Renaissance*, a reactionary Russian journal published in Paris, that the Russian Military Union, of which he is the head, had not really set up a formal war college, but had merely instituted classes where members of the union could come "to refresh their knowledge of military science." The distinction seems negligible if regard is had to the explicit "Military Guide" published by the union. This book states that "strategy and general staff theory" are taught by General Golovine. The "technical military engineering course," it is found upon investigation, differs in no essential point from the course in military engineering at the Polytechnique or St. Cyr War Academy. The "Guide" furthermore sets forth that admission to these classes is "open to all young Russians above the age of sixteen," a statement that seems scarcely reconcilable with General Miller's refreshment classes for veterans.

The G. H. Q. of the white army, located on the rue Madame, according to information supplied to the Chamber of Deputies under M. Steeg's administration, regularly issues communiqués and army orders signed by General Miller or his staff officers. General Miller, in the course of questioning by reporters, admitted that he was "almost daily" in receipt of reports from agents in all parts of the world, "including Soviet Russia," and that "all information on events and personalities in the Soviet Union is carefully tabulated and filed for future reference" by volunteer clerks. Most of these clerks are ex-nobles who, in turns, give a day's work at headquarters to the national cause. The Koutiepoft affair revealed that two hundred Russian chauffeurs in Paris take turns in placing their taxis at the disposal of the General Staff one day a month. Incidentally, it was this volunteer service that proved the undoing of Koutiepoft himself; for it is supposed that he was hailed in Russian by a chauffeur on the morning of his disappearance, and that he stepped into the car parked outside his home as a matter of course, thinking the driver to be a member of the Military Union. Every hypothesis seems legitimate in an environment seething with espionage, intrigue, and counter-intrigue.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO THINK—

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD

by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

Author of "The History of British Civilization,"
"Those Earnest Victorians," etc.

Not a history of wars, but a history of WAR, its cause, its effects, its nature, worked out through the whole course of the human story, from primitive man to 1930.

KIRBY PAGE in *The World Tomorrow* writes: "An indictment of the war system . . . deserves superlatives . . . A highly rewarding contribution which points the way of escape from the suicide of civilization . . . The author, an eminent historian, with a wide perspective writes with swiftly moving passion."

Fully Indexed. \$4.00

"A book of rare power." The true story of a young Russian nurse's experience throughout the War. "Graphic pictures breathing with life, excitement, humor and pathos."—John Cournos, *Scribners*. With frontispiece portrait. \$3.00

THE KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE

by Sophie Botchinsky
and Florida Pier

WILLIAM MORROW & CO., 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

"Beauty risen from the dead"
in a Great Translation

THE SONNETS OF PETRARCH

Translated by JOSEPH AUSLANDER

NOW for the first time the immortal Sonnets of Petrarch are available to readers of modern English in a sustained and living translation by a distinguished modern poet. Mr. Auslander's translation, which captures all the passionate warmth and singing ecstasy of the sonnets, is a remarkable work of vast literary value. No poetry written among the skyscrapers could be more modern and appealing than this famous sonnet sequence. \$2.50

LONGMAN, GREEN & COMPANY
55 Fifth Avenue New York

Finance

The Future of the Railroads

THE most famous names on the roster of American railroads are under a cloud in the investment markets.

Many dividends have already been reduced or omitted, and it is suspected that similar action will be taken by roads such as the New York Central, New Haven, Baltimore and Ohio, Lehigh Valley, Union Pacific—lines which a few years ago possessed unquestioned stability and financial power. Two and a half years of business depression, coupled with bus, truck, and waterways competition, have cut into operating revenues to a point where numerous lines, well regarded not so long ago, are now failing to earn their bond interest. The latest complete monthly figures show gross operating revenues for 171 Class I roads amounting to \$350,000,000, compared with \$467,500,000 in the same month last year and \$566,700,000 a year before that.

Conditions on the New York Central, as shown by the September 30 balance sheet and income account of that company, indicate some of the details of what has been taking place. In the latest quarterly period that billion-dollar line earned only \$225,366, compared with \$8,813,775 in the same quarter of 1930. Current or "quick" assets decreased by \$16,746,028 and current liabilities increased nearly \$28,000,000, to a point where they were some \$17,500,000 greater than the offsetting quick assets. Unfunded debts, principally bank loans, are believed to be between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000.

Impairment of financial strength among the leading lines goes far beyond the question of dividends and interest payments in its effects. It will curtail the scope of those inter-company affiliations which were progressing with so much vigor three years ago, in the form of direct purchases of stock, the setting up of groups such as the Van Sweringen holdings centering around the Chesapeake and Ohio-Nickel Plate, and the creation of holding companies like Pennroad and Alleghany Corporation. Tremendous amounts of capital are needed for these operations, and neither the roads nor the public are in a position to furnish that capital now. Hence, we are likely to see a pause in that striking movement toward consolidation which bore such a curious relationship to the federal government's policy of consolidation, as imbedded in the Transportation Act of 1920 and entrusted to the Interstate Commerce Commission for execution. With mergers rendered more difficult from the financial standpoint, and with the existing law admittedly a failure in several directions, we are evidently approaching a point where a new policy with regard to railroads will have to be evolved.

When all this is said, however, it should also be said that from the standpoint of the investor who looks beyond the immediate situation—the "long-pull" investor, as he is known in Wall Street—the stocks and bonds of the best companies may soon look like bargains. It is not the function of this column to act as investment counselor, but a situation like the present one is so striking that it demands notice. The fact is that railroad stocks, as a group, were never split up, inflated, and carried to fantastic market levels to anything like the extent of industrial stocks. The ultimate revival of business activity can hardly fail to have striking effects on the railway outlook.

Two points, at least, should be kept in mind by those who are awaiting investment opportunities in railroad shares. First, these investors should be prepared to go along with little or no income for a considerable period. Second, it may be doubted whether the stocks of roads which are faced with reorganization or receivership are "cheap," even at present levels.

S. PALMER HARMAN

The Nation

Vol. CXXXIII, No. 3465

Wednesday, December 2, 1931

*These two novels are
dominating the literary scene —*

A BURIED TREASURE

by ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

One of our foremost writers has written a new story to stand beside her two American classics: *The Great Meadow* and *The Time of Man*. "Comedy as wise as it is exciting."—Mary Ross, *Herald Tribune*. "A human comedy of an appealing and genuine quality."—*New York Times*. "She has not disappointed the hope and expectation of many who regard her as the most important figure of present day American literature."—William Soskin, *N. Y. Evening Post*. The Literary Guild Section for November. \$2.50. Limited, signed edition, \$7.50.

J O B THE STORY OF A SIMPLE MAN

By JOSEPH ROTH

Translated by Dorothy Thompson

This story of a modern Job starts in the ghettos of Russia, moves to the streets of New York and ends as a vivid and unforgettable memory in the hearts of its readers. "An inspired book."—*New York Times*. "So full of tenderness, so genuine in its emotion, so poignant . . . a book to remember."—*The Saturday Review*. "Touches us to tears."—Isidor Schneider, *Herald Tribune*. "Has in it more than a hint of the greatness of the Old Testament legend whence it takes its name."—Lewis Gannett, *Herald Tribune*. "Brilliant in its tenderness and poignancy."—*Springfield Union*. The Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for November. \$2.50



OUR LAWLESS POLICE

A Study of the Unlawful Enforcement of the law by ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS.

"The sort of book every American should read."—F. F. V., *New York Evening Post*. "He has achieved the uncommon feat of moving our sympathies by the very moderation of his statements. It is a classic of its kind."—R. L. Duffus. \$3.00

BROWN AMERICA

The Story of a New Race by EDWIN R. EMBREE.

The President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund has written a brilliant and informative popular book on the Negro of today—the new race. "I have enjoyed every minute of it. It is a fine, clear statement."—Sherwood Anderson. \$2.50

EDUCATION of a PRINCESS

by MARIE, Grand
Duchess of Russia

An international best-seller, the real story of a Romanov princess. *Illustrated*. \$3.50

18 East 48th Street

THE VIKING PRESS

New York City

New Books for Nation Readers

NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER

The Story of the Five-Year Plan

"I know of no book on Russia that has to such an overwhelming degree the charm of this Primer." Maurice Hindus. \$1.75

A Naturalist in Brazil

By Konrad Guenther

This enchanting picture of tropic life is comparable to Hudson's "Green Mansions" in delicacy of observation. Translated from the German. 111 illustrations.

\$5.00

SPARKS FLY UPWARD

By Oliver La Farge

"A novel soundly planned, vigorously narrated . . . at its heart is serenity and wisdom."—*Saturday Review*. By the author of "Laughing Boy." \$2.50

George Washington by Bernard Faÿ

"Foreign estimates of our great men are always interesting because inevitably they take points of view not to be expected from an American. But the able French author of the life of Benjamin Franklin has not misunderstood his Americans. His scholarship is sound, and the novelty in his book is discovered in the French ease and lightness with which he handles his history."—*Henry Seidel Canby*
Illustrated, \$4.00

MIRROR OF A MAGE

By Vicente Huidobro

One of the fascinating products of the Spanish literary renaissance is this novel study of Cagliostro. \$2.50

Dostoevsky

By E. H. Carr

"The best book on the man in any language." — *New York Times*.
"Absorbing, beautifully written, tragic yet glowing." — *Charles Hanson Towne* \$3.50

SHERIDAN

By Joseph Hergesheimer

"Splendid accounts, graphic, concise, vivid . . . make this an important addition to Civil War literature . . . *New York Post*. Illustrated, \$4.00

Crowded Years by William G. McAdoo

"No better picture of the Wilson administration from the inside has been contributed to this generation. Mr. McAdoo reveals a simple, direct, and convincing style with little embroidery and yet with unusual charm. A climaxing story—vividly, swiftly, delightfully told."—*William Allen White*
Illustrated, \$5.00

WITCHCRAFT MAGIC AND ALCHEMY

By Grilott De Givry

A mine of fascinating facts and occult lore with 376 bizarre pictures (ten in full colors). *Limited Edition*, \$10.00

Bret Harte

By George R. Stewart

The first adequate life story of a living paradox who wrote of frontier ruffians and yet wore a monocle; and was a passionately patriotic American who lived in Europe 24 years. Illustrated. \$5.00

AMERICAN INDUSTRY IN EUROPE

By Frank A. Southard

A detailed survey of the extent and nature of the migration of American industry. The author traces the motives behind this migration. \$3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Holiday Book Section

The Critic's Dilemma

I. Science or Art?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FULLY developed schools of art usually inspire systems of aesthetics which accompany and defend them.

Sometimes the artists themselves, aware that they have departed from tradition, sketch out a theory intended to justify their novel processes. Sometimes, on the contrary, it is the first admirers of the new methods who assume the duty of demonstrating that these methods correspond either to the discovery or the rediscovery of the true nature and purpose of art. And yet, inevitable as this process is, it is notoriously true that really first-class work usually long outlives the theory which was supposed to justify it, and that taste, however variable it may be, is generally more stable than those rationalizations of it which constitute criticism.

Nothing could, in this connection, be more instructive than to compare a certain passage in Vasari with a certain better-known paragraph in Pater. Both of these commentators felt a very particular admiration for the Mona Lisa of Da Vinci, and yet it would be impossible to guess from their two descriptions of its qualities that the same picture was in question. Pater is concerned with certain spiritual qualities which he believes it to have been the painter's purpose to suggest. Vasari is concerned almost exclusively with the accuracy with which the realistic details of a face have been reproduced and, in fact, bases no inconsiderable part of his appreciation upon such things as the rendering of the bloom of the cheek and the imitation of each separate eyelash.

Nor is it to be supposed that we have here to do with nothing except a personal idiosyncrasy, for in general the men of the Renaissance attributed a very great importance to that accuracy of imitation which most modern painters so utterly abominate, and we need look at no more than the writings of the past hundred years to realize that theories of literature have been at least as discordant as theories of painting.

In the first place, the whole conception of the function of criticism was twice inverted during the course of the century. When it began, the critic was firmly seated in the judge's chair, and was generally expected to pronounce an author guilty or innocent in accordance with the laws of the republic of letters. Then romanticism unseated him, and fifty years after the heyday of the autocrats the critic himself was proclaiming the purely personal character of his opinions and boasting of the fact that he merely subjected himself to the influence of his author in order to discover what that author was about. The "judgment" had given way to the "impression," and "myself in connection with Shakespeare" was the accepted formula. But though that attitude is still common enough, it is no longer undisputed. In the minds of many aestheticians it is "impersonality" rather than "sensitivity" which is the mark of really valuable criticism, and the more advanced of the intellectualist critics

have once more seated themselves upon the judge's chair. Nor has change been any less obvious in the accepted criteria for the evaluation of individual works of art.

Indeed, rival systems have contradicted one another so flatly that it might almost seem as though new groups of critics had set up shop by the simple process of inverting the cardinal doctrine of their competitors, and as though ingenuity had been exhibited chiefly in the discovery of new sets of opposing aims or qualities which could be championed. Thus the Tolstoyian contention that the only valid test of literary value is moral usefulness is met by the aesthete's proclamation that morality has nothing whatsoever to do with the matter, and by his determination to demonstrate the fact by selecting the most morally repulsive materials as well as the most morally perverse conclusions. Thus also a Bernard Shaw, speaking for the creators of a whole school of drama and fiction, declares that "happiness and beauty are by-products"—by-products of, that is to say, that earnest social conviction and earnest social purpose which another school is ready to denounce as not only wholly foreign to the purpose of art but utterly destructive of even any capacity for a genuine aesthetic experience. And if these examples will serve as illustrations of the violence of disagreement which has existed between confidently asserted opinions concerning the relationship of literature to morals and sociology, even briefer allusions to other such contradictory contentions must suffice.

Flaubert convinces his admirers that the *sine qua non* of literature is style, and that style is characterized by its continual employment of the one precise and accurate word which perfectly defines the idea or the thing; but Verlaine, in a scarcely less well-known and scarcely less influential passage, banishes from literature whatever is precise, and calls for the nebulous, the vague, and the ambiguously evocative. Another whole school professes to have discovered the secret of art in its expressiveness. It assumes that a work is valuable in so far as it reveals or expresses the man behind it, but the critics who form this school appear wholly oblivious of the fact that another and a newer school finds the *absence* of any obvious personality in a piece of literature one of the signs of its authentically literary character, and exalts above everything else an objective detachment, especially in poetry. Even this is not all, for just as psychology seems just about to define the nature of that relationship (long assumed to exist) between the poet and the dreamer, Paul Valéry announces with Orphic finality that "whoever says poetry says the very opposite of dream."

Nor—it must be remembered—were any of these mutually destructive contentions lightly advanced or lightly held. Not only was each the product of a passionate conviction, but each was illustrated by works of very considerable merit, which seemed to owe their excellence to the fact that they embodied a recognition of the principle in question. Each

* The first of a series of three articles by Mr. Krutch. The second will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

was, moreover, the occasion of a very considerable body of interesting critical writing, and gave currency to the names of certain critics, each of whom was, for a time at least, the center of a genuine cult, whose members not only spread the doctrine of their master, but very often adopted toward the uninitiated that attitude of condescension which is the true mark of the disciple.

It is, for example, not long since the expressionistic theories of Croce (known in America chiefly through Spingarn's "Creative Criticism") were on the tip of every knowing commentator's tongue, but new leaders—T. S. Eliot, for example—are now in fashion, and these same commentators now assume toward those tainted with a taste for the "expressive" the same pitying contempt formerly reserved for those who did *not* realize that only "expression" really counted. Sometimes one wonders, indeed, whether or not the more condescending reviewers fully realize how wholly incompatible are the doctrines of the leaders who replaced one another in such rapid succession. Anatole France's Pyrrhonic skepticism—the limitless relativism of his critical principles—had hardly been understood until some, at least, began to babble of "standards"; Remy de Gourmont's rationalistic, materialistic, and analytic approach was still known chiefly to the illuminati when it began to be bruited about that the really advanced in literary matters were now interested chiefly in metaphysics, mathematics, and a "synthesis," or that they had, at the very least, thrown away their copy of "La Disassociation des Idées" in order to thumb the pages of Valéry's "Soirée avec M. Teste" and Eliot's "The Sacred Wood."

There was even, for a time, a not wholly ununderstandable doubt concerning the side of the fence upon which some of the leading creative writers were to be sought. Thus some naive persons supposed that Joyce and Eliot represented only the most advanced stage of "decadence," that theirs was merely a cynicism, a skepticism, and a general "je m'en f—tism" which had only carried them farther upon the road previously taken by their less extravagant predecessors. But it was, of course, soon discovered that Joyce and Eliot were, on the contrary, austere classicists following in the footsteps of Homer and of Dante, and that one of them at least was headed irresistibly toward the church. This discovery, moreover (and purely incidentally), corresponded roughly in time with the discovery that the physical sciences, instead of being, as it had commonly been supposed, materialistic and atheistic, were on the contrary mystical and pious.

Perhaps the criticism of literature should be a science, and perhaps science should be what it pretends that it is—positive knowledge of external phenomena arrived at by processes of experiment and of induction wholly uninfluenced by prejudice or desire. But it is evident enough that, at least in their more usual manifestations, neither is either. The conclusions of science are, on the contrary, commonly neither positive nor wholly uninfluenced by the temperamental prejudices of scientists; and criticism, which so frequently and so radically changes the premises which determine its aims, methods, and standards, does not achieve either an exactitude or a detachment equal even to those of science. But if criticism is not a science, then it must—if we accept the conventional dichotomy—be an art, and it is, indeed, just because of its artistic character that its premises are subject to such frequent variation. For art, it must be remembered, owes its charm to the fact that it is so freely plastic.

Man is surrounded by stubborn facts, even when he does not recognize some of them as such. The universe in which he lives is a universe given to him, and there is little that he can alter as radically or as frequently as he would like. But art is a realm of human freedom; it is perpetually being remolded in accordance with human desires, some of which are no more than temporary and wayward fancies; and the world of imagination is delightful exactly because it is so much less stubborn than the world of fact. Human society could not endure if the human nature of one epoch were actually as different from the human nature of the next as artists commonly represent it to be—if, for example, the men of the twentieth century were actually as different from the men of the nineteenth as the characters of D. H. Lawrence are different from the characters of Thackeray. Neither would literature be the continuous thing which it is if its whole character varied as rapidly and as radically as changing critical attitudes would seem to call desirable. But just as human society gains a kind of stability from the very physiological and instinctive bases of human behavior, so the continuity of literature is maintained by aims and methods and functions which remain the same despite certain variations and despite the emphasis upon these variations which critical theories provoke.

Nor is it this plasticity alone which suggests that criticism is an art, for the actual function which it performs is the function of all art, since it rationalizes and gives temporary form to our experiences with literature just as literature rationalizes and gives temporary form to our experiences with nature. What we ask of a novel, for example, is an arrangement of the facts we know in accordance with an intellectual and emotional scheme acceptable to our minds. We expect it to read some sort of order into the bewildering complexity of phenomena, to show how a sequence of events may be interpreted in a way which justifies our attitude toward life, and to find a place for those standards and judgments and preferences which we cherish. But criticism does for the world of art what art does for the world of phenomena. It sets up those same imaginary boundaries and establishes those same quasi-absolutes which literature finds itself obliged to hypostasize when it undertakes the task of providing us with a thinkable and feelable schematization of the material with which it deals. Nor is this all, for just as literature serves to suggest and direct experiments in living, so too criticism serves to suggest and direct experiments in writing. Like literature again, it helps to formulate those creeds which may be changed tomorrow but which, by the very fact that they are believed, give courage and strength and determination to the man who is writing a book as well as to the man who is molding a life.

Life and literature may flow on, and neither may be what it seems, but the phenomena of both can be understood only when art has translated them into logical terms. The critic—usually, at least—is only endeavoring to make art—which is to say, a logical whole—out of the separate phenomena of literature, just as the novelist or the poet is endeavoring to make art out of the separate phenomena of nature. Critics, like poets, differ among themselves because critics, like poets, are dealing with a realm which is not given to man but created by him—with a realm in which, and for this very reason, values are not so much discovered as brought into being by a fiat of the imagination.

Mr. Dodgson and Lewis Carroll

By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ON the fourth of July, 1862—a day that had no political significance for them whatever—a young man of thirty and three young ladies some twenty years his junior went rowing on the Isis River that flows through Oxford town. The afternoon, by the young man's own description, was "golden"; the young ladies, and particularly the middle one, whom, in his precise classical way, he called "Secunda," were, to judge by the many photographs he made of them, unusually beguiling; and he himself, having spent many years in the entertainment of his eight younger sisters, was already an accomplished story-teller. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the sun on the water got too hot and they stopped under the shade of a hayrick to rest, he should have provided royal fare for them. He told them a story. It was "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

The Reverend Mr. Dodgson had been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford the year before. He had already spent eleven years as undergraduate and lecturer at the university, and was destined to add another thirty-six years there before death cut short his Oxford residence. His life, in fact, was spent in an almost monastic retirement. He emerged, it is true, to attend the theater—although at times he underwent a struggle with his conscience when he did so; he was a frequent and gracious dinner host—until he arrived at middle life, when even this became too strenuous for him. But his only real diversion, the occupation, as far as his letters and his life reveal, from which he derived happiness, was the entertainment—and the highly successful entertainment—of little girls from five or six years old to perhaps fourteen. He loved them—dozens of them; and there is no question that they loved him. His pockets turned out treasures for them, puzzles, pictures, acrostics, riddles, rhymes, and his mind was stored with other treasures. He wrote them letters, he took them to the theater, he was host to them at dinner, he made photographs of them in every conceivable pose. When he was with them he was not the Reverend Mr. Dodgson at all. He was Lewis Carroll.

"Lewis Carroll" was first used as a pseudonym in 1856, signed to a saccharine little poem in a magazine called *Train*. But long before that the spirit of Lewis Carroll had been visible in the manuscript magazines that Charles Dodgson wrote for his young sisters at the rectory where they grew up. At twelve he wrote *Useful and Instructive Poetry*; two years later appeared the *Rectory Magazine*; and by 1849 he was writing the *Rectory Umbrella*, which had in it many of the germs of "Alice." The *Rectory Umbrella* was succeeded in its turn by *Misch-Masch*, which continued until 1862. It contained among other things a highly obscure bit of verse called "She's All My Fancy Painted Him," which is nothing more or less than an early and not very much altered version of the defense offered for his theft by the Knave of Hearts; and there appeared also a "Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry" which was none other than our old and dear friend "Jabberwocky" with substantially the same comments and glossary expansively bestowed on Alice by Humpty-Dumpty in "Through the Looking Glass." "Alice,"

therefore, did not like Athena spring full grown from her creator's brain that golden afternoon. She had been growing quite properly for many long years, and although the three Liddell girls were the first to see her in something like her present form, she had long possessed a certain corporate entity.

Before "Alice" was completely off the presses, Lewis Carroll was making himself felt again, this time vastly to the discomfiture of his elders and betters at the university which housed and should properly have subdued him. "Notes by an Oxford Chiel" are a series of pamphlets, not signed with the famous pseudonym but sometimes with the initials "D. L. C.," which plenty of persons found no trouble in recognizing as those of the young deacon. In 1865 appeared "The New Method of Evaluation as Applied to π ." This was not, as it might have seemed to be, a serious dissertation on a given aspect of mathematics, but a highly impertinent and equally amusing discourse on one of the matters that were then roiling the university, the question of how large a stipend it was fitting to bestow on Professor Benjamin Jowett, already more than a quarter of a century at Balliol, and one of the most famous masters of Oxford. It had been decided that £500 was a more suitable annual reward for Professor Jowett than the £40 he had been receiving; but the controversy had waged bitterly while it lasted, and young Mr. Dodgson's impertinent formula—"Let U = the university, G = Greek, and P = Professor. Then GP = Greek Professor; let this be reduced to its lowest terms and call the result J "—added nothing to the comfort of those who had suffered defeat. In the same year he wrote "The Dynamics of a Particle," which again was not what it seemed but a geometrical treatment of the contest between Gathorne Hardy and Gladstone for the university seat in the House of Commons. One of the "definitions" in this document gives its tone: "*Plain Superficiality* is the character of a speech in which any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points."

Perhaps the most joyful of the "Notes by an Oxford Chiel," however, was the famous "The New Belfry of Christ Church, Oxford," first published in 1872. A few months before, an architectural monstrosity had been erected as an adjunct to Christ Church, and no one criticized it more severely than the Reverend Mr. Dodgson. His dissertation is divided into thirteen chapters. Three of them follow:

No. 1. *On the etymological significance of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.*

The word "Belfry" is derived from the French *bel*, "beautiful, becoming, meet," and from the German *frei*, "free, unfettered, secure, safe." Thus, the word is strictly equivalent to "meat-safe," to which the new Belfry bears a resemblance so perfect as almost to amount to coincidence.

No. 4. *On the chief architectural merit of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.*

Its chief merit is its simplicity—a simplicity so pure, so profound, in a word, so *simple*, that no other word

will fitly describe it. The meager outline, and baldness of detail, of the present Chapter are adopted in humble imitation of this great feature.

No. 5. *On the other architectural merits of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.*

The Belfry has no other architectural merits.

In the course of a moderately long life—he died at the age of sixty-six—the Reverend Mr. Dodgson wrote or received 98,721 pieces of correspondence, manuscript, or printed matter, exclusive of books. This we know because he very carefully numbered them and filed them and cross-indexed them. And not a few of the thousands were letters to children. Here again is Lewis Carroll, unmistakably, although he rarely signed them. “I have been awfully busy, and I’ve had to write heaps of letters, wheelbarrows full, almost,” he wrote. “And it tires me so that generally I go to bed again the next minute after I get up: and sometimes I go to bed again a minute *before* I get up.” Or, “Though rushing, rapid rivers roar between us (if you refer to the map of England, I think you’ll find that to be correct), we still remember each other, and feel a sort of shivery affection for each other.” The following, dealing as it does with a remarkable tale in natural history, is perhaps worth quoting at some length.

... that reminds me of a very curious thing that happened to me at half-past four yesterday. Three visitors came knocking at my door, begging me to let them in. And when I opened the door, who do you think they were? You’ll never guess. Why, they were three cats! Wasn’t it curious? However, they all looked so cross and disagreeable that I took up the first thing I could lay my hand on (which happened to be the rolling-pin) and knocked them all down as flat as pancakes! “If you come knocking at *my* door,” I said, “I shall come knocking at *your* heads.” That was fair, wasn’t it?

Yours affectionately,

LEWIS CARROLL

MY DEAR AGNES: About the cats, you know. Of course I didn’t leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers: no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them the portfolio for a bed—they wouldn’t have been comfortable in a real bed, you know: they were too thin—but they were *quite* happy between the sheets of blotting-paper—and each of them had a pen-wiper for a pillow. Well, then I went to bed: but first I lent them the three dinner-bells, to ring if they wanted anything in the night... and as they rang *all* the bells *all* night, I suppose they did want something or other, only I was too sleepy to attend to them....

The Reverend Mr. Dodgson was the author of several books on mathematics. (At this point one may as well sadly declare that there is no truth in the old story about Mr. Dodgson and the Queen. The story went that Her Majesty, having been graciously pleased to read “Alice,” conveyed to the author that he might be honored by sending her another of his books. Whereupon he made her a present of “An Elementary Treatise on Determinants.” Mr. Dodgson categorically denied this in every detail.) Nevertheless, he did write a number of books on mathematics. But Lewis Carroll wrote “Symbolic Logic,” which, unlike the mathematical works, is taken seriously by logicians and is, indeed, an indispensable handbook of the subject. I say Lewis Carroll wrote it; he certainly put his name on the

title-page. And a very brief examination of the contents would assure the reader that he, and not Mr. Dodgson, was responsible for them. In how many books of logic, for example, would the following propositions appear?

No muffins are wholesome;

All buns are unwholesome.

Buns are not muffins.

Some pillows are soft;

No pokers are soft.

Some pokers are not pillows.

Some candles give very little light;

Candles are *meant* to give light.

Some things that are meant to give light give very little.

No fossil can be crossed in love;

An oyster may be crossed in love.

Oysters are not fossils.

As examples of “Trios of Concrete Propositions, proposed as Syllogisms: to be examined” these are, I believe, unexceptionable. But they have a slightly looking-glass tinge to them, as if the Red Queen might have invented them in one of her off moments. As indeed, in one way, she did.

So much for Lewis Carroll, the friend of children. He was, in some respects, not at all kin to the Reverend Mr. Dodgson. In other respects the kinship is not so distant as is ordinarily supposed. More than once the Canon of Oxford expressed his pain and his distaste for blasphemous or sacrilegious or in any way irreverent speech. This went sometimes to lengths that even his pious nephew and biographer was obliged to smile at. He went to a performance of “Pinafore” given by children, and of the famous “Damme, it’s too much,” of the Captain and the chorus he wrote:

I cannot find words to convey to the reader the pain I felt in seeing those dear children taught to utter such words to amuse ears grown callous to their ghastly meaning.... How Mr. Gilbert could have stooped to write, or Sir Arthur Sullivan could have prostituted his noble art to set to music, such vile trash, it passes my skill to understand.

This is prudery, of course; it is also pedantry of a sort that gave Lewis Carroll his lasting fame. If anything distinguishes “Alice” more than any other thing, it is plays on words. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Dodgson both had a passionate feeling for the precise, the exact, the inescapable meaning of one word as distinguished from every other word. When Mr. Dodgson heard “damn,” it meant to him eternal damnation in hell-fire, at which he, as a sincerely believing Christian, found ample cause to shudder. To hear children gaily consigning themselves and each other to perpetual torment was not, to him, amusing. This punctilious exactitude was at the bottom of much that was distasteful to him in the conversation of his friends.

It was a part of his nature, as was the fact that he found most of his joy in the society of little girls—never little boys—because they were full of “white innocence and uncontaminated spirituality.” It was a part of his nature, too, that he wished never to admit, to adults at least, that he was Lewis Carroll, that he would not receive letters so addressed to him at Oxford, and that he wrote, to a child

who asked him for an autograph of Sir John Tenniel: "Whatever made you think I knew Mr. Tenniel?" Psychoanalysts may busy themselves with the delightful task of explaining these things and of adding to them that the Reverend Mr. Dodgson stammered so badly that he could hardly read aloud in public. He is an interesting case for analysis. His life was evidently not a particularly happy one. He was tortured by self-doubt, by soul-searchings on the subject of his unworthiness, by "the unholy thoughts, which torture with their hateful presence the fancy that would fain be pure." When these difficulties have been resolved, to everybody's satisfaction—and who can deny that there will be a certain interest in having them resolved?—Lewis Carroll will remain, because Alice will remain, forever fixed and true.

She has been rendered into fourteen languages. Children may read her in French and German and Swedish and Italian and Spanish; they may listen to the Mock-Turtle's puns all over Europe—though one or two of them have been too much for the translators—and may trace the mouse's tail down the page from east to west as well as from north to south. Little Chinese children, indeed, begin at the right-hand bottom of the page and follow it to the upper left, and very strange it looks. One hundred and sixty-nine English editions have appeared since the first one; I do not know how many thousands, perhaps millions, of copies have been read, and dog-eared, and wept and laughed over, and thrown away. For many years more than the hundred that have passed since Charles Lutwidge Dodgson's birth in January, 1832, Alice will be a nursery and fireside companion to children and their elders. That afternoon of leisurely rowing on the upper Thames has borne abundant fruit.

Rich Return

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

To give up hope, and find

Nothing cankered, nothing crossed;
All we feared wind-lashed and lost,
Anchored

Deep in earth's unwavering mind—

To see the broken mold

Winter-rotted, cracked with thaws,
Sky-clean with hepaticas,
Unspotted,

Unforgotten, manifold—

To feel the rich return,

Rising pressure of the ground
In the blood till there's no bound
Or measure

To an hour's immense concern—

This is the lover's trust:

His renewal, God's repair;
To find, with havoc everywhere,
Nothing cruel,

Nothing cankered, nothing lost.

The Steam-heated Room

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

The morning was itself not quite awake
that rose into the room and dressed itself
up in its customary shapes and shadows.

A darkness that lay warm inside my eyes
refused again to face the filling light
that saw it and dissolved it through the lids.
Then as I rose a soundless shattering
quivered the room and tapped the ceiling.

And every further motion of my getting up
contended with a weight I did not see,
the weight of warmth that droops the heads of nerves.
I thought, what can it be? The steam valve answered,
there, like a legless cricket chirping
news of the sealed-in-iron summer.

The mechanical tropic in my room,
so signaled, pushed, as from an upturned sun,
blunted like warm lead and turned as dull,
up heavy heat. The new waves drove the old
that pressed upon the walls and harder on
my feebler wall of skin that held together
so much that seemed to want to come apart.

It is a little thing to do to raise the window
yet strangely hard. The nerves so lax to rouse
need time to wake the muscles.
The body has not finished with
its slow assembling of familiarity.

I thought of men in snow who feel in drifts
for faggots, or dead branches breaking
and splintering off the frost, make fire
that has a hopeless pallor against snow
which as it melts retreats, as into armor, into ice.

It looked ironical that I should have
this opposite numbness, and should be
at so much pain, in winter, to fetch a little cold.
I raised the window, shivered as I took
the breeze upon my cheek which warped, as cold skin
warps with heat. The steam took on a sudden shimmer
watering in new air.

I felt the need of putting something in my mind
to serve as gapemate to my sense of this,
or as the sort of shadow we make out
growing to a stranger when we know
enough to say about him, "he is who—."

This is the thought that has contented me,
being a city man who loves a big one, not
the town that barely leaves off being country:

The hardships of our comforts are our tests.
The city builds a kind of strength in man

to cope with too much warmth and too much ease;
 a courage in him to be free in crowds;
 a wisdom to know more than neighborhood,
 a tolerance that leaves to newspapers
 the reading of glass houses and the stones.

A city man will shy off from a calf;
 ■ countryman smells into hell in subways.

Books

Statesman a la Mode

Crowded Years. By William G. McAdoo. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

LET no one pick up this book with the expectation that it will contain important historical revelations, new light upon the making of Wilson and his Administration, or some startling inner history of the war. It is in its essence, like the man who wrote it in collaboration with William E. Woodward, at times frank, often engaging and very naive. It reads as if it had been dictated to a reporter, for the conversational style holds throughout. The "I's" "flash by like telegraph poles from a railroad train." "I shall not give a complete digest"; "I shall not weary you with going too much into details," and so on. But here is the very McAdoo who came to New York from Tennessee with a bride and no money, who sold bonds and then practiced law; who conceived the idea of tunneling under the Hudson; and who, upon the strength of his personality, his face with its strong suggestion of Lincoln, and his skill in selling himself and his scheme, carried the idea through to completion. Into the offices of the financial mighty he found his way; to the elder J. P. Morgan himself, to Elbert Gary, and all the rest. Miraculously they not only gave him money; they permitted him to head his company, so that with the aid of great engineering he carried his plan through to success.

Then came the Wilson opportunity. William F. McCombs, an unknown and temperamentally unhappy graduate of Princeton, conceived the idea of booming Wilson for the Presidency, as did George Harvey. McAdoo voluntarily enlisted in the cause and found his great chance. His native shrewdness, his knowledge of men, an ability to play conventional politics while championing ■ high idealism, a complete faith in democracy which called for the freeing of the electorate from the very plutocracy that had backed him and his tunnel—all these combined to make him indispensable to the candidate. His conflict with McCombs and McCombs's shortcomings and intense jealousies; how nearly McCombs wrecked Wilson during the Baltimore convention by advising surrender; how McAdoo stood alone on the burning deck; and how McCombs raged jealously during and after the campaign—all this is set forth here, without bitterness or rancor, in reply to McCombs's own story. Naturally, McCombs, who essayed a role far beyond his powers and his physical strength, was enraged when McAdoo got ■ Cabinet job while he was asked to content himself with the ambassadorship to France, just as George Harvey raged because he could not win the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James—these discoverers of Woodrow Wilson early selected their jobs themselves, and many of them were quite shameless in letting it be known.

Mr. McAdoo insists that he assured Wilson at the outset that he labored for him with no thought of office; but, as would ninety-nine men out of a hundred, he accepted a Cabinet post

with alacrity. With no financial experience whatever, he was put into the Treasury in true American style, and there he made good. When the war came he took on office after office until he held six vital ones—an unequaled achievement in our history. He does not deny that he did extremely well in all of them, and furnishes much striking proof thereof, notably as to the railroad administration. The Administration of which he was a part also did extremely well. It accomplished "more than all the Administrations of the previous fifty years put together"! But here many specifications are clearly omitted; the volume was doubtless not large enough. He does speak in detail of his own part in putting through the Federal Reserve Act, without, to his credit be it said, claiming to be the author thereof. In delightful, gentle self-satisfaction he shows in page after page how Glass, Vanderlip, Warburg, and all the Wall Street men were at times or always wrong, and he always right. He even boasts of his Machiavellian strategy in pretending to advocate—and swearing he meant it—the precise opposite of what he desired, as in the matter of his fake proposal of a Treasury bureau bank, in order to frighten or maneuver his Congressional and Wall Street adversaries into the position he wished them to take. That there might be some question regarding the ethical propriety of such acts never enters his head. It was merely clever maneuvering—a series of happy triumphs over his enemies.

As for his naivete, his courtship of Mr. Wilson's daughter is described in these unblushing words:

It was not long before I discovered that my interest in her was more than platonic. Being twice her age, I resolved that I could never tell her about it; it didn't seem quite fair to her, in the first place, and again, I was not vain enough to believe that she could ever consider me in any other light than that of a friend. . . . Miss Eleanor and I danced together frequently. At such times, with the rosy unfolding of waltz music in the air, stern resolves against self-revelation are likely to dissolve in a mist. I made up my mind to propose to her. I did not know when I would make my confession; I awaited a favorable moment. It is rather curious about proposals. . . . One evening she remarked that she was leaving in a few days to spend Christmas at Pass Christian, on the Gulf coast. That was December of 1913. I knew that I should not see her again for several weeks; it seemed a long time. So there, sitting on a park bench in the evening twilight, I made my confession.

What a bucolic scene—and what bucolic taste!

But this is only one instance. He is profoundly pleased that after their first baby came and it was suspended in ■ metallic crib outside of a window for its daily naps, the sight-seeing autos stopped regularly to point out the "granddaughter of the President." And with regard to the wily Arthur James Balfour, who came to Washington in April, 1917, as the head of the British War Mission, and to mislead Messrs. McAdoo and Wilson by his failure to tell them of the secret agreements among the Allies (Wilson's alleged ignorance of which helped on his undoing in Paris), our genial autobiographer exclaims: "I found in him a delightful gentleman with an unmistakable air of breeding and culture. *If I had not known his antecedents, I should never have taken him for a man of affairs.* The mark of the university was all over him." What a fortunate thing it is that Mr. Balfour is not alive to read this. That great philosopher and sly politician would probably take it out on our American people once more in order to achieve revenge. At any rate, it is a historic fact that Mr. McAdoo survived his disappointment that Balfour was neither an Elbert Gary nor a Charlie Schwab.

But if Mr. McAdoo is at times as childlike as he is bland, he can also show his teeth, as in his references to Mr. Hoover. The present President's chief distinction in the war—distributing free food to the Belgians—was, says McAdoo, "easily

won, I fancy, as I judge from long observation that the job of giving away things requires very little wear and tear on one's ability." The next time Mr. Hoover appears it is because he "greatly alarmed" the country by "dire prophecies" of a food shortage, for which he blamed Mr. McAdoo's railroads—a falsehood, because the railroad administration (i.e., McAdoo) "had the matter well in hand and the problem was being solved rapidly." McAdoo is quite sure Hoover's statement gave much aid and comfort to the Germans. McAdoo countered, and Mr. Hoover appeared at McAdoo's office with his counsel, Mr. Glasgow, to be told that he must not air his complaints in the press but go to the proper authorities. Says Mr. McAdoo:

Mr. Glasgow said, while Mr. Hoover made a minute examination of the floor, that Mr. Hoover would do that in future. Mr. Glasgow finished his say. Mr. Hoover completed his inspection of the floor and they took their departure. . . .

Glasgow did all the talking, Hoover sat with downcast eyes, like a diffident schoolboy. Beyond the greeting when he came in and his goodbye, I do not recall that he had anything to say. Glasgow told me, on Hoover's behalf . . . that Mr. Hoover regretted his statement.

One of the most interesting chapters of this most readable book is the son-in-law's tribute to his father-in-law. In it the old enthusiasm survives:

We have here the intellectual aristocrat who speaks from the high tower of intelligence; whose words are vivid with the essence of the world's culture, whose ideas are neat and clear and precise.

Woodrow Wilson was a great man in the true sense. He possessed vision and creative power, the two primary qualities of a great mind. He looked over the heads of other men, above the confusion of contemporary events, to distant horizons. There was no trace of intellectual squalor in his life; none of his ideas came from the slums and back alleys of thought; he had an innate capacity for lifting all his mental processes to a lofty plane.

I violate no confidence when I say that, although there were frequent times when Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Wilson disagreed, Mr. Wilson entirely agreed with his son-in-law in this estimate of himself.

When it comes to the war itself Mr. McAdoo has nothing but the old threadbare reasons for our participation. Why did we have to pull the chestnuts out of the fire with such moral and financial disaster to ourselves when Wilson had declared that there must be "no victors and no vanquished"?

Because it was not possible to avoid war with honor. . . . To have stayed out after the insults that had been slapped into our faces for more than two years would have made the word American a synonym for coward in every quarter of the world. . . . The United States would have become a universal target of contempt.

What a pity that Mr. McAdoo has not been abroad since the war to find out what our Allies, and the rest of the world, have thought of us, the contempt in which they hold and held us! But the champion statement of all is the following:

Even when war with Germany became inevitable, the President did not take the final step until the whole country was behind him. He did not want to lead an unwilling people into the most terrible war in the history of mankind, and much of the hesitation with which he has been so harshly accused was the result of that attitude.

There is only one word to be applied to this: it is a deliberate and crass falsehood. And no one knows this better than Mr. McAdoo. Why, if this was true, was it necessary to send thousands of Americans to jail; to browbeat and bludgeon hundreds of thousands of others into subscribing to the Liberty Loans at the behest of Mr. McAdoo's strong-arm

bond salesmen? Someone ought to get this child statesman to read the record of what happened in the great Scandinavian sections of the country which were so united in their opposition to war. Someone ought to tell him about what the feeling was in certain sections of his own beloved Southland. He should talk to the leaders of our 12,000,000 Negroes. Someone ought to ask him why his secret service was swelled into thousands upon thousands of men and the country filled with spies, military and civil, if the country was all for the war. Someone should ask him why the New York police broke up meeting after meeting of Irishmen. And what about the State Councils of Defense whose first duty it was to deal with the seditious, the disaffected, the dissenters? But what's the use? No man could pen such a misrepresentation and honestly expect it to be swallowed by even the most gullible. It is enough to render dubious every statement in the book. Certainly, had it been true it would not have been necessary for Mr. McAdoo to let loose a veritable flood of Liberty Loan orators, cajoling, wheedling, lamenting, threatening, browbeating, and all the time describing the Germans as "worse than snakes" and then apologizing to the snakes for having compared them to such fiendish creatures in human form. Mr. McAdoo may have forgotten these speeches; there are a good many thousands of his fellow-countrymen who have not.

Naturally after such a statement it is idle to expect any realization in this book of what the war did to America. Of course Mr. McAdoo is opposed to our remitting the Allied debts and paying off all his Liberty Loans ourselves—he wants to take the West Indies in exchange for them. He tells us nothing about our having saved democracy—for the Bolsheviks and Mussolini. He has failed to tell us how gloriously our participation in the war to end war has ended war for all time. He marvels at the terrible Administrations which followed that of his father-in-law, but this child statesman shows no understanding that Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, the black reaction we have lived through since the war, the enthronement in Washington of the very masters of capital and privilege whom he and Wilson sought to fight are all the direct result of our going to war to save our "honor." And so also in large degree is the depression in which we live.

Oh, yes, there is one interesting reference to the present grave situation which is also the true measure of Mr. McAdoo's statesmanship:

Among other things of primary import, it is the business of political science to consider the deeply rooted defect of our civilization which makes a part of our people extravagantly rich and another part of them desperately poor; and which causes cycles of economic depression with their evil accompaniment of widespread unemployment and distress. We must find out the exact causes of poverty, not as politicians but as scientists of humanity, and then we must set about devising remedies.

We must try to discover why there are so many unhappy people in a country that is so rich in material wealth.

These are fundamental problems. They go deeper than the income tax, or the tariff, or the building of battleships. The politics of the future will have to deal with them, not in a spirit of partisanship, but with the fair-minded attitude of the scientist.

Thus does he realize the gravity of the world crisis; thus does he understand the grave plight of the capitalistic system, in the collapse of which he was one of the chief agents! This is the original contribution in this grave hour of one who is still talked of as a fitting candidate for the Presidency.

Yes, this is, as I have said, an entertaining book, full of romance, full of drama, the story of the typical rise of the poor but honest American boy to the seats of the mighty. Doubtless it will please, and perhaps inspire, many—but not those whose minds are mature, who are capable of reasoning deeply.

For them it will be a melancholy record. It remains a striking example of how men may rise to the highest place, not because of long and arduous intellectual service in behalf of their country, not because of long training in finance or administrative office or statesmanship, but because they at the right moment adopt another man's ambition and cleverly direct it to its goal—and then help to mismanage and betray the country which has honored them.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Men of Property

Maid in Waiting. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

FROM a respectful perusal of Mr. Galsworthy's latest book, the reader learns that

1. When a young man is in trouble, you should help him by finding him "the perfect girl."

2. The course of true love never did run smooth.

3. Beneath the oddity of his accent (made odder still by Mr. Galsworthy's peculiar slang *trouvailles*), the most blusteringly energetic American conceals a heart of gold.

4. The Very Best Families, less wealthy than in the good old days, have to endure some inconvenience in a sadly democratized England.

5. Nevertheless, old England is fundamentally sound because its fine old generals and fine old admirals and fine old statesmen are fine and old.

6. It is distressing to see animals killed for sport and equally distressing (not to say puzzling) to see so many poor persons starving in the streets of London.

From a comfortable armchair in his Surrey garden Mr. Rudyard Kipling has, for two decades, been gazing at the history of his time in pop-eyed and shocked bewilderment. Mr. Galsworthy now takes the White Man's Burden from Mr. Kipling's shoulders and ballyhoos (with dignity) the fine old ruling class which, after two hundred years of that arduous labor involved in properly regulating the flow of working-class blood, has finally brought England to its present position of economic and political eminence. Mr. Galsworthy's manly voice (slightly touched with mellow emotion) rings out:

All over the British Empire men made more or less in this image were doing the work and playing the games of the British World. The sun never set on the type; history had looked on it and decided that it would survive. Satire darted at its joints and rebounded from an unseen armor.

It would be interesting to hear what Mr. Gandhi—not to speak of any Lancashire mill-worker—would have to say to this fine old utterance.

But in applauding the sentiments, we must not forget the plot of "Maid in Waiting." Hubert Cherrell, an officer and a gentleman—one of those splendid young English heroes whose manly qualities are apparently identical with a complete incapacity for lingual expression—has, in self-defense, murdered a Bolivian muleteer in the course of a journey of exploration. His story is not believed; and it remains for his sister, Dinny, to clear the family name of dark dishonor. Mr. Galsworthy is under the impression that she accomplishes the job by turning on her typically English charm (synonymous, it would seem, with thoroughgoing innocence before the spectacle of life); but even the gentlest of readers is more apt to view her success in terms of the *esprit de corps* of the propertied classes. Having picked the right ancestors, Dinny is able to ring the right doorbells. Young Hubert's honor, after as ingenious a series of obstacles as Mr. Sabatini ever thought of, is finally vindicated;

and the spirit of old England pulls through, gentlemen, as it always does and, please God, always will.

Galsworthy piddles while England burns. The author of one of the most interesting social novels of the century polishes the buttons on the tunics of senile generals while his country passes through the preliminary agonies of a gigantic class upheaval. Is it possible that the decay of Galsworthy's own property-owning class has so befuddled his brain that all his shrewdness, all his seriousness have departed from him? Is this smooth husk of barren words, which had a successful serial career in the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the work of the author of "The Forsyte Saga"? Has this dignified and decent-minded man fallen so fatally in love with his own popularity that he must perforce indite saccharine fairy tales for marshmallow-minds? Or, as one would like to suspect, is "Maid in Waiting" just one huge typographical error?

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Emma Goldman

Living My Life. By Emma Goldman. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. \$7.50.

Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!
For who would live so petty and unblest
That dare not tilt at something ere he die,
Rather than, screened by safe majority,
Preserve his little life to little ends,
And never raise a rebel battle-cry!

Ah! for the weapon wistful and sublime,
Whose lifted point recks naught of woe or weal,
Since fate demands it shivered every time!
When in the wildness of our charge we reel
Men laugh indeed—the sweeter heavens smile,
For all the world of fat prosperity
Has not the value of that broken steel!

THESE stanzas, though by no more revolutionary a writer than John Galsworthy, might have served Emma Goldman as a battle song, for they express almost perfectly the inner value and the outer futility of her lifelong rebellion. Her autobiography expands this theme into two long volumes, richly alive and possessing that special quality of power that comes from unrestraint. If the story is a record of many defeats, it is at least a brave achievement in its own right. The author manages at the same time to order events and to loose the whole flood of her emotion. One recalls the dismal chaos of adventure and confession that usually results from such copious exposure. But Emma Goldman's nature is a large one: her emotions are terrific and her mind surprisingly orderly. The result of these forces, working for once in easy unison, is a fine piece of writing, unnecessarily full and detailed but always absorbing.

The story of her life is almost too voluminous to summarize. It reaches over sixty-two full years and describes her active participation in the turmoil of the revolutionary movement during more than forty of them. Emma Goldman herself marks her real "birth" by the date of the Haymarket hangings in 1887, for it was that tragic event which woke the passion of revolt that has flamed through all the years. Since then she has written and lectured, published a magazine, led strikes, fought the police, endured the third degree, addressed mass-meetings, been in and out of jail. She helped Alexander Berkman in the preparations for his attempt on the life of Frick during the Homestead lockout; and for years afterward she fought for Berkman's release from prison. She defended the boy who shot McKinley and was accused of instigating his act. She

UPTON SINCLAIR'S

greatest novel

—praised, denounced, defended
—but all in superlatives!

THE WET PARADE

W. E. Woodward: A great prohibition novel has appeared; portraying with reality and vividness the destructive anti-social effects of liquor in a complex civilization.

H. L. Mencken: Such stuff moves me and I like a lot of it.

Philadelphia Record: The novel will hold the reader spellbound and absorbed from the first to the last of its four hundred odd pages.

Robert Herrick, in the *New Republic*: Mr. Sinclair has neglected no angle, no aspect, no detail of this grotesque squabble; political, religious, social; bootlegger, boozier, politician, officer; alcoholic art, literature, theatre, press.

The Outlook: Mr. Sinclair has never written a greater novel than this; and it is the greatest of any sort that has thus far appeared on prohibition.

Horace Liveright: Apart from my convictions regarding prohibition I consider it a magnificent, highly interesting and thrilling novel, indicting the farcial yet tragic enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment as nothing else yet has done.

Kathleen Norris: Magnificent. Not in ten years have I read a novel so strong—so daring—and with so much thrill and humor and human weakness and strength on every page. He has painted the American scene as no other writer of our generation could.

New York Herald Tribune: A hammering, sneering, indignant, Upton Sinclair novel.

The Christian Science Monitor: Not for wet "intellectuals," but rather for the great mass whose eyes will be opened by it to the falsity of their insidious propaganda.

\$2.50 wherever books are sold

by Robert Cantwell

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN

An unusual—and important—first novel about our disturbing youngest generation.

"Cantwell can write rings about most novelists in the experimental field. The reader interested in the most intense and eloquent expression of the modern mood is confidently referred to him."—*William Soskin, N. Y. Eve. Post.* One of the best and most unusual first novels of the year."—*N. Y. Times.*
\$2.00

by Margaret Sanger

MY FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL

The thrilling story of a struggle with organized bigotry and intolerance.

"For those of little faith in human endeavor, and for those of deep belief, it is a heartening record. It tells how this woman with a message for our times, but without wealth, or influence, or greater learning, or notable powers, has succeeded in making herself heard."—*Beulah Amidon in The New Republic.*
Illustrated, \$3.00

FARRAR & RINEHART

--:

9 East 41st Street, New York

has lectured on the drama and argued for birth control. She opposed the war and the draft and the repressions that followed them. She worked for the release of Mooney and Billings. She was deported to Russia—without doubt illegally—and there she plunged into the post-revolutionary struggle. Outraged by the ruthless repression and centralized control of the Bolshevik Government, she left Russia, and since then has bitterly attacked Soviet methods.

Through all this Emma Goldman has led a vivid personal life; she is no ascetic devotee. She has loved many men, hated a good many more, and has established friendships that seem to have outlasted the more intense relations. Her range of acquaintance is impressively varied, outside as well as within the revolutionary army: writers and politicians, actors and ministers and prostitutes crowd the pages of the book.

But her personal affairs and emotions should in no way be segregated from her more public ones. Emma Goldman displays a complete incapacity for, or disinterest in, the usual sorts of differentiation. The emotion that drove her was a single force, whether it was directed against the might of the government of Russia or toward the fulfilment of personal passion. The excitement of a mass-meeting was akin to the thrill of an embrace. A few sentences occurring early in her book will illustrate this quality:

Then Most ascended the platform, and everything else seemed blotted out. I was caught in the storm of his eloquence, tossed about, my very soul contracting and expanding in the rise and fall of his voice. It was no longer a speech, it was thunder interspersed by flashes of lightning. . . . The meeting was at an end. Sasha and I filed out with the rest. I could not speak: we walked on in silence. When we reached the house where I lived, my whole body began to shake as in a fever. An overpowering yearning possessed me, an unutterable desire to give myself to Sasha, to find relief in his arms from the fearful tension of the evening.

Similarly, Emma Goldman's response to the misery of mankind at large was as strong and personal as her sympathy for a suffering friend. Her collective emotions moved her as only private feelings move most of us. And she talks of all her passions with impartial frankness—a frankness surpassingly simple and pure, even childlike.

Herein lies her undeniable power. Her emotion is both intense and universal, her expression of it—in words and actions—unrestrained, her courage completely instinctive. She is contemptuous of any intellectualizing that stands in the way of faith and action. Always she feels first and thinks later—and less. I realize that I am describing here a process common to the rest of the human breed, but a difference is created by the range and strength of Emma Goldman's capacity for emotion, which render insignificant by comparison the "wishful thinking" of most of us.

How attractive and how terrifying is this unabashed acceptance of feeling as the test of action! The primitive passions are justified, even harnessed to high and impersonal aims; the laborious processes of analysis are made to appear sterile; realism becomes something rather anemic and cynical. Life itself is lent color and warmth and meaning. We may reject such satisfactions as immature, but some part of our being remains envious, feels itself "petty and unblest"—and unfulfilled. No wonder the authorities, whether in Soviet Russia or the United States, consider Emma Goldman a menace. Such consecration and abandon are permissible only when they are on the "right" side, and they are seldom to be found on the right side for they ally themselves naturally with rebellion. They become of value only when wars are to be fought, religions founded, or revolutions made, and then only for a brief while. Emma Goldman was created to ride whirlwinds.

But the value of such emotion to the individual seldom

fails. A person like Emma Goldman needs, I feel sure, few external rewards. She thrives not on success but on opportunities for expression, and her vitality is renewed from springs of feeling that never go dry for reasons of outward circumstance. Her publishers advertise her book as a record of defeat. So it is if one is to judge it in terms of objective results. But as a study in subjective achievement what a personal triumph these volumes reveal!

FREDA KIRCHWEY

A Mississippi Dreiser

The Cabin in the Cotton. By Harry Harrison Kroll. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$2.

THIS novel has great defects, but its very faults give it not a little of its interest; they are indeed deeply involved with the author's chief virtue, which is a passionate absorption in his subject matter. Mr. Kroll undoubtedly has the first requisite of literary talent—the capacity to see the essential features of his material, and to concentrate on them. The story is confined to the life of a Mississippi cotton plantation, an economic and social organization which is the last remnant of feudalism in this country. The conflict of viewpoint that makes the story is the strife between the planter and his poor-white tenants, and Mr. Kroll, with the true instinct for drama, puts these warring attitudes in one person, his hero, who is a poor white educated out of his class by the beneficence of the planter. Thus Danny Morgan is divided between loyalty to his "own folks" and gratitude to his employer. Now, the planter—in this respect doubtless typical of his feudal class—pads the accounts of his tenants, so that they never "pay out"; in retaliation the tenants burn the plantation store and the gin house. Morgan is privy to the rascality of both parties: which side shall he choose? His desire for self-advancement (he passionately wishes to be "like" the planter folk) urges him to betray his kin; his better instincts tell him that true character is the best ambition. After partial betrayals of both loyalties (which Mr. Kroll motivates and builds up with considerable power) he finally, in a melodramatic scene at the end, repudiates the planter and becomes a sentimental hero.

The trouble with the plot is this: there is constant vacillation between a sociological, or pseudo-economic, thesis and a pure interest in the characters. It is dramatically most effective to limit the scene to the plantation, a complete world confining the destinies of a hundred lives: to Morgan there could be nothing higher or more powerful than the planter, nothing more abused and debased than the tenant. But as a social thesis, which is the chief impulse of the book, it is curiously false: the planter exploits the tenant, but the whole agricultural system is exploited by big business. Doubtless the planter, in this situation, should be noble, and refuse, even if ends cannot be met, to exploit the tenant in return; but he is not noble, he is human. To make the economic thesis of the book credible, Mr. Kroll would have been compelled to analyze the whole economic system of the country—which his dramatic instinct, or perhaps a kind of saving ignorance, would not let him do. But, as it is, his chief character does not wrestle with fate; he wrestles with an incomplete economics.

Danny Morgan is thus an abstraction. The only characters who come to life are three or four poor whites, incidental characters who are not involved in the oversimplified terms of the thesis; these are rich in conception, and show a thwarted power in Mr. Kroll for disinterested contemplation of people. The planter, feared and hated by his tenants, is not feared enough; he is only abstract injustice. Mr. Kroll has little insight into the complex forces that have made the Mississippi planter. For the same reason he misses the true vulgarity of the planter's

daughter in the vulgarity of his hero's perceptions of her: the mind of the planter class is a great mystery that the hero thinks he can fathom with motor cars and fine clothes. The fuddled hero and the magnificent rich—shades of Mr. Dreiser; and I think it is remarkable that a writer with much of Dreiser's power, and some of his conscientious vulgarity, should have come out of a Mississippi plantation. ALLEN TATE

The Battle of Determinism

The Universe in the Light of Modern Physics. By Max Planck. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

IN this little book, the translation of an address delivered at the University of Leyden in 1929, the originator of the quantum theory attempts to piece together an intelligible and unified world picture after the revolutionary upheavals of the new physics. To the outsider it comes with a shock to be told that relativity is not part of the revolutionary upheavals, but belongs rather to the system of "classical" physics. The real upheavals, as Professor Planck points out, came as a result of the development of the quantum theory, that puzzling conception which introduced a living contradiction into physics by giving radiant energy at one and the same time both corpuscular and wavelike properties. To cap the climax, it was revealed in this connection that electronic processes—the basic processes of the physical world—could not be traced continuously from moment to moment and point to point, and that no laws of their behavior could be formulated except those of a statistical kind, dealing with group averages rather than with individuals.

The public is aware of how Eddington has utilized these facts to generate a skepticism of science and a reinstatement of free will and traditional religion. There is no determination governing the physical world, and the boasted laws of the scientist are nothing but statistical averages of processes that are themselves undetermined and free! In this book Professor Planck takes the other tack. He makes a deterministic profession of faith, and tries to show that the facts of the quantum theory, properly interpreted, have not upset the belief in cause and effect.

In the formulation of electronic processes two equivalent mathematical methods are now available. One of these is the method of matrix mechanics, which, without making any physical suppositions about non-observable magnitudes, gives a statistical account of electronic interaction. The other is the method of wave mechanics, which developed around the great discovery of De Broglie that a material particle possesses an associated wave relationship. This scheme, besides straightening out the original contradiction of the quantum theory by showing that not only radiation but matter itself has the dual properties of corpuscularity and wave structure, offers an explanation of electronic processes that is far less disturbing, even though its practical results are the same as those of the other method. The matrix method puts the scientist face to face with ultimate entities that seem to have an arbitrary will of their own, and the fact that these entities obey a statistical regularity appears to him rather specious—a calm surface over an underlying chaos. On the other hand, from the wave approach the behavior of the electrons is something that grows out of an organic interconnection of nature, although for various technical reasons the scientist can give only a statistical description of that behavior.

Planck stresses the wave theory as a support for determinism exactly as Eddington stresses the matrix conception as a support for indeterminism; and it may be said that, between the dogmatic profession of determinism on the one hand and the dogmatic profession of indeterminism on the other, the real

One of the Most Important Works of Our Time

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW

Vol. I. From Secretary of State to Imperial Chancellor, 1897-1903.

Vol. II. From the Morocco Crisis to Resignation, 1903-1909.

Startling revelations of European diplomacy from behind the scenes which the *New York Times* calls "The most sensational and entertaining of all post-bellum diplomatic reminiscences." Two volumes, illustrated, in box, \$10.00. Separately, \$5.00 each.

THE EPIC OF AMERICA

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

The author of "The Adams Family" has here written the story of the American people—a brilliant panorama of American life from Columbus to Hoover. An Atlantic Book. 17 woodcuts. 75th thousand. \$3.75

SOVIET RUSSIA

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Revised and enlarged edition. Published in 1930, the *New York Times* called it "Beyond question the best account of the Bolshevist régime." It is regarded everywhere as the most substantial and just estimate of the Soviet State. An Atlantic Book. 16 illustrations. \$3.50

GIFTS OF LIFE

By EMIL LUDWIG

Dr. Ludwig at fifty has written an autobiography which is witty, naïve, gay and frank, and packed with pen portraits of the great and near-great. 16 illustrations. \$4.00

SHAKESPEARE vs. SHALLOW

By LESLIE HOTSON

A centuries-buried chapter in Shakespeare's life is here revealed by a distinguished scholar. "The most important single discovery in Shakespeariana."—*New York Times*. An Atlantic Book. 9 illustrations. \$4.00

FINCH'S FORTUNE

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

This third volume in the "Jalna" saga is, to quote *Hugh Walpole*, "entirely enthralling to those unfamiliar with the earlier stories, and shows Miss De la Roche at her very best." An Atlantic Novel. 50th thousand. \$2.50

HUNTING SHIRT

By MARY JOHNSTON

A beautiful romance of early America telling of a quest and of a conflict between an Indian, the true American, and Hunting Shirt, American to be. \$2.00

These books are for sale at all booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. Boston

philosophic significance of the quantum theory is in danger of being lost. For a long time philosophers have been criticizing the scientific conception of causality or determinism, not with the idea of discrediting science, but rather to show that scientific causality is in the nature of a formal scheme, supported by reality but not an ultimate translation of reality. In other words, they were interested in showing not that reality is without connection, but rather that the particular type of connection we are looking for in natural science is only a partial aspect of the ultimate interconnectedness of things; and that as such it legitimately leaves room for the approach of ethical idealism in human relations, and incidentally for the growth of science itself, which would be paralyzed if reality were identified with a particular scientific system. The philosophers' criticisms fell on deaf ears, largely because the scientist in his professional work was occupied with framing perfect mechanical systems and never realized that these systems, like ready-made doors, were fitted to reality by the use of certain arbitrary constants, screws and hinges so to speak, which marked the junction between hard fact and human theory. As it happens, through the shifting of the scientific context the physicist has now become professionally more aware of the formal character of his scientific constructions. Thus, when he has to deal more and more with statistical formulations he realizes that he is working obviously with aspects of things rather than with their ultimate nature. But this is no reason for distrusting statistical knowledge, which is no more and no less formal than the so-called causal knowledge, whose formal character was simply disguised.

In short, there is no reason to despair of science, as Eddington does, and rush to theology. Nor should it be necessary to revive the faith in science by postulating beyond the realm of observation a metaphysical determinism whose contradictory character was revealed long ago. Instead of vain repining and equally vain consolation, scientists should rather adopt the joyful spirit of Spinoza, who rejoiced at the discovery of his own errors because they enabled him to climb ever higher on the road to wisdom.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A Neo-Romantic Poet

Panama, or the Adventures of My Seven Uncles. By Blaise Cendrars. Translated from the French and Illustrated by John Dos Passos. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

JOHN DOS PASSOS has made a felicitous translation of a group of poems by Blaise Cendrars, at least one of which, the long *Prosody of the Transsiberian*, has been a famous example of modern poetry for almost a generation. Dos Passos has much in common with Cendrars; he has the same vibrant revolutionary spirit, the same overwhelming interest in the actual world with all its characteristic sores, the same love of travel, the same effect of speed in writing combined with indifference to musical perfection. Nevertheless, the appearance of Cendrars's poems in English tempts one to reconsider the whole twentieth-century school of poets with which the versatile Swiss Parisian is identified.

Cendrars is one of a number of writers and painters who used to gather about Guillaume Apollinaire in Paris and who absorbed much of that fertile man's instructions as well as his gift for pleasantries. Through Apollinaire, toward 1910, the cubist movement in painting grew articulate; in the reviews he founded, Blaise Cendrars, André Salmon, Max Jacob, and many others were launched or relaunched upon the public. Later the dadaists, or super-realists, such as Philippe Soupault and Louis Aragon, blossomed under Apollinaire's friendly offices. Even certain (recently deceased) Russian poets, such as Yessenine and Maiakovsky, hark back to the same source;

while younger American poets have not escaped the influence of this school, received either at first or second hand. These various writers, though differing in personal accent and style, do exhibit a perceptibly common point of view upon the affairs of the twentieth century, and as a group oppose themselves to the literature of the neo-Catholics, or neo-classicists, whose philosophies, according to the foreword by Dos Passos, "are vaguely favorable to fascism, pederasty, and the snob-mysticism of dying religion."

Cendrars, who certainly shares some of Apollinaire's honors as a forerunner, reflects both the more adventurous artistic qualities and the weaknesses of his school. Broadly speaking, his poetry is "neo-romantic" in its feeling; and we perceive this best when we compare him to Valéry or the later T. S. Eliot. Like Apollinaire he found himself at odds with the mechanized and rather brutal society of the early twentieth century. He set about expressing his contempt, not too solemnly, and praying for the downfall of this society. (Later the dadaists would be hatching fantastic conspiracies to "demoralize all the bourgeois" through a propaganda of anarchy.) But Cendrars and Apollinaire before the World War, both feeling themselves outside society, had instinctively embraced a Bohemian tradition; Bohemianism seems to keep art alive in capitalist democracies. They were also deeply impressed by the revolutions in the plastic arts which followed the work of Cézanne and which they witnessed at close hand from the café tables of Montmartre. African sculpture had been discovered; the primitive Italians had been discovered. Their friends Picasso, Modigliani, Chagall had all become primitives. The poets too tried to develop a new palette of colors; they too sought the primitive note. Cendrars found it in an altered, Manchester-like Europe of factories and slums, a new Europe of transcontinental trains, revolutions, immigrant steamships. He looked for the primitive as far as Abyssinia (in the footsteps of Rimbaud), Siberia, and America. The world into which he was born had already lost its values; it had lost all the refinements of aristocratic society; its salient traits were instability and confusion. Hence there is bitterness in the laughter of Cendrars.

But the sense of life was strong in these new poets. They were more deeply prompted than the classicists to return to a fresh observation of the actual, vulgar world about them in process of transformation. They anticipated drastic changes in our arts and culture; they were ready to attempt new forms for the theater, the movies, the press; they courted the novel and the exotic as all romantics have done.

Cendrars was not a man to retire into the shuttered depths of a monastery. He was seized with the restlessness which was an effect of his age. He must be a globe-trotter, galloping about the world.

Paris—New York

Now I've made all the trains race the whole length of my life . . .

I'm traveling

I've always been traveling

I'm traveling with little Jehanne of France

The train makes a perilous leap and lands on all its wheels

The train lands on its wheels

The train always lands on all its wheels

These poems of eighteen years ago have the quality of motion pictures taken from a shaking express train, a quality which Cendrars tried for deliberately. Was he not cultivating the two hemispheres as his garden patch? His pages are peopled with allusions to, rather than pictures of, tropical seaports, Oriental deserts, locomotives, revolutions, skyscrapers, wars. Moreover, his poems date from a period in French literature when it was a fashionable affectation to use the names of outlandish places like Mississippi or Timbaktu, or foreign words

like "cocktail" and "policeman." The effectiveness of such tricks sometimes disappears in translation; but the overwhelming effect of mobility, of breathless speed, is successfully captured.

"Forgive me for not knowing the antique game of verse," the poet says. *His* verse is to be free, discursive, profane. Or now it may be in the form of telegraphic jottings, or Whitmanesque catalogues of places and sights and people. But his poems seldom touch a great music which would hypnotize us into reading them over and over again. They compose rather the journal of a modern poet; they give us his nostalgias and his visions, often penetrating, violent, yet as bewildering and neutralizing in their total effect as prolonged sight-seeing from an observation car. Cendrars's deficiencies, I have always felt, result from his own poetic limitations. Apollinaire and Soupault, with much the same approach, have remained artists. The poems of Cendrars leave us but the notebook of a colorful and itinerant modern personality who has come to know all the trains by the sound of their wheels.

I've deciphered all the muddled texts of the wheels
and collected a few elements of violent beauty . . .

He has looked for everything under the sun and has found fatigue. His last station is Paris: "Central terminal, transfer station of the will, crossroad of unrest."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Books in Brief

Sheridan. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

Mr. Hergesheimer has done a competent piece of work, but it is inexplicable why he did it. The character of Sheridan does not interest him: if it does, that interest is not conveyed to the reader. The campaigns that Sheridan had a decisive part in—the Valley of Virginia in '64 and the pursuit of Lee to Appomattox—are told minutely, but at that half of the story is left out. Not enough of the Confederate movements appear to make the Federal movements comprehensible; moreover, the "grand strategy," while it is indicated, is too briefly sketched. On the whole, Mr. Hergesheimer's treatment presupposes too much in the reader; it is difficult for the reader to feel himself into a complex historical situation without very emphatic guides from the author. It is otherwise with the novel—and Mr. Hergesheimer's method of subdued, even narrative is dull because it is not quite appropriate to the subject.

The Human Parrot, and Other Essays. By Montgomery Beligion. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

Mr. Beligion is a critic who will be heard from, but with this volume of eleven miscellaneous essays he barely gets under way. His purpose in them all is to seize upon some leading assumption of our time and to expose its implications. The method is highly successful, but the brevity of his treatment exposes him to the charge of brilliant facility. Each essay might well be a small book; in the case of his discussion of the Russian state, a large one. His own point of view, which is roughly Platonism, is never made explicit, and he is content to use only half of the Socratic method—the exposure of contradiction in his opponent's theory. But for brilliance and concision of statement and a power of illuminating synthesis Mr. Beligion has no superior among English critics.

Nebuchadnezzar. By G. R. Tabouis. Whittlesey House. \$5.

In "The Private Life of Tutankhamen" Mme Tabouis created one of the outstanding historical portraits in biographical

"The book I have always hoped
some woman would write,"
says ELLEN GLASGOW

ON UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

By MARY R. BEARD

Co-Author, "Rise of American Civilization"

"It is the first really adequate presentation both from the point of view of history and of contemporary life of the position of the modern woman."—Henry MacCracken, President, Vassar College.

"Mrs. Beard has repopulated history. The effect is as startling as was the discovery of the other half of the world."—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

532 pages, \$3.50

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY
55 Fifth Avenue New York

MODERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY

"Mr. Slichter's book is, I am convinced, the one best survey that has yet been written . . . If the serious layman wishes to see what professional economists have, and have not, to contribute to the solution of the world's economic difficulties, and if he must test the case by a single book, let him by all means choose and read *Modern Economic Society*."—Carter Goodrich in *The New Republic*.

by
Sumner H.
Slichter

\$5.00



ANCIENT AMERICANS

The Archaeological Story of Two Continents

by Emily C. Davis

Co-author of *Magic Spades*

The first book, for the general reader, to tell the whole romantic story of prehistoric North and South America. Fully illustrated.

\$3.50

The Geography of the Mediterranean Region

Its Relation to Ancient History

The effect of physical environment on man's development is always a fascinating subject. In discussing this relationship of natural conditions to cultural achievements in a region whose early civilizations have profoundly affected all Western culture, Miss Semple has written a book that will be peculiarly interesting to the thoughtful person.

by
Ellen C. Semple

\$4.00

HENRY HOLT AND CO., One Park Ave., N. Y.

literature. The work was crowned by the French Academy and fully deserved its coronation. The prestige it gave her, however, seems to have stimulated Mme Tabouis to drive her virtues to excess. Her study of Nebuchadnezzar she turns into a duel between the materialism of the great conqueror and the spiritualism of the Hebrew prophets, an interpretation not justified by historical realities. Her use of the present tense as a device to give the reader a sense of contemporaneity with past events becomes a mannerism; and her long passages of description justify themselves no more as rhetoric than they do as history. The book remains impressive, because Mme Tabouis's undeniable gifts survive her exhibitionistic use of them.

The French Boy. By Paul Vaillant-Couturier. Translated by Ida Treat. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

In answer to the question, "What does it mean to be born in France and to grow up a Frenchman?" presumably put to him by Americans, the editor of *l'Humanité* has written this graceful and suggestive story of his own childhood and youth. It has been excellently translated by his American wife, Ida Treat. The question is answered indirectly by the story of one boy born into a cultivated, middle-class French family. There is no attempt to form generalizations, make comparisons, or go into explanations. And of course no other young Frenchman ever had quite the same experiences. Nevertheless, this bit of autobiography is illuminating and in a broad sense representative. It is also charming.

Sir Walter Raleigh: That Damned Upstart. By Donald Barr Chidsey. The John Day Company. \$3.75.

A popular biography, based on all the relevant printed materials but offering no new facts or interpretations. Mr. Chidsey tells his story briskly and clearly, but does not give any picture of the times or any interpretation of its spirit; he concentrates on Raleigh as man of action and almost ignores his intellectual activities. The book is written in lively staccato sentences, but there is no beauty in its style and little humor. A portrait of the second Earl of Essex, Roundhead general in the Civil War, is given as that of his father, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

The Early West. By W. J. Ghent. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

According to the author, "The Early West" is "intended both for the general reader and the class student." The book lacks the interpretative insight so brilliantly and originally employed by W. P. Webb in his recent "The Great Plains"; it is wanting in the human element of E. Douglas Branch's ponderous "Westward"; but it is a well-ordered summary of events that took place in Louisiana and west of the Mississippi from the middle of the sixteenth century until the Oregon Trail had become history and the California gold rush was accomplished. Each chapter of the book is provided with a working bibliography. The value of the work lies not in its style but in the orderliness with which dispersed events and movements have been focused. Mr. Ghent should be thanked also for an excellent index.

The Corn King and the Spring Queen. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

The story of this long novel covers a period of forty years, and the scene shifts from Marob, on the shores of the Black Sea, to Athens and Sparta and Alexandria, with Marob, representing the barbarian world, contrasted with the older, decaying civilizations. The contrast is effective, and the past is evoked, at times brilliantly, in an informal, colloquial style that serves to destroy the sense of foreignness to our own times. The novel, however, is so very long, and so much action is included, that

the characters are gradually buried; Erif Der and Terrik are much more real in the beginning than at the end. When the author neglects history and dramatizes her characters—as in the scenes of Erif Der's magic, or the arrival of the Greek philosopher—the result is more satisfactory than when she subordinates the characters to the detailed historical background.

Two People. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

If A. A. Milne had to write a novel, he has at least written as inoffensive a one as possible. This story of a man who writes an uncommonly best-selling novel and adores his wife is just another novel in which they and others lead the incomprehensible lives of Britishers and in which much is made of a woman's intuition; but it is fairly free of the whimsy with which A. A. Milne's name has become identified.

Art

Matisse, Without Purpose

THE show of the works of Henri Matisse bespangling the walls of the museum in the Heckscher Building excites a curiosity, a suspense, not at all concerned with Henri Matisse. The quality and motive of his pretty paintings themselves are fairly evident, and quite uninteresting. What remains a problem, if only for the reason that it appears unfathomable, is the aim of the directors of the young institution. Ostensibly interested in the establishment of the idea of modern art in the shape of a museum, and the development of the public appreciation of "the true, the good, the beautiful" as revealed by the great recent painters, they are now to be found lending their rooms to a show mainly composed of the facile canvases of an extremely clever colorist who was once a daring, visionary artist. And the questions, To what end, this display? What idea is established, what taste developed, by such decadent work? are ineluctable among these gaudy images.

That Henri Matisse deserved an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is certain. During a portion of his career he was the banner man of the great tradition in painting, the tradition recaptured for the modern world by Cézanne and Van Gogh. The tradition which culminated before these giants in the paintings of Ingres, Courbet, Manet, and the impressionists, the conception of the business of art as the production of the perfect illusion of reality, the perfect imitation of objects, was after all a minor one, original in the materialism and naturalism of the dying Renaissance. The great art people had always conceived the work of art primarily as an organization of the formal elements of the medium, of line, shape, and color, in sympathy with an idea; recognizing that the material subject was of interest merely through its state of union with abstract, sheerly pictorial values. This wisdom is the secret spring of all directly affecting, sensuously communicative art. And in conceiving their pictures as totalities of form made up of formal units, and thus identifying the means and the object of art, Cézanne and Van Gogh actually restored the aesthetic of the Egyptians, the Orientals, the Byzantines, and the painters of the early Renaissance. Cézanne's unity was depth of space, Van Gogh's totality of plane, as in Japanese art. However dissimilar their techniques, both achieved a perfect unification of pictorial elements; and modern art was the inevitable consequence of this radical return to the wisdom of the ages.

Accepting Van Gogh's format of unity, totality of plane, Matisse took a step farther in the direction of the construction of abstract, purely pictorial values in painting by simplifying and

enlarging Van Gogh's units of line, shape, and color. An incentive to this simplification, in particular the technique of abbreviating and accentuating human forms for the sake of rhythmic organization, undoubtedly came to Matisse from Persian stuffs and enamels and African wood-carvings. These works undoubtedly supplied him with a final authority for his broad planes of rich tones, his decorative use of form, his brilliant suites of unconventional, fascinating spaces; and a pattern for the world of his paintings. In that world, to quote further from Willard Huntington Wright, "every form has an interest, every line a completion, every space a plasticity; and everything is visibly interrelated." Possibly Matisse lacked a powerful rhythm and an eminent gift of organization even during his hour of leadership. A certain wanness, a certain laxity, breathes from many of the canvases representative of the period. *La Joie de Vivre*, that spring piece of his indirectly emulative of Botticelli's *Primavera*, is far less vigorous than its Florentine prototype. Neither is a certain crudity of technique to be overlooked. One has merely to examine one of the best pieces of this period in the current show, the *Blue Nude*, in particular the daub of blue placed beside the abdomen of the figure for the purpose of accentuating its rotundity, to be convinced of the deficiency. None the less, the formal distributions, "distributions in the flat sense," and the color oppositions of the best of these pieces are dazzling. The vision of the human form displayed by them, the rhythmic relation of its various parts are fresh and original and happy. The rosy back of the crouching woman in the *Bathers with a Turtle* is certainly a miracle of simplification and organization.

To be sure, there were difficulties in the path of an assemblage of Matisse's work in the grand tradition. The strongest and most exquisite of these canvases, the *Portrait de Famille* in particular, are in Russia. Matisse had a patron in Moscow named Stschoukine; and Stschoukine's houseful of Matisses is now the proud property of the Soviets. Still, the obstacles in the way of the show were not necessarily unnegotiable. A strong impulse could probably have succeeded in surmounting them, and such an impulse was decidedly in order. A representation of the sturdier, living, futuristic Matisse in the Museum of Modern Art would have affirmed modern art by exhibiting some of its achievements in the great tradition. In affirming the great tradition, the museum would both have educated its public by giving it a criterion, and encouraged the younger artists who have taken up the tradition where Matisse at least has left it hanging. And in educating the public and inspiring the younger workers, the show would have supported the spiritual life of America. For the grand tradition is important not only as superior technique. Its greatest importance lies in the approach to creation as a whole implicit in it and communicated by it. That approach bears on something behind the tangible and the visible, some unity and equilibrium in things themselves reflected and laid hold of by the unity and equilibrium of the medium of art. And need it be repeated that the feeling of the whole, the conscious participation in general things, is the great bath of life?

The actual show in the Heckscher Building certainly affirms neither spirit nor art nor any high approach to life. The few early nudes, and the better of the decorative war-time canvases, such as the blue interior with the gold-fish and the green interior with the iron chair, are compromised by the mass of decadent recent painting. The total effect is melancholy; and whose good was ever served by the discovery of the nakedness of the drunken Noah? Matisse is surely very sober and very aware and a French gentleman in the flower of his age. Still, the fact of his decadence as an artist is lamentably clear. In quitting the grand front of the art of painting during the war, Matisse did not even return to the lesser tradition of Courbet and Manet and the impressionists, noble in their

Know that you are giving the Best . . .



AMONG the most appropriate and distinctive gifts this season, as in the past, are Borzoi Books. In order to help you choose from them for your most discriminating friends, in order to make you feel sure that your gift is right, Mr. Knopf offers in addition to the regular Fall Catalogue of

Borzoi Books, a special eight-page, illustrated, supplementary booklet and numerous descriptive circulars. With them before you, keeping in mind such outstanding successes as *Willa Cather's* SHADOWS ON THE ROCK, *Sigrid Undset's* THE WILD ORCHID, *Logan Clendening's* THE CARE AND FEEDING OF ADULTS and *Emma Goldman's* autobiography, *LIVING MY LIFE*, you can easily solve the problem of what to give.

Simply send your name and address, specifying any subjects in which you are particularly interested, and you will be supplied at once with this material.

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 5th Ave · New York

"H. G. WELLS' most useful contribution as an intellectual benefactor of mankind," says

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Here's the whole story of how the modern world goes about its business, a complete new basis of fact for the understanding of life in the next ten years. Companion to *The Outline of History* and *The Science of Life*, this work interprets everything man is doing throughout the world today.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind by H. G. Wells

2 vols., lavishly illustrated. \$7.50
At all bookstores. Doubleday, Doran

SOVIET RUSSIA NUMBER OF

NEW MASSES*Only American Monthly of Revolutionary Art and Literature*

Joshua Kunitz, writer, and Louis Lozowick, Artist, who have just returned from a 6 weeks airplane trip to Tadjikistan, youngest Soviet Republic on the border of Asia, tell the story in the November issue of *New Masses*. Articles also on Science in Soviet Russia, Soviet Literature, and the 14 Years of the Soviet Union.

1919: Two Portraits (of **JOHN DOS PASSOS** Randolph Bourne and the House of Morgan) the latest work of John Dos Passos, is charged with a particular timely significance.

"Stuart Chase and the New **MICHAEL GOLD** Republic group, big industrialists, and contrite stock market liberals call it 'planned economy' . . . they are not even aware that it is fascism," Michael Gold writes in "The Intellectual's Road to Fascism." A provocative analysis of all "the philosophers of noble motives who led us into the last war."

"Scottsboro, Limited," by **LANGSTON HUGHES** Langston Hughes, a one-act play of the "new red Negro"—bitter, brilliant protest in a revolutionary drama of today.

Hugo Gellert, William Gropper, Louis **14 ARTISTS** Lozowick, Jacob Burck and 10 other artists in an unusual series of drawings and cartoons.

POEMS—REVIEWS—WORKERS ART

15 cents a copy — \$1.50 a year in the U. S.



Two Halls—Two Orchestras—It's more fun if you come in costume

NEW MASSES, 63 West 15th Street, New York.

Enclosed \$ _____ for November issue.

Subscription _____ Ball Tickets _____

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

fidelity to the visible object, passionate in their zeal for the truth of the eye, the illusion of reality. Fully in possession of the decorative technique acquired during his years of experimentation, Matisse now appears very near the level of those who understand the function of art as the reproduction of pretty objects. His color juxtapositions are still brilliant; his sense of the decorative possibilities of the nude, delightful. But the color is shallow, the compositions facile, the purely pictorial values almost negligible. The attraction of these pictures is ultimately the magnetism of luxury—pretty colors, pretty models, pretty striped stuffs, windows on the Riviera, Spanish shawls, wall-paper designs backing wealthy-looking nudes, summer beaches on the Channel, fine feathers, good breakfasts, flowered hats. A spirit half of bourgeois complacency, half of ennui, breathes from them. One takes it that a French gentleman is doing something which comes fairly easily to him, between the hour of the horseback ride and the hour of a very fine *déjeuner*.

Hence one's search among these paintings for what, if anything, was in the minds of the directors who organized this show; and one's incessant questioning, To what end, this display? If the museum is interested in art, why does it not show the work of a creative artist? If it could not get the prime Matisse, why did it not have a show of Bracque or Picasso or Marin or O'Keeffe or any other painter at work in the great tradition? And if the best traditions of art are not its concern, then why all this twaddle about modern painting, or any painting at all?

PAUL ROSENFELD

Music

Has the Metropolitan Gone Musical?

AFTER an almost uninterrupted series of operatic stillbirths—from fiddling Negroes to sunken bells—the Metropolitan has hit upon Weinberger's "Schwanda, der Dudelsackpfeifer," which gives every promise of being a real success. It has already had upwards of a thousand performances in other countries, so the Metropolitan can hardly be credited with great sagacity in unearthing it, any more than it can be blamed for the operatic aridity of the age we live in, which partly explains the dull futility of its recent choices.

But it can claim credit for having given "Schwanda" a very lively and imaginative performance—quite exceptionally so as far as stage action and setting are concerned, and from the musical point of view on a very respectable level. Being an extraordinarily entertaining show, and having very effective and playable and singable music, "Schwanda" must have been fun to produce; and Messrs. Niedecken-Gebhard and Agnini, the new stage manager and stage director, have not hesitated to enjoy it thoroughly.

If you know Mr. Schorr chiefly as Wotan or Hans Sachs, or as the eloquent baritone of the Friends of Music concerts, you may be surprised to see—and hear—him as a convincingly roguish and ebullient youth. Maria Müller throws off her dignity with somewhat less ease, as Schwanda's wife. Mr. Laubenthal, as the robber-chieftain Babinsky, does a great deal both musically and histrionically to counteract unfortunate impressions made by many Siegmunds and Siegfrieds—which proves perhaps that a tenor is often better than he sounds in Wagner. Mr. Schützendorf as the pathetically bored and forlorn Devil and Mr. Windheim as the stuttering executioner are both very funny; Mr. Andresen as the Sorcerer and Mme Branzell as the Queen are properly impressive and sonorous. With some

of Mr. Bodanzky's choices, such as the very fast tempo he chose for the Polka, taken much more slowly by both Messrs. Coates and Kleiber, it would be rash to quarrel from a superficial acquaintance with the music; the Polka seemed less effective at his tempo than at a slower speed, but the opera house imposes limitations not present in the concert hall.

"Schwanda" is, as you have doubtless heard, unoriginal. Its melodic material is compiled largely from folk-sources—or seems so. It is treated deftly but in a not unconventional style. The libretto recalls W. S. Gilbert more than anyone else, and the opera is reminiscent of many others—"The Bartered Bride," "Iolanthe," "The Gondoliers," "The Magic Flute," "The Fair at Sorotchintz," "Der Freischütz." Babinsky recalls Robin Hood, the Devil has points of resemblance to Koko and the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Schwanda's irrepressible good-nature is reminiscent of Till Eulenspiegel's. But when you are through noting resemblances and reminiscences you remember that "Schwanda" is consistently tuneful and amusing. In an age that produced many good operas it might have been insignificant, but in this one it is a green and pleasant oasis.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Kinds of Comedy

WITHIN one particularly happy week two of the best American playwrights have given us a taste of their quality—Elmer Rice with his "Counsellor-at-Law" (Plymouth Theater) and S. N. Behrman with his "Brief Moment" (Belasco Theater). Two comedies could hardly be more different in their methods or effects, but each is a first-rate specimen of its kind and each is most remarkably good entertainment besides.

Mr. Rice's particular talents are perhaps the better known. He is interested in the contemporary scene and in the problems of the day; he is, besides, an exceptionally clever showman who can manipulate even the more conventional devices of the theater with a skill equal to that of any living playwright; but he gains his real distinction from the fact that few people have ever known better than he how to imitate what is most characteristic in the language and gesture of various contemporary types. Certain sections of his new play—like that first scene of the first act which establishes the atmosphere of the lawyer's office—create an atmosphere so admirably that they could stand by themselves as complete sketches; and time and time again one is moved irresistibly to laughter by the exquisite rightness of some remark made by an office boy, a telephone operator, or a dowager from the East Side. The play is serious in its undercurrent, for it is concerned with the personal tragedy of a self-made lawyer who is compelled by force of circumstance to wander through certain of the not too attractive back alleys of practice, but the effect is primarily the effect of comedy, and the whole is lifted to a high level by the presence of a gallery of caricatures so justly drawn that they become, perhaps, not caricatures at all but rather portraits which are funny chiefly because one recognizes them to be so exquisitely lifelike.

Mr. Behrman, on the other hand, comes closer than any of our contemporary playwrights has ever come before to rivaling the great masters of pure comedy in their own field. His scene is that half-fabulous realm of "good society" which is the scene of all pure comedy, and instead of being, like Mr. Rice, concerned with the actual idiosyncrasies of contemporary life, he is, like Congreve, endeavoring to illustrate that highly intellectual philosophy of life which finds expression in what is

THREE REVOLUTIONS

By WILLIAM FLOYD

People vs. Wall Street

\$2.50

Explains the Present Depression

"The most deadly exposé of the absurdities of finance ever written by anybody."—Burton Rascoe

Our Gods On Trial

\$2.00

Reveals the Inferior Ethics of Jehovah and Jesus

"Convincing to anyone who wants to know the truth about the Bible and the Gods."—Clarence Darrow

War Resistance

20 cents

A Plea for Individual Pacifism

"The arguments are admirably put without heat and without exaggeration and they cover the whole ground."—Lord Ponsonby.

These three books for \$4 postpaid

ARBITRATOR PRESS

114 EAST 31st STREET

NEW YORK CITY

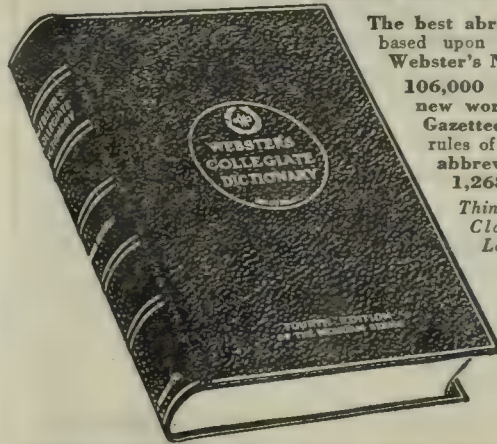


Sure to Delight Anyone

Who Reads, Writes, or Studies

Webster's Collegiate

FOURTH EDITION



The best abridged dictionary because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"—Webster's New International Dictionary.

106,000 entries, including hundreds of new words; dictionary of Biography; Gazetteer; 1930 population figures; rules of punctuation; use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.; foreign phrases. 1,268 pages. 1,700 illustrations.

Thin-Paper Edition: Special Merriam Cloth, \$5.00; Fabrikoid, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50.

Get The Best

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information and free specimen pages.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
100 Broadway
Springfield, Mass.

FROM CAIN TO CAPONE

RACKETEERING DOWN THE AGES

By John McConaughy

"A provocative book whose vigorous, pungent style enhances its interest."—*N. Y. Times*.

"most exciting and informative. Almost everything from tax refunds to the latest laundry depredations is scolded with vigor and epigrams."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

"will do more good than a dozen investigations and reports by a dozen Wickersham Commissions."—*Philadelphia Record*.

\$3.00

Publishers BRENTANO'S New York

If You Have Any Problems to Solve

CONSULT OUR CLASSIFIED PAGES

If you cannot find what you want, send in your requirements. Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York
Cortlandt 7-3330

THE NEW YORK PSYCHOANALYTIC INSTITUTE

offers

Popular Lectures on Psychoanalytic Topics

On the Following Eight Thursdays at 8:30 P. M.

January 7	DR. A. A. BRILL
	Sex and Modern Life
January 14	DR. ADOLPH STERN
	Problems of Mental Health
January 21	DR. C. P. OBERNDORF
	Psychoanalytic Factors in Marital Relationships
January 28	DR. DAVID M. LEVY
	Maternal Over-Protection
February 4	DR. FRANKWOOD WILLAMS
	The Psychology of Democratic Leadership
February 11	DR. BERNARD GLUECK
	The Psychology of Criminalism in Modern Life
February 18	DR. MARION KENWORTHY
	Parents' Problems
February 25	DR. SANDOR RADO
	Neurosis and Efficiency

Course \$10.00

Single Admission \$1.50

Make checks payable to THE NEW YORK PSYCHOANALYTIC INSTITUTE, 324 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York, N. Y.

Name

Street

City

called the Comic Spirit. All Mr. Rice's characters are in one sense stupid—at least to the extent that all real human beings are stupid—but all Mr. Behrman's personages are—as the personages in pure comedy must be—radiantly and almost incredibly intelligent. They may *do* foolish things and they may involve themselves in the difficulties which folly creates; but they talk as only the angels of some very worldly paradise could ever talk, and by talking they demonstrate the thesis of all pure comedy—namely, that intelligence by itself, that clear understanding together with the ability to put everything into a graceful phrase, is all man needs on earth.

Perhaps we ought to revive the distinction which was made in the seventeenth century between what was called humor and what was called wit. The former was defined as that kind of thing which is funny because it is characteristic of a particular person, while the latter was understood to be that kind of remark which is amusing in itself. Now it is obvious that Mr. Rice is interested in humor and Mr. Behrman in wit, but it ought, perhaps, to be added that wit, which belongs to pure comedy, owes its charm to the fact that it must be intelligent, that it is funny only because the needle point of a witty phrase always punctures some gaudy balloon of sentiment.

Just as the writer of tragedy must lend each of his characters his own poetic exaltation, so the writer of pure comedy must lend each of his characters his own intelligence, and I know no contemporary playwright who appears to have so much of this particular kind of intelligence as Mr. Behrman has. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the central character of his "Brief Moment," like the central character of his previous comedy "The Second Man," is somewhat troubled by his inability to feel as acutely as he thinks he ought to feel about the things which he understands so clearly, and one wonders if Mr. Behrman realizes that what he is really describing is the predicament of a man to whom the Comic Spirit is native but who happens to find himself in a society not yet ready to recognize the adequacy of that spirit.

Both of these two comedies are admirably acted. Paul Muni gives a most excellent performance in "Counsellor-at-Law" and the whole cast shows the results of Mr. Rice's ability to get what he wants as director as well as playwright. In "Brief Moment" Mr. Alexander Woolcott, as the reclining sybarite, received most of the critical attention, but it would be juster, I think, to single out Francine Larrimore and Robert Douglas, while remarking that, though Mr. Woolcott is amusing and doubtless better than any other dramatic critic would be, he is nevertheless an amateur who keeps one constantly reminded of the fact that he is.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's revival of "The School for Scandal" (Barrymore Theater) is good enough though a little portentous. At the Broadhurst Theater Raymond Massey's "Hamlet" (with new settings by Norman Bel Geddes) is competent without being inspired, and it is cut to the bone. I must confess, however, that I have never seen a performance of that particular play in which the text did not manage to remain more striking than any performance or any setting, and by consequence all performances seem to me more alike than I should confess. Even bad ones remain "Hamlet," and therefore a play so superb that it seems almost as good when it is done badly as when it is done well.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Cynara," by H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore-Brown (Morosco Theater), is so much better written and acted than most contemporary triangle plays that the novelty of its situation, which shows a man (Philip Merivale) falling in love with a strange girl (Adrienne Allen) without in the slightest degree falling out of love with his wife (Phoebe Foster), has won it somewhat higher praise than on second thought it deserves.

M. V. D.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES □ DEBATES □

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS

VICTOR HERBERT'S "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

With ILSE MARVENGA

Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.

ERLANGER'S THEATRE, West 44th Street, PEnn. 6-7963.

Next opera "The FIREFLY" with ILSE MARVENGA

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays

Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA. 45 St. ■ ■ Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. ■ Sat. 2:40

SING HIGH, SING LOW

By MURDOCK PEMBERTON and DAVID BOEHM

"Malicious and amusing—The Inner workings of a great Opera House. —A grand idea."—*John Mason Brown*. "Exposes the real story that every newspaper man knows and no newspaper prints."—*Burns Mantle*.EVES. 8:40 SAM H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd St. West of Broadway
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30
ALL EVENINGS, BEST SEATS \$3.00AVON THEATRE, 45th Street
West of Broadway
NOWEvery Night, Including Sunday
James B. Pond presents for a
limited engagement

Cornelia Otis Skinner

in the novelty sensation of the season

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII

preceded by some superb character sketches

"Few crowded stages are better worth watching than that on which she walks alone."—*Richard Lockridge, Sun.*GO NOW! DON'T MISS HER! Limited Engagement Only
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:45

STEEL

A New Play
by

JOHN WEXLEY

Author of

THE LAST MILE

TIMES SQUARE THEATRE, 42 St., West of Broadway
Eves. Best Seats \$3. Thurs. Mat. \$1.-\$2. Sat. Mat. \$1.-\$2.50

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN

Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild

(LAST
WEEKS)MANSFIELD THEATRE, 47th St. W. of B'way
Chi. 4-5852

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; Evenings, 8:30

"First American play of the ~~highest~~ of any sound quality; a play real in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its approach to its subject matter."—*George Jean Nathan, Judge.*

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

With WALTER CONNOLLY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:30 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

PAYMENT DEFERRED

with

CHARLES LAUGHTON

LYCEUM THEATRE
Evenings 8:3045th St. E. of Broadway
Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

SOVKINO FILM

The NEW BABYLON

Soviet and American Newsreels

For the benefit of Striking Miners and Hunger Marchers

LABOR TEMPLE, 14th St. and 2nd Ave.

Monday, Nov. 30

at 7 & 9 P.M.

PROLETARIAN DICTATORSHIP IS THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

NO—BERTRAND RUSSELL Philosopher and Scientist
YES—JAY LOVESTONE Editor, Revolutionary Age

DEBATE—Friday, November 27th, ■ P.M.

CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE—67th St. and 3rd Ave.

TICKETS from New Workers School—63 Madison Ave., Tel: BO 4-9390
\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00—75 cents.A Clearing House Of Opinion THE GROUP Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.
This Sunday Afternoon, November 29th, ■ 4:30 P. M.DR. WOLF ADLER, will speak on
"FACTORS IN ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY"

Tuesday Evening, December 1st, at 8:30 P. M.

The Group Invites You to Its Monthly
MUSICALE and DANCE

□

FIRST NIGHTS

□

Nov. 23—In Times Square—Longacre Theatre—48 St. W. of B'way.

Nov. 24—The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—123 W. 43 St

Nov. 25—Miss Gulliver Travels—Hudson—W. 44 St.

Other Debates and Luncheon Discussion
on following page.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE S. BAILEY is the pseudonym of a Pittsburgh journalist.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE is the editor of the *Emporia Gazette*.

NEWTON AIKEN is on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN, formerly chief correspondent in Paris of the *Evening World*, is at present living in Belgium.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER is the editor of "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

FREDA KIRCHWEY is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

ALLEN TATE is the author of "Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall."

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author of "The Portrait of the Artist as American."

Thousands of Jewish Social Agencies

are engaged in various phases of social service throughout the United States.

As philanthropy becomes more intelligent, demands for professional preparation become more insistent.

College graduates are invited to examine the facilities offered by

THE
TRAINING
SCHOOL



FOR
JEWISH
SOCIAL WORK

(a graduate school)

M. J. KARPFF, Director

71 West 47th Street, New York City

A number of scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$1000 to \$150 for each academic year are available for specially qualified candidates.

☐ LUNCHEON ☐ DEBATE ☐

LEAGUE for INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

LUNCHEON DISCUSSION
at HOTEL WOODSTOCK

127 West 43rd Street

Saturday, November 28th, 1931 at 12:45

THE TREND TOWARDS DICTATORSHIP

Norman Thomas

Author of "America's Way Out"

Reinhold Niebuhr

of Union Theological Seminary

Gardner Means

of Columbia University

Chairman

Dr. Harry W. Laidler

Admission: Members \$1.25, Student Members \$.75, Non-Members \$1.50. Reservations should be sent to the League for Industrial Democracy, 112 East 19th Street, N. Y. C., Tel. Algonquin 4-5865.

REAL ESTATE

If you have a house or other property to lease, try *The Nation* classified section.

YOU WILL
GET
RESULTS.

Minimum, 30 words, \$3.08.
Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE
NATION

20 Vesey St.
N. Y. C.

☐ OPEN SHELF ☐

ATHEISM

Book Catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.

Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism

307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

CURIOUS BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Esoterica.

Send for Catalogue

The Falstaff Press

Dept. N., 260 Fifth Ave., New York

Henry Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men.

None may call himself **George's** - sent free.

educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION

15 Park Place, New York City

SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

EDUCATIONAL

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers.

Private lessons. 75c short courses 9 to 11 daily. 26th year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

DEBATE

"Is Modern Morality a Failure?"

HON. BERTRAND

RUSSELL

says "NO"

DR. STEPHEN S.

WISE

says "YES"

This debate involves the vital issues of
EASY DIVORCE LAWS BIRTH CONTROL
COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

Are they detrimental to civilization?

CARNEGIE HALL, 57th St. and 7th Ave., New York
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17th. 8:30 P.M.

Tickets \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 at Carnegie Hall, Columbia U. bookstore (Journalism Bldg., 116 St. and B'way), Seven Arts Guild, 125 W. 45 St. (Room 1007). Mail orders promptly filled. *Auspices Seven Arts Guild*

RUSSELL'S Farewell Appearance

See page 623 for Plays and Films

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1931

No. 3466

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	625
EDITORIALS:	
Congress and Country Leaderless.....	628
A Great Message.....	629
The Diehards and India.....	629
Bad Seasons and Good Plays.....	630
IFI I WERE DICTATOR. By Lewis Mumford.....	631
RUSSIA AND JAPAN IN MANCHURIA. By Louis Fischer.....	633
CONGRESS MEETS AT LAST. By Robert S. Allen.....	635
ENGLAND ON THE EDGE OF CHAOS. By J. A. Hobson.....	637
THE FEDERAL FARM-RELIEF SCANDAL II. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	641
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	643
CORRESPONDENCE	644
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	644
FINANCE: GERMANY'S CREDITORS CONFER. By S. Palmer Harman.....	645
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
The Pressure. By Mark Van Doren.....	646
Science and Poetry. By Henry Hazlitt.....	646
Both Photographic and Art. By Johan J. Smertenko.....	647
Hoover's Missing Years. By Maxwell S. Stewart.....	648
Books in Brief.....	649
Drama: Sham Battle of the Sexes. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	650
Films: Beginnings. By Margaret Marshall.....	652

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

DISGRACEFUL as were the breaking up of the unofficial peace meeting at the Trocadero in Paris on November 27 and the hooting down of such distinguished men as Viscount Cecil, Signor Scialoja, the German delegates, and especially Alanson B. Houghton, who was not allowed to read a word of his speech, they were less significant than the unanimous condonation of this public rowdiness and bad manners by the French press, the legal and police authorities, and the government. We are on the whole not sorry that this outrage took place. It will make plain to intelligent men everywhere that it is France that blocks the way both to peace and to economic sanity in the world; we see clearly the lengths to which its officialdom is willing to go even to stop criticism of its policies. It will further open the eyes of Americans to the present French determination to rule Europe by force, to cling to a military dictatorship far more dangerous than any of the ambitions attributed in war time to the German militarists. However, it should not in the least disturb the President and Secretary Stimson but should make them more than ever determined to isolate France at the Geneva disarmament conference, to create a bloc headed by England and the United States, and to lead the way to disarmament, whether France wishes to come along or not.

HOW CAN PRESIDENT HOOVER expect to arouse enthusiastic support for his disarmament proposal when he is not loyally upheld by his own Secretary of the Navy? This question inevitably arises again as one reads Mr. Adams's annual report, which is an appeal for more funds for the fleet. He declares, among other things, that "many of the most experienced and far-seeing officers feel that amounts reasonably in excess of those being annually appropriated can be used advantageously—in fact are essential to provide adequately for the navy's minimum treaty requirements. . . ." This is backing up your chief with a vengeance. Does not the innocent Mr. Adams know that there has never been a time when "the most experienced and far-seeing officers" did not feel that amounts reasonably, or unreasonably, in excess of the annual appropriations were needed? Mr. Adams's report should have been a whole-hearted support of Mr. Hoover's disarmament plans, should have urged a further decrease of the American naval burdens, and should have pledged his heartiest cooperation to bring about international disarmament at Geneva. As it is we do not see why Secretary Adams does not resign or why Mr. Hoover does not ask his resignation.

WE HAVE REPEATEDLY expressed our belief that great savings could be made in the army if a commission of business men were given the power to reorganize it, eliminate the unnecessary officers and men, and introduce business methods throughout. In the annual report of Major General H. A. Drum, Inspector General of the army, we find striking confirmation of our contention. The Inspector General calls for the redistribution of the regular army, not primarily for the purpose of saving money, it is true, but from the point of view of adequately training the combat forces. He points out that the infantry troops available for immediate field service are distributed among twenty-four regiments located at no less than forty-five different posts with only a battalion or less than a battalion at thirty-four of these posts. Artillery troops, he says, "are in a similar situation. They are distributed among seven regiments and seven different battalions located at nineteen different posts with a battalion or less at sixteen." There is no sound military reason whatsoever for manning all these posts. Most of them would be of little value in war time; they are usually maintained to satisfy local politicians or local pride, and their abolition would make great savings.

THE LONGER SIGNOR GRANDI stayed here, the better we liked him and his utterances. We know very well that many have read and heard him with profound distrust, doubting the sincerity of his demand for disarmament in view of the fact that Italy is annually spending 25.1 per cent of its budget for army and navy, and that hardly more than a year ago Mussolini was making saber-rattling speeches in the worst manner of the ex-Kaiser. None the less, whatever the present Italian motive, Signor Grandi's speeches were exactly like those that Mr. Hoover ought to be making about the coming disarmament conference, and every foreign

minister as well; moreover, he has behind him as evidence of his sincerity the fact that he proposed, and put through, the truce of one year in all new shipbuilding which is now in force. He was extraordinarily outspoken and frank, his whole thesis admirable. One phrase that he coined should be framed and displayed in every Foreign Office: "We must fortify justice and not justify force." In his final speech he went farther than previously in that he declared that Italy considers the reduction of armaments a moral as well as a juridical obligation on all governments and made the extremely important statement that Italy "cannot share the view that an absolute security is the condition *sine qua non* for starting any measure of disarmament"—Paris please take notice. It is a pity that his visit was marred by the two-year sentence given to a young anti-Fascist for jumping on the running board of Grandi's motor car in Philadelphia and shouting "Down with fascism." For this episode Grandi made the grateful gesture of urging clemency.

WE ARE NOT SURPRISED by the news that Senators James G. Davis of Pennsylvania and James T. Watson of Indiana were allowed, by means of notes, to purchase stock in two sugar companies directed by one B. G. Dahlberg. Senator Watson's interesting alibi is: "The stock is of no account, and worth nothing, and neither is my note. Therefore the score is 0 to 0 in this game. This was a purely private business transaction, with no relation to legislation past, present, or future." Senator Davis, our noble ex-Secretary of Labor, admits that he made a little profit; but, like the servant girl's baby, it was "such a little one" that he gave it to charity. From neither of these men did we expect any appreciation of the morality of this transaction. Mr. Davis's unblushing solicitation, often written on official stationery, of funds for Mooseheart while he was in the Cabinet, showed clearly enough that he was totally lacking in understanding of the decencies of office. Both Senators were high lights in their party in 1928 when the Dahlberg transaction took place. Both were facing the fact of a tariff revision, yet they had no compunctions whatever at being "carried" by a promoter who was lobbying furiously for higher tariff rates. Incidentally, Mr. Dahlberg was so skilful a promoter that he succeeded in getting our good friend Herbert Hoover to visit the plant of one of his companies. Dispatches report that the testimony was "very amusing" so far as the details of the President-elect's visit are concerned.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE has suddenly discovered, after weeks of investigation by numerous secret-service agents, that the "hunger march" on Washington is being directed by a group of Communists. The department's announcement, which reads as though it were deliberately designed to alarm the country, suggests that the "hunger march" is a deep and mysterious bolshevik plot. Sections of the announcement go so far as to hint that the unemployed taking part in the march intend to fight their way to Washington. One sentence, for example, reads: "It is reported that the delegates and marchers will travel on trucks and all will be furnished with rifles. This, of course, we believe far-fetched, and simply report it for what it may be worth, if anything." If the agents believed this rumor far-fetched, why did they report it unless they

meant to use it in stirring up general hostility? Moreover, why was an investigation necessary in the first place, and why were the results of that investigation announced in such a sensational manner? The secret-service agents could have learned as much as they did by reading recent files of the various Communist publications. There has been little effort to make a mystery or conspiracy of the proposed "hunger march." Has the Department of Justice a specific purpose in mind in attempting to sensationalize the Communist demonstration? Does it mean that Washington this winter intends to follow a policy of labeling as bolshevik everyone who advocates direct government relief for the unemployed?

DISREGARDING what one may call the minor scandals involved in the administration of the Federal Farm Board, and even accepting on their face the figures of Chairman Stone, the main fact which stands out is that at the market levels of October 31, which were higher than present levels, the board has lost \$102,000,000 in wheat and \$75,000,000 in cotton. This \$177,000,000, moreover, was worse than thrown away. When the 190,000,000 bushels of wheat and the 1,311,000 bales of cotton that the board now holds have finally been sold, even the farmers in whose supposed interests the board's activities were undertaken will have suffered more than they have benefited. As the United States raises only about one-quarter of the world's wheat crop, any purchases in the open market, so long as we remain a wheat-exporting nation, must raise not merely the American price of wheat, but the world price. But this world aid at the expense of the American taxpayer is only a temporary one. The wheat held, no matter how long it overhangs the market, meanwhile exercising a depressing psychological influence, must be sold again, and prices must be depressed by as much as they had previously been raised. The board bought high and found itself obliged to sell low. It thereby increased the violence of the price change and encouraged the farmer to maintain acreage when he ought to have been reducing it. The Farm Board fiasco has the dubious distinction of being complete and perfect.

JAPAN MAY CONSIDER itself strong enough to defy the League of Nations and to ignore the counsel of the American State Department, but it has met a formidable foe in the Chinese people. Their boycott of Japanese goods is now making itself felt in Tokio, Osaka, and other commercial centers, and this may, if continued much longer, have the effect of reducing Japanese military pressure in Manchuria. A Department of Commerce bulletin says that as a result of the boycott Japanese shipping "is suffering additional depression." Ships to the number of 534 are lying idle in Japanese harbors. But the most disastrous result is shown in the cotton-textile exports to China. In October of last year 46,000,000 square yards of cotton cloth were sold to the Chinese; in October of this year less than 400,000 square yards were exported to that country. In another direction an equally intangible force has been set in motion with a view to checking Japanese imperialism in Manchuria. Forty-one national and international peace organizations have petitioned President Hoover requesting him to take more vigorous action in support of efforts now being made to stop the Sino-Japanese conflict. They have urged him "to publish all correspondence with Japan and China relating thereto."

SECRETARY STIMSON should know by now how dangerous secret diplomacy can be. The tendency of the State Department to clothe with secrecy all its moves in the Manchurian controversy was largely, if not wholly, responsible for the misunderstanding in Japan over Mr. Stimson's remarks concerning Japanese military movements in Manchuria. The bitter resentment of the Japanese press and Foreign Office for the statement erroneously attributed to Secretary Stimson could have had very serious consequences. Fortunately, both Tokio and Washington realized the delicacy of the incident created by the misunderstanding in time to prevent the Sino-Japanese conflict from becoming a row between the United States and Japan. Mr. Stimson was in a position to bring about a quick and satisfactory adjustment because he had unquestionably been misquoted. But it seems clear from the facts developed in connection with the misunderstanding that not only are the League Council and the American people being kept in doubt as to the State Department's attitude, but that Tokio, with whom there has been a constant exchange of secret correspondence, does not feel certain where Washington stands.

THE SENTENCING of Carl von Ossietzky, the distinguished editor of *Die Weltbühne*, to one and one-half years in prison because of an article revealing secrets of the German air force, which he published no less than two and one-half years ago, shows how little freedom of the press has come to mean under the German republic. It is the more striking because the conviction is under an old law enacted under the Kaiser just before the beginning of the World War. Granted that Von Ossietzky was indiscreet in publishing this article, it is certainly not an offense to call for so ferocious a sentence so long after the deed. Probably it represents a good deal of the pent-up anger against Von Ossietzky because of his constant criticism of the existing government. As the Berlin *Tageblatt* has pointed out, nothing could be worse at this time than this sentence. With the disarmament conference meeting at Geneva in two months what could be better calculated to increase French fear that Germany is secretly armed or in possession of military secrets of so grave a nature as to warrant such a punishment? As a matter of fact, Germany in its present situation ought to have no military secrets whatsoever that it cannot give to the world. The conviction of Von Ossietzky is a blow at the liberty of the press everywhere.

THE MEXICAN PRESS is highly and rightfully indignant over the acquittal of two Oklahoma deputy sheriffs in connection with the shooting to death of Emilio Cortes Rubio and Manuel Garcia Gomez, Mexican students. "Innocence in Oklahoma," as *Universal* of Mexico City comments, "is hard to understand." The students, one a cousin of President Rubio of Mexico, were killed while driving through Oklahoma on their way home to spend the summer vacation with their families. The deputies suspected them of having liquor in their car. A misunderstanding and the shooting followed. Fortunately, the Mexican government has refused to become unduly excited over the acquittal of the two officers, and even the Mexican public, although outspoken in its condemnation of the verdict, has raised no demand for vengeance. It would hardly be possible to imagine the American public taking such a serene view of the situa-

tion had two American students of good family met death under similar circumstances in Mexico. The Mexican government has indicated that it will ask damages for the killing of Rubio and Gomez. Governor William H. Murray of Oklahoma has said that he will request the State legislature to pay \$5,000 each to the families of the students. Surely Oklahoma could do not less.

TWENTY-SEVEN DEATHS—that is the toll taken by football this fall. "While the total is alarming," writes the *New York Evening Post*, "it is found that only five of the players killed this year were members of college squads." Pray what has that to do with it? The life of a high-school player is as valuable as that of a collegian; the death of one as profoundly tragic as that of the other; the family's grief and misery as acute in one case as the other. This figure does not include those hopelessly crippled, the many who are injured; one of the Fordham University players is coming back to "activity" in a paralyzed condition which may not yield while life lasts. Why should these casualties be tolerated? We do not deny that football has merits; that it is a challenging spectacle. But the game could be altered at the next session of those who yearly meet to revise the rules if they only desired to do so, and in such a way as not to deprive the game of its interest and thrill. If the president of Yale, within whose Bowl a West Point cadet was fatally injured this year, and two other heads of great universities would demand such changes as would minimize the risks, we believe the reforms would be made. It is true that the slaughter is not so serious as that during the hunting season—incomplete figures show 20 killed and 101 wounded in New York State alone in the pursuit of this sport; none the less the game of football can and should be reformed or else abolished.

BALLYHOO, the latest entrant to the lists of humorous magazines, now sells more than 2,000,000 copies an issue and that sale is steadily increasing. Though the paper has been appearing only for a few months, an enterprising publisher has already brought out "The Book of Ballyhoo" made up of selections from it. *Ballyhoo* is not, with due apologies to the editors and with due recognition of the mustachios and leg-o'-mutton sleeves in its illustrations, incomparably funny; it depends for much of its humor on fairly broad improprieties, but so do a number of other magazines that do not command such magnificent sales; it is vaguely patterned after the *New Yorker*, but that wholly admirable journal has never reached such a circulation as does the newcomer. One can only conclude that the public, while it succumbs to advertising ballyhoo to such a large extent as evidently to justify the enormous expenditures of hard-headed advertisers, nevertheless likes to see fun poked at one of its own weaknesses. It will buy in huge quantities the cigarettes which kind-hearted movie actresses received "not one cent" to indorse; but when *Ballyhoo* paraphrases thus: "Not one cent was paid for Miss Zilch's statement. Of course Miss Zilch's new picture is about to be released, and two million dollars' worth of publicity isn't to be sneezed at, but why bring that up?" it can see the point and enjoy a guffaw thereat. We like to be fooled; we like to laugh at ourselves for being fooled. If this is the great human secret which *Ballyhoo* has discovered, it deserves a vote of thanks from a grateful public.

Congress and Country Leaderless

IN a grave hour, indeed, the Seventy-second Congress meets—in a vacuum so far as ideas and programs are concerned. To us this seems more menacing than the country's desperate economic plight. For there are remedies which the statesmen may still turn to when the hour becomes grave enough, yet there is no program and no policy advanced on any hand. How to conjure up quickly leaders and a political machinery in this emergency to follow the dictates of common sense, free from partisanship and the selfishness of privilege, we know not. Never since Buchanan has the country been so badly served—we are not sure that we are wholly just to Buchanan. It is true that President Hoover has done some good things, usually too late, sometimes in such a way as to nullify their best results, and often under severe pressure. Occasionally, as in the matter of his rescuing the banks, his action has been clear-cut and successful, but we defy anyone to say that as a whole his leadership has been else than tortuous, misleading, mistaken, and confusing. The result is that he has lost the confidence and the interest of the people; not long ago his counterfeit presentment, thrown upon the screen in his own town of Pasadena, was booed and hissed by the spectators.

But we have no time to rehearse anew the injury Mr. Hoover has done by his false philosophy in dealing with the crisis, his minimizing, his deprecating, his unfounded assertions that prosperity was, or is, in the offing. The fact is that the situation of the country is much worse than it has been, and that if Mr. Hoover tells the whole truth when he performs his constitutional duty of reporting the state of the Union to the new Congress, he will say so. But formulate a far-reaching and drastic program he will not, because he cannot. His old philosophy of running the country by, for, and with the great business interests has utterly broken down, for the leadership of business has failed as much as that of politics. The system cracks before our eyes, but Mr. Hoover seeks only to put on one patch after another, to meet one emergency after the other when it is no longer possible to avoid action. He is now yielding to the inevitable of increased taxation after violently opposing it, precisely as he will yield to the advocates of a great bond issue for public works and, if the depression grows worse and lasts another year, to those who demand direct federal aid for the unemployed. In every aspect of our affairs, notably in matters international, he vacillates, fumbles, is confused, and confuses. Of a real program of economic reform there is not a sign.

As for the new Congress, it too meets without either of the parties having anything to offer. The Republican leaders go hat in hand to the President they dislike or despise, and then announce the latest policy as they emerge from the White House. They themselves have nothing to give Mr. Hoover in the way of carefully thought-out recommendations. The leaders do not even come together formally to counsel in this emergency. As to their rivals—there is no opposition. The Democrats are more helpless and hopeless than the Republicans. For months it has been plain that in the new Congress they would have an amazing chance for

leadership, for winning the country on the eve of the Presidential election by demonstrating their statesmanship, and the leadership for which it longs, of which it is in such dire need. It is a chance that rarely comes to men in high position to win the regard and gratitude of their countrymen. Have the Democrats done anything to plan their winter's work, to take the leading part in the sanitation and the safeguarding of the country in the field of economics and finance? Nothing. As Robert Allen points out elsewhere in this issue, they are rudderless. Instead of sitting for weeks in most earnest counsel and formulating a constructive program, they come together with empty hands, waiting to see what Mr. Hoover is going to say. After that they will shape their own program on the spur of the moment, in order to get as much political profit out of it as they possibly can. Beyond that nothing. Nor are the Congressional leaders alone guilty. The leading Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination refuses to say where he stands today on prohibition, on the tariff, on unemployment, on debts and reparations. On none of the burning issues has Governor Roosevelt expressed himself.

Now we are not asking the impossible of these men. We are not demanding super-statesmanship of them. We merely demand leadership. We are, of course, not suggesting that they should work out a national plan such as it has suddenly become the fashion to advocate. But it is certainly not asking too much of a great political party, which offers itself to take the place of the men who have failed so totally, that it state its position and what it will do in regard to agricultural relief, unemployment, the moratorium, debts, reparations, disarmament, the World Court, the tariffs. They are so shot to pieces, so destitute of intellectual leaders, so divided in their own counsels that they offer no alternative whatever. This is what is so discouraging and so menacing. We have a two-party system of government which presupposes a perpetual alternative choice for the American electorate. Today the only hope or leadership in Congress comes from a handful of Progressives. Occasionally a man like Senator Johnson speaks out as he did last week in demanding that Mr. Hoover give up his candidacy for renomination, but even the Progressives are divided among themselves in what is a national emergency, if there ever was one.

All of which provides a melancholy spectacle in a country which has boasted of its superiority to all the rest of the world, and declared that it alone had the secret of prosperity and public well-being. We can only once more point out the utter futility of expecting anything from either side, and urging anew the building of a party of ideas, principles, and courage that will show at least a readiness to offer a few of the reforms that are absolutely essential. We are more than ever convinced that given a single leader of courage, conviction, and liberalism, it would still be possible to create a genuine opposition in time for next fall's election. Otherwise we must continue to wallow in the slough of despond; remain caught in one of the severest blows in our history, and without even the courage to reef down, make all secure, and steer a new course.

A Great Message

IN the concluding paragraphs of his recent message to the special session of the Wisconsin legislature—a message truly remarkable in more ways than one—Governor Philip La Follette wrote:

I am fully aware that the program we have heretofore adopted and that is herein recommended challenges the monopoly system at its foundation. I know the power of that system. I know what it can do to the public and even private lives of men that challenge it. I know the attacks, subtle, open, and under-cover, to which every one of you will be subjected.

You will be assailed. You will be called bolshevists and anarchists and any other names that come into the mind of the hired men of the system. They will say that you are destructive, although they offer no alternatives themselves. *They will tell you that the government cannot put 5,000,000 men to work, although they forget that they put 4,000,000 American young men to work at the business of war; that they squandered \$40,000,000,000 of American money in the most wasteful and futile war of modern history.* And still they will say that you are extravagant and wasteful and visionary because you propose to spend millions or billions to build highways and bridges and power plants that will make the farmer's and the worker's life better and happier; you may spend tens of millions to destroy—but nothing to build a richer and finer life.

This is not only a challenge to the monopoly system. It is a challenge to every man and woman in public office, to the leaders in American industry and finance, to the American people themselves. It is a challenge that must be met, and met with enduring success.

Philip La Follette himself is anything but a bolshevist or anarchist. Every line of his message shows that. He wants to see an orderly democratic society sustaining itself. He would keep what is best of our older institutions. But he would cut out cleanly and forever the various malignant growths that have taken root in those institutions. His message is a severe indictment of monopoly, special privilege, and the present inequitable distribution of wealth. It bitterly criticizes the general run of our industrialists and financiers for their lack of leadership in the economic crisis, though it does not overlook the fact that a few of these men, all too few in Governor La Follette's and our own opinion, have had the courage to face our economic and social problems realistically, and to propose remedies. The message, however, is more than mere criticism. It sets forth a program designed to contribute to the future security of the people of Wisconsin as well as to meet an emergency.

The following four courses "that we may pursue" are suggested by Governor La Follette:

1. The direct control and ownership by the people through their municipal, State, and national governments of enough of those instruments of common necessity to protect the public against extortionate charges, to insure efficient service, and, to the extent of the ownership, thus to effect a better distribution of the earning power of those facilities. . . .

2. The provision of machinery by the State that will enable business—and I use business in its larger sense—to govern itself. . . .

3. The provision of machinery for undertaking and carrying on the profound research we need as a society; for the taking of economic and social counsel, and the definite attempt to plan continuously both for the present and the future of our communities. . . .

4. The equalization of the burden of taxation. . . .

These are the principal points of Governor La Follette's general program. A part of the program has already been realized through legislation enacted at the last session of the assembly. The Governor has now asked the special session, by way of furthering the program, and also to meet the economic emergency, to appropriate funds for unemployment relief, lower so far as practical the tax burden on property, authorize a temporary increase in income taxes, and institute certain reforms in the banking system of the State. He would have the unemployment-relief funds used "preferably for the direct labor costs of public works," but also "for poor relief when public works cannot be practically provided." His banking reforms would give the State Banking Department "wider authority over the management of banks and over the individuals who conduct them"—a wise recommendation in the light of recent happenings in that field—and would also seek to prevent gambling in bank stocks.

Summed up, the Governor's message shows not only that courage we have come to expect from members of the La Follette family. It also reveals a knowledge of current affairs and problems such as every public official ought to have. The governors of all the other States would do well to study this important document, but before all, it ought to be thoroughly digested by President Hoover.

The Diehards and India

ONLY a British right-about-face could apparently have rescued the Round Table Conference from the abyss toward which it drifted in its closing weeks. But instead of frank generosity on the part of the British government, which might have stilled the conviction of futility growing in the minds of the Indian delegates, the discussions merely reveal that India's major demands are to be ignored. On November 8 the All-India Congress cabled Mahatma Gandhi its opinion that he ought to come home, though leaving it to him to remain longer if he thought there was anything to gain. Reluctant to depart before exhausting every hope of a settlement, Gandhi stayed on. A week later, when once more the negotiations seemed fruitless, a pledge by the Moslems not to seek the fulfilment of their claims as a prerequisite to a constitution afforded a renewed gleam of hope.

But with every move toward increasing Hindu-Moslem unity, the irrepressible diehard Tories, feeling their oats as a result of the election, made it plain to the Prime Minister that no really liberal policy would be tolerated. Viscount Rothermere in the *Daily Mail* cried out for a summary end to the proceedings, and urged the government to "send Gandhi home." Through the press and on the platform the prefervid Winston Churchill and his coterie of extremists began to wage an intensified campaign. More than once they were accused by Hindu and Labor delegates of making underground approaches to the recalcitrant Moslems in order to protract the latters' insistence over the minority question.

It remained for the Undersecretary for India, the Marquess of Lothian, who is ordinarily a Liberal in international affairs, to stir the ultimate resentment of the entire Indian delegation by recommending strongly in the House of Lords repressive measures to crush "terrorism" in Bengal. Lord Lothian's address was the signal for an outburst of fury by Lord Brentford, in which that famous Labor-baiter placed the blame for the murder of a dozen Englishmen in India on the shoulders of Mahatma Gandhi.

Coming as they did at a most critical juncture in the conference, these incendiary utterances were calculated to give the negotiations their death blow. Even Mahatma Gandhi's critics, if fair, could not fail to recognize his infinite patience. In the face of outpourings by the yellow journals, some of which declared that he would go down in history chiefly as a man who defied London climate with a loin cloth, he has preserved his dignity and friendliness. He has lived up to his ideal of "no hatred for any Englishman," wistfully expressing his desire to talk most of all face to face with his enemies. Though sensible to the pressure of his impatient Congress colleagues and to the need of vigorous action to hold back a violent element in rebel India, he has manifested an increasing restiveness because of the multitudinous delays. Not minimizing the seriousness of the disagreements between the Hindus and the minority elements, he has shared with many observers the conviction that it was part of British strategy to withhold a definite promise of self-government until the breakdown of the discussions among the Indian groups should place upon them the onus for a possible failure of the conference.

It was the final blow to Indian faith when Lord Sankey, for the Federal Structure Committee, brought in a majority report definitely denying to India the right to control her own army and foreign relations, though conceding a substantial measure of fiscal autonomy. To the Indians the army has always been a sore point, and with abundant reason. As long as the army is controlled by Britain, genuine freedom seems to the natives inconceivable. The cost to them has been terrific. British India stands in the seventh place among the nations in military outlay. Every year \$205,000,000 goes to maintain an army which is exceedingly unpopular and which drains off more than 62 per cent of the total central expenditure. Not counting Great Britain itself, the cost of defense in British India is more than double that for all of the rest of the Empire together. If it seems inconsistent on the part of the non-violent Gandhi to press for an Indian army, it must be remembered that he puts no trust in the possibility of disarming India so long as the military forces are under the dominance of an outside government. The portent of the Sankey draft convinced the Indian delegates that the government meant to withhold a centralized autonomy, and, instead, grant nothing beyond the type of provincial self-rule envisaged in the repudiated Simon report. Steadfastly they have characterized such a compromise as intolerable.

A new campaign of civil disobedience may soon be under way. It means untold suffering to the Indian masses, for the temper of the Tories is clear to all. For the British workers and business men it spells incalculable economic loss. But it is the one potent weapon available to India, and it will be used, whatever it may cost, until the British people undertake to tame their imperialistic firebrands.

Bad Seasons and Good Plays

NEVER within the memory of man has the theatrical business been what the producers would consent to call good. Every time any play fails, its manager naturally feels that the show business is dying, and since most plays are always failing, the stage is perpetually on its last legs—except, of course, in the opinion of those lucky impresarios who happen to have a hit.

This year, however, things are naturally a good deal worse than usual. The business man whose business is the producing of plays is as badly off as every other business man, and the workers in the theater are at least as likely to be unemployed as the workers in any other field. According to *Variety*, the actors appearing in the vaudeville show at the lyric Theater (just off Broadway) are receiving an average salary of one dollar and ten cents per performance, and the present indications are that Christmas week will see only twenty-five legitimate theaters operating in the Times Square district. When it is remembered that twenty-four were open during the *summer* of 1929, the real extent of the slump becomes apparent and it is no wonder that the Shubert Theater Corporation—by far the largest operating company—has gone into the hands of a receiver.

Fortunately, however, the playgoer is by no means so badly off as the manager. The present autumn has seen rather more good plays than usual offered to the public, and at the present moment there are current at least eleven theatrical entertainments which even a critical spectator is almost certain to enjoy. Neither New York nor any other city usually has more to offer, and though the producers have their worries, the spectator who can choose from among the following may count himself lucky: "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Brief Moment," "The House of Connelly," "Counsellor-at-Law," "Reunion in Vienna," "Cynara," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Grand Hotel," "The Streets of New York," "The Laugh Parade" (Ed Wynn), and "The Band Wagon."

Moreover, it is worth noting that these plays have without exception been making money and that, as a matter of fact, no conspicuously meritorious production has failed this season to do so. Two of the plays listed above are in their second season; the best of them all, "Mourning Becomes Electra," is drawing \$25,000 a week and tops the list of legitimate productions.

Perhaps the old platitude which states that it is always a good season for good plays and always a bad season for bad ones is not quite adequate; but from the standpoint of the person who likes to attend the theater twelve or fifteen times a year it is pretty nearly so. Doubtless some plays are not doing so well as they would have done last year; doubtless some which were taken off as failures would have lost less money for their sponsors during a better season; but not one of such was good enough to deserve much lamentation from the members of its potential audience. The only real effect of the season's badness is seen in the death of mediocrities which a more reckless prosperity would have allowed to survive.

If I Were Dictator*

By LEWIS MUMFORD

ADDRESS TO THE ACTION-UNITS ON THE FIRST
ANNIVERSARY OF THE DICTATORSHIP

COMRADES: We have seized power because those who nominally possessed it had no means of using it, while those who used it put their private advantage above the public good. Our mission will be over when we have contrived new instruments of corporate life in harmony with our social purposes and have reunited power and responsibility. During the generation before we achieved control, political life had almost disappeared: no party dared to take the necessary steps out of the morass of chicane and greed and unimaginative national rapacity. Every political leader felt bound to keep intact the swollen fortunes of the minority, to maintain the irresponsible control of semi-monopolistic industrial groups, to preserve the unstable equilibrium of the inverted financial pyramid, to respect the bellicose demands of a bigoted and uninformed nationalism. We have now overcome this paralysis in our moral and political life; but do not mistake the authority our action-units exercise. They are in the nature of a powerful stimulant, a poison introduced at the moment of crisis in order to restore the normal functions of the body. Even now you are relatively few in number; your influence has been that of organization, self-discipline, rational purpose—a moral influence. Within five years I hope to address only a skeleton army. You will return, disciplined and refreshed, to a country that already shows the happy effect of your exertions. Meanwhile: be watchful.

FROM A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE
ECONOMIC COUNCIL

During the first stage of the economic transition it has been necessary to assume as fixed the objectives of the past economic order. Your provisional organization has been admirable. By the establishment of a commissary of supplies and shelter in every community, we have been able to guarantee subsistence to every person; by erecting a national minimum, to which all individuals are entitled, irrespective of status, vocational ability, or capacity to work, we have not only laid an indispensable foundation for planned machine production; we have lessened the friction and suffering that would otherwise have been inflicted, not alone upon the uppermost tenth of the income groups, but upon numerous pensioners and supporters of bourgeois society. The socialization of land, capital, and credit have been accomplished all the more effectively because we have taken these measures without vindictiveness; the good surgeon, ruthless with the knife, does not disdain anaesthesia.

But the transformation we seek is something more than a nominal change in power and control; we must resist the strong temptation to buttress the existing economic structure by accepting its objectives and attempting to carry it on. Under the financial canons of the past, the goal of economic production was to create new wants, to expand the market,

to provide a constantly increasing turnover of goods, to direct economic activities toward the fields of greatest individual profits. Our new economic system must rest upon two radically different assumptions: first, our prime duty is to supply a constant minimum of the necessities of life for our whole population; second, we must turn a good part of our energies into forms of life which bring no direct and measurable economic return—the bearing and rearing of children, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, the building of new cities and the complete reconstruction of old ones, the magnificent rehabilitation of the whole countryside. Once we have established an adequate minimum for the whole population, our current production must be directed, not toward creating aimless wants and meaningless luxuries, but toward providing replacements. Gains in production, through new inventions, through planning and rationalization, will then provide further energy and man power for creative activity. The success of an economic order must be judged, not by the absolute output of goods, but by the ratio of consumption to creation.

Fortunately, we have already taken a step or two in the right direction. In many communities the proportion of teachers to children has been doubled. Eventually, I suggest, we must quadruple it; this is only a limited first move toward replacing the prison discipline of the old public school with the experimental and many-sided activity necessary for a healthy education. Similarly, we must break up our expanded and overorganized cities, schools, universities into many times the present number of units; in various industries the same requirements hold true for administration and factory organization; we must recover the human scale.

In the organization of production, once the formidable inertia of the past is overcome, the Economic Council will perhaps tend to err on the side of conservatism. I for one would not have it otherwise. Our problem in America, unlike that of our comrades in Soviet Russia, is to reduce the tempo of industrialism. We must turn society from its feverish preoccupation with money-making inventions, goods, profits, salesmanship, symbolic representations of wealth to the deliberate promotion of the more humane functions of life. No Economic Council can by itself enforce such a change; but by providing the proper instruments and organization, by collaborating with those educational and cultural agencies that are working in the same direction, it can guide this change to fruitful issues.

SPEECH TO THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH

YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN: I will not burden you with the platitude that the hope of the Green Republic lies with you, nor flatter you with the comforting delusion that your beliefs and prejudices are valid in direct proportion to your inexperience. The great advantage of youth is that it is the period that fosters the maximum contempt for death. To you, then, we have given some of the dangerous tasks of society: those of the mine, the construction camp, the aviation field, the lumber camp, the hospital. Your service

* The fourth of a series of articles on this subject. Others will follow in early issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

in industry is part of your social education and personal discipline; your foreign expeditions at the call of the World Economic Council have rounded out that sense of international society which you acquired, in the germ, through your intercourse with visiting teachers of other nationalities in your schools, from the earliest grades onward. Most of you have deeper regional roots than the average American of the past order; but, by the same token, you have lost the stale illusions of isolation and self-sufficiency: you are, in a very real and effective sense, citizens of the world—and this is a higher honor and a greater privilege than that of being the citizen of any single country. What the Green Revolution has given you is not allegiance to a country, but allegiance to a universal corporate idea.

MESSAGE TO THE LOWER LAKES COUNCIL OF CORPORATIONS

The Council of Commissars views with concern the effort to form political parties within the local corporations. The net effect of this effort would be to upset the equilibrium of interests and to create false issues; moreover, it is a sign that the local corporations are not performing their functions. The council regards this part of the political structure as of critical importance. Today the citizen does not vote through his political party; he votes through his corporation—through his city, his university, his factory, his consumers' cooperative, his professional association; he has as many votes as he has interests and functions. Should the work of the local units fall off, should place-holders and demagogues take the posts of able administrators who are skilled in composing differences and finding a common workable ground, the efficiency of the Council of Commissars itself would be hampered; power would revert to the Central Authority, where it existed at first at the beginning of the revolution, and I would speedily become a Caesar or fall before some unscrupulous commissar who was bent on becoming a Caesar himself. A government that really operated under the principles of the old political system, and was Socialist one day and Tory the next, or Democrat one year and Republican the next, would be impossible; as a matter of fact, the theory was a deception. Behind the scenes the work of the government went on—almost equally bad or equally good—with little respect for party mandates.

Today our political life must be a constant reality, since it deals with real forces, real issues, real interests; but the essence of our system is that these issues can neither be formulated nor expressed through the medium of the political party. Our system is not to count numerical votes; we compose and integrate corporate pressures. Let me recall a familiar example—the reduction by the Economic Council of the program for industrial expansion during the three-year period beginning last October, in order to lower the general working hours from six to five and a half. That issue might have led to a deadlock between the Council of Cities and Regions and the Economic Council; or, carried on in accordance with the principles of party government, it might have become the issue in a whole series of electoral contests between the ins and the outs. The prompt decision of the Council of Commissars in favor of reduction avoided this futile display of power, and the popular response proved that we interpreted correctly the sentiment of the country. The fear that we should fall below the world quota in the surplus

production of wheat, cotton, petroleum, and cotton goods has proved after a year's experiment to be unfounded. The World Economic Council has even suggested a further experimental reduction in export commodities to a five-hour schedule.

EXTRACT FROM A RADIO BROADCAST UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE COMMISSAR OF EDUCATION

Today it is highly important to distinguish between these different methods in education: indoctrination, training, cultivation. Some of our comrades wish to make over the entire educational system on doctrinal lines, they would crystallize the beliefs and slogans of the revolution into a permanent system of habits and attitudes. Nothing could be more fatal to the real accomplishments of the revolution. The method of indoctrination would burden us with stale dogmas and empty shibboleths and keep us from controlling effectively the flux of reality.

But while indoctrination is always a danger, training for the tasks and opportunities of our society is necessary; this concerns itself not with beliefs and attitudes by themselves, but with actions. The old order left us with a vast mass of unsocialized and undisciplined people; some of these were mentally unfit to take part in the new order, others were actively hostile, others still were untrained for any useful work whatever. It is for these adults that we have established our temporary agricultural and industrial training schools; passage through these institutions is necessary as a qualification for leaving the present undesirable quarters once occupied by the rich in our big cities, and obtaining work and residence in the new regional cities we have been creating. This task of rehabilitation will take at least a generation. In cases of extreme moral degeneration, as in many gangsters, business men, politicians, and racketeers, we have sought to use every resource of medicine and psychiatry to further the work.

At last we come to the main task of education: the discipline and cultivation of the whole personality, that continuous process which begins in the cradle and ends only with the grave. What type of personality do we seek to create? We seek to abolish the narrow specialist, the fanatic, the dangerous madman who would simplify life by the elegant methods of Procrustes. We do not deny the values and interests that properly belong to the workaday world; on the contrary, we are steadily reorganizing production so as to assimilate more of them. But the processes of life and culture complement those limited experiences, and the man or woman whose activities have been limited to the narrow walls of the office or the factory, who has been nurtured on "hard facts" alone, who has never found his life heightened and intensified by a painting, a drama, a poem, or an imaginative grasp of the actual by means of philosophy or aesthetics—such a man or woman has not fully entered into his human heritage.

FROM A PERSONAL LETTER, WRITTEN FIVE YEARS AFTER THE REVOLUTION

But surely, my dear E., you see beneath the surface of my "dictatorial mug." A dictator, even such a temporary one as I purpose to be, cannot operate from behind the scenes; he must appear in public, that is, in character. Had I so much as cracked a smile during the first year, our enemies

would have regarded it as a sign of weakness, and so would a sheepish populace. Hence the frown and the implacable jaw—and how my face aches after a long day in public! To speak frankly, this business of make-up is all that I have learned about the political animal during my three years in office; and I learned this during the first week, when I was tempted to jest with a rebellious major general. The soldiers thought I was afraid of him and almost deserted me; I was compelled to have him executed on the spot to prevent a counter-revolution from occurring. After that I scowled at such people—and canceled the death sentence. Aside from this, I have learned nothing about managing the political animal that I did not already know as president of a small college. The main thing is to have a good dean; he must do the dirty work, hire and fire, boss and bully, and execute all the disagreeable orders, in order that the Chief shall not fall into public disfavor. As executive secretary of the council, my old dean at Swarthurst has done admirably; there is nothing like a good grounding in the classics to fit a man for such a post.

We have made our share of mistakes, but I had counted on making more. I had forgotten the positive energy and capacity for growth of the young people who rallied around the original action-units. We shall pass beyond our present catchwords—incorporate, integrate, internationalize—as we have already passed beyond the earlier shibboleths of the revolution—deflate, decentralize, distribute. Some of our engineers, still limited and fundamentally uneducated men, may fancy that the highest mission of an organized society is to make organization universal; but quite the contrary, I feel that the real use of organization is to leave large tracts of life in freedom and peace. I purpose to give every possible encouragement to spontaneous and amateur activities—chiefly by letting them alone. To be completely rational is to allow even for irrationality, and though the words over the door of our state are discipline, corporate responsibility, and socialization, once we step over the threshold we will write Emerson's word: Whim. Like him, we hope it is more than that; but we can't bother to explain. You, my dear E., will understand.

Russia and Japan in Manchuria

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, November 13

NEITHER the United States, which rams its will down the throats of Nicaragua and Haiti, nor England, which holds Egypt, India, and Cyprus by main force, nor yet France, which half destroyed the beautiful city of Damascus in order to "pacify" Syria, has any moral right of protest when Japan proceeds to make Manchuria a second Korea. Nor has the League of Nations, for the League completes and confirms the Versailles treaty with all its vivisection of Germany and its colony-snatching.

China, it will be remembered, demonstratively refused to sign the Treaty of Peace in 1919. The Soviet Government, too, is anti-Versailles, and anti-League and anti-imperialist as well. Russia is, therefore, China's alternative to the West. Before Dr. Sun Yat-sen invited Borodin to lead the Kuomintang revolution, he urged the Western nations to participate in the "international development of China" along capitalist lines. They declined. Then the "doctor" turned to Lenin and sent Chiang Kai-shek to Moscow to plead for aid. The Manchurian conflict may soon force China to make a similar choice.

This phase of the Manchurian situation has received little or no attention in the press. Yet the diplomats keep it ever in mind. Sino-Bolshevik cooperation in the Borodin period (1924-27) of the Chinese revolution sent a tremor through the British Empire and seriously disturbed America and Japan. Such cooperation must not recur. Hence, in part, the Sinophile attitude of the Western Powers. Hence, in part, their desire to exclude Russia from the international efforts to dislodge Japan from her new military positions in South and North Manchuria.

The Powers also seek—by checking Japan—to serve their direct national interests in the Far East. This is especially true of the United States, whose traditional policy

calls for opposition to Nippon's intrenchment on the Asiatic mainland. Good-will for China in the present crisis, moreover, may help America and England to capture some of the trade which Japan is losing. Russia does not fit well into such plans.

Yet what could be more natural than to invite the U. S. S. R. to join with the other nations in their attempt to halt the Japanese advance? The Soviet Union is coterminous with Manchuria. Next to China, Russia has most to lose from Japanese aggression. The Bolsheviks have consistently attacked imperial aggrandizement, are therefore in an impregnable moral position to inveigh against the Japanese occupation. Their association with the Powers in demanding the evacuation of Manchuria would strengthen those Powers and weaken Japan. Yet Moscow has been barred from the council chambers of Geneva, Paris, and Washington.

If the United States or some other nation had invoked the Kellogg pact in the Manchurian affair, the Soviet Government might have supported the effort. The United States State Department probably feared that this would involve America's *de jure* recognition of the U. S. S. R. Moscow, to be sure, has officially accepted Frank B. Kellogg's interpretation that there can be no recognition without the intention to recognize. But the bureaucrats of Washington shudder lest an unsuspected loophole should admit a Soviet ambassador or negotiator to the sacred city on the Potomac. I believe this anti-recognition played its role. America acted through Geneva for other reasons. It did not wish to share China's gratitude, if there will be any, with Russia. It desired to curry favor with France on the eve of M. Laval's visit to the White House. For if Washington cannot sign a guaranty pact to protect poor weak France against a viciously armed and prosperous Germany, it can at least give its sanction to the Versailles treaty by appearing at Geneva in

■ most important crisis. That was the first step. The next was the *carte blanche* which President Hoover gave France to deal with Germany alone—in the spirit of Versailles.

Whether because Russia is barred from international endeavors to stop Japan in Manchuria, or because those endeavors have been half-hearted, or because Tokio refuses to be deterred by mere diplomatic notes, threats, and demarches, Japan remains in Manchuria. Seen from Moscow—a good point of vantage for Chinese events—Japan will continue to remain in Manchuria. It will not evacuate on November 16 nor soon after that. The Bolsheviks are of the opinion that even if the island empire, for considerations of expediency, restricts the area of occupation temporarily, or—what is more likely—gives the military occupation a guise of democracy by creating “autonomous” Chinese puppet states, Japan will not retire from its forward position in Manchuria unless compelled to do so by armed force or economic distress. Tokio chose a day when the foreign countries were too occupied with their own economic troubles to interfere seriously with Japanese designs in China. But authorities here incline to the view that the Mikado’s government could no longer postpone the extension of its dominion in Manchuria because of the threat, as yet passive, contained in the growing economic strength of both Manchuria and the Soviet Union.

The Chinese are already building their own railroads in the Three Eastern Provinces. They are developing industries, and getting rich on the soy bean. Mukden’s army was the best in China. A few more years of steady progress would enable Manchuria to resist Japanese domination more stubbornly than today. Japan must therefore dig in now. The Five-Year Plan is ■ further consideration. The center of Soviet industry is moving eastward to the Urals. Magnitogorsk in Siberia will, when completed in 1932, be the biggest steel town in the world. Kuznetzstroi and numerous new Siberian railroads will likewise add to Russia’s weight in Pacific affairs. Before it is too late, Japan must take advantage of Moscow’s preoccupation with industrial construction and of Manchuria’s quickly vanishing feebleness. Japan, therefore, cannot afford to lose in its present struggle. If it submits to outside pressure today, there may never be another chance.

K. K. Kawakami, a well-known Japanese correspondent in Washington, writing in the *Baltimore Sun* of October 16, 1931, compares the present situation with the Sino-Soviet conflict over the Chinese Eastern Railway in the latter half of 1929. This is distortion. Mukden had seized the C. E. R. in July, 1929. During August and September the Soviet Government complained officially about thirty-two armed incursions into Soviet territory by white Russian and Chinese forces. Then, on November 18, the red army undertook reprisals, marched into Manchuria, and compelled Mukden to return the C. E. R. to its joint Chinese-Russian management. In five days the Russians had come and gone. The whole operation, indeed, was so swift that it had ended before Mr. Stimson could find time to invoke the Kellogg pact. He did so anyway, but his invocation took place several days after the complete withdrawal of the red troops. Neither in form nor in intention does the 1929 episode resemble even remotely Japan’s present efforts to add Manchuria to her empire, efforts which Mr. Kawakami euphemistically labels “military demonstrations.”

Early in the present conflict Japanese troops seized a short sector of the C. E. R. and arrested a few Soviet officials of the line. Litvinov entered violent protest, and Tokio I believe, thereupon promised not to touch the C. E. R. Whether this pledge can be kept if the situation becomes more complicated is open to some doubt. In any event, the Bolsheviks see the possibility of Japan occupying the territory through which the C. E. R. runs without touching the railway itself. The line is Soviet property and operated, in part, by Soviet citizens. By keeping hands off the railroad Japan would deprive Moscow of ■ formal ground for protest. Nevertheless, the extension of Japanese influence to northern Manchuria is a grave menace to the U. S. S. R. A glance at the map will show that control over the district above Tsitsihar and Harbin would permit Japan, by stepping across the Soviet frontier and cutting the Ussuri Railway, to separate Vladivostok from the body of Siberia and make the Soviet Maritime Provinces indefensible. Russia would thus be robbed of her access to the Pacific Ocean.

High Soviet officials with whom I have discussed the Manchurian situation informally suggest that the immediate objective of Japan’s present military pressure northward is the capture of the railway which extends from Tsitsihar southeast over the Nonni River bridge to Taonan to Kirin to the Korean port of Seisin. This line is almost parallel to the C. E. R. Japanese soldiers are quickly completing unfinished sections in the province of Kirin. If this purpose is carried out, the C. E. R. would become a deficit business proposition and an economic liability to both Moscow and Mukden.

To Soviet Moscow it has always been ■ political liability. I learned recently that Lenin, in ■ statement that has never been published or even referred to publicly, urged the cession of the C. E. R. to China. In 1924, when the U. S. S. R. and China assumed diplomatic relations, and Karakhan commenced negotiating about the future disposition of the Chinese Eastern, Dr. Sun Yat-sen begged Borodin to use his influence with Moscow to block the surrender of the railway to Manchuria. Mukden at that time was anti-Kuomintang, and Dr. Sun did not relish the idea of strengthening Chang Tso-lin by giving him a valuable and strategic property. Moscow, moreover, always kept in mind that Chinese ownership of the Chinese Eastern might easily tempt the Japanese to seize it. Nevertheless, Soviet politicians are increasingly sympathetic to the idea of the sale of the C. E. R. to a strong national Chinese government. In the midst of the present conflict, however, such ■ contingency does not and cannot arise, especially since the conquest of parts of northern Manchuria by Japan creates ■ situation far more important than the seizure of the C. E. R.

How will Russia act in the present crisis? It is safe to say quite categorically that the Soviet Government will not fight Japan unless Soviet territory is invaded. The Bolsheviks are building for the future; they are concentrating on the successful fulfilment of the first Five-Year Plan. A war would upset economic construction.

In view of this firm opposition to war, why should the Soviet Government grant assistance to Chinese generals resisting the Japanese advance? The Japanese have spread throughout the world reports of alleged cooperation between the Soviets and the Chinese General Ma whose headquarters are now at Tsitsihar. The Bolsheviks declare that Japan

hopes, by circulating these rumors, to raise the bogey of a "red menace" and win sympathy for itself among the Western Powers. If the hated Communists are on the march, perhaps Japan can receive international sanction to stay in Manchuria and "stem the red hordes." The attempt was too transparent, and has failed, it seems.

The Bolsheviks are passive and pacific, but observe events with mounting concern. The Warsaw and Helsingfors press indicate that Poland and Finland are watching the Manchurian situation with keen interest. A tiny intervention scare has already appeared in Moscow. When France resumed negotiations with the U. S. S. R. last May, the Bolsheviks, who for years and years had been predicting a foreign invasion "next spring," were forced to take a more

realistic view. France has been the arch-enemy. Now France was friendly. But with a Japanese army two days' march from the Soviet frontier, and the appetite of the Japanese military whetted by success and defiance, the Russians again succumb to intervention fears. What if Poland and the Baltics exploited the conjuncture to attack on the West? Obviously, if the Soviets were to become involved militarily in Siberia, Russia's European neighbors would be tempted to take advantage of the opportunity. This is yet another reason why Moscow will avoid war at almost any cost. But peace depends on more than one party. The future is not clear. Moscow, however, does not want to believe that Japan will complicate its own difficult position by provoking a war against the U. S. S. R.

Congress Meets at Last

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, November 30

ON December 7, a year and a month after its election, the Seventy-second Congress convenes. It will meet at the height of the greatest economic disaster in the history of the country, amid a welter of political chaos and uncertainty, and in almost a void of leadership and program. And as if these circumstances were not enough to insure inaction and futility, the new Congress, owing to the obstructive obstinacy of Herbert Hoover in refusing to call a special session, will confront some of the gravest of domestic and international problems on the eve of a Presidential campaign, with barely six months to function before it will rush to adjourn to attend the national nominating conventions.

The few Progressives in the two houses have alone plans for constructive legislation. They will propose unemployment relief, tax revision, unemployment insurance, water-power regulation, economic planning, farm relief, tariff reductions, and desperately needed political reforms. But although nominally the "balance of power," they are actually, owing to the politically hopeful situation the Democrats find themselves in, in an unpromising position. For as things stand the Democratic leaders are in a cold sweat over their bright prospects in 1932 and fearful of antagonizing big business and the bankers, and so they are profoundly wary of the Progressives' demands and can be expected to sidestep as much as possible, or, if that fails, openly to join with the Republican Administration in defeating any constructive program.

This discouraging prospect will not, of course, deter the Progressives from proposing their measures and pressing them for consideration. In their effort to compel action they have, particularly in the Senate, certain important advantages. Of the ten major committees in that chamber, the Progressives, through the right of seniority, hold the chairmanships of eight. They also have representation on the other two, Finance and Appropriations, with La Follette on the former and Nye on the latter. Holding the chairmanships of these powerful committees, the Progressives are in a commanding position to maneuver their proposals to floor consideration.

In the House the Progressive group, for the most part

of mediocre character and caliber and less compactly organized, is wholly without committee influence. Should the Democrats, as is most likely, organize the chamber and take over the committee chairmanships, the Progressives might, if they exerted themselves, bring a certain amount of personal pressure to bear on specific proposals. Representative La Guardia of New York repeatedly demonstrated even during the Longworth-Snell-Tilson hegemony in the House that a fighting Progressive can force important bills before the House against a reactionary and omnipotent Republican machine. Practically alone last session, he compelled action on the Norris "lame-duck" session bill and the Wagner federal employment-exchange measure, both of which had been passed by the Senate, but pigeonholed by the House machine until he maneuvered them on to the floor.

In this session La Guardia will have the support of two youthful Progressives, Thomas Amlie of Wisconsin, a new member, and Paul Kvale of Minnesota, beginning his first full term. Both are able and determined fighters, and with their backing as a nucleus of support the sturdy La Guardia plans a definite line of Progressive action. He will depend on the Senate group to initiate the Progressive projects and to get them through the upper chamber, thus placing them before the House, where he can demand that the new Democratic bosses allow them to be taken under consideration.

Difficult and disheartening as is the situation in Congress, the Progressives face their greatest obstacle to achievement in the occupant of the White House. Herbert Hoover, by his veto of the Norris Muscle Shoals and Wagner employment-exchange bills last session, has shown that if all other means to defeat Progressive measures fail, he will not hesitate to kill them with a veto. The Progressives are determined, however, to force the issue squarely and, if nothing else, put the President on record.

The list of vital legislative needs that confront the new Congress runs the gamut of the nation's economic and political life. It begins with the immediate task of feeding and clothing the ten million unemployed and ends with the question of prohibition. In foreign affairs the situation is no less serious, but in this field the influence of Congress is

largely confined to the veto power of the Senate on treaties and agreements. The initiative in formulating policies and taking action and the authority to name delegates to disarmament conferences are in the hands of the Executive. Congress must await the result of the President's action in the form of a treaty before it can formally express its judgment. In the present world situation, with the timid Hoover and the bungling Stimson holding the reins of the country's foreign affairs, this is a tragic condition. Senator Hiram Johnson of California has given indications that he will demand a Senatorial inquiry into the profits of the bankers in the handling of foreign bonds and loans. The revelations of such an investigation would probably prove sensational. But it is unlikely that such an investigation can be made, or prove effective, before the one-year moratorium is considered, and even if that were possible, it could not prevent ratification. It would be certain, however, to have a material effect on a possible extension of the moratorium and on efforts to bring about cancelation of the war debts. The Administration's claims about army and navy economies are sheer trumpery and ballyhoo. The actual saving in dollars and cents in the Hoover budget is wholly fictitious, and one of the many fights facing the Progressives will be to defeat items for new warship construction and army equipment.

The domestic legislative issues as they present themselves in their relative importance are as follows:

Unemployment relief. Senator La Follette, with several Democrats, will offer measures calling for an immediate appropriation from the federal Treasury, to be expended through State, county, and local governments, for the feeding and clothing of the hungry and needy. Senator La Follette also contemplates a bill directing the expenditure of two billion dollars, the money to be raised by bond issues, interest and amortization of which are to be covered by increased surtaxes, for a great federal public-works program, including good roads, irrigation, waterways, forestation and reforestation, and government buildings.

Taxation. The Administration, with the support of a large number of Democrats, will attempt to put through a modified sales tax, coupled with some slight increases in the income- and estate-tax rates. The Progressives propose to amend such a plan, eliminating the sales-tax features and appreciably raising the rates on the higher income brackets and the inheritance tax, and enacting an effective gift tax. They will also fight further bond issues to meet the two-billion-dollar deficit in government revenues.

Banking. The Administration will seek a broadening of the base of the Federal Reserve system, and the setting up of a real-estate loan-bank system. The first scheme has already encountered severe criticism from banking authorities in Congress. Senator Glass, Democratic leader, has vigorously denounced the suggestion and will bitterly oppose any attempt of this kind. The real-estate-banks proposal is certain of approval, although there is likely to be a clash over the amount of money the government should contribute to the system.

Unemployment insurance. Senator Wagner will introduce a bill providing for government and employer contribution. Both Republican and Democratic opposition will be present, and the outlook for such legislation is not hopeful.

Employment-exchange system. This bill was passed by the last Congress over the determined resistance of Hoover

and Secretary of Labor Doak. Unable to defeat it in Congress, Hoover then vetoed it. Senator Wagner will reoffer the measure and is hopeful of passing it over Hoover's veto, if he again rejects it.

Norris lame-duck-session bill. This hardy perennial has an excellent chance of passage this session. It would then have to go to the States for approval, as it is a constitutional amendment. Hoover cannot interfere with its submission once it passes both chambers. It has been repeatedly passed by the Senate and was approved by the House last Congress. On the demand of the late Speaker Longworth it was amended, however, in a form that was unacceptable to its author, Senator Norris, and failed through refusal of the Republican bosses of the House to recede from their position.

Muscle Shoals. Congress is likely again to enact the Norris bill for government operation, despite the recommendation of the Hoover commission that the property be leased to private interests for fifty years. Hoover is expected again to veto the Norris measure, which was also vetoed by Coolidge. The possibility of overriding a third veto is uncertain.

Utilities. Railroad consolidation, regulation of interstate power, motor-bus regulation, and creation of a Department of Communications are certain to be considered in committee by both houses. The odds are against any legislation on these questions, but there is a possibility that something may be done.

Labor. The anti-injunction bill will be pressed for consideration by the Progressives. It is not unlikely that this measure may be enacted, that is, if it is not lost in the pressure for action on other more urgent issues.

Economic planning. Senator La Follette will introduce a bill setting up a governmental agency for the purpose. It is certain to encounter both Republican and Democratic opposition. Its chances of enactment are not predictable at present. Such a proposal has never been before either branch of Congress.

Agricultural relief. The farm bloc will seek to amend the Federal Farm Board act to include both the equalization fee and debenture. The equalization fee has twice been approved by Congress, and been vetoed. It is likely that both devices will be approved. Hoover has opposed both in the past. What he will do with a difficult Presidential campaign facing him is uncertain. There will also be an effort made to appropriate additional funds for additional stabilization operations by the Farm Board. Senator Brookhart will offer a bill calling for a billion-dollar revolving fund for the buying up and holding off the market of crop surpluses. This is likely to encounter vigorous Administration opposition.

Anti-trust laws. Business will seek drastic revision of these statutes, to permit mergers and consolidations—in the “interest of business stabilization” of course. The chances are against such legislation, unless it is coupled with the economic-planning proposal.

Tariff revision. Senators Costigan and Hull will offer measures for downward revision, and if time permits, it is possible that some legislation may result. But the chances are strongly against Congress opening the tariff question on the eve of a Presidential campaign. The Democrats will do a lot of talking about the iniquitous Republican Smoot-

Hawley bill—which was enacted with their votes—but that is as far as they will go.

Veterans' legislation. A new drive for cash payment of the soldier bonus will be made, despite the American Legion's official opposition. Passage of such legislation is largely dependent upon the economic situation. If employment does not improve, the pressure will be great to put through the payment of the remaining half of the adjusted-compensation certificates. Repeal of the "pauper clause" in the law giving World War veterans compensation for non-service-connected disabilities will also be asked. Likewise, increases in the pensions for Spanish War widows and extension of the pension system to widows of World War veterans will be asked.

War policies. The joint commission appointed last

year to study ways of "taking the profit out of war" will report, but there is little prospect of any legislation.

Liberalization of House rules. Democratic control may result in some minor modifications of the present boss-rule gag system in the House, but except for some liberalization of the rules permitting the bringing of legislation onto the floor over the objections of obstructive committees, nothing important can be looked for. The Democratic leaders are just as eager as the Republican bosses to hold the House in leash. The close party alignment in the chamber, however, will automatically operate to prevent such a condition of boss rule as has existed in the past few Congresses under the Longworth-Snell-Tilson triumvirate.

Prohibition. There will be a great deal of aimless talk, and nothing done.

England on the Edge of Chaos

By J. A. HOBSON

London, November 15

THE rift in the National lute became manifest as soon as Parliament met. The party allocation of seats in the Cabinet had evoked some sharp criticism in conservative quarters. For the Conservatives, whose preponderance is overwhelming in the two houses, only received a bare majority of the Cabinet posts, eleven out of twenty. Of the key positions one, the Foreign Office, had been allocated to the Liberal, Sir John Simon, while the appointment of another Liberal, Mr. Walter Runciman, to the Board of Trade was regarded as an intended check upon the fiscal policy of Mr. Neville Chamberlain at the Exchequer.

At the opening of Parliament the signs of discord were very plain. Not merely in the disposal of offices but in the interpretation of the "doctor's mandate" the Premier found himself at variance with the great Tory majority. "England does not love coalitions," Disraeli once declared. Nor do the parties to a coalition love their bond of union. The nature of the rift, which must inevitably widen as the government proceeds from general pronouncements to actual policy, is too deep-seated for healing. When Mr. MacDonald, speaking at the Guildhall on the eve of Parliament, said, "We have been witnessing the complete breakdown of national economic self-sufficiency," he was, whether he knew it or not, making a declaration of war against his "National" majority. For the sentiments, convictions, policies of the solid phalanx of 500 Conservatives who pretended to welcome his leadership are definitely opposed to the internationalism upon which he takes his stand. This opposition is expressed in its most naive form in a comment by the *Morning Post*, the organ of the diehard oligarchs. "It is the sum of national policies which makes the world policy." Let each nation look after its own separate interests and the well-being of the world will be secured!

Let nobody feel surprise that this gathering of country sportsmen, industrial magnates, soldiers, lawyers, bankers, and sprigs of our nobility should fall for this gospel of nationalism, and in this crisis of our life insist upon its efficiency as a policy. To those who take a wider outlook it may well seem absurd that at a time when the financial

and economic interdependence of nations is painted everywhere in such glaring colors, this enthusiastic self-sufficiency should survive. But it does. The recent general election has demonstrated that the vast majority of our people still believe it possible that we can win security and a return to prosperity by the use of the political and economic resources within our national or our imperial control. This creed is crystallized in the demand for a protective tariff. No sooner had Parliament met than this demand became clamant. The 300 "Page-Crofters," or whole-hoggers, objected strongly to the Premier's announcement of "consideration and investigation" preceding action. A full scientific tariff they would consent to wait for until after the New Year, but emergency measures to stop the "dumping" of imports required no consideration or inquiry. The facts and the remedy were equally assured. When Mr. Winston Churchill plunged into the debate, the issues took a political as well as an economic shape. Excluded from participation in the government, this prince of free traders turned his attack upon the triumvirate—MacDonald, Samuel, Baldwin—insisting that the tariff decision lay not with them but with the electorate whose interpretation of the mandate in favor of protection was quite definite. Here I think he was on strong ground. For though MacDonald thought he had tactfully addressed his appeal to the electorate so as to exclude such a definite approval by including a tariff merely as one among other possible policies for inquiry, Churchill was undoubtedly right in his interpretation of the vote. No Tory candidate concealed his conviction in the efficacy of a tariff, and those liberals who, seeking "National" support, professed free trade were in nearly every case rejected.

With or without the assent of MacDonald and Samuel a full protective tariff (with an awkward cross of imperial preference) is therefore destined for next spring, unless the complete collapse of European finance with possible accompaniments of a revolutionary nature intervenes. Even the "Page-Crofters" have sufficient sense to see that the stabilization of sterling is a necessary condition of a "scientific tariff." But they refuse to wait for measures to stop

(Continued on page 640)

The Unimp

STUART CHASE'S

Best-seller

MEXICO

A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS

In Collaboration with Marian Tyler

MEXICO has been on all leading best-seller lists for four straight months because readers as well as reviewers have found it "an alluring picture of that land," "a sturdy thesis gorgeously embellished with human interest," and "an enormously stimulating commentary on the machine age."

The beautiful binding and illustrations by Diego Rivera, foremost of Mexican artists, make it an unusual gift book.

73rd THOUSAND

MACMILLAN

\$3.00

"A masterly piece of work. A challenge both to the Jew and the Christian. I wish that all Jews and Christians might read it."—*H. A. Overstreet.*

A RABBI TAKES STOCK

By SOLOMON GOLDMAN

Clarence Darrow says:

"This is one of the most powerful books I ever read. Dr. Goldman answers the question of the meaning of the word 'Jew' better than any other writer with whom I am familiar. His argument for the Jews retaining their identity is more convincing than I have so far heard or read. This book will no doubt stimulate wide discussion and strong controversy."

"Sincere, penetrating, forthright and inspiring."—*Professor A. Eustace Hayden*

\$2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

Publishers

NEW YORK

CHARLES

By D. B.

Author of "Fraud"

A brilliant portrait of Charles the Fifth, mile record of the golden age of the Renaissance—*Boston Transcript.* Published jointly with E.

COWARD-McCANN

TWO PEOPLE

By A. A. Milne

The love story of a happy marriage—a thoroughly delightful story of two thoroughly delightful people. 25th thousand,

BETTER LEFT UNSAID

Leaves from my Private Diary. By Daisy, Princess of

"Indiscreet—but the charm of her personality makes indulgence inevitable."—*London Spectator.* Best-seller since publication. 12th printing,

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

By Axel Munthe

18th month as a national non-fiction best-seller. 96th printing,

ENGLAND: The Unknown Isle

By Paul Cohen-Portheim

Saturday Review. "A masterpiece of analysis and exposition, a book is on its way to becoming a classic." 3rd printing,

1066 AND ALL THAT

By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman

Still, as *Corey Ford* remarks, "the most hilarious book of the 12th American printing, 81st thousand,"

GRAY'S ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Illustrated by John Vassos

"A charming experiment—a superb achievement."—*John Haynes*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York



This illustration used in cooperation with the National Association of Book Publishers.

You Will Find Some Appropriate Suggestions on This Page

... AND CONSULT YOUR BOOKS

chable Gift

EUROPE

AM LEWIS

"King Spider."

the Holy Roman Empire, and a glamorous
only brilliant, readable and scholarly book."

Illustrated. \$3.75

NEW YORK

MANHATTAN SIDE-SHOW

By Konrad Bercovici

The author of "Around the World in New York" pictures here the innumerable tragic, laughable, and sinister side acts that go on under Manhattan's big tent. "It is the eager, uncurbed expression of a man's genuine affection for a place, its people, its moods, its cruelties, and its delights."—*N. Y. Evening Post*. Illustrated \$4.00

CHICAGO: A PORTRAIT

By Henry Justin Smith

This book might be called "a romance of the city's birth, growth, and sturdy life," says one reviewer. It is "the only extant portrait . . . which combines its physical, its social, its economic, its artistic, and its historical characteristics in one volume"—writes Fanny Butcher in the *Chicago Tribune*. E. H. Suydam has done full page drawings to distinguish its pages and there is also a frontispiece in color. Illustrated \$5.00

At all bookstores

THE CENTURY CO. - NEW YORK

EAR GIVE BOOKS

BOOKS carry the true spirit of Christmas giving. They last a long time and they cost little. This year it is not hard to find just the right book for everyone on your holiday list, for the shops are full of interesting new books and old favorites in attractive new editions.

**CAPONE Is
Through--BUT the
Gangs Still
Rule!**

READ

Muscling In

by
FRED D. PASLEY
author of
"AL CAPONE"

The gangster is "muscling in" on legitimate business. Over 100 major industries in our big cities are in his grip. Today every citizen pays more to the underworld than to the government. Fred D. Pasley tells the startling truth. His pen is fearless; it well needs to be. In the interest of your pocketbook and your personal welfare, you must read the amazing facts in this book.

At Your Bookseller's, \$2.00

IVES WASHBURN - - - NEW YORK

**Has
Science
Discovered
God?**

Just
Published!

A Symposium

Edited by

EDWARD H. COTTON

366 pages

17 portraits

8 Vo. \$3.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co.
393 Fourth Avenue
New York

MATHER
MILLIKAN
EDDINGTON
CURTIS
CONKLIN
EINSTEIN
HUXLEY
PATRICK
McDOUGALL
THOMSON
PUPIN
LANGDON-DAVIES
STETSON
JEANS
LODGE
BIRD

the flow of imports which they term "dumping." Though dumping properly signifies the importation of goods produced by sweated foreign labor, or "surplus" goods sold abroad cheaper than at home, the term is here applied to imports bought by our merchants so as to enlarge their stocks in anticipation of protection or prohibition measures. The immediate pressure on the government is for the exercise of administrative powers (through Orders in Council) to stop this inflow. The Premier's earlier reluctance to take steps at once without "scientific inquiry" is already overridden, so that the thin wedge of protection may be inserted without delay, and the foundations of agricultural and industrial revival be laid in this shifting government. The superfluous folly of such a radical change of our trading policy at such a time as this, when the drop from gold is already acting as a curb on imports and a stimulus to exports, or in other words, as a complete trade balance, is manifest to all whose eyes are not glued to the immediate interests of particular trades. But the "National" Parliament genuinely believes that by a tariff they can set British agriculture once more upon its legs, absorb the unemployed in industries which shall produce at home the manufactured goods we have been importing, and draw from our imperial resources those foods and raw materials we cannot raise within these isles. The experiment will cost us dear, but the blend of light-headed sentiment and narrow business interests seems likely to prevail.

No consideration is taken of the reactions of such economic nationalism upon our relations with other countries, the hostility engendered abroad when our free markets and those of our colonies are suddenly closed to countries whose economic life has been adjusted to a belief in our free-trade policy. It is not too much to say that the other Powers would never have allowed this country to acquire and hold this quarter of the earth which constitutes our Empire but for the free access given to them for buying and for selling. Instead of consolidating our Empire, protection will dissipate it, partly by internal frictions which will manifest themselves when we ask for a monopoly for British manufactured imports into Empire markets, partly from the political hostilities of foreign Powers inflamed by our economic restrictions.

To raise these new foreign troubles at a time like this, when every part of the world is in the throes of the gravest economic and political disaster history has ever recorded, is indeed a monumental folly. It enhances each of the particular foreign issues which confront us. MacDonald stressed the urgent need of immediate international action for enabling money and trade to become unfrozen and to resume their beneficial flow throughout the economic world. For such a task the willing, intelligent, and quick cooperation of all the nations and their governments is required. During the weeks we have been wrangling over the election of our government, the malady of Central Europe has been growing graver. The prospect of a settlement by negotiation between France and Germany alone is fantastic in its improbability. All the pressure and the wisdom that can be mobilized at Geneva may not succeed in averting a complete collapse of the Central Powers. But it should at least be tried.

Now what ground have we for believing that our new Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon, is qualified either to understand this critical situation or to take the requisite initia-

tive in designing bold and essentially risky remedies? All who know him and have followed his career have an immense admiration for his intellectual powers as lawyer, pleader, and debater. But he has neither the kind of knowledge, the gift of sympathy, nor the tact in handling men which belong to a great foreign minister. Cold brilliancy of reasoning goes a very little way toward the equipment that is needed. I have heard many Liberals discuss this appointment and the universal feeling has been one of dismay. Such miracles do occasionally happen, and therefore we may hope that one who has never hitherto displayed any special interest in internationalism or taken part in any constructive policies or movements for the better ordering of the world will reveal those powers of sympathetic understanding and vigorous action he has hitherto concealed so successfully. As I write, the great experiment in internationalism, the League of Nations, is submitted to the most crucial test that has yet confronted it, the prevention of war between its two Far-Eastern members. But for the selfish and foolish plunge into a national election, Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Henderson, with familiar knowledge of the foreign personnel and friendships and with their high prestige, would have been the voice of Britain at Geneva next week instead of this cold intellectual neophyte.

The very foundations of our governmental system are shaken by this shameful election. "His Majesty's Opposition" is an integral part of our parliamentary system, and it can hardly be said to exist any longer. It has no effective leader, and though it held one-third of the electorate to their allegiance, it has less than a fourth of the House of Commons. Many parliamentarians, irrespective of party, deplore this weakness, partly on its own account, partly because so overwhelming a majority breeds indifference or rashness. Will Labor in this country submit to what amounts to a political despotism of capital? There are those who seriously dread a revolutionary frame of mind in the workers, if unemployment continues, wages are cut, prices rise by reason of the tariff, and a return to normal decencies of life seems unattainable. "Five years' penal servitude" under the present government may well seem intolerable. But we are a patient and a law-abiding people, and after all, we, the common people, put these masters where they are.

What Labor must do is to utilize this penitential period for reconstructing its policy and strengthening its organization. For the workers should remember that though their failure at the polls was partly due to the ingenious tactics of their enemies in "framing" a financial crisis, with a slogan that skilfully combined the patriotic with the practical appeal, "your country and your savings," the election would in any case have gone against the Labor Government "upon its merits." Put in as a Socialist Government, to cure unemployment and to socialize the key industries, it had made no serious attempt at doing either. Nor can this be explained by the preoccupations of Mr. MacDonald with foreign affairs or the "correct" Treasury views adopted by Mr. Snowden. The government was not equipped with plans for the constructive economic statesmanship needed to give reality to the vague platform socialism in which it had so long indulged. The members never set themselves to study the steps necessary to secure the unification and national control of banking and insurance, the transport industries, coal mining, electric supplies, bulk sales and purchases of essential

imports and exports, the public ownership of land, and the reconstruction of agriculture. Some useful work was done by private groups outside of Parliament, but no encouragement was given to their attempts to influence legislation. Under the pretense that they had no majority in the House, they took no steps to satisfy the hopes and expectations of the Labor electorate. It was a false pretense, for a forward group of Liberals had already worked out a large scheme or construction along Socialist lines and their cooperation would have given a working majority.

The Labor Party cannot, however, permanently go under. It is the legitimate successor of the Liberal Party already broken into fragments, one at least of which will soon coalesce into conservatism. At present it lies maimed and broken. The rift between the trade unionists who have hitherto furnished the working members and the finance, and the I. L. P. and other groups who have done the Socialist propaganda still remains a solid obstacle to the attainment of political power by the workers. Though many of the leaders of trade unionism have held Socialist convictions, the rank and file have remained trade individualists, concerned only with the wages, hours, and other conditions of their particular trade. Now a constructive political plan, socialistic in its economics and international in scope, requires the leaders of the Labor movement to undertake two related tasks. One is a closely coordinated inquiry into plans of public ownership and operation which shall secure the efficiency of expert management for the public without the interference of passing politicians and obstructive bureaucrats.

The general phases of platform socialism and reform cannot be translated automatically into serviceable applications. Railroads are not coal mines, or coal mines banks, or banks electric services; not in financial structure, area of administration, recruitment of personnel, conditions of work, or use of profits can uniformity be imposed. This close study of changing industries so as to convert them from profit-making businesses into public services can usefully occupy the political economists of Labor during its period of exile.

Not less important is the other task, the political and economic education of a sufficient minority of ordinary working-class citizens, men and women, in the stable principles of their political faith, so as to enable them to check such a stampede as was engineered a few weeks ago. The workers as a whole will doubtless continue to be occupied with their livelihood and their sports and amusements. But they cannot remain wholly indifferent to politics and will look for guidance and advice to that more instructed minority among themselves whose education should be the object of direct concern by the leaders of the Labor Party. The creation of this intelligent minority with informed and independent minds, not frightened by the boggy words bolshevism or communism, and capable of moral leadership in crises, is plainly the great need of our nation. It is essential alike as a safeguard against a revolution of despair and the concealed fascism of a government coming into existence by a faked "consent of the people" and operating by despotic legislation eked out by the unconstitutional method of Orders in Council.

The Federal Farm-Relief Scandal II*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, November 24

IT is clear beyond question that the Farm Board has had eminent success in at least one direction. It has set up an elaborate marketing system of a sort that ought to put big business to shame. Indeed, the Farm Board's marketing system was conspicuously patterned after big-business methods, and, according to one student of cooperative marketing, "assumed the character of an industrial merger." The atmosphere in which this system was created may be better understood by reference to a speech delivered before the National Livestock Marketing Association in Chicago last March by C. G. Randell, a Farm Board official. Mr. Randell said:

Alexander Legge built up the International Harvester Company by going out and getting business. That's what we have to do. . . . By 1940 the National Livestock Marketing Association should be handling at least 40 per cent of the livestock of the country, but long before that time the National will be recognized as an important part of our national economic structure, and you will have the same position of leadership in the livestock industry that General Motors, American Telephone and Telegraph, and other giant organizations occupy in their fields. . . .

So it appears that bigger and better business rather than the

spirit of cooperation is the guiding philosophy of the Farm Board.

It is perhaps but fair to mention that political expediency was largely responsible for the Farm Board's adoption at the very beginning of its operations of a policy and an attitude that are now undermining the cooperative-marketing movement. The 1929 law was adopted under pressure of a specific campaign pledge. The farmers were clamoring for relief. Hence the Farm Board felt, and in a certain sense justifiably so, that it must act without delay. In its first annual report it said that it had "chosen to act in emergencies at the risk of making mistakes rather than to make no attempt at assistance until it could be sure of the wisest course of action at every point." Yet so many mistakes has it made that one must question whether it was wise in choosing the course of action that it did. For example, except in the case of tobacco, dairy products, and one or two minor commodities, it did not wait until the farmers had had time to effect their own organizations, but hurriedly formed agencies upon its own responsibility and imposed these upon the farmers. It did not even stop to consider whether its "cooperative" organizations were acceptable to the producers, but told the farmers and the existing cooperatives that they must accept these national sales agencies as their own or receive no help from the government.

All the national organizations erected by the Farm

* Part I of this article appeared in last week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Board are incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware. The board has explained this as follows:

State cooperative laws . . . lacked flexibility in the mechanics of organization, and contained various restrictions upon places of meeting of stockholders and directors, making operations upon a national scale difficult if not impossible. It was, therefore, determined that the Delaware corporation statutes offered the most available domicile for national marketing cooperatives, and accordingly they were used for the national marketing organizations.

The board did not add that Delaware is notorious for the laxity of its corporation laws. The board's explanation has never satisfied many of the real cooperative leaders or the critics of the Farm Board, who think it peculiar that the board should have selected for this purpose the one State which has no laws governing or controlling the operations of cooperative associations.

Capitalization methods employed by the various national agencies set up by the board have also been severely criticized. Although authorized to issue capital stock to the amount of \$10,000,000, the Farmers National Grain Corporation was permitted by its charter to commence business with a capital of \$10,000. Actually it started business with paid-up capital of approximately \$1,000, and on this basis began handling huge shipments of wheat, and was able to borrow funds from the Farm Board totaling scores of millions of dollars.

The American Cotton Cooperative Association has an authorized capitalization of \$30,000,000, but after this association had been functioning for a year, only \$769,500 of its capital had been subscribed for, and of this amount only \$76,950 had been actually paid in. And in the same period this organization was given the use of government funds totaling over \$100,000,000. Stanley Reed, who succeeded George E. Farrand as chief counsel of the board, recently advanced the rather novel theory that when we "look for the capital of a cooperative it will not be found in its stock or its membership liability, but in the commodity which is delivered to the cooperative." However sound this may be, it certainly offers nothing very substantial in the way of security to the government. Senator McKellar of Tennessee raised this point at the hearings held last January by the Senate Appropriations Committee. He asked Alexander Legge, then chairman of the Farm Board, whether if a given cooperative were capitalized at \$10,000,000, and that capital were paid in, it would not make the government fairly well secured. To which Chairman Legge replied: "It would be very much better than we are situated at the present time. I wish it were all paid in."

The by-laws of the several national agencies provide that capital shall be created out of earnings, and that this capital shall all be paid up before any of the earnings are divided and distributed to the producers, who theoretically are supposed to be the beneficiaries of the cooperative marketing the Farm Board is sponsoring. Chairman Legge added in his reply to Senator McKellar that the earnings of the national cotton agency "are considerable." The Farmers National has gone to the expense of advertising the fact that it came through its first year with "a substantial profit," notwithstanding that "it was the most disastrous year agriculture has ever experienced." This should be interesting news indeed to the thousands of cotton producers who are now in want, and to the farmers in the several Midwestern

States from which cries for help have gone up in the last few weeks.

In the matter of loans the technical conditions laid down by the Agricultural Marketing Act have been observed, but only in so far as these loans have been extended to the national agencies created by the Farm Board. The 1929 law places a maximum of 4 per cent on all loans to cooperatives. Funds from the \$500,000,000 revolving fund have been lent at an average interest rate of approximately 3 per cent. But so intricate is the board's marketing machinery that these loans must pass through several hands before they reach the producers. All grain loans go to the Farmers National Grain Corporation. This agency in turn relends the money to the regional cooperatives, which pass it on to the local cooperatives, which in their turn finally lend the money to their individual producer members. At each stop along the way the interest rate is increased, so that by the time the money reaches the farmer the interest rate runs somewhere between 7 and 10 per cent.

The Farm Board not only forced the Farmers National upon the grain-growers, and not only has given that agency a powerful weapon against rival cooperatives in the form of a grain-loan monopoly, but it has publicly informed the grain-growers that it will support the Farmers National to the limit of its own financial capacity. In an announcement published on October 26, 1929, and circulated through the wheat belt, the board said:

There is a grain cooperative in every wheat State. It is open to the membership of every wheat farmer. The farmer may join, ship his wheat to a designated concentration point, where it will be graded and classed, and draw his advance. The cooperative will market the wheat in orderly fashion through the year and will settle with the farmer on the basis of the final price obtained. The board is confident that, considering the soundness of underlying conditions which affect the price of wheat, the plan described above furnishes a completely safe basis for making loans from the board's revolving fund. *The board places no limit on the amount of government money to be so loaned.* Nearly \$100,000,000 is available for this purpose, and, if necessary, the board will also ask Congress to appropriate more. Requests for facility loans should be taken up through the Farmers National Grain Corporation.

It can hardly be said that the Farm Board has not been generous with this national sales agency, whose officials are for the most part professional promoters, and for whose actions (apart from those directly involving government loans) the board disclaims all responsibility.

Section 1 of the Agricultural Marketing Act charges the Farm Board with the task of "preventing inefficient and wasteful methods of distribution." The elaborate marketing machinery erected by the board has not accomplished this purpose. In fact, it has, if anything, simply added to the inefficiency and waste in the distribution of many farm products. In the marketing of livestock, for example, a most complex system has been set up and approved by the Farm Board. One group of farmers and ranchmen—the producers—have contracts with regional sales agencies, which in turn own stock in the National Livestock Marketing Association. Another group has memberships in local shipping associations; these are members of terminal sales agencies, and the terminal agencies own stock in, and have contracts

with, the national agency. A third group operates through district marketing associations, which have contracts with, and own stock in, an order-buying agency, and this organization owns stock in, and has contracts with, the national association. There are also several cross connections between local shipping agencies, terminal agencies, district associations, and the order-buying agency. Moreover, there are numerous regional-credit corporations, which operate through the National Feeder and Finance Corporation, a subsidiary of the national association. The latter also has another subsidiary known as the National Livestock Publishing Association. Of course, all these organizations have their own offices, managing officials, and individual overhead expenses.

A careful and disinterested critic of the Farm Board has written:

It is to be questioned whether the national marketing enterprises which have been promoted by the Federal Farm Board can properly be designated as cooperative. They are, of course, mutualized corporations in the sense that residual benefits go to the member patrons and not to stockholders. The patron member, however, has so remote a contact with the organization and so little sense of participation in its management that the essential character of the cooperative association is almost completely lacking. This means, on the one hand, that his continued adherence to the organization must be based largely upon measurable (and rather immediate) pecuniary benefits, and not upon belief in the value of long-time results to be accomplished through group organization, and loyalty to such constructive programs as he himself has helped to formulate. On the other hand, it means that the potential savings which cooperation proposes to make by utilizing the voluntary and gratuitous participation of its members will to a greater or less extent have to be dissipated in promotional work. This is the major one of the "wastes of competitive capitalistic business" which the cooperative is supposed to avoid. . . .

Reorganization along the lines which have been followed does not promote maximum service at minimum cost. It retains the wastes of competition between selling agencies set up as separate entities with commercial carriers of their own to consider. . . .

This critic furthermore points out that one of the national sales associations "has set up both selling and credit agencies in territories already served by non-adhering associations," and adds that the Farm Board agencies thereby "themselves cause duplication of service and increase the burden of competition and lessen the 'unity of effort in marketing' enjoined by the law."

One of the dangers of a Congressional investigation of the Farm Board is that the direction of the investigation will fall into the hands of the grain and cotton brokers or their political agents in Washington. These people are anxious not only to suppress the board and all its works, but to kill the cooperative marketing movement. James M. Beck, Republican Congressman from Philadelphia, played on this theme recently when in addressing the members of the Chicago Board of Trade—a more than receptive audience—he urged that Congress "bury the present experiment in governmental socialism beyond the possibility of resurrection." Criticism of this sort could doubtless be effectively met if the Farm Board had shown more regard for the letter of the Agricultural Marketing Act instead of following its own free and easy interpretation of the intent behind that law.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's sighs over the cowboy and his pony, whom he pictured as a "dying race," have brought a lively response from one of the last of the great open spaces—Montana. The letter is typewritten and signed "A Dude Wrangler's Wife." It runs as follows:

DEAR DRIFTER: I like you too well to stand idly by while you are needlessly unhappy. You evidently like cowboys. So do I, and I bring you the cheering news that, contrary to your observations, they are not members of a "dying race."

True, the cowboy of today may not be the blue-jeaned, tobacco-chewing, two-gun outlaw that he once was, but where did you get the idea there are no more cattle to be driven to shipping-points, no more bawling calves to be caught and branded, no more wild range horses to be wrangled and broken—time-honored occupations of every cowboy that ever lived? Come on out West and see!

There are plenty of good cow ranches left in this part of the country, where it is hard work from daylight to dark, and the cowboys are off to the bunk-house immediately after supper, too doggone tired for any of the musicales so popularized over the radio as the perfect end of the cowboy's day. But it is a horse ranch that would appeal to you, isn't it?

Ever heard of a dude ranch, an honest-to-goodness one, run by a real Westerner who knows every sagebrush flat and mountain range for miles around as you know your paved city streets? Join in with his cowboys in the spring roundup to gather horses from their winter ranges, along with cowboys from neighboring ranches who are riding for the same purpose. Get in behind the chase when they are running five hundred wild-hoofed horses over great flats or straight down mountain sides, and you will find high-heeled boots are as useful as they ever were in keeping a cowboy in his stirrups. You would probably, though, get mixed up with the galloping herd and have to be wrangled out by one of the cowboys. They are as dextrous as ever in handling a stampede and heading it for the distant corrals. Thirty miles is all in a day's ride. Once in the corrals, watching these boys roping out their own brand horses, you will never talk again about a "dying race." A coil, a spin, and zoom! a horse surrounded by hundreds of others milling around is neatly caught.

Then hang around while these same cowboys are branding and breaking the young colts. Maybe there are two hundred to be shod, many of them wild-eyed, and striking and kicking until they are tied down. It is hard work if you are in on it. How about riding all night with the night-herders, or getting up at dawn to help wrangle the herd back to the corrals? Believe me, it is still part of an "honest day's work."

Do you know how cowboys on such a ranch spend their Sundays, their day of rest? They stage a rodeo for their own entertainment—they've been too busy all week for play!

* * * * *

CERTAINLY the Drifter would like to "come out West and see." But he is not entirely convinced. He cannot help remembering how the range has dwindled; how the cattle trails which once stretched from border to border, from the Mississippi to the mountains, have become strings of box cars. Finally, there is that word "dude." The

"dude" used to be a contemptible tenderfoot. Now he is the object of a solicitude that would make an old-time cowboy turn in his grave.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hurrah for Mr. Chase!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to write a few words of admiration for Stuart Chase's article, *If I Were Dictator*, which appeared in *The Nation* of November 18. I know of no other economist who has so ably analyzed our present condition, nor has anyone offered such excellent, clear, and concise remedies. I only regret that it cannot be published daily for at least six months in all the newspapers of the city, so that its contents might seep into the befuddled minds of the people, as well as into the minds of those incompetent and grasping individuals in whose hands the management of our government has been placed. I am all for the "New Dictator."

New York, November 18

F. TOBY MELNER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your leading article in *The Nation* for November 18, *If I Were Dictator*, by Stuart Chase, should be read by every adult in the United States. I suggest that you print a few million copies of it and have them distributed.

In this combination of Moore's "Utopia" and Plato's "Republic," modern dress, there is much food for thought. However, Mr. Chase would place his final committee in the hands of the engineering profession. Haven't we had enough engineering "leadership" for several generations? And the law is no better. Why not make up his committee of some editors, literary critics, writers, printers, even musicians and artists? We can offer other suggestions to Mr. Chase when the time actually comes. In the meantime, more power to him.

New York, November 13

EUGENE F. ROBERTS

Up in Rochester

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article *Business and the Y. W. C. A.*, in the issue of November 18, came as a clap out of a clear sky to the interested Rochester reading public. There had not been an inkling in any of the local papers of Miss Ethel Davis's dismissal as industrial secretary at the Rochester Y. W. C. A. on the ground of radicalism and in deference to Mr. George Eastman's bequest proscriptions.

Your publication came by mail to subscribers on Friday, November 13. On Saturday the writer called the managing editors of the two local Gannett newspapers and asked why their readers had had no information about so interesting a matter. He was informed that the newspapers did not know of it. The editor of Hearst's *Journal* was not reached until Monday and he gave the same explanation. The weekly *Christian Century* of November 11 had given editorial comment to the Davis affair, and *The Nation* came along a week afterward with the full facts of the case.

Even then there was no disposition to give out the news. On November 17 the Gannett *Democrat and Chronicle* inconspicuously printed a bare denial by Mrs. Arthur J. Gosnell, president of the Y. W. C. A., that Miss Davis was dismissed because she sponsored radical programs. Mrs. Gosnell, the

article said, declared that it was "not the policy of the association to enter into controversies precipitated by anonymous statements, but that . . . implications that the secretary had been dismissed by reason of her personal beliefs on social subjects should not go unchallenged."

Mr. Hearst's *Journal* did not get wind of the disturbance until the *Democrat and Chronicle* article had appeared and a call had been received from the writer. To the great credit of the *Journal* for fairness, on Wednesday, November 18, it published the excellent statement of *The Nation* in full, with a two-column cut of Miss Davis. It was stated that Mrs. Gosnell had no comment to make. The local view in matters of this kind is well presented in the *Christian Century's* comment: "The terrifying bogey of the Chamber of Commerce was dangled before the eyes of the board members of the Y. W. When this seemed likely to prove insufficient, the even more terrifying threat of Mr. George Eastman's displeasure—a threat that seems sufficient to produce any desired result in Rochester—was brought forward."

Rochester, November 22

JAMES L. BREWER

Communist Votes in Britain

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial, *MacDonald Smashes British Labor*, in the issue of November 11, there appears the statement that "in all England only 74,824 could be found to vote the Communist ticket." This is a misstatement of fact since the Communist Party ran candidates in only 25 or 26 constituencies and there are in all of England over 600 constituencies.

Cleveland, November 20

C. ABRAMS

[Mr. Abrams's point is well taken. However, it must also be remembered that the small number of constituencies is an indication of weakness; and with further constituencies added the Communist votes could hardly have reached a significant total.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

For Syracuse Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of *The Nation* in and about Syracuse, New York, will be interested to learn that Oswald Garrison Villard will speak in Syracuse on Monday evening, December 7, at the Jewish Communal Forum, 222 Cedar Street.

Syracuse, December 1

GEORGE M. HYMAN

Contributors to This Issue

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of "The Story of Utopias," "The Golden Day," and "The Brown Decades."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

ROBERT S. ALLEN is a member of the Washington staff of the International News Service.

JOHN A. HOBSON is one of the foremost British economists and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO is the managing editor of *Opinion*.

MAXWELL S. STEWART has made a study of the source material relating to Mr. Hoover's activities in China.

Finance

Germany's Creditors Confer

WITHOUT waiting for the Hoover moratorium on inter-governmental debts and reparations to approach its end next June, Germany has called upon the Bank for International Settlements to appoint a committee to examine the financial condition of the Reich, as provided in the Young Plan. Simultaneously with the convening of this committee early in December, another group of bankers will begin its labors, to see what can be done about the commercial and banking credits, totaling some \$2,000,000,000, which remain frozen under the *Stillhaltung* agreement instituted at the end of last summer, when it became apparent that any attempt to collect these short-term loans would result in the bankruptcy of Germany.

There is considerable significance in the fact that the activities of these two bodies will coincide in point of time. The two problems are evidently to be considered in the light of their mutual relationship, though the B. I. S. committee will doubtless be enjoined to think about nothing but reparations. Either Germany itself or the much-maligned international bankers proved strong enough to enforce an arrangement which ought to go far toward destroying the fiction that reparations and commercial debts can be kept in separate compartments. If an effort is to be made to keep Germany a going concern, all that country's foreign obligations will have to be studied in their bearings on one another. If receivership and a foreclosure sale are contemplated, the question whether reparations take "priority" over commercial debts may be debated, but hardly otherwise.

From whatever viewpoint it is studied, the prospect of a workable settlement is far from bright. It seems plain enough that reparations payments ought to be drastically reduced; but what government receiving reparations is going to suggest or easily agree to an adequate cut, when to do so might make it impossible for that government to meet its war-debt payments to the United States? The American argument that cancelation of the debts, with corresponding reduction of reparations, would force the American taxpayer to "pay for the war" and that it is a dark plot to save the investments of the international bankers, maintains its wide vogue. Yet it is a well-established fact that practically every pound, franc, and lira which Germany has paid out in reparations has been first supplied to Germany by American banking institutions in the form of loans and short-term credits. Money has been flowing into the Treasury at Washington only after it has flowed out of New York and the innumerable communities for which New York acts as investment center. The flow has ceased, and the amount of reparations and debts which can henceforth be collected will eventually have to be reappraised in the light of that fact.

As far as the short-term debts are concerned, in which the United States is apparently involved to the extent of about \$800,000,000 all told, it may be expected that a substantial part will be paid off in the normal course of business, being represented by self-liquidating commercial transactions. The balance must be funded or renewed in some way, with provisions for gradual—very gradual—repayment. A suggestion has come from Germany that total annual payments be fixed at about \$166,000,000 a year. This happens to be almost exactly the same figure as the "non-postponable" payments under the Young Plan, which Mr. Hoover's moratorium postponed, but which would have to be resumed if the plan should be again put into operation without change.

S. PALMER HARMAN

More Than Thirty Million Dollars

are spent annually by American Jewry for social service activities.

Jewish communities are becoming more discriminating in engaging professional social service personnel.

If you have been thinking of social work as a career, you are invited to examine the facilities offered by

THE
TRAINING
SCHOOL



FOR
JEWISH
SOCIAL WORK

(a graduate school)

M. J. KARPFF, Director

71 West 47th Street, New York City

Scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$1,000 to \$150 are available for specially qualified candidates.

FREE SPEECH FOR THE CONSUMER

The playgoer is offered critical and independent comments on new plays. The reader of books, too, is afforded such outspoken opinions. Why is it that the consumer of food, automobiles, household appliances, soaps, clothing and everything else which anyone buys, spends his money on the basis of advice coming from one source alone—the man who has the goods to sell?

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH Alone

offers comment and counsel to help you deal in a practical, money saving fashion with the higher arts of trade. If you want to know what physicians know about your favorite mouthwash, what engineers say about your neighbor's automobile, and your aunt's dearly bought vacuum cleaner, read Consumers' Research confidential Handbook of Buying, and bulletins.

\$2 a year brings you:

The annual confidential Handbook of Buying, which is a condensed guide to the market on the things you buy, listing (with some analysis of prices and costs) as recommended and not recommended, many of the goods and services which you use.

Three or four confidential bulletins, which report new tests and research in detail and offer items of substantial interest about current advertising frauds and absurdities;

AND BEGINNING NOW

Three non-confidential bulletins, similar in scope to the confidential ones, but containing material which may be shown to anyone.

All subscribers must sign an application blank pledging themselves to hold certain material confidential. Send for application blank and circular to

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, N2
340 West 23rd Street New York City, N. Y.

F. J. SCHLINK, Technical Director

Books, Drama, Films

The Pressure

By MARK VAN DOREN

"From so much pressure, peace!"
Praying, he fled as far ■ to a town
Where the in-thrust of four shoved walls could cease,
And care lie down.

And they stood still, and care,
Ghastly upon her death-bed, stayed behind.
But what he came to feed drank only air—
His spirit's mind,

Spinning without a load,
Grew giddy in the warm, the melting day;
And the strong column of his courage flowed
In rain away.

He knew not this of men:
How the soul glistens like ■ shaft of ice,
Till sudden freedom thaws it; and how then
It perishes twice.

Science and Poetry

The Literary Mind. By Max Eastman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

IN "The Literary Mind" Mr. Eastman sets forth, always with fluency and vigor and often with brilliance, the general thesis that science, having displaced magic and religion and abstract philosophy as ■ source of help and guidance, is now successfully invading the field of "literature," and that as it advances remorselessly "literature" is compelled to retreat. All the leading critical controversies of recent years he views as mere battles of this great war. He begins by lumping together the humanists led by More and Babbitt with the "neo-classics" led by T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Allen Tate, Edith Sitwell, and others. Though members of these two groups frequently quarrel with each other, Mr. Eastman does not believe that their hostility is very deep.

What they are quarreling about is the *plan of campaign* against their common enemy, science. The real war which they are both waging with all their hearts—the one under the banner of "intellect," the other under the banner of "morals"—is a war in defense of the ancestral preserves of humane letters against the encroachments of verified knowledge. They are fighting for the right of literary men to talk loosely and yet be taken seriously in a scientific age.

And that is why both groups patronize or disparage science at every opportunity, why they so tirelessly point to its "limits" and fear that it is "overstepping its due bounds."

Thus far shalt thou go is what they both say to the spirit of verified knowledge as it begins to encroach upon fields sacred to the free, the pure, the literary eloquences.

It is Mr. Eastman's firm conviction that these groups are fighting ■ hopeless rearguard action. Not only are they destined to retreat before the march of science, but so are the old pretensions of "literature" itself, and particularly of poetry. "Intellectual poetry" is ■ contradiction in terms; poetry must abandon

all doctrine, all moralizing, all "ideas," all claims to give us knowledge, or even to *interpret* experience. "Pure" poetry, as Mr. Eastman views it, should be without "meaning"; it should communicate "the immediate qualities of experience," but not presume to tell us anything *about* experience; its business is to "intensify" life, not to illuminate it.

Now though Mr. Eastman's brilliant polemics delight me immensely, I regret that I do not find his own main thesis entirely tenable. Whether that thesis is right or wrong obviously depends upon the sense in which we use such crucial words as "science," "literature," and "poetry." Mr. Eastman himself has great sport pointing to the "thousands" of "literary definitions" of poetry, and mercilessly analyzing some of them, but he does not seem to recognize that the word "poetry" cannot be precisely defined for the very simple reason that it is never precisely used. A loose word obviously cannot have more than ■ loose definition. And Mr. Eastman's own definition, while shrewd and suggestive, is no more "scientific" than any of those he derides. Poetry, he tells us, consists of words used to "communicate experience" itself, while practical or scientific talk is made up of words used to "interpret experience or convey knowledge about it." Now a scientific definition ought to be *literally* true, and it is of course literally impossible to communicate an experience. To read the greatest poet's most poetic description of a dinner is not equivalent to having a dinner. To read a poem on the embraces of Julia is not the same as enjoying them. The same criticism would apply to Mr. Eastman's further statement that poetry "is made out of the immediate qualities of experience." It is merely made of words (symbolic noises) that *recall* these qualities. As for Mr. Eastman's insistence that it is not the business of poetry to "interpret" experience, one can only remind him that the whole of language is, inescapably, an interpretation of experience. To be sure, language is merely our common social interpretation of experience; but the use of original metaphor by the poet certainly involves an individual interpretation. When Keats refers to oak trees as "green-robed senators" he is interpreting them; he is making us see them under a new aspect. Mr. Eastman accuses I. A. Richards of not understanding the function of metaphor, but one wonders about his own understanding when he makes the astonishing remark that "metonymy and metaphor . . . do not explain like maps or illustrations, but rather obscure the meaning of the sentence in which they occur." On the contrary, good metaphor vivifies meaning. When Shelley talks of flocks of clouds "*shepherded* by the slow, unwilling wind" he conveys his meaning more clearly and briefly than he possibly could in prosaic terms.

Ordinarily some of the criticisms I have made here might be set down as mere quibbling, but Mr. Eastman pushes his distinction—which is fundamentally a sound and ■ important one—between poetry and practical or scientific language to such a confident extreme that it is necessary to make them. The poet who deliberately condemned himself to writing merely what Mr. Eastman calls "pure poetry" would stultify himself, and poetry written in accordance with Mr. Eastman's theories, even granting that it would not be meaningless, would for the most part be trivial. Indeed, at one point in his book Mr. Eastman himself makes this remarkable confession:

I think my own poetry has suffered from the too controlling sense I have had of this inherent divergence of two functions. . . . I would gladly find ■ way of escape from the dividedness and put myself into a book of poetry as a whole man. . . .

Yet it never seems to have occurred to him that his poetry may have suffered from his theory because his theory was wrong!

The great defect of Mr. Eastman's thought in the present

volume, it seems to me, is that of over-simplification—a tendency, in general, to assume that whatever is not white must be black. This is the fallacy of his highly entertaining chapters on the Cult of Unintelligibility and Poets Talking to Themselves. Because complete unintelligibility would be fatal to a poem, it does not follow that even a certain degree of obscurity is necessarily an evil: enough strychnine will kill you, but a small amount is a tonic. One can only tell whether the amount and kind of unintelligibility is a defect in any poem by a direct reading of that particular poem. This fallacy of extremes underlies also Mr. Eastman's main argument. It was, of course, a pathetic error for Robert Bridges to try to put scientific truths into "The Testament of Beauty" in scientific language:

First among the lowest types of life we think to find
no separation of sex: plants in the next degree
show differentiation at puberty with some signs
of mutual approachment: next in higher animals
an early differentiation, and at puberty
periodic appetite with mutual attraction
sometimes engaging Beauty. . . .

But this does not mean that it is an error for the poet to make any pronouncement. The speech of Macbeth beginning "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" may not embody a truth demonstrable by science, but it will always be great poetry, regardless of any scientific advance. Indeed, after Mr. Eastman has so severely limited the field of poetry, he admits in a later chapter that "literature, as a thing distinct from science, may be a pure communication of experience; it may interpret experience in spheres as yet untouched by science; it may offer interpretations of intellectual things to be enjoyed and without a tense regard to their validity. . . ." Well, poetry may do at least as much; and though I am just as suspicious as Mr. Eastman is of the over-anxious attempts of the humanists and others to keep science within its "due" bounds, I suspect that the regions unconquered by exact science will remain vast for several thousand years to come, leaving plenty of room for the poet and the literary man in the meantime. Mr. Eastman, at bottom, is trying to say to the poet: "*Thus far shalt thou go*"—and that is a mistake. If it is unwise to set definite and precise bounds to the sphere of science, it is just as unwise to set them to the sphere of poetry.

It seems to me, indeed, that Mr. Eastman has crowded poetry out with science partly by an unconscious trick of definition. Not only is his definition of poetry too narrow, but his definition of science is extremely broad, not to say lax: he remarks on his first page that "science is merely the persistent and skilled use of the mind and the stores of human knowledge about any problem," and later that "science is nothing but a persistent and organized effort to talk sense." If such definitions were accepted, it would be difficult to find anyone who did not favor "science" as against "literature," particularly when the latter is defined, by implication, as just a loose, irresponsible, and emptily rhetorical way of speaking. But much of what Mr. Eastman calls "science" in this book is *really* nothing more than shrewd common sense, and much of what he derides as "literary loose talk" I should deride with him, not because it is literary, but because it is loose.

I wish to make it clear, however, that in all these criticisms I am objecting rather to the dogmatic extreme to which Mr. Eastman carries his thesis than to his general approach to the problem, with which I have considerable sympathy. To many of the individual questions with which he deals he has brought acute analysis, a fine clarity, and solid sense. His exposure of the critical inconsistencies of T. S. Eliot, and of the psychological dilemmas in which I. A. Richards has involved himself, is admirable. Altogether he has written one of the most readable, provocative, and important critical volumes in recent years.

HENRY HAZLITT

Both Photographic and Art

Time Exposure. By Parkhurst Whitney. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

EVERY so often American critics hear through the din of sensational shouts and murmurs, charlatanism and mummery whereby the writers of today are made conspicuous and important the insistent and penetrating voice of genius. They then make up in hullabaloo and ballyhoo for their previous neglect, and force on an unprepared public another "master" and another "masterpiece."

I shall be greatly surprised if this is not Mr. Whitney's fate within two or three years. He will be "discovered" as an original creative artist and a profound interpreter of American life; he will be mentioned as a candidate for that mythical deed, the writing of "the great American novel." And this will occur when the inevitable reaction against the two dominant styles of our fiction will again set a true valuation on simple narrative, clear insight into character, and a compassionate consideration of normal human problems.

Today the novelist treats his subject either with the simulated insouciance of James Joyce or—less frequently than yesterday—with the stimulated indignation of Sinclair Lewis. He is more concerned with making a point or pointing a moral than with depicting life. He is either searching, chemist-like, for new elements and new formulae in the old materials or, lawyer-like, putting normal experiences to a hostile inquest. These may be interesting experiments, but they are not creative fiction.

Mr. Whitney is neither chemist nor district attorney. He is an artist. He recreates the period in American life between the Spanish-American War and the World War, and he is content to present it with photographic accuracy. He permits himself no distortion in the name of those shibboleths of aesthetics and sociology which are so glibly uttered in defense of new forms. For Mr. Whitney exercises his creative function in portraying the development and relationship of his characters rather than in the narration of events. Thus, while focusing his study on the individual, he achieves a complete panorama, intimate in detail, rich in color, and true in perspective.

Chester, the bumptious, effervescent, up-and-coming youth of small-town America, marries Fannie, the village belle, prudish, ignorant, and undersexed. He takes her with him in his rise to affluence and importance. He is the dominant male; he is her master. But there is a balance struck by the author as interesting as it is subtle. Fannie is boss in the domestic relationship. As the recipient of his ardent desire, as the guardian of a misunderstood virtue, as a censor of his lapses, she rules him and guides him and leads him into the doldrums of respectability. For all her innocence and his sophistication, she is the wiser; she understands him better than he understands her or himself. She is both his hitching-post and his spur.

It would have been easy to take a superior attitude toward this groping couple in a dark environment, to make their ambitions seem tawdry, their problems petty, their romances crass. But Mr. Whitney chose the more difficult task of writing with such understanding and compassion that he communicates to us the absolute importance of his characters. We recognize the essential human dignity of their experiences and we participate emotionally in their poignant anxieties, sorrows, and joys.

Simply, economically, almost reticently the author unfolds his story. It is meaty writing, mature in thought, robust in humor, and polished in style, although the jaded public may find its tone unusually subdued and its treatment of sex too consciously restrained. By his easy familiarity with the early days of our century Mr. Whitney is able to add an old-time flavor to this distinctly modern chronicle, a flavor which is at times

so insistent that it hides the true essence of the more contemporaneous incidents. These scenes, depicting Chester's and Fannie's experiences on the "home front" during the war, form the most impressive section of the book. And Chester, at any rate, emerges from them as one of the figures that dominate the post-war generation—the standpat patriots who chose Harding and Coolidge and Hoover to enforce our prohibition law and to enhance our prosperity.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Hoover's Missing Years

The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags. By John Hamill. William Faro, Inc. \$3.75.

The Great Mistake. By John Knox. Washington: National Foundation Press. \$3.

THE popular myths about our Presidents die hard. The legend of the Great Engineer who earned the right to the highest office which the American people can bestow by virtue of his extraordinary administrative abilities has been especially pertinacious because of the mystery which has shrouded his activities before the outbreak of the World War. It comes as somewhat of a shock, then, to discover that Herbert Hoover had not only had very little practical engineering experience, but, if we are to believe the evidence set forth in these two books, he had not even had a great deal of actual administrative experience prior to his arrival in the United States in 1917 to take charge of the Food Administration. He was, we are informed, a promoter, a financial wizard if you like, whose transactions related chiefly to stock operations.

Why these books should appear just now it is difficult to understand, unless it is in connection with the coming campaign. One would think that the time for these charges to have been brought out was when Mr. Hoover was a candidate for the Presidency, when he would have been obliged to face the issue squarely. Now the average person will say that it is unfair to bring up the past of a man who justly or unjustly is President of the United States at a very critical period of American history. At the same time, the very seriousness of the charges makes it impossible to ignore them lest the press itself be charged with being in a conspiracy to prevent the public's knowing that such volumes have been issued. So far as Mr. Hamill's book is concerned, it is gravely weakened by the author's indubitable malice, and both books suffer from the fact that the publishers do not rank high in the publishing world.

Many of the charges made against Mr. Hoover are so sensational that most intelligent readers will at once dismiss them as preposterous except where they are backed up by documentary evidence. As his activities have been scattered throughout the world—Australia, China, England, Burma, and Central America—the mere collection of these data must have proved a stupendous task. Hoover's first success, according to Mr. Hamill, came when, by reporting the prospective yield of one of his Australian mines as several times larger than previous tests had shown it to be, he enabled his firm, Bewick, Moreing and Company, to gain a profit of two million dollars from the pockets of none-too-wary investors. Next he was sent to China in 1899 as agent for the company, where he pulled off the greatest coup of his career as a "mining engineer." Under the pretext of aiding the Chinese in developing the Kaiping mines through the introduction of British capital, he is charged with having fraudulently wrested the valuable mines and property of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company from its Chinese owners and with having put himself in a controlling position.

The whole story came out five years later when Chang Yen-mao, former director general of the Chinese mines, brought suit in the British courts on behalf of the Chinese

shareholders to compel Hoover's firm to live up to the agreement by which it had obtained control of the property. After one of the most protracted legal contests of the day, Justice Joyce issued a stinging judgment against Bewick, Moreing and Company, declaring that "under the circumstances . . . to allow the defendant company, while they insist upon retaining the benefits of the transfer, to escape from the obligations of the memorandum [i. e., to restore Chinese control] . . . would be contrary to one of the plainest principles of equity and would be to sanction such a flagrant breach of faith as could not be tolerated by the law of any country."

After his success in thus obtaining one of the richest mines in China for Moreing and himself, and, in addition, in seizing by main force the title deeds which put the port of Chinwangtao under British control, Hoover was taken into the firm of Bewick, Moreing and Company in 1901. His record during the next ten years, according to Mr. Hamill, was if anything even more interesting than it had been up to this time. One case is cited in which Mr. Hoover's partner in a certain deal went to prison while he himself not only went scot-free but even repudiated his share of their joint debt. The author also connects Hoover closely with the scheme whereby the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company, Limited, negotiated the sale of some 50,000 Chinese into conditions amounting to virtual slavery in the mines of South Africa. For the most part, however, his activities are reported to have consisted chiefly of organizing and manipulating mining corporations.

The author does not even give Mr. Hoover credit for unselfish activity in connection with the Belgian Relief. He implies, although without definite proof, that the Belgian Relief was initiated by the Germans in 1914 so that they might confiscate the food supplies already existing in Belgium for their own use, and that it served to prolong the war. Most of this is unworthy of credence.

Although there is no way of completely checking the accuracy of all the facts presented by Mr. Hamill, the reviewer happens to be familiar with the source material dealing with Mr. Hoover's activities in China. Since this part of the record seems to be free from any serious error, the presumption would be that the author's factual statements are in the main correct, a presumption which is given added support by the fact that there has been no denial from the White House nor any effort to challenge the book in the courts. It is exceedingly unfortunate, however, that a work of such political importance should be so badly and clumsily written. One has the feeling, moreover, despite the abundance of detail, that the book was hastily thrown together. For instance, the section on Hoover's exploits in China could have been made considerably stronger if the author had gone into the records more carefully and discovered (1) that it was not until after Chang Yen-mao had been falsely arrested in Tientsin that Detring was able to secure the power of attorney which enabled him to transfer the Chinese-owned mines to Hoover; (2) that although Bewick, Moreing and Company resorted to every legal device to overthrow the decision of Justice Joyce, it was upheld by the Court of Appeals on January 24, 1906; and (3) that there are still other cases on record where Bewick, Moreing and Company were convicted in court of breach of contract and of what appear to be extremely dishonest dealings.

While not nearly so comprehensive, Mr. Knox's book is much more satisfactory. The author is content, for the most part, with presenting the facts as they appear in the original documents and allowing the reader to pass judgment. The book is marked by an almost complete absence of rancor, and in many respects supplements the material contained in the longer volume. This is particularly true in regard to Mr. Hoover's record while in charge of the Food Administration. Evidence is brought forth which indicates that through his ap-

pointment of men like Rolph and Babst to the international committee on sugar, the American public was made the victim of the large sugar interests. Mr. Knox strongly intimates that Mr. Hoover was personally responsible for the acute sugar shortage which existed during and after the war. It is also charged that sugar which America had purchased was actually being delivered to Germany.

If only a small fraction of the accusations which the authors of these two volumes make against Mr. Hoover is true, they have performed a public service in bringing them to the attention of the country, regrettable as they are. On the other hand, if they are false, the authors should be punished to the full extent of the law.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Books in Brief

Strict Joy, and Other Poems. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

James Stephens is important as a poet for his sensitive and original studies in rhythm and for the directness and simplicity in wording and in imagery with which he so naturally conveys his emotion. This last book has a number of new and delightful rhythmic studies. And it has a new note of seriousness too, although the ironic humor is not lost, and unusual rhythms to convey this seriousness:

Speed, skill, nor courage; goodness, wisdom, beauty,
May not retard, refuse it, nor avoid!
In one same terror, and in common ruin,
Strait, to the darkling blank, and grim abrupt,
These all—our known, mode of our life—and we,
Murdered and murdering, go hasty down!

Into not-known, into vacuity!
Into unbottomed dreadful, and a dark!
Where life saith—No, I go not—and is gone!
Where naught is but which would, and utter cannot!
Where, in black blank and null, the wary ghost
Hearkens, nor hears; and, with no voice, would wail!

Poems like this, of which there are a series in this volume, are the first I have seen which take over something of Gerard Manley Hopkins's method without being out-and-out imitations of Hopkins. James Stephens never fails to keep his own striking originality. The "strict joy" implied in this volume is the eternal joy of lyric singing. Thought is to no end and faith may darken, but song, for this poet, is always release from questioning. His is the perfect lyric gift.

The Silver Eagle. By W. R. Burnett. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

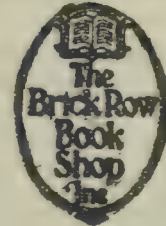
Mr. Burnett has returned to Chicago and the gangsters to good purpose. "The Silver Eagle" is a good rapid-fire yarn even though it is not so good as "Little Caesar." The principal character is a young self-made man who owns a string of restaurants, who becomes involved, socially, with a group from Chicago's aristocracy, and, in a business way, with Joe Molina, the boss gangster, and his mob. The aristocrats are not very interesting. And the hero himself is not very convincing. But Mr. Burnett's dialogue is, as always, good, and there is a lot of it. The story is exciting.

The Haunted Jester. By Donald Corley. Robert McBride and Company. \$2.50.

This volume is a collection of short stories about mysterious events ancient and modern—Tibetan priests and topaz-eyed babies, dead knights and red-headed ladies, inscrutable bored ladies who go off with pirates—written in the excruciatingly thick, heavy, ponderous style of which Mr. Corley is a master.

The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc.

42 East 50th Street
New York City



Important Sale!

Discontinuing this branch of its business, The Brick Row will sell without reserve, beginning, December 5th, its well selected, collected stock of Memoirs, Belles Lettres, Biography, Modern First Editions, Private Press Books, etc., at substantial and extraordinary reductions, for cash.

This miscellaneous assortment comprises the first collection of importance ever offered in this City at similar prices.

Immediate inspection is suggested for those seeking interesting Christmas gifts.

If You Have Any Problems to Solve

CONSULT OUR CLASSIFIED PAGES

If you cannot find what you want, send in your requirements. Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York
CORTLANDT 7-3330

Liberalism in Mexico. By Wilfred Hardy Callcott. Stanford University Press. \$5.

Historical treatment of "liberalism" in Mexico is timely since that brand of social thought has now become virtually extinct among those who control the nation's destiny. Professor Callcott covers the period from 1857, when Mexico's true revolution had just begun, to 1929, when it reached the vanishing-point. It was in the latter year that former President Calles, once the most unflinching of *revolucionarios*, decided from the quasi-retirement of his revolution-acquired *hacienda* that the agrarian-reform program had been a mistake. It was in that year that the lure of American prosperity (pre-crash) finally quenched the feebly sputtering spark of revolutionary ideology and made *turismo* the sole surviving "ism." Professor Callcott gives a factual recital based chiefly on secondary sources.

A History of Indian Literature, from Vedic Times to the Present Day. By Herbert G. Gowen. D. Appleton and Company. \$4.

It is difficult to obtain a clear conception of Indian literature from Professor Gowen's book. Three-quarters of his six hundred pages are concerned with scriptural writings and commentaries which are of little interest as literature. The few sections devoted to secular literature are treated with bibliographic thoroughness but with no literary discernment. It may be useful as a reference work, but even with its mass of excerpts, most of them in dull translations, it can give only a poor contact with the civilization it aims to describe through its literature. A reading of Kalidasa's "Sakuntala," obtainable in the Everyman's Library, will far better serve that purpose.

Life of Cardinal Newman. By Gaius Glenn Atkins. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Clarity and simplicity distinguish Dr. Atkins's "Life of Cardinal Newman." The clarity is commendable; the simplicity must be counted a fault. For the Abbé Brémond, when he called his own brilliant volume "The Mystery of Newman," was being accurate and not sensational. Newman is one of the mysteries of his age, a man who, amid the fierce material and intellectual broils of the nineteenth century, thought in the terms of a medieval saint. And though Dr. Atkins's calm account of this man is always faithful and fair and in a certain sense understanding, it seldom does more than hint the terribly complex problem which the biographer of Newman must face.

Drama

Sham Battle of the Sexes

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne constitute what is certainly the most popular "team" now performing in our theater. They play up to one another with expertness born of long practice, and though each is an excellent actor in his own way, neither is so good alone as the two are together. Perhaps the secret of their charm has something to do with the fact that they embody so well a certain romantically comic conception of the relation between man and woman, and present in so gallant a fashion the amusing aspect of what used to be called by the grimmer psychologists the Battle of the Sexes.

Mr. Lunt is reckless, dashing, and impudent. Miss Fontanne is sly, capricious, and deliberately provocative. But to these qualities each adds a certain knowingness which belongs with the racy sort of comedy which they play. Though the

pattern of their conduct is romantic enough, it is always plain that each knows very well what it is all about, and plays the game for the game's own sake. The one is no simple maiden startled out of the dreams of innocence; the other no passionate pilgrim deluded by his own eloquence. The battle is sham because neither has any intention of holding out, and the joke is inherent in the fact that the struggle is over nothing except those inessentials invented for the purpose of providing the hors-d'œuvre of love. Thus Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne give lessons in the art of preventing sophistication from taking the fun out of life. They show how the uniforms may be splendid and the military bands may be real even if the swords are only tin.

As for "Reunion in Vienna," the new play in which the Guild is presenting them at the Martin Beck Theater, it would probably not seem as good as it does if it were not so delightfully played. Though Robert Sherwood, the author, has concocted a rather amusing tale in what we are pleased to call the "Continental" manner, there is in the comedy itself little to distinguish it from a dozen other competent jobs of the same sort; but it does, on the other hand, afford so excellent a romp for Lunt and Fontanne that few will ask for more. The former was never better than he is in the role of the exiled Hapsburg returned after ten years to visit his old mistress; the latter was never more charming than she is as this same old flame now respectably married to an almost too reasonable psychoanalyst; and if any squeamish members of the audience find themselves made uncomfortable by the way in which the two roll on the couch together in an ecstasy of pure recollection, then these squeamish members should—like the farmer who watched the mixed acrobatic team in the circus—remember that in private life Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne are respectably married to each other.

The situation is this: Mr. Lunt maintains that in order to lay the ghost of memory he should spend the night with his former mistress. The psychoanalyst agrees to the extent of confessing that it would be fatal for him to forbid this therapeutic measure, and so, leaving the two together, he informs his wife that she must decide for herself. Next morning no questions are asked, and the audience, as well as the husband, is left to guess what really happened. Did Miss Fontanne consent or did she not? Now, I do not know whether I am supposed to give an answer, but if I am, then my guess is yes, and I base it upon a certain blankness which passed over Miss Fontanne's face at the instant when she had just said "no" so effectively that the departing Hapsburg shut the door of his bedroom behind him. At that moment the second-act curtain descends, but a temptation is never so seductive as in the instant when we are struck by the fear that we have just succeeded in conquering it once for all. It leaves an emptiness behind which only the forbidden can fill, and it is at that moment that we begin to hunt eagerly through the tall grass for the apple we have just thrown away. Surely it was thus that Eve fell, and it was Eve who set the old fashion which never changes.

The Actor-Managers, descended in some fashion from the old Neighborhood Playhouse company, have been responsible for some very interesting productions in the past, but "If Love Were All" (Booth Theater) is an amateurish and feeble little comedy which leaves one wondering what—if anything—its author intended. "Sing High, Sing Low" (Sam Harris Theater) suffers somewhat from its inability to decide whether it wants to satirize or burlesque the opera, but it is amusing nevertheless, and its picture of the goings-on at the Cosmopolitan Opera House is both funny and a little scandalous. "Steel" (Times Square Theater) is a labor play that means very well indeed but only serves to show again how difficult it is to make propaganda into interesting or convincing drama. Edith



PLAYS



FILMS



LECTURES



DEBATES



MAURICE SCHWARTZ and HELEN MACKELLAR
in ERNST TOLLER'S

"BLOODY LAUGHTER"

A drama of heroic protest by the author of "Man and the Masses" and
"The Machine Wreckers"
Settings by Robert Van Rosen

49th ST. THEATRE

West of Broadway. Evenings 8:40
Mats.: Wednesday and Saturday 2:40

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS

RUDOLPH
FRIML'S
Operetta

The FIREFLY

with ILSE
MARVENGA
and Superb Cast

Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.

ERLANGER'S THEATRE, West 44th Street, PEnn. 6-7963.

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays

Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner
intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT B. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK

THEA. 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40



AVON THEATRE, 45th Street
West of Broadway
NOW

Every Night, Including Sunday
James B. Pond presents for a
limited engagement

**Cornelia
Otis Skinner**
in the novelty sensation of the season

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII

preceded by some superb character sketches
"Few crowded stages are better worth watching than that
on which she walks alone."—Richard Lockridge, Sun.
GO NOW! DON'T MISS HBR! Limited Engagement Only
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:45

GILBERT MILLER Presents

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

With WALTER CONNOLLY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real
in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its
approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

SING HIGH, SING LOW

By MURDOCK PEMBERTON and DAVID BOEHM

"Malicious and amusing—The Inner workings of a great Opera House.
—A grand idea."—John Mason Brown. "Exposes the real story that
every newspaper man knows and no newspaper prints."—Burns Mantle.

EVES. 8:40 SAM H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd St. West of Broadway
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30
ALL EVENINGS, BEST SEATS \$3.00

DEBATE

"Is Modern Morality a Failure"

HON. BERTRAND

RUSSELL

says "NO"

DR. STEPHEN S.

WISE

says "YES"

DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES, Chairman

This debate involves the vital issues of

EASY DIVORCE LAWS BIRTH CONTROL
COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17th. 8:30 P.M.

CARNEGIE HALL, 57th St. and 7th Ave.

Tickets \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, Carnegie Hall, Columbia U. bookstore
(Journalism Bldg., 116 St., and B'way), Rand Book Store, 7 East 15
St., Seven Arts Guild, 125 W. 45 St. (Room 1007). Mail orders
promptly filled. *Auspices Seven Arts Guild.*

RUSSELL'S Farewell Appearance

A Clearing House THE GROUP Meets at Auditorium
of Opinion 150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, December 8th, at 8:30 p.m.

PROF. MAURICE PARMELEE, speaks on:

"NUDISM IN MODERN LIFE"

This Sunday Afternoon, at 4:30 p.m. (Dec. 6th)

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS, speaks on:

"OUR LAWLESS POLICE"

DEBATE!

RESOLVED: THAT THE WORKERS TRIUMPH
CANNOT BE ACHIEVED THRU DEMOCRACY.

December 13th, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.

**HEYWOOD MICHAEL
BROUN vs. GOLD**

B'KLYN FORUM—B'KLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
30 Lafayette Avenue near Flatbush Ave.

Tickets still available: 25c, 50c, \$1.00, at Box Office—Rand
Book Store, 7 East 15th St., N.Y.C.—New Masses, 63
West 15th Street, N. Y. C.

SYMPOSIUM

on the

"HOLLYWOOD AND SOVIET CINEMA"

SPEAKERS

H. W. L. DANA

Critic and Lecturer

H. A. POTAMKIN

Noted Cinema Critic

MICHAEL GOLD

Author of: "Jews Without Money," etc.

WALDO FRANK

Novelist and Critic

Chairman: SAMUEL ORNITZ

Author of: "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," etc.

Also Showing of Several Sovkino Films

SUNDAY—DECEMBER 6th, at 8 P. M.

at the NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH, 66 W. 12th St.

Tickets: \$1.00—for sale at: New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St.

LECTURE

DEC. 6th

SUNDAY

8:30 p.m.

"THE WORLD TOMORROW"

By PROF. VLADIMIR KARAPETOFF

of Cornell University

B'KLYN FORUM—B'KLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
30 LAFAYETTE AVENUE, Near FLATBUSH

Tickets: 25c, 50c, \$1.00 at Box Office—Rand Book Store 7 E. 15th
St., N. Y. C. Prof. KARAPETOFF will render a few selections on the
piano after the lecture.

Evans gives a striking performance as Florence Nightingale in "The Lady with a Lamp" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), but the play, for all its obvious sincerity and its impressive moments, never succeeds entirely in escaping the curse which rests upon the all-too-improving chronicle. It is pedestrian and matter-of-fact. On the other hand, the sentimental farce "A Widow in Green" (Cort Theater), pleased me a great deal. There is a delightful performance by Claiborne Foster and there is a satiric edge which, so far as I am concerned, made the surface sentiment not only tolerable but pleasing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films Beginnings

"THE CHAMP" (Astor Theater) is interesting for a significant reason. It is pure movie. "The Champ" is neither a done-over book nor a photographed play. And this is not to say simply that the scenario was written directly for the movies. The story, in fact, is the least important as it is certainly the least distinguished part of the production. It is the excellent quality of the settings, the acting, and the directing which sets it apart as a moving picture.

To begin with the settings. It is a commonplace that the films have the distinction and the advantage, compared with the stage play or novel, of being presented through the medium of a camera which is unlimited by either time or space. The present play, in which much of the action takes place on the racetrack and in the prize ring, profits from that advantage.

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Bloody Laughter—49 St.—W. of B'way.
Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way
Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
Hamlet—Broadhurst—W. 44 St.
Louder, Please—Masque—45 St. W. of B'way.
Miss Gulliver Travels—Hudson—W. 44 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Avon—W. 45 St.
Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.



FILMS



NOW PLAYING!
THRILLING GERMAN HUNGARIAN FILM OPERETTA
with scenes laid in beautiful Munchen

"SEIN LIEBESLIED"

(His Love Song)

with Paul Vincenti and Ernest Vorebes — famous Hungarian stars

Directed by Geza von Bolvary, who is responsible for

"Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt"

EUROPA

154 West 55th Street
Just East of 7th Ave.

Circolo

7-0120

Continuous Noon to Midnight

Popular Prices

But the scene which sets the tone of the film is the room "over the Greek's" in which the boy Dink and his father the ex-champion live. And this room differs from any possible stage or written setting for reasons having much more to do with art than with anything so mechanical as a movable camera. This room, in fact, with its brass bed and the limp white curtain which, when Dink opens the window, seems to be swayed more by the blaring tunes from the Greek's nickel piano than by anything so fresh as a breeze, has the power and the drab poignancy of the best of those proletarian interiors which so many of our contemporary artists have painted—with this difference, that it is much more alive. Yet it is not a photograph, either. Photography here is the means, as words or paints are means, of creating reality, but reality which has been distilled by a process of the mind that makes it art.

The acting as mere acting can best be described by saying that Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery are at their best. The story, as I have indicated, is poor stuff. It tells of a boy, Dink, who adores his father, an ex-champion. The action revolves about the attempt of the father to "come back" in the ring, for the sake of the boy, against great obstacles of drink and cards. He does come back only to die of heart failure when the fight is over. But even such trash as this comes to life because Jackie Cooper, irrespective of age, is one of the best actors on the screen. He proves it in the last scene in which he is called upon to show uncontrollable grief. Here is a scene which ordinarily would be painfully humiliating to the sensitive spectator. Jackie Cooper makes it authentic and moving; and the director, by a sound psychological stroke in sending the boy to the arms of his mother, gives the picture an inevitable ending. But again, the important thing in relation to my thesis is that the acting is possible only to the screen. The dialogue heightens and makes articulate effects already achieved by facial expression, motions, and tones which would be quite lost in a stage play beyond the fifth row and not capable of sufficiently minute and swift description in any written form.

It is difficult, naturally, to isolate direction from acting and setting. It can be said, however, that King Vidor oversteps himself only two or three times in the picture's avowed intention of wringing hearts. But it is this avowal, of course, which indicates why "The Champ" is a promise and not an achievement. There is intelligence in its separate parts—the acting, the settings, the direction. The production as a whole has not passed through that process of the mind before referred to which might make it important as a work of art. As for the story itself, it is entirely without intellectual content or implication. It is, in fact, merely a reproduction of emotion reduced to its lowest democratic denominator. It brings tears, but the tears mean nothing except to the box office.

Perhaps we are seeing, after all, the beginnings of art. Perhaps the films as they are at present, in all their extravagant and unmotivated sentimentality and extraordinary mechanical perfection, presage the mass art, mass produced, of the machine age. Certainly the improvement in the average film since the invention of the talkies seems to warrant hope.

"Strictly Dishonorable" is an entertaining, uncensored, not-quite-so-well-done reproduction of the stage play. As such, it has very little significance as a motion picture. It will be amusing to those who did not see the legitimate version. But the play does not bear up under a second witnessing.

Douglas Fairbanks in "Around the World in 80 Minutes" does what we have always wished the movies would do much oftener. His tour suffers greatly, however, from too many ruins, palaces, and other "sights," and not nearly enough ordinary street life. The Laurel and Hardy comedy which happened to be on the same program was the more important feature. These two are among our most precious fools.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1931

No. 3467

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	653
EDITORIALS:	
Hoover Leaves the Job to Congress.....	656
Spain Charts a Course.....	657
Mooney Still in Jail.....	657
An Evangelist in Rhyme.....	658
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	659
RELIEF: 1931 STYLE. By Amos Pinchot.....	660
GERMANY IN THE WORLD CRISIS. By John Elliott.....	662
WHAT I BELIEVE. By Rose Macaulay.....	664
CALL OFF THE TARIFF WAR! By Cordell Hull.....	667
KIDNAPPING IN COUNCIL BLUFFS. By Powers Hapgood....	669
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	670
CORRESPONDENCE	670
FINANCE: An Unexplained Slump. By S. Palmer Harman.....	672
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
A Vision. By Allen Tate.....	673
Maxim Gorki. By Joshua Kunitz.....	673
"High, Wide, and Handsome." By Lynn Riggs.....	674
Modernism. By Gerald Sykes.....	674
Science and Professional Ethics. By Benjamin Ginzburg.....	675
A Strange Tongue. By Dorothy Van Doren.....	675
The 57 Psychologies. By Harold Ward.....	676
Books in Brief.....	676
Music: The Anatomy of Opera. By Arthur Mendel.....	677
Drama: Technique. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	678
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	680

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

NOW THAT CONGRESS is in session again, persons who either will not or cannot understand the deep realities of American politics are once more proposing a Congressional armistice on controversial economic questions for the duration of the depression. This seems to us a dangerous proposal. It is not because we want to see Congressional action blocked by unnecessary political bickering, but because we believe that an effective "adjournment of politics" would simply mean that Congress would be swallowing whole, and without adequate consideration, whatever program for economic relief the Administration might hand it. Moreover, we find it difficult to believe that a Congressional armistice could be made effective. With their chances of success in the 1932 elections so brilliant, it is hardly likely that the Democrats would join with the Republicans in any legislation that might bring more credit to the Administration than to themselves. No, we expect to see the Democrats play a passive, non-cooperative game, fearing to take positive action of any sort lest it lead them into error that will hurt them at the polls next November. We have much more hope for the Progressives. The tactical position of this group is greatly improved compared with what it was last winter. Moreover, the Progressives are more determined than ever to put through their own pro-

gram. That they have the strength of their own resolution, if not sufficient voting strength, was shown by their defiance of the absurd attempt of the regular Republican organization to coerce them into supporting George Moses of New Hampshire as presiding officer of the Senate by threatening to deprive them of their committee chairmanships.

IT IS GOOD NEWS that there is to be a vote on prohibition in the House in the coming session of Congress, and that an effort will be made to give the Senate a similar opportunity to vote during the coming winter. More than that, Senator Bingham of Connecticut is proposing both a popular referendum on prohibition and also to introduce an amendment to the Constitution for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Our readers are aware of our opinion of Senator Bingham; we fear that the source of the proposal will injure it; but as we have been of the belief for a long time past that the people ought to be allowed to vote on this great question, we cannot but hail a move to secure that vote from whatever source it may come. Exactly how a popular referendum may be secured we do not know, nor do the dispatches tell us what Mr. Bingham has in mind. But we are very sure that there will be no real difficulty in the way of devising a procedure if the leaders put their minds to the task; it did not take Congress very long to find a way of registering all Americans between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one after we went into the World War. There is no greater need today than to provide a means for the direct expression of a popular will.

IN February will be convened the general disarmament conference for which the world has been waiting these last twelve years. Upon its outcome largely depends the question of peace or war in the immediate future. Success is by no means impossible, but it can be had only if there are brought together at Geneva some of the world's wisest statesmen and ablest citizens. We had thought that the Hoover Administration was aware of the tremendous importance of the approaching discussions. It was reported that Dwight Morrow had been asked to head the American delegation, and we had hoped, when his untimely death removed Mr. Morrow from consideration, that some man of like caliber would be chosen in his place. But apparently this is not to be. It is already fairly certain that the delegation will include Ambassador Gibson and other men who have represented us at the preliminary conferences in such a way as to arouse grave doubt of their sincerity as proponents of disarmament. The chairman, it is reported, will be Henry P. Fletcher, former chairman of the Tariff Commission. We do not know just what qualifications Mr. Fletcher has that fit him for this fateful mission. The admirals and generals will be at Geneva, too, not as delegates, but under the euphemistic title of "technical experts." In short, unless the Hoover Administration awakens soon, we shall find a group of mediocre Americans making a hopeless mess of this disarmament conference which means so much to the future happiness of the world.

GREAT BRITAIN is sending Premier MacDonald, Germany is sending Chancellor Brüning, and France will probably be represented at Geneva by Premier Laval. President Hoover, therefore, is virtually obligated to send someone of high official position, for example, Secretary Stimson, although the conference is likely to last six months and would keep Mr. Stimson away from his duties in Washington during that period. But even the European Powers could have found better men for the job at Geneva. Ramsay MacDonald's record on disarmament is good, but lately, particularly since the fall of the Labor Government and his desertion of the Labor Party, his attitude toward this question has perceptibly weakened. Premier Laval, though once a radical, owes his present position largely to the industrialists and bankers who are the real powers behind the French government and therefore behind the French demand for security before disarmament. More distressing is the suggestion from London that Arthur Henderson may be displaced as chairman of the conference. This post was offered him by the League of Nations because of personal qualities, and not because he was then Foreign Minister of Great Britain. Mr. Henderson is a sincere and consistent advocate of thoroughgoing disarmament. He has shown that he is above petty domestic politics in his attitude toward this question. It would be a real loss to the disarmament conference, and perhaps a serious blow to world peace, were he now to be displaced as chairman because he no longer has official standing at home.

GOVERNOR LARSON of New Jersey failed to honor the memory of Dwight W. Morrow when he appointed Warren W. Barbour to serve as United States Senator until the election in November, 1932. Mr. Barbour is in many things the antithesis of Mr. Morrow. He has no record of public service or achievement behind him, but is simply an ultra-conservative of the familiar big-business type. The linen factories which he inherited from his father have the reputation for having thoroughly cowed their workers, who are not permitted to join a union. Mr. Barbour himself is treasurer of the Protective Tariff League, and as chairman of the finance committee of the New Jersey Republican State Committee has frequently raised large sums of money for his party. Everybody knows now where Mr. Barbour will stand when he takes his seat; he will be the ally of Watson and Smoot and Fess and the other extreme reactionaries in the Senate. It is truly one of the weaknesses of our governmental system that a Governor who has himself just been defeated for reelection can appoint to the Senate a man who stands for everything that the State of New Jersey voted against last month. Moreover, the appointment is in direct conflict with the latest expression of public opinion at the polls in New Jersey, for, on the same day that it was made, a Democrat, Percy H. Stewart, carried the Fifth Congressional District, a Republican stronghold, by a majority of 1,900. There was only one issue in the election—the Hoover Administration.

AFTER A SERIES of precipitous declines in the past few weeks the pound sterling is now at a discount of more than 30 per cent from parity, and virtually at the low level it reached in February, 1920. Psychologically, the present situation of the pound is remarkably similar to that

of the franc and other currencies shortly after their post-war decline had got well under way. Informed opinion in the outside world is almost unanimous in the belief that devaluation is now inevitable; but there is neither an admission nor a discussion of this possibility—at least in public—by anyone in the present British government. The renewed decline of the pound appears to have been met in England with singular complacency, chiefly because of the widespread belief that the decline will bring about a revival of British industry. In spite of the fact that if the present discount on the pound were to be completely reflected in the British internal price level it would mean an advance of nearly 50 per cent, the depreciation of sterling has so far brought all its disadvantages with very few of its supposed benefits. The failure of British export trade to be stimulated to the extent that had been hoped for is chiefly attributable to two reasons. In a time of almost unprecedented world-wide depression like the present, with Germany, ordinarily one of England's best customers, almost unable to buy at all, even great price advantages stimulate buying very little. But much more important, importers of other nations must hesitate to do business when the pound can fluctuate in value ten or twenty cents in a few days. Until foreign-exchange stability is achieved, England will continue to be disappointed in its expectations of a trade revival.

THAT MASTER-DRAMATIST, Adolf Hitler, has already assumed direction of Germany's foreign affairs in his own opinion, and proclaims his speedy rise to actual control through the mandate of his fellow-countrymen. Hitler's message to the foreign press, issued from a hotel opposite the Foreign Office, was not merely a piece of political impertinence; it was a challenge which Brüning's subsequent silence makes all the more portentous. There may be no truth at all in the rumors that Hitler and the leaders of finance in outside countries have made a private arrangement, anticipating his eventual rule; but ominous none the less is the calm with which his frank plays to the gallery have been received by foreign industrialists and financiers. His promise to pay Germany's commercial debts while ceasing the payment of reparations has behind it justice and logic. But the aftermath of a German-declared end to reparations, without negotiation, threatens an upheaval likely to engulf all Europe in violence and to delay economic recovery. And even the fulfilment of Hitler's rosy pledges, of which there is no guaranty, would be a dear price for the enslavement of the German people under a reactionary, bombastic, anti-Semitic, militaristic dictatorship. A coalition of the German Social Democrats and Communists could still vitiate the sanguine expectations of Herr Hitler, for their joint strength is greater than his own estimate of Nazi polling power. Such a union, however, would involve the conquest of almost insurmountable difficulties.

MAHATMA GANDHI goes back to his homeland bearing no pledge of a centralized federal autonomy, and indeed with only a vague outline of provincial self-rule. The Prime Minister, fresh from whipping the Churchill extremists in the House, and apparently cheered at having won further opportunities for negotiation, insists that the Round Table Conference was not a failure. But Mr. MacDonald's capacity for seeing fruits on thistles is notorious;

and the Indian National Congress, having gone through two disillusioning conferences, is unlikely to derive robust hope from a plan for committee inquiries and another conference to be held at some future time in India. Gandhi's post-conference utterances have been guarded and restrained; obviously he must consult his Congress colleagues before revealing his plans. No all-inclusive campaign of civil disobedience is to be authorized for the moment; but for that matter, the previous campaigns were sporadic and partly local, and yet tremendously effective. It is not without significance that Jawaharlal Nehru has in recent weeks been addressing crowded gatherings of peasants, and telling his unshrinking listeners bluntly that war—which in the terminology of non-cooperation does not necessarily imply violence—is now inevitable “for all the rest of our lives.”

THE JUGOSLAV ELECTIONS have occurred—in their fashion. That is to say, something like 50 per cent of the electorate voted, following a campaign unrivaled even in the Balkans for the kind of clumsy ferocity which is coming to be typical of Yugoslavia. There was no opposition list, of course, and the government of King Alexander and of his regicide Prime Minister, General Pera Zivkovich, was automatically returned, as everyone knew it would be. The sole issue was the amount of the vote. The opposition, including members of parties generally as varied in point of view as the Slovene Clericals, the Serb Agrarians, the Moslems in Bosnia, and of course the dissident Croat Peasant Party, banded together in an electoral boycott; but the police saw to it that it was only partly successful. A petition containing 200,000 signatures of protest against the elections was, for instance, seized in Croatia and destroyed. The polling itself was a gorgeous farce. There was no written ballot, of course; the voters were simply herded to the booths and asked verbally to declare their allegiance to one of the various government candidates. And few dared refuse. A law severely restricting the circulation of opposition petitions was convenient in saving the police the subsequent trouble of destroying them. Any kind of opposition political meeting was forbidden. Finally, by the terms of the electoral law, the party winning a majority of votes gets two-thirds of the seats in the chamber; and King Alexander himself appoints one-half of the senate for life terms. A practically painless method, in short, of preserving the dictatorship under a thin veil of parliamentarianism.

A NEGRO named Williams killed a white man because he “only paid me fifteen cents an hour.” He then attempted to commit suicide but was restrained and taken, wounded, to a hospital. From his hospital bed he was seized by a mob of some 300 men, dragged to the courthouse square in the center of the town, and hanged from a tree there, after which his body was taken down and burned. This, in an America not strange to lynching, has a familiar sound. What makes it unfamiliar is that the violence occurred in the town of Salisbury, Maryland. Maryland, under the able advertisement of persons like H. L. Mencken and of the *Baltimore Sun*, has for a long time been known as one of the most civilized of our United States. Of late, however, the Eastern Shore counties of Maryland have been slipping. Negroes have been threatened; counsel for their defense have been mobbed. Maryland's reputation right now is in a very

parlous state. Governor Ritchie and Levin C. Bailey, State's Attorney, have denounced the latest lynching with the greatest forthrightness and have promised speedy prosecution for the leaders of the mob. “There will be no more delay,” said Mr. Bailey, “than is necessary for the identification of those who took part in this crime.” We still have confidence in Maryland and we believe that Mr. Bailey and the Governor mean what they say. And if lynchers in that State are brought to justice for the plain, ordinary murderers they are, the lynching of Mack Williams will undoubtedly help to prevent similar occurrences in the future.

IN A RECENT ISSUE of our morning newspaper we discovered three separate items each giving a comprehensive (and different) explanation of the whole cause of the present depression. The most original of these contributions to economic theory attributed all our difficulties to the high schools; but the most inclusive, the most unanswerable, and in a way the most comforting was that which emanated from the Pope in Rome, who declares without equivocation and without fear of successful contradiction that God is responsible. According to the Associated Press dispatch, His Holiness believes that the depression is too general to be the work of man, and adds the following wise words: “It is evident that the hand of God is being felt and that the things of the world are obeying the hand of God. It was God who gave years of abundance, years which we now scarcely believe existed. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.” Nothing, it occurs to us, could be simpler and nothing more comforting to those in power, who might, without this assurance, have had moments in which they feared lest they and their deeds might be in some measure responsible. Thanks to that inward light which, as a Quaker, Mr. Hoover enjoys, he was doubtless in possession of this information even before the Pope spoke, and the fact probably explains his apparent inaction.

IF HE WERE DICTATOR, Dean Inge of St. Paul's in London would make the proper gestures toward leagues of nations, abolition of armaments, and the destruction of tariff barriers. But he would do something which we think ultimately far more important in the future happiness of mankind. He would abolish rouge and lipstick. The discussion over whether or not a pale woman looks handsomer with red cheeks artificially and skilfully applied has almost stopped raging. Women put on store complexions as a matter of course, cheeks, lips, eyes, and all, and some of them do occasionally improve their appearances thereby. It is even said that some men prefer their women mascara'd and with greasy, vermilion lips, and if they do, considering the far from perfect state of our society, we shall make no formal protest. But in an ideal state, when Dean Inge, or Mr. Chase, or any of our admirable friends has set himself up with a heavy-headed scepter to boss the whole works, we are for prohibition of facial beauty by the box if it is to be exhibited at a distance of less than ten feet. And for any woman who shaves her eyebrows and paints a black half-moon on the bulge over her eye where a wise Providence intended her to have a shadow of hair suited in shape to the rest of her face, the boiling oil will be merrily heated and, humanitarian though we be, we will watch the bubbles and the steam arising and merely laugh.

Hoover Leaves the Job to Congress

THROUGH nine months of what has been undoubtedly the severest depression the country has ever known Congress was compelled to remain idle. This enforced idleness, which the President could have ended at any time, carried with it the implication that Congress was not equipped to deal with the stupendous problems arising from the depression, and by the same token that the President was thus equipped. Thereby Mr. Hoover assumed the grave responsibility of formulating and proposing a program of his own with which to meet the economic crisis. Congress has now reassembled, and it has the President's message before it. That message is a confession of the almost complete failure of Mr. Hoover to live up to the large responsibility he took upon himself.

The message contains nothing even resembling a comprehensive and well-balanced legislative program. True, it does put forth several specific recommendations, and a few of these are excellent to the very limited extent that they go, but even these suggestions and requests are unrelated and have no clearly defined purpose. Moreover, the message completely ignores some of the most important questions that have come out of the depression. In brief, Mr. Hoover has thrown upon Congress the task of producing a program of relief—a task which he himself had inferentially assumed by his refusal to call Congress into special session. And thus nine precious months have been wasted.

War debts and the tariff are two fields in which the government could act to relieve the country in its present desperate plight. Adjustment in either or both of these fields would also prove a boon to Europe, upon whose recovery Mr. Hoover lays such heavy stress in his message. Even a minor downward revision of the tariff, let us say a return to the Fordney-McCumber rates, might give that fillip to world trade which would start us on the road to recovery. And it can hardly be denied that a readjustment of the war debts would have immensely beneficial results. But as to the tariff Mr. Hoover said: "I am opposed to any general Congressional revision. . . . Such action would disturb industry, business, and agriculture. It would prolong the depression." On the question of the future policy of the government with regard to war debts he was wholly silent. Is it possible that Mr. Hoover is still blind, after all the developments of the last several months, to the overwhelming importance of these two questions to the general economic situation?

Mr. Hoover specifically recommended an increase in taxation, but did not even hint the form this increase should take. He urged the erection of "an emergency reconstruction corporation of the nature of the former War Finance Corporation," but he neglected to go into details as to the organization and purposes of the "reconstruction corporation." He did say that it should help with government funds needy corporate enterprises that "cannot otherwise secure credit." Does this mean that the corporations which are so near to bankruptcy as to be considered poor risks by ordinary commercial banks are to be subsidized by the government? If so, would that not be a government dole pure and simple?

Perhaps a reconstruction corporation would be a splendid thing in this time of panic. It might be able to help needy enterprises from which the banks are unnecessarily withholding credit. But before we could indorse or even comment upon this proposal we should want to learn something more about it than Mr. Hoover has put into his message.

This vagueness and lack of detail extend to virtually all his other recommendations. The railways, though he recognizes their predicament as presenting "one of our immediate and pressing problems," are dismissed with a brief paragraph, a renewal of the suggestion that a consolidation scheme be worked out and a fresh proposal, again without details, that rates charged by competing services be regulated "by some authority." He urged that the eligibility provisions of the Federal Reserve Act be extended, saying, "I understand such an extension has been approved by a majority of the governors of the Federal Reserve banks." This will surely be news to the Washington correspondents who only a week ago reported that the Federal Reserve governors were in general opposed to such an extension. Mr. Hoover further recommended "the improvement of the banking laws," but apart from suggesting "an enlargement of branch banking under proper restrictions," he again offered no specifications. Another suggestion looks toward the establishment of a "Public Works Administration," under which "all building and construction activities of the government now carried on by many departments" would be "consolidated into an independent establishment."

But in the matter of unemployment and unemployment relief Mr. Hoover is at his most shining empty best. There must be no government aid for the jobless. "I am opposed to any direct or indirect government dole," he said. Large business and financial corporations may be assisted by federal loans or other means, but the man out of work must not look to Washington for help. That, we are told again, would "jeopardize those principles which we have found to be the basis of the growth of the nation. The federal government must not encroach upon or permit local communities to abandon that precious possession of local initiative and responsibility." Of course, Mr. Hoover is not leaving the jobless man and his family to depend entirely upon haphazard private charity. The federal government, for instance, is providing a few jobs through its building program. Moreover, "through the President's organization for unemployment relief, public and private agencies were successfully mobilized last winter to provide employment and other measures against distress." Still, distress and unemployment managed to spread at a disquieting rate. Mr. Hoover promised equally "effective" relief for the present winter.

We sincerely trust, now that Mr. Hoover has demonstrated beyond dispute his own paucity of constructive ideas and his pitiful lack of courage, that Congress will work out a sound and practical program, and thereby not only show Mr. Hoover that he was very poorly advised in not calling a special session, but also contribute that measure of government assistance which seems so imperative to turn us toward economic recovery.

Spain Charts a Course

CONFOUNDING their critics, plowing straight ahead to accomplish what many a skeptic deemed impossible, the revolutionary leaders of Spain have now crystallized their objectives in an amazing constitution. It provides for a single-chambered Cortes, thus departing radically from the conventional system of checks and balances which so frequently checks nothing but the people's will. The sexes are given equal status, and women are granted the vote—a step which was hotly debated at the time of the king's overthrow. Divorces may be obtained by mutual consent; and so, while irresponsibility is not encouraged, the harshness, hypocrisy, and collusion due to rigid divorce laws are swept away at a stroke. No children are to be legally illegitimate, this clause removing from growing boys and girls a stigma for which they have in no wise been responsible. The Catholic church is disestablished and means are provided for the dissolution of religious orders and the seizure of church property should the church's intransigence make this drastic step a necessity; the age-old political corruption within the church is separated both from itself and the state, a change which ought to promote, rather than hinder, the exercise of religion. Provision is made for the distribution by voluntary collectives of land from the large estates so cruelly exploited hitherto by absentee landlords; therefore Fernando de los Rios, the Socialist Minister of Justice and expert on agrarian problems, may proceed with his famous plan, described, so he says, "as audacious" by "a powerful man from Russia who just visited me," and calculated, as he frankly tells the Andalusian farm workers, to cause two years of increased suffering as a prelude to eventual prosperity. In respect to war, this country which has disarmed its troops more than 50 per cent in six months and closed down most of the military schools now states in its basic law that the president can declare war only when such a conflict is in accord with the Covenant of the League of Nations, when it is defensive beyond all doubt, and, far more significantly, when the dispute has first been submitted to arbitration by Spain without reciprocation by the other disputant.

Spain today, according to this document, is "a republic of the workers of all classes"—uniting for the future as in past revolutionary activity both the intellectual and the proletarian elements. And if radicals of other countries are inclined to scoff at this phraseology and class the Spanish revolution as nothing more than a political revolt, the rest of the constitution should be reassuring. From the beginning of the revolutionary movement, it was clear that the great bulk of the revolutionists were not going to be content merely to chase out King Alfonso and then establish a laissez faire regime modeled after the United States. One of the first symbolic acts of the provisional government was the ratification of the Washington Eight-Hours' Day Convention; despite the conflicts between the impatient Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Socialist-Republican temporary Cabinet in recent months, the way has been smoothed for labor organization and the economic condition of many workers has been improved. The influence of the Socialist Party, which is so far the only well-disciplined political organization in the

country, has been tremendous; and if at times the moderates have been restive under Socialist pressure, they have, ■ Zamora frankly pointed out, been willing to give the Socialist program a chance to prove its worth.

In the development of their political and economic ideas, the anti-monarchists from the very beginning drew on the experience of France, Russia, England, Germany, and Latin America, rather than on the United States. It is not only that our numerous interventions to the southward have invariably made the front page of the Spanish dailies; it is not only that before the Spanish revolution some of our envoys and financial interests had in a sense intervened to bolster up the dictatorship and monarchy. For even though thousands of youthful Spaniards every week thumb through the gay little periodical which retails the exploits of *Los Bandidos de Chicago*, the proud nature of the intellectual Spaniard has long recoiled in disgust from our municipal corruption, our federal malfeasance, our big-business domination of politics, our cynical disregard of workers in periods of prosperity and our charity in hard times, our lack of spontaneous zest for poetry, art, and song.

For our part, we should like to see the Spanish constitution read in every institution of higher learning; it might well become the object of study in the lower schools. It would be a revelation to some of our moribund labor leaders. Acknowledging its occasional lapses in cohesion; conceding that always a national charter promises more as a document than it performs in the everyday life of the people, we still acclaim this constitution ■ a triumphant achievement. It is a challenge to fascism on the one hand and to communism on the other, let alone the pseudo-democracy of which we have long been the chief collective expression. To the Spanish people our admiring congratulations. And for the trying days of the future, with their multitudinous, exacting problems, our warmest hope for ■ steadfast development of the program so ably started on its way.

Mooney Still in Jail

MAYOR WALKER has been to California to make his plea for Mooney's pardon; Governor Rolph has received the Mayor as a friend and listened to him as an advocate; the California press has provided more stings than Mr. Walker is accustomed to, even in his home town; the first public hearing on the Mooney case has been held by a Governor of the State; not only the Mayor of New York but Frank P. Walsh, who for years has pleaded Mooney's cause, Aaron Sapiro, likewise a pleader of long standing, the foreman of the jury that convicted Mooney, the judge that tried him have again strongly urged his release. Mr. Walker even produced ■ dramatic surprise in the shape of ■ letter from former Prosecuting Attorney Charles M. Fickert declaring that "in my opinion you [Walker] are probably right in maintaining that it would be to the best interests of the State that executive clemency be granted to Mooney." And now, what have we?

Mooney is still in San Quentin prison. Governor Rolph has announced that it will probably be three months before he can issue his decision on the pardon plea. And Mr. Fickert, after a wandering and inconsistent "explanation" of the cir-

cumstances under which his letter was written, takes it all back and says he meant nothing of the kind. He does not think Mooney should be granted clemency; he only meant it might be granted "if Governor Young were right" in his assertions that Oxman's testimony, which convicted Mooney, was false. Fickert adds: "Oxman always stuck to his story. I believed it during the trial and after that. To the day of his death Oxman maintained that it was true. I still think so and I am not changing my position against clemency for Mooney."

This should be almost enough to make Mooney's advocates throw up their hands in despair and go home. Fortunately, they are not the hand-up-throwing sort, and we can be sure that they will continue to work and plead, and above all to hope. Mooney himself seems to have given up any very strong hope of his release. When Mayor Walker, probably inadvisedly, assured him that he would soon be free, he replied: "I seriously doubt it." The difficulty in the Mooney case, of course, as has been stated many times before, is that the matter is not one of simple truth or simple falsehood, but of politics. Mooney is in jail, not because he was convicted of throwing a bomb, but because he was the sort of man, in the opinion of influential persons in California, who might have thrown one. Various Governors of California who might have exercised executive clemency were intimidated by these influential persons, who assured them that they would lose more votes by freeing Mooney than by keeping him in prison, and since their main concern was votes and not Mooney, either in or out of jail, they kept him in. Mayor Walker, undoubtedly strongly moved by a belief in Mooney's innocence and by the touch of sentiment offered by the spectacle of his mother who wants to have her son with her again before she dies, found that he could make excellent political capital out of his trip to California. Finally Governor Rolph, with on the whole less to lose politically than any of his predecessors and with a more assured position in general, nevertheless is human enough probably to wish to derive a certain amount of credit for the gesture of freeing Mooney. So far it has been Mayor Walker's show. If Mooney were pardoned today, the applause would be for the Mayor and not for the Governor. When the Mayor's appeal is three months cold, and he has become thereby no better than any other advocate, it may be that the chances for a pardon will improve.

Charles M. Fickert remains the villain in the piece, as he has been from the beginning. He is no longer in public office. He has nothing in the world to lose, presumably, by Mooney's release. Yet some hidden source of malice, some innate obstinacy of judgment, keeps him faithful to a record of testimony that responsible persons have solemnly sworn to be false and that other equally responsible persons solemnly believe to be false. This is the testimony of the cattleman, Oxman, which brought about Mooney's conviction, and which has been conclusively shown to have been perjured.

But Mr. Fickert is not convinced. And Captain Charles Goff of the San Francisco police department, one of Mooney's bitterest adversaries, is not convinced. Another hearing will probably be held at which these protestants against a pardon will be heard. More delays, therefore, more protests, more argument; and more months at least for Mooney to stay in jail.

An Evangelist in Rhyme

VACHEL LINDSAY is the first to die of those men whom Americans have been in the habit for at least a decade of considering as the standard poets of their century. Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, Masters, and Lindsay—here were five men who had made and kept a national reputation the justice of which on one ground or another could not be disputed. Different as the five were from one another, they were nevertheless comparable in that each of them had produced work of a measurable quantity and that each of them had made a contribution to the discussion of human nature, which presumably is the ultimate concern of any kind of literary art. Subtler and more ingenious poets had supplanted the last three in the minds of connoisseurs; yet the five remained immovable—bound to be thought of in any survey of contemporary verse, and difficult to dispose of.

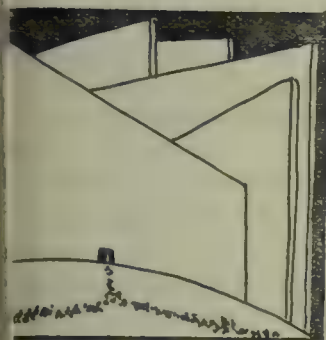
Vachel Lindsay had suffered in reputation most of these five—one of whom, if not two, can be said never to have suffered at all. For several years before his death Lindsay must have been aware that the world endured his eccentricity only because it had once been exciting and admirable. If it was so no longer, there was at least "The Congo" to remember; and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven"; and "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight"; and "The Chinese Nightingale"; and "The Santa Fe Trail"; and "The Eagle That Is Forgotten." The latter years produced nothing like any of these; they produced, indeed, a great deal of pathetic nonsense, and the "Collected Poems" have as much bad poetry in them as ever was produced perhaps by a famous man.

How much value we shall continue to place on the better poems is of course a question to which there can be no answer at a moment when the generation represented by Lindsay is in process of being succeeded by another one whose representatives are so clearly different from him. Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish, Hart Crane, Allen Tate, Phelps Putnam—these and a dozen others seem to be separated by centuries from a poet like Lindsay. This is not to say, however, that Lindsay will not continue to speak with a very interesting voice. If he does so it will be because the poems through which he speaks are still impressive either because of their message or because of their art. For of message they are full. It is not without significance that Lindsay lectured for years at a Y. M. C. A. in New York and for the Anti-Saloon League in Illinois; or that he tramped the United States preaching a gospel which he called Beauty. The question how long these simple enthusiasms of Lindsay for peace and purity will be capable of stirring American readers must be left, of course, to time.

The answer will be determined in part also by the degree of respect which Lindsay's art succeeds in keeping. When the legend is lost of his strange, wild platform appearances, when no one remembers any more having heard "The Congo" read "as it should be read"—what then? Doubtless "The Congo" will survive even that catastrophe. It is surely a fine poem. In it, along with a naive and powerful message, is a music which needs no voice to make it heard. "The Congo" will survive. So will half a dozen other poems. The rest are already dead.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



NO, it was not lack of material that made me play hooky. On the contrary! As long as the present Wise Men from the East and the North and the South and the West continue to rule this world (and there are so many more Wise Men today than twenty centuries ago) I could easily fill the whole

ation week after week by giving you nothing but an abbreviated account of their latest exploits. The eyes played hooky. They informed me that they had joined the oculists' union and refused to go on with the sixteen-hour day. They asked for new glasses and would not do a stroke of work until they had got them. And, of course, I had to agree to their terms, for if I can keep those eyes going for another fifteen years, they will see stranger things than they have ever seen before. I quite fooled them this afternoon putting on three pairs of glasses and here is my story.

The European mail has just arrived. Let me give you a little sample of the menu of international delicacies that were served up this Thanksgiving Day of the year of grace 1931. The radio was yodeling its messages of good-will and prophecies of better times. In distant Washington the Great White Father was packing the rest of his drumsticks in copies of the original Kellogg pact (you can't let that waste paper lie around the Executive Mansion for ever—may as well use it for something practical). In distant Berlin the German people were drinking coffee made out of roasted grain because they were too poor to buy real coffee. In distant Brazil the people were throwing their coffee beans into the sea or were using them as fuel for their locomotives because they were unable to sell the stuff. And while these things were going on the representatives of half a dozen sovereign nations were holding half a dozen solemn conclaves, and this is what they were doing to increase the peace and harmony of our happy little planet.

At home the Five Hundred Percenters, the Tariff Enthusiasts (the Hundred Percenters of the war era were bers compared to our present tariff fanatics), were burning the midnight amperes in their ardor to frustrate the nefarious designs of the perfidious Britons, who had actually dared to lay a duty upon certain articles of American manufacture. Meanwhile, in distant London the free traders of yesteryear were burning the midnight tallow candles to devise ways and means by which to circumnavigate the pitfalls of the American tariff act while getting their own extra pound of bacon. Meanwhile, in far-off Angora, where the goats come from, where the heart of Turkey beats as it has never beat before, the subjects of Pasha Kemal (they would walk much farther than a mere mile to escape from a leader who is threatening them and their country to death) were listening to a debate which ended by raising all Turkish import duties to a point where imports become an impossibility. Meanwhile,

not to be outdone by the fascists of Asia Minor, those of the Apennine peninsula, giving vent to their feelings via a resolution of the Italian National Council of Corporations, demanded an immediate tariff revision which should place Italy at the head of the list of all tariff-breeding countries (loud cheers and an amendment asking that all nations recognize that the word "tariff" is of Italian origin). If Italy takes certain steps, can France be far behind? Of course not. Behold a brave communiqué informing all loyal French citizens that the importation of foreign agricultural implements, of foreign laborers, of foreign wines and shoes will soon come to a complete standstill because the tariff and the passport regulations will be changed to accommodate conditions to the prevailing necessities. If France takes certain steps, can Belgium be far behind? Of course not. The Department of the Interior calls together an Advisory Economic Council. It advises that import duties on cold-storage meat, butter, and margarine be raised by 500 per cent and those on fresh meat and butter by 700 per cent. And hark! a faint little voice from still another quarter. Holland, staunchest and oldest free-trade community in the world, goes protectionist. Two against one, the Dutch parliament decides in favor of an increase in the existing and hitherto negligible customs regulations.

In July of the year 1520 a certain celebrated painter by the name of Dürer, a member of the painters' guild in the city of Nuremberg, set forth upon a trip to Antwerp to attend the coronation of the young Emperor Charles, originator of the Spanish Empire and the well-known Hapsburg mug. He took his wife and his wife's maid with him, for in those days painters had to keep up certain appearances and ladies still buttoned in the back. We possess a minute record of that voyage down the Main and the Rhine. It makes interesting reading. Not very exciting reading but interesting, for old Albrecht was a careful citizen who counted his pennies. As a result, the little book becomes one interminable wail about frontier guards and custom guards and dishonest money-changers. Every two or three hours the old scow was forced to approach the shore for a general inspection of the passengers, their credentials, and their luggage. Master Dürer was provided with the equivalent of the modern "dago-dazzler," that strange and semi-diplomatic document which a few highly favored American drummers attending to the business needs of the more remote South American countries are able to cajole out of the State Department, and which carries so many seals and so many gold and red and yellow ribbons that the dumbest Bolivian customs man will bow before it in solemn silence. But even that imperial firman failed to facilitate the progress of His Majesty's pet painter to any noticeable extent. Every two-by-four principality must levy its half-dozen groschen upon Frau Dürer's spare petticoats and waste valuable hours asking the honored visitor idiotic questions about himself and his party.

I recommend the little book to an enterprising modern publisher. All he need do is to change the date to 1931.

Relief: 1931 Style

By AMOS PINCHOT

GREAT calamities generally breed great leaders. Luckily for this country, the calamity of unemployment proves no exception to the rule. For, at the precise moment when America is faced by this appalling problem, it is Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company, and Mr. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who come forward with a grand constructive principle, which, if followed, would not only relieve distress, but go far toward lifting us out of the slump.

Some of us have been a little skeptical about business leadership. Inclined to undervalue its spirit of service, we have indulged in loose talk about soulless corporations and shortsighted captains of industry. Now the moment has come to revise our views. In offering to the American people a yardstick with which to determine precisely what each one of us should give for the relief of the unemployed, Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford have performed a service of the very highest quality.

The Young-Gifford yardstick, or gauge of proper giving, is embodied in a series of appeals, signed by Messrs. Young and Gifford, which were published during October and November as full-page advertisements in our leading magazines. Because they are of transcendent importance, and, what is more, since they are the subject of this article, I venture to quote two of them in full.

FORWARD!

Between October 19 and November 25 America will feel the thrill of a great spiritual experience. In those few weeks millions of dollars will be raised in cities and towns throughout the land, and the fear of cold and hunger will be banished from the hearts of thousands.

Be sure that you do your part. Give to the funds that will be raised in your community. Give liberally.

And know that your gift will bless yourself. It will lift your own spirit. More than anything else you can do, it will help to end the depression and lay the firm foundation for better times.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief
WALTER S. GIFFORD, Director
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources
OWEN D. YOUNG, Chairman

Tonight, Say This to Your Wife, Then Look into Her Eyes!

"I gave a lot more than we had planned. Are you angry?"

If you should tell her that you merely "contributed"—that you gave no more than you really felt obliged to—her eyes will tell you nothing. But deep down in her woman's heart she will feel just a little disappointed—a tiny bit ashamed.

But tonight—*confess* to her that you have dug into the very bottom of your pocket—that you gave perhaps a little *more* than you could afford—that you opened not just your purse, but your heart as well.

In her eyes you'll see neither reproach nor anger.

Trust her to understand. Trust her to appreciate the generous spirit—the good-fellowship and manly sympathy which prompted you to help give unhappy people the courage to face the coming winter with their heads held high with faith and hope.

It is true—the world *respects* the man who lives within his income. But the world *adores* the man who gives BEYOND his income.

No—when you tell her that you have given somewhat *more* than you had planned, you will see no censure in her eyes. But *love!* [*Italics as in original.*]

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief
WALTER S. GIFFORD, Director
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources
OWEN D. YOUNG, Chairman

Here is a picture of what constitutes proper giving which leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford have made their definition as clear as sunlight. Giving "beyond your income" obviously means giving until you have cut into your capital; and if you have no capital, then giving at a rate that will sooner or later land you in debt. Indeed, so grave is the unemployment crisis, that Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford advise us not only to give till "the world adores" us for our noble, if reckless, folly; but to go on giving until we have reached the highest peak of sacrifice, where we will find our reward in "the thrill of a great spiritual experience." This is the true test of right giving. On this rock Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford found that new religion of brotherhood which is at the heart of the drive.

A spiritual thrill, however, is not to be the sole reward of right giving under the Young-Gifford plan. For in another manifesto which came out in the middle of November Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford, in a playful mood, apostrophize the people of the United States as "Mr. and Mrs. John K. American," and advise them that, if they will but give with the same spirit of sacrifice with which they fought in France and went without sugar in the World War, they will "beat Old Man Depression" as they did the Germans, "and lead the way to better days."

A careful analysis of the Young-Gifford plan shows the following outstanding features. First, the plan is universal. That is to say, it applies with equal force to all classes of society, high and low. For it would be an insult to attribute to Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford, and especially to Mr. Hoover, who appointed these gentlemen, an intention to set up one standard for the rich and another for the poor. Nor could any person of average sensibility, or indeed self-respect, ask a poor man to make a sacrifice which he himself was unwilling to shoulder. Each donation is judged, not at all by its size, but by the amount of sacrifice. A gift by a poor clerk hardly able to keep his family in shoes is, therefore, greater by far than even one of millions by the possessor of a large fortune. And this sound principle President Hoover has heartily indorsed by pledging a day's salary in January, February, and March, in addition to his unostentatious contributions in California and Washington.

Second, it places no obligation to give on poor people

because most of them have already sacrificed up to or beyond the prescribed point. I am not familiar with conditions outside New York, but in this city you can find no man or woman who works among the poor who will not tell you that at least four-fifths of the load of helping the unemployed poor has been carried by the employed poor. One of the most impressive things about the depression is the way the poor who earn wages are sharing with their less fortunate neighbors. This, I am told, is not because they are generous or heroic, but for the simple reason that the common run of humanity hasn't the nervous resistance to watch people going under from idleness, hunger, and despair without doing something about it. Plainly, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Young, and Mr. Hoover intended that the poor should be excluded from the drive, since asking them to give to the relief fund is not merely a cruel proposal; it is a very stupid proposal, because every dollar taken from them in that way reduces by just that much what they can give and are giving directly to jobless people with whom they are in daily touch.

Unfortunately, ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, director general of the drive in New York, and ex-Supreme Court Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, one of his distinguished lieutenants, failed to post themselves on these matters, as shown by the fact that they have repeatedly advised their 17,000 canvassers to get subscriptions from every last man and woman who has employment, and, if possible, to pledge them for twenty weeks of giving. On November 18, according to the *Times*, Judge O'Brien, in a speech to canvassers, deplored the sad fact that only 200,000 out of over 2,000,000 wage-earners in New York had as yet been accorded an opportunity of sharing.

But the bright and particular beauty of the Hoover-Young-Gifford plan of correct giving is that, if it were applied, as was no doubt the hope of its framers, first to people of great wealth in the so-called "high-bracket" group, an immense relief fund could be raised without hurting anybody, and without forcing a single individual to climb more than halfway up the hill of sacrifice to which the plan points. It is true that, through some error on the part of the management, this feature of the plan was lost in the shuffle. But we cannot doubt that it was in the minds of Mr. Young, Mr. Gifford, and Mr. Hoover when, in the sessions of sweet silent thought, they were pondering their program at the White House.

In 1931, 149 income-tax returns were made in this country on incomes of over a million dollars a year, as follows:

<i>Income Classes</i> (thousands of dollars)	<i>Number of Returns</i>	<i>Net Income</i>
1,000 under 1,500.....	86.....	\$104,978,739
1,500 under 2,000.....	24.....	40,862,820
2,000 under 3,000.....	21.....	49,450,334
3,000 under 4,000.....	7.....	24,827,473
4,000 under 5,000.....	3.....	12,907,909
5,000 and over.....	8.....	122,634,419
	149	\$355,661,694

Here we have three and a half hundred millions—a considerable pan of cream from which to drain off something for the poor. In addition, 19,539 people made returns on incomes of from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 a year, which incomes total \$2,112,721,137. Adding these together, we have almost two and a half billions, from which quite a decent relief fund

could be taken without undue hardship to the owners. To tap this reservoir of wealth would require no armies of canvassers. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Young, and Mr. Gifford, beginning with themselves naturally, and aided only by their two committees and a few actuaries, could do it within a fortnight if they wanted.

Again, as an argument for centering the drive on the high brackets, before chasing after clerks, mill hands, shop girls, and waitresses in chain restaurants, the keen minds of Hoover, Young, and Gifford must instantly have grasped the fact that it is an economic stupidity to ask money from poor people if you can get it anywhere else. What business needs most in this depression is more buying, more demand for goods, so that our farms, factories, and stores may get on their feet. Practically every cent that is taken from wage-earners for the relief fund would be used for buying if it were left in their hands. Money donated by the rich, however, especially the very rich who have large reserves awaiting investment, is in a different position. Only a little of it can be used for buying goods, since its owners can consume but a limited amount. Nor is it needed as capital for new enterprise. Capital is a drug on the market now. Consequently, the part used for unemployment relief would otherwise not be used at all until the depression subsides and its owners invest it. At which time the unemployment crisis will presumably be on the mend.

Until about the middle of October, when the drive was launched, everything went well. Relying on the President's promise that not one of them should suffer, the unemployed were anticipating winter with nothing short of delight. In fact, they were looking forward to it as the one winter in which they would all be comfortable. But apparently about this time, while Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford were down in Washington conferring with Mr. Hoover on the means of putting their plan in practice, some selfish, class-conscious persons, who wanted the wage-earners to get all the thrill and glory out of the situation, came along and started the drive hind end foremost, thus in effect wresting the opportunity of sacrifice from the rich and handing it over to the poor, who really didn't need it. Mistaken as were these betrayers of the great principle of right giving, it must be conceded that they showed a certain degree of leadership. In fact, the speed with which they organized their drive to bring the opportunity of giving to the wage-earners of 690 cities showed a leadership worthy of Napoleon.

Never in the history of this Republic, not even in the closing months of Presidential years, have the poor enjoyed so much attention. Ex-governors, ex-judges, ex-foreign princesses, ex-police commissioners, even crews of ex-beaux from ex-fashionable clubs have dogged the footsteps of the poor like hounds of heaven, appealing to their greed of glory and urging them to hog all the thrill and honor—which also might be described as "ex" now that the drive is over. In the bygone days of prosperity it was bad enough, for with their radios and silk shirts the poor were already getting somewhat above themselves. But now, by jingo, if we go on spoiling them at this rate, they'll be wanting to get asked to dinner.

Well, the poor have certainly won out. But unless Congress resorts to the noxious principle of relief by a bond issue and big taxes on the high brackets, which the drive was wisely devised to prevent, the rich will have another

chance to get their thrill in another drive before spring. In New York City \$18,000,000 has been or will have been raised by the Hoover drive. Mr. Gibson, chairman of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee, says there are 750,000 unemployed people here. The Welfare Council reported 227,000 families without means of support last August. This implies that perhaps a million and a half people are destitute, so that \$18,000,000 would provide, on an average, \$12 apiece. If the relief period should last 180 days, this would provide \$2 per person per month. All of which proves the wisdom of setting the goal at \$18,000,000. Because, while this is not enough to lower the morale of the jobless by pampering and overfeeding, it should at least suffice, as Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford tell us in a statement already quoted, to fill the unemployed with "faith and hope" during the cold weather.

Yet, in a way, the situation remains desperate. Something should be done, and done at once, toward restoring to the rich the opportunity of sharing which the Young-Gifford plan meant them to have. Otherwise, in scaling the peak of sacrifice to which the plan dedicates them, they may find themselves forced to resort to the method of the late Mark Twain and his friends in their famous ascent of the Matterhorn. On the day fixed for the high adventure the unkind elements seemed bent upon keeping Mark in the valley. The thermometer had fallen; it was uncomfortable weather for climbing. Suddenly, with characteristic common sense, the Great Mountaineer hit upon a solution. While the rest of the party toiled painfully up the height, Mark got most of the thrill, and none of the discomfort, by sitting in an arm-chair on the hotel piazza and watching them through a telescope.

Germany in the World Crisis

By JOHN ELLIOTT

Berlin, November 16

ON the ninth of November, the thirteenth birthday of the German republic, no bands played, no flags were displayed, and no fireworks were set off. German republicans shamefacedly kept still and left it to the Nationalists to mark the anniversary with jeering jibes and mocking cartoons. The only man in all Germany who ventured to make a public address praising the republic was a Socialist editor who delivered a short fifteen-minute speech from the Berlin broadcasting station. It is symptomatic of the present state of feeling that a federal-government official tried to delete a passage in the speech which tepidly extolled the republic on the ground that this tribute violated the rule barring "party politics" from the radio. General Wilhelm Gröner, who combines the ministries of Defense and Interior in the second Brüning Cabinet, was much provoked that the Prussian authorities permitted the objectionable sentences to get by, and threatened that the federal government would drastically tighten up the system of broadcasting censorship. The republican press pointed out that Gröner himself had spoken much more strongly in praise of the revolution and against the old regime during the celebration of President Hindenburg's eightieth birthday four years ago, but a great deal of water has flowed under the Spree bridges since then.

Thirteen years have elapsed since that November day when Philip Scheidemann stood on the steps of the Reichstag and proclaimed the German republic. Today only the façade of parliamentary democracy is left. Chancellor Heinrich Brüning governs with dictatorial powers far exceeding anything that Bismarck ever had at the zenith of his fame and success. Even the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the famous German liberal newspaper, calls the present Reichstag "an agony to all concerned," and declares that if only Brüning will lay a clear program of reconstruction before the country, it will favor him as dictator, ruling unconstitutionally in defiance of parliament, if need be.

Thirteen years have gone by since the German people established a new political order, confident that by getting

rid of their old masters they would obtain a just peace from the victorious Allies. And yet, after almost two decades of war, famine, blockade, inflation, reparations payments, and economic depression, Germany finds itself worse off than at any time since Jena and perhaps since the Thirty Years' War.

Four million six hundred thousand men are officially registered as unemployed, and Dr. Brüning himself is authority for the prediction that this total will probably reach the 7,000,000 mark before the end of the winter. The streets of Berlin are full of men and women hawking matches or shoe-strings or begging for money. The unemployed go around singing or playing violins in the courtyards of apartment houses, in the hope that kind-hearted hearers will fling them a few coppers. Artillery caissons are often to be seen rattling through the streets, not to put down a *Putsch*, but on the peaceful mission of collecting old clothes for the destitute unemployed.

The stock exchange, save for an interval of three weeks, has been closed ever since the middle of July and is likely to stay shut until an agreement has been come to on the disposal of short-term credits held by foreigners in German banks. Yet despite this precaution and the ever-increasing restrictions on sale of foreign currency, the flow of gold and exchange abroad continues and the Reichsbank reserves today are as low as 27 per cent, compared with the former legal minimum of 40 per cent. Wages are still being slashed. Three million wage-earners—railway employees, metal workers, and municipal clerks—face the prospect of another 10 per cent cut in their pay as a result of negotiations that are now pending. A striking exception to this trend toward wage reductions was the recent refusal of an arbitrator in the Berlin metal industry to award another decrease on the ground that wages had reached their lowest possible level until retail prices were brought down.

At this moment the government's special Advisory Economic Committee, a body composed of leading representatives of capital and labor, is meeting behind closed doors in an attempt to devise measures for simultaneously lowering prices and wages so that Germany can maintain its suprem-

acy as the world's chief exporting nation. For spurred on by the dire need of acquiring foreign exchange, Germany has supplanted in turn Great Britain and the United States in this field. During the first ten months of 1931 Germany's "favorable balance of trade" amounted to 2,358,000,000 marks, while her export surplus of 396,000,000 marks for October was the greatest in her history.

German manufacturers have been forced to dispose of their wares abroad because the buying power of the public at home has been crippled by wage cuts, salary reductions, and drastic taxation. In the Sisyphean labor of balancing the budget, the government has reduced the salaries of state officials, who constitute one of the largest classes in this country, from 10 to 20 per cent. Wage-earners must give a tithe of their pay for unemployment benefits and social-welfare charges. Salaried men pay as much as 20 per cent of their incomes in taxes, while business men are subject to a host of taxes of various kinds. Almost everything is taxed, from the goods that are sold across the shop counter to the drinks that are consumed at the cafe. But despite increased taxation, Finance Minister Dietrich estimates that the yield from the income tax for the current year will be only 2,159,000,000 marks, as compared with 3,026,000,000 marks in 1929—a shortage that will not be fully covered by the 700,000,000 marks in savings resulting from the Hoover moratorium on reparations payments.

The shops offer the most tempting bargains, but few have the means to buy them. A few years ago the housing shortage was one of the most acute problems confronting Berlin, but now there are said to be 30,000 tenantless flats in this city. The pedestrian in Unter den Linden, most famous of Berlin's boulevards, sees "To Let" signs hanging in scores of office windows.

The theaters are having a hard struggle, and a play that runs for a month is an unusual success. The Furtwängler concerts are crowded as usual with fashionable audiences, but a visit to the concerts that the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra gives on Tuesday nights at popular prices affords the alien an insight into the poverty of Berliners. In former years the Philharmonic on these evenings used to be jammed with Berlin music lovers who could not afford to go to the Furtwängler or Bruno Walter concerts, but were glad to hear the great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, and Schubert performed by an outstanding orchestra for the cheap admission price of twenty-five cents. Today on Tuesday evenings the hall is barely half full. In fact, Berlin runs some danger of losing its admirable symphony orchestra, for the finances of the German capital are so straitened that the city fathers are contemplating omitting the usual subsidy for the maintenance of the Philharmonic.

And yet, despite the innumerable deprivations to which the German people have had to submit, the Chancellor made the grim promise in a recent speech that still more burdens would have to be fastened on the people's backs. "This will be the hardest winter yet," Dr. Brüning prophesied with characteristic candor. Is it any wonder that the German people are saying to themselves, "Better an end with terror than terror without an end," and turning to the panaceas of Adolf Hitler as the only remaining solution?

Every state and municipal election held this autumn—Hamburg, Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and now Hesse—has shown that the smaller bourgeois parties are gradually being ex-

terminated and that their former adherents are rushing in flocks into the triumphant Hitler camp. In every one of these elections the National Socialists made astonishing gains as compared with their vote in the Reichstag elections of September, 1930—phenomenal as this was considered to be at the time. In Mecklenburg, for instance, the Nazis increased their poll by 67 per cent and in Hesse by far more than 100 per cent. There is little doubt that if a general election were to be held tomorrow, the National Socialists would obtain the largest popular vote.

The prolonged economic depression has had the effect of dividing Germany, with the exception of the Catholic Center, into two hostile camps. Most of the middle and upper classes are united in the National Socialist Party, while the working classes support the Socialist and Communist parties. The Socialists, hitherto the largest party in the state, have lost a large part of their following in consequence of the unpopular policy of "tolerating" Brüning to stave off a "fascist dictatorship." But the bulk of the Socialist dissidents have gone not right to the Hitlerites, but farther left to the Communists. A year ago an alliance between the Socialists and Communists would have been regarded as an utter impossibility, but under the growing menace of the Nazi dictatorship overtures for a working cooperation are being made behind the scenes by some of the leaders of the two Socialist parties.

The average German of the middle classes holds that trade-union rule through the Socialist Party is largely to blame for the trials and tribulations of his country today. This point of view is illogical but it is comprehensible. Millions of Germans recall the prosperity of the old empire and contrast it with the misery under the republic. They never pause to reflect that it was the political irresponsibility of the Hohenzollern system of government that plunged the German people into their present disasters. Instead, the "Weimar coalition," which has ruled the Reich through its hold on Prussia since the inception of the republic, is held accountable for the nation's ills and has become an object of loathing to masses of Germans.

The indictment against the republican parties is twofold. First, they are accused of having played France's game by accepting all sorts of impossible agreements, including the Dawes and Young plans and the Locarno treaties, and so of having saddled the Treaty of Versailles on the country for a long time to come. Secondly, they are charged with having made business prosperity impossible by imposing excessive tax burdens on industry to support an elaborate welfare system and to provide "doles" and unproductive work for the unemployed.

This state of feeling is being very cleverly exploited by the German industrialists both at home and abroad to further their own interests. This accounts for their financing of the Hitler party, in which they see an admirable instrument for breaking up the power of organized labor. Leading German capitalists like Fritz Thyssen attempt to win sympathy abroad for a future government of the "National Opposition" by arguing that "Marxian extravagance" and wasteful Socialist borrowing have made the country bankrupt. This, of course, is the pet thesis of the former Reichsbank president, Hjalmar Schacht. These gentlemen never mention in their speeches the industrial scandals of Favag, Nordwolfe, and Schultheiss. The criminal speculations of the directors of

these huge concerns and the failure of the German banks properly to supervise their transactions did far more to undermine the confidence of the German people in the soundness of their financial institutions than any extravagance on the part of Socialist ministers. It was the crash of the Nordwolle, in fact, that led directly to the closing of the Darmstädter und National Bank, which precipitated the financial crash in this country last July.

The division of the German people on class lines would be unfortunate, even if it were confined to legitimate political activities. But a kind of civil war is being waged today by these modern Guelfs and Ghibellines. The battle on the occasion of the review of 75,000 storm troopers by Hitler in Brunswick, when barricades were erected in the streets and Brownshirts went through the workers' quarters smashing windows, attracted attention abroad because of its dramatic background. But it was typical of what is going on in Germany. Foreign correspondents in Berlin never bother to cable home accounts of the bloody clashes between political opponents in which almost every day one or two persons are killed and a score or so wounded, for such incidents have long ceased to constitute news.

The symbol of national unity today in Germany is President Hindenburg. The principal barrier in the way of National Socialist rule with its threat of civil war is the present government, of which the Chancellor is the President's protege and the Reichswehr Minister, Gröner, is his old comrade-in-arms. Brüning's fate will be decided by developments between now and the end of February when the *Stillhaltung* agreement on foreign short-term credits still held in this country expires. More specifically, his future will be decided when it is seen how France, to whom President Hoover has left the initiative in the reparations question, uses her tremendous power and unique opportunity.

The pending discussions between France and Germany will probably be the last chance to make the Locarno policy, inaugurated by Stresemann and Briand so hopefully six years ago, a reality. So Francophile a politician as Rudolf Breitscheid, the foreign-policy spokesman of the Social Democrats, warned the French in a speech a few days ago that a misuse of their power now would destroy all possibility of future cooperation between the two countries.

Berlin fears that France may seek to employ its financial power in extorting from Germany, in one form or another, a pledge that it will never, over a period of years, agitate for revision of the Polish corridor or the peace treaty. If Brüning ever dared to consent to this, he would sign his political death warrant. For practically all parties are agreed on the necessity of an ultimate revision of the Reich's frontiers in the east.

Failing a workable agreement between France and Germany over reparations, Brüning's doom is sealed in February when the Reichstag is to reassemble. The advent of the National Socialists into the government, probably in coalition with the right wing of the Catholic Center Party, would then be inevitable. Already the possibilities of such an alliance have been vigorously discussed in the press, and though for the time being the alliance has been repudiated by the Catholic leaders, the idea lurks in the background as a political eventuality. A German government controlled in part by the Hitlerites would not, of course, mean war with France or any other country. But it certainly would rule out the possibility of anything useful resulting from the labors of the joint Franco-German economic commission which have just been commenced. It would mean the death of the Locarno policy simply through the distrust that a German government run by Nazis and Steel Helmet members would inspire on the other side of the Rhine.

What I Believe*

By ROSE MACAULAY

MAN being deluded and curtailed from truth all his days, and mocked by error from his cradle to his grave, what does it boot for him to declare, in so many thousands, or hundreds, of words, that which he believes? For be sure that what he believes will be as nonsensical as that which he doubts; in any case, I am sure that so it is with me. Deceived by myself and continually deluded by others, I must needs—as Sir Thomas Browne so aptly declares—be stuffed with errors and overrun with falsities; for we are all “within the line of Vulgarity, and Democratical enemies of truth.”

Nevertheless, we must and do believe this and that; we must, here and there, trust the opinions of others, or even of our own selves. For my part, I am a great believer. I believe—for they have always told me so—that the earth is an oblate spheroid which circles most curiously round and round a great nebulous, burning creature in space. I believe—for they now tell me so, and who am I that I should question it?—that this space curves; I believe it, but I know

not what it means. I believe, one after the other, all those peculiar statements made to us about the universe which we appear to inhabit—appear, I say, for I know not if there be any truth in this notion that we exist, or inhabit anywhere. I do not know, but I accept and believe. It does me no good to consider it all over-much, for my brain reels and turns giddy at the contemplation of space, universes, stars, eternity, and the like; the extraordinary doings in the heavens quite upset my frail intelligence. I turn from them with pleasure to “this orchard-plot of earth, floating unknown, far away in unfathomed space, with its moon and its meadows.”

I am willing to accept the odd hypothesis that, however we got here, here we are, dwelling precariously with the other animals on our oblate sphere, our orchard-plot; somewhat tragically—albeit also farcically—entangled in a mesh of affairs, of relationships, of meetings, partings, loves, hates, laughs, tears, excitements, strivings, dark and bright imaginations, dreams, lusts, passions, anguishes, and joys. But really, when asked what do you believe about it all, I am hard put to it what to reply. The Greek philosophers and

* The fifth of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. Others will appear in subsequent issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

the Roman, the Hebrew poets and the Syriac, the Christian Fathers, the medieval scholastics, the great preachers, the natural and the political scientists, the theologians, physicists, biologists, moralists, economists, poets, and doctrinaires, of all countries and of all times, have not hesitated nor scrupled to declare nobly and eloquently what they believed; but who am I, that I should have the face to believe anything, and to say so? Nevertheless, human beings, however puny, uninstructed, or obscure, have always claimed to themselves this right, and have ever piped shrilly into the ears of their unheeding fellows their little creeds.

Well, then, I will pipe mine. I am encouraged in this articulation by having just heard H. G. Wells, in whom I do certainly believe, saying over the ether that those who can give no answer to the inquiry, what would they do with the world if they were dictators, are not fit to vote at elections. Alas, I can give no such answer, and have always been aware that I do not deserve a vote.

Still, I have a few beliefs. I believe, for instance, that ignorance, vulgarity, and cruelty are the three black jungle horrors which have always beset and entangled man, and hindered him from rising even higher above the apes than he has yet done. Ignorance, that brutish stupidity which, content in its own indolent and know-nothing apathy, its imbecile and irrational beliefs, accepts without interest and without inquiry the hard-won results of the intellectual strivings of the few, or, worse, rejects these with ridicule or inane contempt—it is this stupidity and ignorance that has, from the beginnings of the human tragi-comedy upon our planet, wrecked truth, stoned and burned the truth-tellers, suffered delusion gladly, flung old women into flames for witches, gone on its way indolently, bound in its own indifference and sloth, like the other brutes that perish. Throw mankind a new and strange idea, an idea that is counter to its habits, traditions, or what not, and the majority will claw and chew it to pieces in stupid anger, derision, fear, or contempt, as wild beasts will tear any strange object flung into their den.

A minority will, on the other hand, seize it and toy with it, making themselves foolish with adulation of a thing they do not understand, but only relish because it is new and strange; they will swear by it, though they lack the means to know if it is precious or worthless, true or false. And only a very tiny fraction of mankind will understand a new thing and accept or reject it with their reasons. As to that, it is only the few who understand even the old things. It is very obvious that no one understands enough of political science to make a good society of states, enough political economy to preserve countries and societies from ruin, enough about life to make others happy or themselves, or even to discover what life is, and why. We are ignorant of our own natures, of our destinies, our origins, and our position in the universe. We cannot even manage and tame this unruly globe upon which we so precariously exist; ruin and famine skulk perpetually like ghosts at our feasts; the sword of war ever hangs on a thread above our heads, and, ignorantly and wantonly, we cut the thread.

All we can say of men's ignorance is that some men are less ignorant than other men. And it must, I fear, be admitted that the bulk of women are, and have always been, even more ignorant than the bulk of men. Certainly far less well instructed, in the past, by their educators and by

life; certainly also, I think, less intelligent. Some say that this will mend in time; others say no, that it never will quite mend, since women have the poorer brains. This is probably so. After all, women are physically less and frailer in every part and capacity, and it is not likely that the brain should be excepted. Let it be admitted that the female sex in humanity is the less tough and robust, mentally, nervously, and physically, the less fitted to endure strain and hardness, to create, to initiate, to organize, and to perform. The stupidity of such women as have received little learning is a heavy retarding weight on the world's progress. The stupidity and ignorance of most mothers: these are even greater than the stupidity and ignorance of most fathers, and this is to say a great deal.

Closely allied to human stupidity is human vulgarity. Our cheap, silly, common, sentimental outlook; our aptitude for listening to and approving trash, cant, and coarseness; our love of the short and facile way; our tolerance of the popular claptrap press, popular claptrap oratory, popular claptrap literature and art; our instinctive taste, furtive or admitted, for the ugly, the gross, the coarse; our boredom with erudition or abstruse knowledge; our inaptness to mark and marvel at beauty; our devastating of the lovely face of earth with our atrocious edifices; our gossip, our scandal-mongering, our lewd uncivilization; what forces are these, against which climbing humanity has to contend! Strange enough it is that, in the same race of mammal bipeds, this stupid, barbarous vulgarity should thrive side by side with learning, wit, civilization, philosophy, beauty, poetry, art, science, genius, generosity, nobility, courage, elegance, and the highest dreams of the imagination. Strange indeed, but so it is.

How reconcile these opposites? How bring the vulgar up to the plane of the fine? The vulgar human being, I mean, and also the vulgarian who lurks in even the highest and the finest individuals? Here is, indeed, a task for the enterprising social reformer—to intellectualize and to refine barbarity.

A cultivated, intelligent, and generous democracy—this was Aristotle's ideal, and it is, I suppose, ours; only Aristotle had more hope than we have that it might be attainable. For even if we could all be raised, by instruction, out of ignorance and out of vulgarity, it would take more than instruction to raise us out of cruelty. The cruelty of the savage, which drives us in crowds to see men and women tortured and burnt to death in the market place; which lately enough drove the majority, and today drives enough to suggest that it may be but lack of the provision of such shows—at least in most civilized countries—which keeps the majority from witnessing them; a suggestion which is hideously borne out by the herding of gloating mobs outside the walls of places of execution when some wretched criminal is dragged to his doom. The public cannot now witness this fine sport, but many of them press as near to it as is permitted, licking their lips over the imagination of it.

Then there is the cruelty, also of the savage, which derides any difference from the tribe, which stares and smiles at physical or mental oddity; the cruelty of the strong to the helpless, the man to the beast, the adult to the child, the rich to the poor; the cruelty of negligence, no less than that of deliberation—what has ever eradicated, or will ever eradicate, all this? All one can say of it is that it has de-

creased, and does, indeed, appear to be decreasing, among the more civilized portions of the human race. No longer, except in the savage lands of Russia, Poland, and those other European states which lie to eastward, fringing our more humane complacency with the deadly, cynical nonchalance of their primitive ferocities, no longer do we in Europe allow public executions and torture. No longer do we flog men and women to death, set them in pillories, drown, burn, quarter, rack, break them on the wheel. When rumors reach us of the somewhat ferocious unkindnesses perpetrated by races less gentle, we are startled and shocked, we organize rescues and protests, we compile reports, we term "atrocities" what our ancestors took for granted as necessary penal severities. No longer do we hang children, incarcerate misdemeanants in gaols where rats companion them and slime oozes from the walls; we make provision for poverty and age; any child left like a dropped package in the streets is sure of care; we have homes for strayed dogs and cats. Yes, we are certainly advanced in humanity. Yet still we are cruel; still we let people want when we can give; still we take one another's lives, purses, reputations, for our pleasure; there are still those who inflict pain for the joy it gives them.

What is the cure for the world? Education, we glibly say, and proceed to capture infants and pour this medicine down their reluctant throats. But too often it is medicine of small potency administered by physicians of small skill, who lack the power either to make up their prescriptions well, or to see that they are palatable, so that they prove of little profit enough to the imbibers. How fortify a human being against ignorance or vulgarity by telling him that Lisbon is the capital of Portugal, and that 11 times 12 is 132? How teach him to understand the excitement of history by reading to him an account of the tedious enactments of foolish parliaments long dissolved, of foolish monarchs long fallen into deserved and tragical deaths? How cleave the magic paths into literature through the somewhat unilluminated minds and unmelodious, ugly accents of its average teachers? It is possible, also, that education through books is not profitable to all minds, and that many children would evolve more pleasingly if taught only to use their hands, to read the stars, to tend animals and grow plants, or to work machinery. Does it necessarily refine and raise their intelligences to know some of the more prominent facts in the history of men, to be able to do the rule of three, to write and read words on paper? Consider to what vulgarities they would be perforce oblivious could they, for instance, not read words at all. There is quite a case against universal schooling; but I think a stronger case for it.

Some will say that it is all a matter of finding the right mode of education and that we should be perpetually casting about to see what will work. Others will say that education of whatsoever nature has its strict limits, and cannot do more for a human being than the human being's limitations, disposition, intelligence, and natural bias will permit, and that it is, after all, the character with which men come into the world that counts.

Others, again, regard religion as the tonic medicine for the world. And, indeed, so it well might be, were more people apt at this difficult endeavor of the spirit. Religion in history has achieved tremendous things. It has purified lives; turned brains; made revolutions and wars; overturned

kingdoms; drenched continents in blood; reared cathedrals to heaven; sent adventurers to the ends of the earth; shut them in cells for life; furthered, preserved, and cramped education; obstructed science; stimulated and hindered literature; swept like a wind over communities, swaying them like grass; set martyrs aflame—which entailed two fiery convictions, that of those who lit the flames and that of those who walked into them; freed slaves; delivered the oppressed; drowned souls in prayer and mystic illumination; made death seem sweet, seem terrible, seem nothing; broken beauty in pieces; imposed intolerable systems on men; stung them to splendid visions; veiled the stars; lit the heavens. What religion will effect in any given individual, society, or emergency is always, until it has been tried, an unanswered riddle. The trouble with religion is that, like liquids, it is apt to take the shape of the vessels into which it is poured; it settles into a man's being as a lake lies between its banks, molded by the shape and limits of his brain, temperament, and physique. The religion assimilated by one man will assume an entirely different form, and have utterly different results, from the religion of another, even if it starts by being the same religion—as the history of religion has always shown. Compare, for instance, the Christianity of Christ with that of Torquemada, of Cotton Mather, of the vision-seeing monks and nuns, of the modern fundamentalists of the American Middle West. Religion can do no more for a man than the man will permit it to do.

Religion at its best is a force for good beyond calculation; but how often is it at its best, as absorbed by the human race? What part should and will this strange, tremendous force play in civilization? All I can say I believe about this is that it should be given its chance, and that it might take it and help to stand between man and the wreckage of his world. It might, and it should, be on the side of the poor and the oppressed; of virtue, freedom, courage, intelligence, unselfishness, ethical progress, and peace; of learning, culture, decency, and civilization. But in what form it should be taught and delivered, this is too difficult a riddle for me to guess.

The approach of humanity to its gods is a delicate business, all too easily coarsened and mechanized, once it tries to express itself outside the silent communings of the soul, and outside the treading of that funambulatory path of virtue which the soul believes to be enjoined. Religion is a two-edged weapon; it can do more good and more harm than almost any other one thing. Properly understood, assimilated, and followed, Christianity might still redeem the world; muffled, distorted, and warped to men's desires, capacities, and limitations as it has been, it seems to offer small hope. Here seems a matter for the churches, and for religious believers outside the churches, to take drastically in hand.

Meanwhile, what of the night? Our watchmen can tell us little, except that it looks black. Possibly they are too much addicted to regarding mainly the darkness. For my part, I see, on our lovely orchard-plot, with its meadows and its moon, its genius and its dreams, its gaiety and its abundance of human good-will, its valiant, adventuring, and amused humanity, enough light for hope to travel by. After all, what a spectacle is this, to which we are all admitted free! I believe that it is an entertainment worth our grave and deeply interested attention.

Call Off the Tariff War!

By CORDELL HULL

WORLD peace in the present age depends largely upon the sort of economic policies maintained by the important nations. Economic control means military control in the end. To establish military peace we must first establish economic peace, and this latter step is a prerequisite to extensive and permanent disarmament. The world today, under American leadership throughout the past ten years, is in a virtual state of economic war. There can be no real progress toward confidence, genuine friendly relations, or permanent peace while retaliations and bitter controversies continue to rage. Nor can this country under these conditions count upon permanent stable business and immunity from frequently recurring panics.

In vain have some of us repeatedly warned the American people during the past ten years of the utter folly of pursuing narrow pre-war trade policies like the prohibitive tariff—policies which have become entirely academic since we have become a great creditor nation with an overproductive capacity of twenty to twenty-five billions of dollars. Who could well imagine a more shortsighted and disastrous economic policy for us than that of high tariffs, which naturally afford great artificial stimulation to domestic production and at the same time impose the severest restrictions upon trade among nations?

Since the introduction of the income tax, the demand for high tariffs has been mainly based on considerations of protection. No one would urge tariff taxation from the standpoint of equity, because it is essentially a class tax. No one would urge it to reduce transportation costs, because it substantially increases such costs. No one would urge it as a means of encouraging export trade, because it seriously obstructs export trade. No one would urge it as a means of reducing domestic production costs, because it materially increases such costs. No one would urge it in reduction of living costs, because it boosts living costs. No one would urge it as a means of promoting fair and friendly trade methods and practices, because it invites or challenges trade reprisals and retaliations. No one would urge it as an aid to the payment of debts owed to us, with interest, because it seriously obstructs such payments. No one would urge it except those who would increase the prices of their own products. Even the chief beneficiaries are not so enamored of high tariffs as honestly to approve tariff protection for materials they must purchase, and they strangely reject the principle whenever it adds to the cost of their raw materials.

In the face of such pre-war high-tariff shibboleths as "protection is panic proof," and "high tariffs are a guaranty of prosperity"—a guaranty of high wages, high living standards, and steady employment of both labor and capital, and a sure cure for agricultural ills—we see the exports of our great surplus-producing agricultural industry at the lowest ebb since 1914, prior to the enactment of the Underwood tariff; we see mining on its back; 6,500,000 laborers—or with their families 20,000,000—indeinitely out of employment, and 2,000 factories erected abroad, while billions of gold and credit remain idle in this country. The world's

trade is \$240,000,000,000 less than it would have been under the pre-war rate of increase.

Of course one would not ascribe these disastrous and destructive conditions entirely to our policy of super-protection and its hurtful effects upon industry and foreign trade. It is fair, however, to charge that our high-tariff policy is the greatest single underlying factor. The more unthinking element clings blindly to the notion that, because pre-war high tariffs were not charged with the chief responsibility for panic conditions, such a charge cannot now be logically made. Those who still profess this view typify the blind and dumb leaders who after the war shouted for 100 per cent "economic nationalism," and who continued thus to shout until within thirty seconds of the breaking of the great panic in October, 1929. This brand of economic thought has been in control of our government and has furnished the nation its leadership since 1920. Is it not high time that the American people should halt and take stock especially of their economic policies and leadership?

The Fordney tariff act was intended to be as nearly prohibitive as possible of all imports in the minutest degree competitive. All staple commodities of this class have thus enjoyed a virtual embargo during recent years. Since our people during the post-war period have been bent on luxuries, semi-luxuries, and curios, and have ransacked the earth for them ever since 1920, along with special designs, patterns, styles, and samples which the rich insist upon purchasing, tariffs or no tariffs, there is and for some years has been more or less importation of this class of dutiable goods. These, together with imports of sugar, wool, and certain other products not produced here in sufficient quantities, have comprised virtually the only dutiable imports into this country during the past ten years. The Hawley revision, which was an upward revision, piling Pelion on Ossa, embraced items of import comprising more than \$917,664,294, or two-thirds of our total dutiable imports for 1928, amounting to \$1,573,000,000. Many of the Hawley-Smoot rates, as in the case of certain cotton and woolen fabrics, were intended to shut out competitive fabrics of special designs, even though the import price of the latter was considerably higher than the home price of our comparable domestic fabrics. Other rates related to agriculture, and in most instances were purely paper rates intended, as in the past, to fool the farmer. Still other rates were intended to stop cracks and crevices in our tariff wall, especially in cases of remote and speculative competition.

The principal Treasury receipts under the Fordney act were, in the order named, from sugar, tobacco, wool and cotton manufactures, unmanufactured wool, silk manufactures, chemicals, pottery, flax and rayon manufactures, glass, and so on. At least 75 per cent of the total duties obtained under the Fordney act averaged more than 55 per cent ad valorem. These amazing tariff heights have been greatly increased by the Hawley-Smoot act. I dare say that for the calendar year 1931 the entire rates of this tariff law will average around 55 per cent—which is almost unbelievable in the present modern age. If, in this wild orgy of constant

tariff increases, other nations, bitterly resenting our policy of endeavoring to sell but refusing to buy in return, in retaliation or in self-defense are raising their rates to absurd heights, we have our own conduct chiefly to thank.

Our present tariff and much of our commercial policy are based upon the Fordney-McCumber act of 1922 and the Hawley-Smoot revision. Its primary, indeed its only, purpose is to safeguard American producers against competition in the American market. It is true that, for the benefit of exporters, Section 317 was incidentally inserted in the Fordney act, carrying a threat of penal tariff retaliation as the only means of enforcing our newly proclaimed doctrine of "equality of trade" expressed in the unconditional most-favored-nation clause in our newer commercial treaties. Ours, therefore, is a defensive commercial policy, to which a paradoxical touch is given by the presence in the tariff act of eleven discriminatory provisions which fly in the face of the "equality-of-treatment" doctrine.

The Fordney tariff law and its Hawley revision give our government no authority to negotiate or enter into any sort of reciprocal tariff agreements or arrangements, either general or special, involving tariff concessions or reductions. The policy of both laws is to maintain intact the existing tariff schedules, regardless of the foreign-trade opportunities and advantages that might be derived from the rationalization of our tariffs and reciprocal tariff-concession agreements. Numerous nations during recent years have followed our leadership in the erection of extreme high tariffs, while many others have taken the same steps in retaliation against us, with the result that tariff barriers today constitute the outstanding impediments to legitimate and desirable international trade. The major portion of our exports after 1921 were only made possible by our foreign loans of some seventeen billions of dollars, while the world's trade is scarcely more than one-half the amount that its normal growth would have constituted, had not this growth been interrupted by the war and the ensuing commercial policies.

It is astonishing to note that world trade for 1931, adjusted to 1913 prices, will be below the level for 1913, eighteen years ago. The trade of the United States, according to the present rate of decline, will likewise be below the 1913 figures.

The people must rid themselves of the high-tariff fallacy that imports displace to a serious or damaging extent domestic production, and understand that the outstanding purpose of international trade is a mutually profitable exchange of surplus commodities. Every informed person knows that there is a large range of desirable or necessary commodities the production of which is not economically justifiable, or which are produced in wholly minor quantities compared with home-consumption demands. Can any position be more absurd or suicidal than that of America, with its immense surpluses, demanding the privilege of invading the markets of all other nations and selling in competition with their home industries, and at the same time insisting upon the privilege of an embargo tariff at home that will shut out the chief portion of commodities either not competitive at all or not seriously competitive?

Those favoring the present extreme protective policy dismiss foreign trade with the remark that it only amounts to an average of 8 per cent or 10 per cent of our total home production. This is scarcely a half-truth, though it has de-

ceived millions of people. How does this claptrap impress the cotton grower, who must export and sell abroad from 50 to 60 per cent of his production? How does it impress our wheat grower, who must export 25 per cent of his production; our rye grower, who exports 53 per cent; our tobacco grower, who exports 40 per cent; our lard producer, who exports 30 per cent; our producer of petroleum products, who exports 30 to 35 per cent; our automobile manufacturers, who must export 500,000 and more cars; the coal industry, the machinery, leather, furniture, copper, oil, lumber, silk and woolen textiles, medium and coarser cotton textiles, shoes, cement, naval stores, paints, many chemicals, lead, rubber manufactures, electrical machinery, tools, books, and a long list of other great industries which produce surpluses on an increasing scale? Americans saw cotton plunge down to a level of seven cents a pound during the awful war days of 1914, when the foreign markets were cut off. They have more recently seen our cotton slump to a still lower level on account of the collapse of foreign markets. The automobile industry, the wheat, and the vast number of other surplus-producing industries in this country, which prior to the present panic were told that our exports, averaging only 8 to 10 per cent, were of no consequence, now realize to their great sorrow that the slump in our foreign markets has resulted in depression unrivaled in our history.

When hired speakers or other uninformed persons shout to the American people that high tariffs protect the wages and living standards of our more than 30,000,000 wage-earners, they should say of less than 5,000,000 of our wage-earners; and these are only potential tariff beneficiaries for the reasons just stated. Among these high-tariff beneficiaries are not included the tens of millions of wage-earners in the coal, copper, and most other mines, on railroads and steamships, in the building and engineering trades, in telephone and other utility occupations, in the professions, in printing, in most of agriculture, in the automobile industry, and in dozens of other great industries patently deriving no net tariff benefits.

Nothing could be more false and misleading than the out-of-date and always hypocritical cry that the products of "ignorant, pauper labor" from other countries would pour into America under a policy of moderate tariffs. Strange, however, to relate, the Fordney act and other high-tariff enactments were secured under the pretense that American agriculture and other industries were being overwhelmed with just such products from abroad, when the truth was that our excess of exports over imports for the four years 1919-22 was \$9,600,000,000. For 1920 our agricultural exports, excluding forest products, exceeded imports by \$731,000,000, whereas imports today actually exceed exports. American agriculture as a whole has been fundamentally worse off each year since it was first loaded up heavily with every kind of paper tariff in 1921 and 1922, to say nothing of the new batch of additional rates, chiefly paper rates, later piled on through the Hawley-Smoot act. Though manufacturers in 1929 were able to sell abroad articles of manufacture either in whole or in part in the amount of more than \$3,000,000,000, while imports of dutiable finished manufactures only amounted to \$595,000,000, the blind forces of reaction continue to cry out for high tariffs "to protect American labor."

In order to restore permanent stable business conditions it is necessary among other things to increase the prices in world markets of primary commodities such as cotton, rub-

ber, wheat, raw silk, tin, copper, etc. To this end and for the many other reasons stated, there should be launched under American leadership a threefold movement, first, gradually to bring down tariff walls here and everywhere to a moderate and competitive level and to restore a healthy international trade in these and other commodities. A permanent world economic conference could accomplish much in developing a spirit of moderate tariffs and a liberal commercial policy; it might also in many instances bring about agreements eliminating by mutual consent unfair trade methods and practices which are productive of economic strife.

Secondly, there should be a plan to reduce tariffs by com-

mercial treaties with two or more countries, in return for reciprocal reductions, with the unconditional favored-nation doctrine made as nearly as possible the basis. This would gradually bring down many tariff rates the world over.

In the third place, the American Congress and the legislative bodies of other countries, under our leadership, should according to their own separate and independent judgment proceed at once with the readjustment downward of rates unjustifiably high and even the repeal of others where there is no competition, with a level of moderate or competitive rates and a liberal, fair, and friendly commercial policy as the ultimate objectives.

Kidnapping in Council Bluffs

By POWERS HAPGOOD

ALTHOUGH there seems to be a lull in the deportations of the foreign-born by the Department of Labor, another form of deportation is increasing. In various cities throughout the country opponents of the existing economic system are being "taken for a ride." Not only are the authorities failing to stop this, but in some cases they are apparently conniving with the mob.

In early November I was in Omaha, speaking at the district convention of the Nebraska State Teachers Association. The newspapers carried stories of the kidnapping and severe beating of two Communist organizers, George Papcun and Gordon Burroughs, in Council Bluffs, just across the river from Omaha. Most of the papers referred to these kidnappings as "deportations." Papcun had been arrested and charged with disturbing the peace at a town-council meeting when he made a speech criticizing the administration of relief work. At a late hour on the night of his arrest he was released on his own recognizance and fell immediately into the hands of the mob that was waiting in front of the police station. He was taken out into the country, beaten and wounded severely, dumped into the road, and warned never to return. Five days later, when he spent the night at the hotel with me in Omaha, I saw four ugly knife wounds in his body and numerous bruises which he had received on his "ride." After the mob had left Papcun in the country, they returned to Council Bluffs and burned the property of the local Trade Union Unity League.

The Omaha *World-Herald* said editorially:

It is possible, of course, that the police did not hear Papcun's single cry for help. It is possible that a man might have been seized by fourteen men on a principal street and in front of the police station, without police knowing anything was amiss. It is possible that offices, also on a principal street corner, might have been looted by the same or a larger gang, and a fire started, without leaving any clues. But it is highly improbable. The greater probability is that a great many people know the names of the conspirators, that the "inside story" is being told all about town, and that a sincere investigator could learn all the facts in a very short time. If that is the case, it is the plain duty of the officers of the law to bring the kidnappers to trial.

The night following Papcun's abduction, Gordon Bur-

roughs, a former school teacher, was aroused from sleep in Council Bluffs by a tear-gas bomb thrown into his room and was forced to the street in his night clothes. He was thrown into an automobile by a mob whom he described as American legionnaires and was given an even more severe beating than Papcun. He also was warned not to return to the town.

Statements from these two men, reported in the press, said that they would speak on Saturday noon in Bayliss Park in the center of Council Bluffs. Papcun was quoted as saying that he would address the meeting whether he "left it alive or dead."

I knew that in spite of the forty newly deputized vigilantes and the threats of arrest George Papcun would speak. I dug coal in the same place with him in a Pennsylvania mine five years ago, and we worked together in the United Mine Workers. On Saturday noon I stood with about a thousand others in Bayliss Park waiting for him to appear. Suddenly he began to speak from a park bench. The crowd gathered closer from all parts of the park. It was on the whole a sympathetic crowd. He began to read a prepared speech dealing with the disregard for law of his opponents and the failure of the authorities to give Communists any protection. After he had been reading for about ten minutes he was arrested by the police and taken to jail.

I followed in a taxi. On reaching the jail I went to the desk and asked to bail George Papcun. I was referred to Chief Detective Brown, who took me to see Chief of Police Gillaspay. They both asked why I was interested in Papcun, and finally the Chief said the bail would be \$100 and told me to return at five o'clock and he would accept the money. I went to an outer office and sat for a few minutes thinking how I could raise the necessary amount, since I had only part of it. While I sat there, Detective Brown motioned for me to come to the desk, and said to a policeman, "Book this man for investigation."

After relieving me of my money and letters, they put me into the bull pen, where there were three others who had been arrested at the meeting. These others had no money, being unemployed, and were held on vagrancy charges. A few minutes later I was taken downstairs by another officer to be photographed. It seemed impossible that this portly officer could be serious when he hung a large five-figure number across my chest to appear in the picture. After "mug-

ging" me, as the officer called it, he took my fingerprints, making sixteen separate prints of each finger and thumb, every one of which I had to sign. The next step was for me to strip, so that the officer could see if I had any scars.

While all this was going on, the policeman asked me questions as to my interest in Papcun. When I said I was interested in civil liberties and free speech, he said, "Free speech, hell! What they ought to do with these Communist ——— is to take 'em out and string 'em up. There're too many citizens of this town who sacrificed in the World War to let those bastards run loose." When he learned of my arrests at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, he thought I was indeed a criminal, and said to Detective Brown, "Why, this fellow has a long record."

After this grilling I was again taken upstairs. A local reporter, a member of the vigilantes, posing as a police officer, took me to an inner office and questioned me. A few minutes later two lawyers appeared, offering to get me released for twenty-five dollars. I told them that I had not done anything to get into jail and that I would not pay a fee to get out. An hour later I was told by Chief Gillaspay I was free to go.

I hurried to Omaha and secured the bail money. George Papcun and I left the police station together. There had been no charges against me, nor was there any explanation as to why my picture now hangs in the rogues' gallery.

In the Driftway

FROM Vancouver the Drifter is in receipt of a letter almost as old as that of Patience Wise, which he published a while ago. This one was written from Houston, Texas, April 8, 1841, and he has every reason to believe it bona fide.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . In respect to land claims nothing can be done towards selling them, and I hold it unnecessary to locate at present, as the land would scarcely sell for as much as it would cost to locate. . . . I administered since my return on an estate and the appraisers valued unlocated claims as follows: 321 acres for \$15, 1,140 for \$25, 1,280 for \$35. Located lands they valued at five and ten cents per acre when all costs had been paid and which in some instances was less than the cost of locating. . . . I think some advantage may result by holding up the claims as the extreme west is soon likely to be brought into market and I think lands will be valuable in that region at some future day. . . . We all live in hopes of a brighter prospect this fall. There will be sufficient of cotton raised this year to equalize exchange. Every farmer is planting cotton and at present they have corn and bacon enough to last two years. We have little or no distress in the country. Our town loafers and gentlemen living by office or upon their wits are the great complainers. Everything relative to our country now bears a pleasing prospect. We apprehend no longer any danger of invasion by the Mexicans—they are very much afraid that we shall be the invaders. The Indians are some little troublesome upon the frontiers and they get a regular drubbing every month—five men recently killed near Austin where they have for years past been very troublesome in stealing horses, which appears more their object than killing people.

TO this informed and sensible outlook on affairs, which included, as the reader will have noted, an all-too-handsomely fulfilled prophecy of the war with Mexico which was to take place in five years or so, the letter-writer added a note on one of the more famous politicians of the day and one of the heroes of Texas:

Our electioneering campaign for President is now coming on and a little more life prevails in consequence. From every indication I believe the people will reelect General "Sam" Houston—'tis to be lamented that our country should elect such a drunken sot to fill the important station when a sober and a better man can be had, but such I fear will be the case. [That is] should he live, but his health is bad in consequence of dissipation. Coming from Austin some five weeks since, he fell into the Colorado and was near being drowned. And 'tis said the fish about Bastrop have been drunk ever since. He also but a few days since fell into the Bayou near here and narrowly escaped. Such is the man that the grog shops delight to honor.

* * * * *

THE inhabitants of Texas delighted to honor him, too, evidently, despite his fondness for near drowning, for in 1841 he was for the second time elected President—of the Republic of Texas, and was most assiduous in filling that office. Since those bold days, however, the Drifter is glad to report that our electorate has improved, and we never choose as President of any of our republics a man who has ever been the cause of inebriety among fish. We exercise the franchise with care these days, and the results justify our efforts.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Help for Marion Strikers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has been two years since the Marion strike ended so disastrously for the workers, but even yet the workers are suffering persecution from the courts because of their strike activity. We have formed a Defense Committee in Marion to try to help the families of those who have been given sentences by the court.

At the June term of court Leon Moore, nineteen years old, charged with dynamiting a house during the strike, was given a sentence of five to seven years. He had no lawyer, so the judge appointed one who did nothing to defend the boy. Two other boys, George Styles and Bob Perkins, were given a year on the road for the same charge of dynamiting. In none of these cases was any evidence of the boys' guilt brought out. In one of the three cases a man who spends most of his time in prison was brought from jail to testify. On his evidence the boy was convicted.

Moore has no dependents, but we need money to help get him out. Perkins has three small children; Styles has two. His wife has been blacklisted. The children are hungry. To take care of the families and to make an effort to get the boys paroled we must have \$350.

This is a bad time to ask for money, but we believe there are people who can spare a small amount to help these men and their families, against whom the laws of the State have worked such injustice. Please send contributions to Marion Defense Committee, in care of the undersigned, Box 574, Marion, N. C.

Marion, N. C., November 10

LAWRENCE HOGAN

Christmas for Miners' Children

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you invite your readers to ransack their cellars—or penthouses—for dolls, games, mechanical toys, books, and other children's playthings for the children of miners in the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia? Christmas parties will be held in a dozen of the coal camps where many families, evicted from their homes, are living in tent colonies.

Parcels of toys should be mailed or expressed (prepaid) before December 18 to the Christmas Party Committee, care West Virginia Mine Workers' Union, Room 9, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Charleston, W. Va.

New York City readers who cannot send toys direct to Charleston may send or take them to the Pioneer Youth Shop, 350 Madison Avenue, Room 2101, New York City.

New York, November 30

MARY FOX,
for the League for Industrial Democracy
WALTER LUDWIG,
for Pioneer Youth

They Fish for Supper

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Four years ago I told the story in *The Nation* of the Columbine massacre in the Colorado coal strike. Readers may recall that six miners were killed and about fifty wounded in what it has become more and more evident was a planned attack on unarmed men, women, and children.

But whatever the issues and wherever the blame, the crushing weight of the tragedy has fallen on the shoulders of Mrs. John Eastenes, widow of one of the slain men, and her six children. With the help of a small check monthly from the I. W. W., her hard-pressed neighbors, and the Denver union auxiliaries, she has managed to hold her family together. Even at the cost of going hungry, she has kept them in school. My sister went out from Denver a few weeks ago to visit the family and discovered that the children were going to school all day without food and then fishing after school to get their supper.

Now Mrs. Eastenes writes that she must take two boys out of school unless she can get more help. A small check from each of us who were shocked when we first realized her plight four years ago would carry that fine family of youngsters over this crisis. I'm sending mine direct to Mrs. John Eastenes, Lafayette, Col.

New York, November 21

FRANK L. PALMER

Doctors Look at Doctors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is very heartening to see a man like Dr. Steinberg take such a definite stand in support of the socializing of medicine in his letter headed *The Trouble with the Doctors*, in your issue of November 25.

Every man who has served as interne in a private hospital must have witnessed at one time or another the spectacle of seriously sick but indigent individuals denied admission to the local hospitals because the limited number of charity beds were all occupied—although up on the private halls numerous rooms were standing vacant and useless.

In the light of this I cannot recommend too strongly the

speech delivered by Professor James B. Bullett before the Sixty-fourth Annual Session of the Mississippi State Medical Association at Jackson, May 12, 1931, entitled *State Medicine*. This speech has been printed in the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal* (pp. 227, 231, vol. 84, no. 4, Oct. 1931). The words of this farseeing medical leader should be rescued from obscurity, because they radiate a quality of social vision all too rarely displayed by our professional leaders.

H. MOSKOWITZ, M.D.

Washington, D. C., November 23

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I comment on the article *The Doctors Look at Medicine* in your issue of November 4? To mention to the average practicing physician state medicine or any change in the economic relations between the doctor and the patient is touching his most sensitive spot. It is true, and he will admit it without reluctance, that he is not too well pleased with the present status of his profession, but nearly always only as it applies to himself.

If, according to Dr. C. Jeff Miller, health insurance smacks of paternalism, what other substitute has he to offer? Charity clinics, dispensaries, and county hospitals are the only alternative. That the clinics destroy the personal relations between the doctor and the patient is true, but the doctor has already outgrown his usefulness in that capacity although he does not know it. When a patient is able to pay for all the care necessary in a given case, he is toted around from one specialist to another, from one laboratory to another, frequently ending up by being placed in the hands of one of the specialists. This is as it should be if one wants the best advice and care obtainable, but as to personal relationship—it is almost nil. Who knows better than Dr. Charles Mayo himself the myth of personal relationship existing between the doctor and the patient? Very little of it is left in his clinic. Dr. Mayo and also all the other doctors in his large clinic are in nearly every instance strangers to the great number of patients that apply for treatment daily. This does not seem to lessen the good results obtained there and should prove the fallacy of the necessity of personal relationship in the treatment of disease. Correct diagnosis and proper treatment are far more important.

This much can certainly be said. The doctors themselves have no remedy for existing conditions. They are leaving the problem strictly alone. All they succeed in doing is to cuss any plan that is proposed. Unless the doctors change their attitude toward this problem, and that very soon, the public will without question take this matter into its own hands, and the doctor, to his deserved chagrin, will be left to eat out of those same hands and be made to like it.

Seattle, Wash., November 14

JOSEPH L. LANE, M.D.

For California Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will *Nation* readers and their like-minded friends in and around San Francisco and the East Bay region write the undersigned at once, at 1109 Sterling Avenue, with regard to a "get-together" occasion in December, which, it is hoped, may discover or develop additional matters of mutual interest and practical value.

Berkeley, Cal., December 1

JOHN MARTIN

The next article in the series If I Were Dictator will appear in an early issue.

J. E. SPINGARN'S CREATIVE CRITICISM

New and Enlarged Edition

CREATIVE CRITICISM, which has had a profound influence on American literary ideals, now appears in an enlarged edition, containing eight new essays, clarifying and provocative, on the fundamental problems facing American literature and criticism today.

"What divine common sense!"—*Sinclair Lewis*.

"No one should dream of writing anything, from a book review to a history of a gentleman, without first reading this book, more apposite now than when the papers first appeared."—*Allen W. Porterfield*.

"The brilliantly charming paper on The Younger Generation."—*Thomas Beer*.

"The new movement in our literature owes an enormous debt to J. E. Spingarn and Van Wyck Brooks."—*Ludwig Lewisohn*.

"One of the best living critics of the New World."—*Mercury de France, Paris*.

"One of the most important critics and aesthetic theorists in the United States."—*Literarische Echo, Berlin*. \$2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Four and a Half Million Jews

are maintaining thousands of social service agencies in the United States.

The demand for trained professional personnel is constantly increasing.

Have you been considering Jewish Social Service as a career?

College graduates are invited to examine the facilities for preparation offered by

THE
TRAINING
SCHOOL



FOR
JEWISH
SOCIAL WORK

(a graduate school)

M. J. KARPF, Director

71 West 47th Street, New York City

Scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$1,000 to \$150 are available for specially qualified candidates.

Finance

An Unexplained Slump

IN various departments of trade and industry the line indicating volume of activity is flattening out, as the chart-makers express it; that is, the decline in output is being checked, so that the recent months of the present year, when compared with the same months of last year, show a smaller percentage of decrease than is revealed when the earlier months of the two periods are compared, or when the late summer and autumn of 1930 are compared with 1929. If industry has not reached the deepest valley of the depression, at all events it has come to a point where the downward slope is less steep.

Not so with the railroads, however. An analysis of their gross operating revenues—a fair criterion of physical activity, since rates have changed little—shows the carriers to be still losing business, and not merely at the rate they lost it last year, but at an accelerated rate. In only two months this year was the loss in gross earnings at a lower ratio than a year before. The following table showing percentage of decline in gross, month by month, will serve to present, though it will not answer, the question, What is becoming of railway traffic, out of which interest and dividends are paid?

	1930 compared with 1929	1931 compared with 1930
January	7.4	18.9
February	10.1	21.3
March	12.6	16.9
April	12.2	17.8
May	14.0	20.3
June	16.5	16.9
July	18.1	17.5
August	20.6	21.8
September	17.6	25.1
October	20.7	24.6
Ten months	15.3	20.2

One of the most disturbing items in this exhibit is that September and October earnings, which should have shown a seasonal pick-up of considerable magnitude, actually showed heavier declines compared with the corresponding months in 1930 than had occurred in any preceding month in 1931. They were also lower than in any month this year except February.

It is not easy to link this showing of the railroads convincingly with the showing of industry, which normally produces railway traffic, and point out where the relative loss of freight volume has occurred. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial activity stands at 77 for September, 1931, compared with 92 in September, 1930, and with 123 in September, 1929—a decline, respectively, of 16.3 and 25.2 per cent. Note the corresponding declines of 25.1 and 17.6 per cent in railway gross earnings—losses growing narrower in industry, wider in railroad revenues. But railway traffic comprises other items than those entering into the industrial index, such as agricultural products. Moreover, shifts in heavy and light, low-rate and high-rate, long-haul and short-haul traffic have been brought about during two years of industrial depression. Truck competition may have made more rapid inroads into the volume of railway traffic during these years than formerly. Improvement in business could generate a sweeping change in the railway situation, but figures such as those given above suggest a curious modification of the traditional parallel relationship between railroad gross earnings and industrial activity.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Music, Drama

A Vision

By ALLEN TATE

At twenty years the strong boy walked alone
Most fashionably dressed in the deserted park
At midnight, when the far lights burned low,
And summer insects whined with little tone.
There was a final and comfortable dark
So that he walked deliberately slow.
(It was not far from home; he'd been to see
A silent girl with a deep chill to her bone.)
Picking his way upon the patched brick walk,
It being less dark near the street, he hastened,
And knew a sense of fine immediacy,
And then he heard some old forgotten talk
At a vast distance like a hundred miles
Filling the air with its secrecy,
And was afraid of all the speaking air:
Now between steps, with one heel lifted,
A stern command froze him to the spot;
And then a tall thin man with stringy hair,
Fear in his eyes, his breath quick and hot,
His arms lank, and his neck a little twisted,
Spoke, and the trees sifted the air:
"I'm growing old," he said, "you have no choice."
And said no more, but his bright eyes insisted
Incalculably with his relentless voice.

Maxim Gorki

Maxim Gorky and His Russia. By Alexander Kaun. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$5.

FOR over thirty-five years now Maxim Gorki has been one of the mightiest literary forces in Russia and one of that country's most renowned unofficial spokesmen abroad. While Gorki's persistent and eloquent championship of the Soviet cause, particularly his defense of the Communist position during the recent trial of the sabotaging engineers, has cost him some of his popularity in bourgeois Europe and America, it has added tremendously to his prestige at home, where he has gradually become the veritable idol of the proletarian masses. In the Soviet Union Gorki is extolled not only as the progenitor of proletarian literature and as the writer whom Lenin himself had called "the most important representative of proletarian art," but also as the staunch guardian of Russian culture during the darkest years of civil war and revolution, as the warm friend and indefatigable sponsor of countless proletarian literary fledglings, and, above all, as the only outstanding Russian man of letters of the older generation who, despite his temporary vacillations, has remained loyal to the working class. "Every one of us, no matter what category he belongs to," a Soviet worker once said to me, "has one warm, living spot in his breast, and that is the image of Gorki."

The bitter and slanderous anti-Gorki campaign carried on by the raging émigrés has only redounded to Gorki's increased popularity in Russia. His recent journeys through the Soviet Union were little less than triumphal processions. And now that he has come back home for a permanent stay, even the desultory grumbling over his protracted residence in Sorrento has ceased, and even the *Napostu* (On Guard) group of

writers, whom Mr. Kaun takes severely to task for challenging the proletarian nature of Gorki's art, are enthusiastically acclaiming Gorki as one of their own.

Professor Kaun's purpose in writing this long and interesting study was "to draw a portrait of Gorki the man and writer against the background of Russia in transition from the rule of the Czars to the dictatorship of the Bolsheviks." A great man against the background of a great epoch of war and revolution is in itself a fascinating subject. When you add to this Gorki's magnitude as a writer, and his phenomenal rise from the filth and squalor of the lowest strata of Russian society to world fame and almost universal adulation, you have a subject any biographer might envy.

On the whole, Professor Kaun has written a creditable work. His book is informative, warm, and scholarly. In addition to learning about Gorki, the reader discovers a great deal about Russia, the revolution, the Bolshevik Party, Lenin, Tolstoy, Korolenko, Chekhov, and if the image of Gorki himself becomes somewhat diffused toward the latter part of the book, it is probably because it is as yet too early to expect a complete and well-rounded portrait of this complex and extraordinary figure. The biographer himself is perfectly aware of this when he complains that "the disadvantage of writing the biography of a man still living and acting is obvious; not only can the available material not claim finality, but much of it may not be disclosed till after the death of the subject."

However, the biographer's task has been lightened by the numerous "Studies" and "Memoirs" and "Reminiscences" about Gorki that since 1900 have been pouring from the Russian printing-presses in a steadily swelling stream. Many of these studies have been collected in Gorki anthologies and are being displayed on every bookstand in the Soviet Union. Moreover, Gorki himself has given us a brilliant series of autobiographical works. Besides his numerous and unforgettable recollections of his relations with various writers and political figures—Tolstoy, Chekhov, Andreev, Blok, Lenin—we have his splendid "Childhood," "In the World," "My Universities," "Fragments from My Diary," and even "Klim Samghin," which, though a novel, has a great deal of autobiographical matter. Thus the task of the biographer was not so much the search after material as the thorough, judicious, and critical use of material easily available.

Unfortunately, the many excellences of the book notwithstanding, it cannot be said that the author has made the most judicious use of his material. For instance, one fails to understand why Professor Kaun found it necessary to take up three hundred pages, almost one-half of the total number of pages in his book, in quoting and paraphrasing Gorki's own unsurpassable story of his early life, particularly since all the books treating of this period are accessible in English. After all, even at best, a copy of an inevitably subjective self-portrait is bound to be two long removes away from objective reality. This does not mean that Gorki's self-delineation was not a proper source for the biographer; all it suggests is that to be legitimate this source should have been thoroughly sifted, checked, analyzed, and synthesized into something that would bear the semblance of an objective and original portrait. As it is, the thing is unfair to everybody concerned—unfair to Gorki, unfair to the reader, and above all unfair to the biographer himself, whose style, when not suffused by the direct or reflected glow of Gorki's own writing, appears unjustly drab and pedestrian.

Also, one is somewhat surprised at the choice of the purely biographical rather than the critico-biographical genre. Less paraphrasing and a greater emphasis on literary criticism might have, it seems, not only made the study much more valuable to

the reader interested in Gorki, but also counterbalanced to a considerable extent the "obvious disadvantage of writing the biography of a man still living and acting," and writing about himself and his Russia.

Of the few critical comments one does encounter, most are soundly orthodox, except, perhaps, the categorical assertion in the preface that "no author has known pre-Soviet Russia so well, or has described it with such poignant truthfulness, as Maxim Gorki." This seems a bit too strong. Pre-Soviet Russia had other fine writers—Chekhov, Bunin, Kuprin, Biely, Remizov—who knew their country and described it rather poignantly and truthfully, their relative knowledge, poignancy, and truthfulness still being a debatable question. But whether in praise or derogation, Professor Kaun occasionally manifests a penchant for the strong, if not always the demonstrably exact, word: the present Soviet rulers are "pigmies"; the followers of Lenin and Zinoviev are "henchmen"; the *Napostu* group of writers are distinguished by "aridity and poverty of talent."

But these are rare aberrations. On the whole, I repeat, "Maxim Gorky and His Russia" is a distinctly worth-while book. Some of the chapters are excellent. The part treating of the Gorki-Lenin relationship is particularly illuminating, and should be of value to the American Communists, who thus may learn from Lenin the subtle art of winning over and utilizing "fellow-travelers" from among the literary intelligentsia.

For the general reader in this country, the carefully documented and revealing section of the book dealing with Gorki's unhappy visit to New York holds especial interest, although in view of the recent Dreiser affair in Harlan, Kentucky, the Gorki farce of twenty-five years ago may appear not quite so absurd and incredible.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

"High, Wide, and Handsome"

Singing Cowboy: A Book of Western Songs. Collected and Edited by Margaret Larkin. Piano Arrangements by Helen Black. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

MISS LARKIN'S introduction to her collection of cowboy songs is the best possible evaluation of her book. Therein she defines the limitations of her material:

... the basis of choice was that they be worth singing over and over. ...

Although "Singing Cowboy" is not an exhaustive collection, it is a representative one. It contains work songs, love songs, dance tunes, dirges, sentimental ditties, hymns, and narratives of daring deeds.

This basis of selection and this range seem to me admirably justified. And being a poet herself, Miss Larkin has had an eye and an ear for aptness of rhythm and phrasing. None of the songs—the traditional ones—could, of course, be called literary. But many of them have fresh earthy imagery packed into their singsong and artless meters.

However, the collection is an especially happy one for this reason: Miss Larkin knows the cowboy. That he is vainglorious, simple, mildly passionate, chivalrous, whimsical, gay, sentimental, unafraid; that he is about one-half actor; that his emotional fluctuation, though "high, wide, and handsome," is not deep—these are things the cowboy himself will never know. But the book understands and exhibits him; indeed, the cowboy could learn from it, if he cared to, how to express himself more completely.

With these songs, with Miss Black's simply contrived piano arrangements, with some quaint and vivid steel engravings of sky and herd, of broncos and laughter-houses and wide prairies, this book does a gay and a valuable thing: it holds the West.

I have one complaint—the kind of complaint singers and

collectors of ballads are heir to. Surely both Miss Larkin and Mr. Carl Sandburg err in setting down:

I ride an old paint and I lead an old dam . . .
instead of the colloquial

A-ridin' old Paint and a-leadin' old Dan . . .

LYNN RIGGS

Modernism

The Waves. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE word "modern" has more significance today than it probably ever had before. No century can have been so conscious of its difference from other centuries as the twentieth. To go into this consciousness, this "modernism," would require a great deal of space; but if we confine ourselves to the arts, and to a very brief glance at them, we observe, beginning several years ago, a considerable number of clever people—not necessarily artists—who nevertheless desired to "express themselves." (Some began in poetry or painting and ended in advertising or lampshades.) They were much too ingenious, too renescent to be content with the art forms that they found. Change, unconventionality, experiment were in the air. In literature, in prose, the old novel form displeased them. They wanted "new forms." It irked them to be confined to realistic narration, which precluded a language like that of the Elizabethans, which they envied.

The present volume is one of the culminations of that movement. In "The Waves" Mrs. Woolf has carried her well-known experiments to their farthest. It is unquestionably a new form, a novel told entirely in soliloquies. The six characters, close friends, never speak to each other from childhood to old age. The only direct narration describes the symbolic journey of the sun, between chapters, from east to west. It is a novel, as every page testifies, that hangs upon a theory. This theory is that by not bothering to be natural the author will be enabled to deal with life and beauty as her ancestors dealt with them, and the lost resources of English literature, particularly its exalted language, will be reclaimed.

The story of "The Waves" is schematic, frankly inconsequential. It is a book that quotation will describe best. Neville has received word that Percival, whom he loves, has died:

Oh, to crumple this telegram in my fingers—to let the light of the world flood back—to say this has not happened! But why turn one's head hither and thither? This is the truth. This is the fact. His horse stumbled; he was thrown. The flashing trees and white rails went up in a shower. There was a surge; a drumming in his ears. Then the blow; the world crashed; he breathed heavily. He died where he fell. . . . Come, pain, feed on me. Bury your fangs in my flesh. Tear me asunder. I sob, I sob.

Some sacrifice must be made, of course, for so much grandeur of speech and emotion. Genuineness, reality, is too much to hope for under circumstances like these. No one can be expected to believe in Neville's grief; it is obvious that he (like all the other characters, in all the other situations) is striking an attitude. In order that Mrs. Woolf may write like her ancestors it is necessary that her book be hollow throughout. There is irony, therefore, in her choice of the soliloquy form, which, since of all forms that is the most susceptible to self-consciousness, was the one best suited to betray this hollowness.

Culturally, despite its lofty traditionalism, "The Waves" suggests a pretty lampshade—a well-educated lampshade, smart, original, advanced. Not an ordinary lampshade by any means, but one that has been a mode of self-expression. A confusion

peculiar to our country makes it necessary to point out the important differences between a desire for self-expression and the true creative urge. It is not the latter, it is not an artist's passion, that we discern in "The Waves." There is beauty—one has the sensation of being smothered in beauty—but it is synthetic. Unfortunately, criticism of new imaginative literature is in such bad shape today that most people, hearing that "The Waves" has a "new form," will lump it indiscriminately with the rest of "modernist" fiction, and particularly with "Ulysses" by James Joyce. No two books could better exemplify the difference between a desire for self-expression and the true creative urge. In "The Waves" we see what happens to an amiable talent that lacks an inner drive; we see virtuosity that has finally become disconnected from inspiration, virtuosity therefore that has lost its original charm and turned into a formula; we see a torrent of imagery because the imagist tap has been left running. In "Ulysses" we see a genuine work of art. It has nothing to do with the tea-room modernism that we have been discussing.

Anyone will perceive that the matter did not necessitate the form of "The Waves." The form was born simply of restlessness, whim, a desire for novelty. And the novelty is not new; in every preening sentence we hear—we are expected to hear—a cadence of old. Isn't it odd that an appetite for experiment should be blended with an appetite for the past, that modernism should lead to archaism? Perhaps this kind of modernism was conceived not in the midst of modern life, but far removed from it, in a hushed, luxurious library, surrounded by the classics.

GERALD SYKES

Science and Professional Ethics

The Degradation of Science. By T. Swann Harding. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

MR. HARDING, who published last year a worthwhile book on the abuses of our present unsocialized medicine, has returned to the attack with a denunciation of the general degradation of the professional ethics of scientists through contact with our profit economy. This at least seems to be the fundamental thesis of the present work, for Mr. Harding's writing is so crowded with overtones and with subsidiary theses that it is very difficult for the reader to know just what is the author's main objective.

Psychologically, the starting-point of Mr. Harding's problem seems evidently to be the situation of the applied scientist, whose work has direct economic consequences and who therefore finds himself in a conflict between the ethics of his profession and the profit motive of the business man. Mr. Harding believes, and no fair-minded man will dispute him, that the contact with the world of business is leading inevitably to a corruption of the scientists' sense of ethics. The problem here, however, is essentially a problem of ethics and social organization, and has nothing to do with science as knowledge, but only as a social craft or profession. It was faced by political administrators in ancient societies when there was no natural science to speak of, but when there was the alternative of dispensing justice or lining one's own pockets. It is faced today by the members of all the professions chartered in the public interest—and not all of them can be regarded as scientific, unless the word science is taken to include not only all knowledge but also all practice.

From his starting-point of the situation of the applied scientist, Mr. Harding could have gone on to make a survey of professional organization in a modern society; or else he could have gone on, as many scientists often do, to sing the praises of science, speculate on its possible extension into new

fields, describe its impact on ethical and religious beliefs. Mr. Harding has chosen to do both, without clearly distinguishing between the two themes, and without, if truth be said, displaying the equipment for a thorough handling of either.

Thus he includes in his book, besides the applied scientific professions like medicine, engineering, pharmacy, and dentistry, discussions of such semi-scientific and non-scientific callings as education, law, journalism, politics, and the ministry. Under the circumstances one might expect a statement of his social philosophy, in terms of which he is presumably criticizing the mal-functioning of these professions. Instead one gets the astounding admission that the author has no social philosophy: he is "neither radical, conservative, liberal, socialist, nor communist," and "his sole interest is the efficient application of scientific knowledge and the impersonal method of science to social problems for the general good"—whatever that may mean.

But in addition to his survey of the professions Mr. Harding discusses such theoretical topics as the social sciences, philosophy, and religion. In the social sciences Mr. Harding believes, curiously enough, that the scientist should "attend" to ethical values, without telling us how these ethical values are to be obtained, since they are outside of science. In religion, though he does not hesitate to attack the pronouncements of ministers in a Menckenesque manner, he yet professes faith in a private religion that does not conflict with science, "because the two spheres are as separate from each other as baseball and dominoes." In philosophy he appears completely out of his depth, for he cites in almost successive pages, and with equal relish and approval, such antagonistic doctrines as Smuts's Holism, Needham's defense of materialism, and Eddington's reduction of science to subjectivism.

These criticisms do not affect the interest in the last section of the book, where Mr. Harding is on the familiar ground of his "Fads, Frauds and Physicians." Unfortunately, they affect the interest of the book as dealing with an enlarged theme. It must be said that in enlarging his theme over that of his previous work, Mr. Harding has taken on more than he has been able to handle effectively and intelligently.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A Strange Tongue

A Buried Treasure. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

IN placing Miss Roberts among the more considerable writers of her day one may well stop to wonder, now that she has written four full-length novels, what are the reasons for her secure position. She is an accomplished stylist, she is thoroughly aware of the virtue of restraint, she has an eye for pictures and for character, she has humor of a rather modulated and elegant sort, she chooses her subjects from the frontier, that section of the country always close to the hearts of American readers, she is homely, explicit, passionate. But I question whether any of these qualities, admirable as they are, or all of them together quite explain the source of her charm. As I think back on "The Time of Man," "My Heart and My Flesh," "The Great Meadow," and now "A Buried Treasure," I incline to the opinion that the charm lies in her language, in the tongue that she herself has invented, that languorous, sweet speech of the Kentucky back country.

I venture to declare that live, walking Kentuckians never speak like this. But that is of no consequence whatever. Miss Roberts has invented a Kentucky speech; were she to cite me chapter and verse of actual phrases heard from speaking mouths, I should still credit her with the invention, or rather with the

artistic creation of a language. "It comes to my mind," says Andy in "A Buried Treasure," "we'd best not show the kettle. We'd best hide it deeper and not let e'er one see." Or "What's taken the dog? I never see the dog in such a swivet before." Or "I'm so in a fidget to know I couldn't sleep last night, all the time in a wonder as to what Philly had to surprise a body with." Or "Sometimes you hardly seem acquainted with the man you're married to twenty years, and all the time you know every thought inside his head and every act his body can do or is likely ever to do. And there he is, strange. So strange you wonder sometimes if it's a man or a horse or a haybailer or what kind anyway you're wedded with all your life."

I confess that I have on occasion found this language confusing. It clouds the narrative in places, it produces a slowing up of the action that distinctly lessens the dramatic effect. But taken by itself, without reference to structure or character, it has an inescapable, a mounting charm. In the main Miss Roberts controls it very well, and uses it like a tool or a weapon to build or destroy. When it gets out of hand, then I feel confusion and weakness. I should say in "The Time of Man" she used the tool most successfully; in "The Great Meadow" with least success. In the present volume, which is slighter in content than the others, there is a highly satisfactory blending of sound with sense, the tool building beautifully the sure, swift action of the narrative.

"A Buried Treasure" is the tale of two country folk, man and wife, who found a pot of gold buried in a field on their farm. It represented for them treasure, a new roof on the henhouse, a wedding gift for a cherished friend, a tithe for the Lord. The question arose at once, however, of what they should do with it. Was it safe? Where should it be hidden? Should it be hidden at all? Should the neighbors know of the good fortune? For a while it seemed in danger; then, happily, it is saved for them. That is all. A simple story, but told with economy and art, containing suspense, pity, anxiety, good temper, and a happy ending. And decorated throughout by the strange compelling language that only Miss Roberts knows and can repeat.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The 57 Psychologies

Psychology: Science or Superstition? By Grace Adams. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

A BOOK of psychology expressing the view that "there is no logical necessity for accepting a single hypothesis of even the greatest of modern psychologists" is something of a novelty, stimulating or depressing, as the reader chooses. And when this book is also an intelligent, well-informed, and well-written exposition of the principal developments in psychology from William James to John B. Watson, we have further reason to thank Dr. Adams for having taken the trouble to write it. Here is a trained psychologist who sets out to give us an account of her "science" as it has grown up in the United States, where interest in whatever concerns the human mind is so vigorous and varied. Against the dismal background of theology and puritanism we see the figure of that lonely pioneer, William James, struggling to emancipate himself from that influence, laying the foundations of the new science for which his famous "principles" were, in Cattell's phrase, the "declaration of independence." Subsiding at last into a peaceful quasi-mysticism, James gave way to the robust Münsterberg, with his bizarre "psychotechnics" and faith in the practical value of psychology. There was Stanley Hall, sponsor of Freud and founder of child psychology, whose "Man-soul" terminated an energetic quest for truth; the inflexible Wundtian, E. B. Titchener; Jastrow, Crile, Brill, Terman, Woodworth, Dewey, Hun-

ter, Lashley, Watson—each with his approach, method, formula, and belief. Deftly, with a full command of her material, historical and technical, and in a style admirably suited to the demands of critical exposition, Dr. Adams tells the story of psychology's attempt to graduate definitely from superstition to science, not failing to show the part played in it by one after another of the foreign influences, culminating in psychoanalysis and *Gestalt*. For, as she says, although "European countries have their own national brands of psychology, America has had all brands," and the burden of her book is that none of them has established the kind of monopoly which would indicate that we are getting somewhere. In fact, at the end of fifty years of the most intensive, wide-ranging study of the human mind and its ways, we do not definitely *know* much more than we have learned by the aid of physiology, biology, and neurology. Such frank skepticism will be hard for many of us to follow, let alone emulate, but it is none the less very healthy; and Dr. Adams has performed a useful service in reminding us, in her competent and readable book, that however great may be the gains of psychology in many fields, these gains have yet to be synthesized in a manner that will deserve the exacting name of "science."

HAROLD WARD

Books in Brief

Katrin Becomes a Soldier. By Adrienne Thomas. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

This war story by a woman about a woman has been compared, by reviewers in England and Germany, where it has already appeared, to "All Quiet on the Western Front," and other of the more impressive war novels. While its claims are more modest, it is, in fact, a moving and in some places beautiful tale of a young Alsatian girl who recounted in her diary the events of her life from fourteen to nineteen. The last two years were lived on the very border of warfare, in the almost beleaguered town of Metz. Katrin went to school, fell in love, and experienced war in all its compelling horror. Her account is naive, fresh, dutiful, loyal; she was faithful to the memory of her young sweetheart, killed in 1915, through long hours of bitter labor as a Red Cross kitchen worker and later nurse, until her own death at the end of 1916. Nothing is more memorable than her day-by-day account of what happened in Metz during August, 1914. By the time thirty-one days of August had ended, the war had been lived in miniature, the sound of the bombardment had become a permanent part of the lives of the inhabitants. Only when one remembers that fifty more months of war followed that August, can the full burden of that terrific struggle be comprehended.

Unrest 1931. Edited by Jack Conroy and Ralph Cheyney. Henry Harrison. \$1.75.

Here are 112 more pages of verse from revolutionary artists. Since this year marked the fourth anniversary of the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti, there are further poems on these two martyrs. The introduction sums up the economic and social situation as the editors see it. Most of the poems are very proudly "propaganda," and a few are artistically right. One of the best poems included is Lola Ridge's *Three Men Die* (August 23, 1927). Other well-turned poems are James Rorty's *White Face* and Leon Srabian's *Herald's Job*.

The Foundations of Mathematics and Other Logical Essays. By Frank Plumpton Ramsey. Edited by R. B. Braithwaite. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

Readers with a confirmed taste for mathematical philosophy and symbolic logic will find this exceedingly abstruse vol-

ume quite in their line. The author, who died last year at the early age of twenty-seven, could be described as a mathematical prodigy. As a Fellow of Cambridge University he had every opportunity to indulge his preferences. Brought up on the "Principia Mathematica" of Russell and Whitehead and on the work of Ludwig Wittgenstein, Ramsey proceeded at once to take the work of these men to pieces, beguiling himself meanwhile with discussions of such simple matters as Formal Logic, Theory of Universals, Chance, Causality, Truth and Probability, etc. "The chief danger to our philosophy," wrote this extraordinary young man, "apart from laziness and woolliness, is *scholasticism*, the essence of which is treating what is vague as if it were precise and trying to fit it into an exact logical category." One may well regret with Professor Moore that an early death prevented a mind of this caliber from reaching its full powers.

Vitruvius on Architecture. Volume I. Translated by Frank Granger. *Tacitus: The Histories*. Books IV, V. Translated by Clifford H. Moore. *The Annals*. Books I, III. Translated by John Jackson. *Cicero: Pro T. Annio Milone, In L. Calpurnium Pisonem, Pro M. Aemilio Scauro, Pro M. Fonteio, Pro C. Rabirio Postumo, Pro M. Marcello, Pro Q. Ligario, Pro Rege Deiotaro*. Translated by N. H. Watts. *Tertullian: Apology and De Spectaculis*. Translated by T. R. Glover. *Minucius Felix: Octavius*. Translated by W. C. A. Kerr and Gerald H. Randall. *Plutarch's Moralia*. Volume III. Translated by Frank Cole Babbitt. *Hippocrates*. Volume IV. *Heracleitus: On the Universe*. Translated by W. H. S. Jones. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Each \$2.50.

Of these new volumes in the Loeb Library the Vitruvius, the Tertullian, and the Heracleitus are immediately interesting because they bring new authors into the series, which already was well under way with Cicero, Tacitus, and Plutarch. Mr. Jones, who completes his Hippocrates in the volume which contains the fragments of Heracleitus, has in the case of each author performed a difficult task with great skill and spirit; and Mr. Glover's Tertullian will be of special value to students of early Christian thought.

Discretions. By Frances, Countess of Warwick. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

These are the rather discursive subsequent reminiscences of a woman who was born to a world that was never defeated, even when, as now, it is vanishing. The Countess herself turned Socialist in politics when she was a young woman, but socially she was born and cannot avoid dying an aristocrat. Her account of the British aristocracy, now when they are losing their closely held security and power, is rather moving than otherwise. She is aware of their shortcomings; they were proud, stupid, vain, and sometimes of no use to themselves or anybody else. They were also gay, civilized, honest, hard-working, faithful, and even intelligent, although the Countess is frank to declare that these virtues were not always apparent to the general public. A woman of great courage, power, and beauty herself, the Countess has known everybody in any way worth knowing. Queen Victoria, Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales, Disraeli, Lord Palmerston, Lady Randolph Churchill, Cecil Rhodes, Lily Langtry, the Rothschilds, William Waldorf Astor, Woodrow Wilson, Chauncey Depew, Worth the modiste, Elinor Glyn, Duse, Ellen Terry, Shaw, Walter Rathenau, Charlie Chaplin follow one another through her pages. She is very clever at hitting off some characteristic of each that makes him memorable, and in the course of her story her own character comes out strong and clear. She has never been afraid; she has never betrayed a confidence;

when she was cheated out of a large portion of her fortune by a shyster it was because she had had no earlier experience with duplicity. She reveals herself, in short, as by no means lacking in that particular British pride, honor, and sense of duty which a changing world is challenging at every point. A world can end in Great Britain as well as in Russia; the days of the great estates, the overpowering formality of life, the careless disregard of everyone outside the inner circle are disappearing. But there were giants in those days, the Countess assures us. And she is somehow convincing.

Music

The Anatomy of Opera

THE stirring performance of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" that Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company have just given us—a performance that seemed better, if anything, than the original one in Philadelphia last season—has confirmed the impression it made on many of us when we first heard it. Whatever you may think of the music—and it would be a bold soul who would form any very definite opinion after these two performances alone, or with the doubtful assistance of the almost unintelligible printed vocal score—you cannot fail to admit having received a powerful dramatic impression, to which the music made an indisputably important contribution.

The most noted exponents of the essential priority of the drama over the music in an opera were, of course, Gluck and Wagner, each fighting against abuses, real and fancied, arising from an inversion of that priority.

I endeavored [wrote Gluck, in the preface to "Alceste" (1767)] to reduce music to its proper function, that of seconding poetry by enforcing the expression of sentiment and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action or weakening it by superfluous ornament. My idea was that the relation of music to poetry was much the same as that of harmonious coloring and well-disposed light and shade to an accurate drawing, which animate the figures without altering the outlines.

Wagner's object, likewise, was the concentration of all the arts in the theater, and much is made (as, for example, by Paul Bekker in his recent book on Wagner) of the fact that his dramatic aspirations antedated his musical ones.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that one like myself, whose acquaintance with Gluck is confined to his music and whose knowledge of Wagner's music is outclassed by ignorance of his drama, values their work much more highly, certainly, than would one who knew only their dramatic genius. The biggest concession either of them was able to make was to place music and drama on as nearly *equal* planes as his essentially musical genius would allow him. As far as possible they avoided actually contradicting the import of what occurred on the stage by what went on in the pit. Wagner even made enormous formal concessions to dramatic necessity. But the music of "The Ring" has proved to be immeasurably more important than the dramatic or philosophical significance of the epic it accompanies. In the history of art Gluck and Wagner are musicians.

Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" was a further step in the same direction, and I think, irrespective of its musical merits, a far more successful one. For Debussy kept much more closely in mind than Wagner the theatrically all-important consideration of performance by human beings with limitations; and the consequence is that while a perfect performance of "Die

Walküre" might be a great dramatic as well as musical experience, a mediocre performance of "Pelléas" is continuously stirring, even from the dramatic standpoint. But when all is said, it remains true that it is Debussy's "Pelléas" one goes to hear—not Maeterlinck's to see. And the opera has greater value, I venture to say, even to one unfamiliar with the story and ignorant of French, than the play to one who does not know the music. In the history of art, again, "Pelléas" is a musical work.

I hardly think the same could be said for, or against, "Wozzeck." I doubt whether most of its music would mean very much on phonograph records to one to whom its dramatic function was not known. Berg and his commentators may talk about "passacaglias" and "rondos," and "sonata-form movements," and "inventions on a persistent rhythm"; but for the moment I incline to think Berg may have hedged, when he began to see how far his subservience to Büchner was taking him, by superimposing "conventional forms" on music conceived independently of them. Fortunately, one would never have noticed his hedging if program notes and marks in the score had not called attention to these alleged "set pieces." *Durchkomponieren*—composition in a continuous line, illustrating dramatic development, as opposed to the set forms of older Italian opera, for example, which were determined by purely musical convention—Berg is said to abhor, although there is a scene, it appears, which he concedes to be *durchkomponiert*. But if ever an opera on second hearing sounded *durchkomponiert*, and if ever a score contained thoroughly concealed passacaglias and rondos, it is "Wozzeck." I seriously doubt whether even the total unfamiliarity of the material, which admittedly would tend to make formal outlines difficult to recognize, accounts entirely for the obscurity of these movements.

Obscurity, I mean, judged as conventional musical forms. There is nothing obscure about them judged as stage properties—no music ever written, it seems to me, so literally mirrors every phase of the action and dialogue which it subserves. If the perfect opera is really a drama effectively illustrated by music, then the perfect opera, in principle, exists; and all that remains for discussion is the intrinsic value of Büchner's play and the competence with which Berg has illustrated it.

But what about "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Barber of Seville," "Der Freischütz," "Carmen"? They are not *durchkomponiert*. In them the music does not always illustrate the drama. The same sort of music may be used in them to accompany in turn contrasting emotions—exaltation and dejection, for example. Is this because their composers had no dramatic sense?

How explain, then, the undoubted fact that all these operas are excellent theater? Did Bach prove, by taking one chorus of his Christmas Oratorio from a cantata he had written for the Queen's birthday, and by using the same music for an aria in his secular cantata, "The Choice of Hercules," and for "Prepare thyself, Zion," that he was entirely insensitive to the relations between text and setting?

Or is not such reasoning based on a quite mistaken conception of the function of music in reinforcing non-musical ideas? That function is best performed by an *intensification* of the meaning of the text or action, not by mere *illustration* of it. And that intensification may come as well through the sheer intrinsic emotional power of the music as from any close relation with the details of the text. Music, that is, produces at its best no specific emotions describable in non-musical terms. But music of intrinsic value has enormous power to intensify specific emotions. So a cheap love scene in a movie may be made stirring by playing stirring though entirely unrelated music to accompany it; and the same music may give equal intensity to the dying-mother scene, or to moonlight on the water, or to sunlight on the Alps.

What Alban Berg has done is to illustrate a very effective play with very effective music. Whether the play is really as good as it seems, only longer acquaintance will tell; one has to remember that it is so new an experience to hear anything approaching intelligent dialogue on the operatic stage that when someone says "Meine unsterbliche Seele stinket nach Branntwein" in the Metropolitan, we are perhaps too quick to decide that this is one of the drama's greatest lines. The music, too, would need many hearings to establish itself as more than illustration. As such it is extremely sensitive, intelligent, and effective. Whether its intrinsic emotional content is enough ever to establish it as more than that, however, I seriously doubt. I am afraid "Wozzeck," if it figures in the history of art, will do so as drama.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama Technique

MOLNAR'S mildly amusing but preposterous little comedy, "The Good Fairy," has just achieved instantaneous and golden success at Henry Miller's Theater. Doubtless the personal popularity of Helen Hayes has something to do with the matter, and doubtless the very expert performances which both she and Walter Connolly provide have something more. But the unaccountable public must be more than commonly pleased with the play itself, and that fact alone is enough to give the meditative critic a moment's pause.

Those who are familiar with Molnar's work do not need to be told that he has "nothing to say." He would, indeed, be highly insulted by the suggestion that he had, for he regards substance of any sort as unworthy of so brilliant a technician as himself, and takes especial pride in his ability to write successful comedies about nothing at all. But in the present play he has outdone even himself, and he has demonstrated (doubtless to his own profound satisfaction) that he can hold an audience throughout an entire evening without recourse to a theme, a thesis, or even a consistent plot; that he does not need credible characters, understandable motives, or even a definable tone. He is Molnar, he has his "technique," and that is enough.

Starting with a conventional scene which reveals a beautiful girl alone in the private room of a restaurant with a too ardent suitor, he proceeds to pile one purely arbitrary surprise upon another. The girl is not, as she pretends, a fashionable married woman but an usher in a movie theater. She is finding it difficult to "sell herself" because she has no one for whom she can make this sacrifice, and so she picks the name of a lawyer out of a telephone book, tells the suitor that this lawyer is her husband, and insists that he shall pay her by making the pseudo-husband rich. Then the lawyer is discovered to be a middle-aged man of unimpeachable rectitude, the girl runs off with the headwaiter in a hotel, the lover suddenly withdraws his patronage from the bewildered lawyer, and so it goes from one fantastic event to another until it reaches an end which is no end at all, and then proceeds to an epilogue in which all the characters are shown ten years later, and the girl is revealed as married to the last person you would expect. When it is all over one wonders just why one has consented to be more or less amused by such folderol; and that wonder constitutes the point—if there is one—of the proceedings.

The real explanation is, I believe, simpler and less flattering to the audience than some which have been alleged. There is nothing very subtle about the charm which such a play has for a very large number of people; it is due, in great measure, to the fact that it may be watched without that minimum of in-

☐ PLAYS ☐ FILMS ☐ CABARET ☐ LECTURES ☐ DEBATES ☐

MAURICE SCHWARTZ and HELEN MACKELLAR
in ERNST TOLLER'S
"BLOODY LAUGHTER"
A drama of heroic protest by the author of "Man and the Masses" and
"The Machine Wreckers"
Settings by Robert Van Rosen
49th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway. Evenings 8:40
Mats.: Wednesday and Saturday 2:40

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. PRESENTS
VICTOR HERBERT'S
NAUGHTY MARIETTA with ILSE MARVENGA
Pop. Price Eve. 50c-\$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-\$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-\$2.
ERLANGER'S THEATRE, West 44th Street, PEnn. 6-7963.

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted
All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner
intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
REUNION IN VIENNA
A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK THEA. 45 St. & E Ave. PEnn. 6-8100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40



AVON THEATRE, 45th Street
West of Broadway
NOW
Every Night, Including Sunday
James B. Pond presents for a
limited engagement

**Cornelia
Otis Skinner**

in the novelty sensation of the season

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII
preceded by some superb character sketches
"Few crowded stages are better worth watching than that
on which she walks alone."—Richard Lockridge, Sun.
GO NOW! DON'T MISS HER! Limited Engagement Only
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:45

GILBERT MILLER Presents
HELEN HAYES
in MOLNAR'S New Comedy
THE GOOD FAIRY
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:40

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real
in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its
approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.
THE LEFT BANK
By ELMER RICE
LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

BEGINNING THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10th
THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS
1931
By CLAIRE and PAUL SIFTON
Under the Auspices of The Theatre Guild
MANSFIELD THEATRE, 47th St., West of Broadway
Evs. and Sat., 50c to \$2.50. Thurs. Mat., 50c to \$2.
SEATS NOW ON SALE

DEBATE
"Is Modern Morality a Failure?"
HON. BERTRAND **RUSSELL** says "NO"
DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES, Chairman
DR. STEPHEN S. **WISE** says "YES"
Issues involved **COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE**
EASY DIVORCE LAWS **BIRTH CONTROL**
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17th. 8:30 P.M.
CARNEGIE HALL, 57th St. and 7th Ave.
Tickets \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, at Carnegie Hall, Circle 7-7460. Colum-
bia U. bookstore (Journalism Bldg., 116 St., and B'way), Rand Book
Store, 7 East 15 St., Seven Arts Guild, 125 W. 45 St. (Room 1007).
Mail orders promptly filled. Auspices Seven Arts Guild.
RUSSELL'S Farewell Appearance

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.
Tuesday evening, December 15, at 8:30 P. M.
THEODORE DREISER **ALFRED KREYMBORG**
LEWIS MUMFORD
will speak on
"THE WRITER LOOKS ON AN INDUSTRIAL TRAGEDY"
Subscription—members: 50c non-members 75c
(Net receipts for benefit of National Committee for Political Prisoners)

Eugene O'Neill's Trilogy, **MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA**
will be discussed Dec. 13, at 2:30 P.M.
by Mme. ANNE BARNOUW of the Theatre Guild
at the Moliere Circle
Meets every Sunday afternoon—Whitehall Hotel (Roof Garden)
250 W. 100th St. Dancing
Dec. 20—MAURICE GORDIN (International Correspondent for
Hearst newspapers 1924-5) speaks on RUSSIA (Utopia in Chains)

Khmara cordially invites you to attend the
Formal Opening
of his
Cabaret "Arbat"
at Two Hundred and One West Forty Eighth Street
(Formerly occupied by the "Silver Slipper")
the night of December the Tenth at Ten o'clock
Reservations may be made by calling Chickering 4-1785

☐ FIRST NIGHTS ☐

Dec. 7—The Passing Present—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.
Dec. 7—Coastwise Annie—Belmont—W. 48th St.
Dec. 9—Springtime For Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
Dec. 10—1931—Mansfield—47 St. W. of B'way.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT will be found on following page.

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

After All—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
 Bloody Laughter—49 St.—W. of B'way.
 Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
 Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.
 Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
 Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way
 Louder, Please—Masque—45 St. W. of B'way.
 Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
 1931—Mansfield—47 St. W. of B'way.
 Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
 Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
 Cornelia Otis Skinner—Avon—W. 45 St.
 Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
 The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
 The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
 The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
 The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
 The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
 The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.

□ BOOKS □

Easily the
 Economic
 Book of
 the Hour

THE SWOPE PLAN

Details, Criticisms, Analysis

Plan for Stabilizing Business. By Gerard Swope, President, General Electric Co. Chapters by Gilbert Montague, Chas. F. Abbott, J. George Frederick, Supplements, "Comparison Chart Eight, Economic Stabilization Plans," "Business Evolution Chart."

222 Pages, \$3.50 Postpaid—or at your dealers

BUSINESS BOURSE, Publishers, 80 W. 40th St., New York City

If You Have Any Problems to Solve

CONSULT OUR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

If you cannot find what you want, send in your requirements. Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York
Cortlandt 7-3330

tellectual effort which even a farce requires if it is based upon human nature or follows any sort of logic in its development. In "The Good Fairy" events succeed one another in so arbitrary a fashion that it is not necessary to remember what happened even five minutes before, and one may enjoy its gay gyrations in the same placid, non-participating way that an infant in its perambulator enjoys the balloon floating above its head or the rattle shaken in its face. There are sounds, there are colors, and there is movement. What more does one need for that simple distraction which is all that a good half of mankind craves? Most people think that they want to be entertained, but there is something relatively strenuous even about entertainment. What they really want is merely to be kept from being bored, and "The Good Fairy" is designed for the exact purpose of gratifying this want.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

JOHN ELLIOTT is on the Berlin staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

ROSE MACAULAY is the well-known English novelist, author of "Potterism," "Dangerous Ages," and "Staying with Relations."

CORDELL HULL is United States Senator from Tennessee and former chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

POWERS HAPGOOD has worked in mines in the United States, Wales, France, Germany, and Russia.

ALLEN TATE is the author of "Mr. Pope, and Other Poems."

JOSHUA KUNITZ is the author of "Russian Literature and the Jew."

LYNN RIGGS is the author of the play "Green Grow the Lilacs," which was produced by the Theater Guild last year.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

HAROLD WARD has written articles on scientific subjects for various periodicals.

□ LECTURES □

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE AT COOPER HALL

8th Street and Astor Place, at 11 o'clock
 Admission Free

Friday, December 11

DR. C. R. STOCKARD

"The Role of Heredity in Personality."

Sunday, December 13

DR. HORACE J. BRIDGES

"What This Country Needs."

Tuesday, December 15

MR. NATHANIEL PEPPER

"The New International Society: Russia or America"

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
 209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock

Thursday, December 17

PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING

"The System of Greek Thought: Logic."

MISCELLANEOUS

WASHINGTON INFORMATION OFFICE

What may I find out or look up for you? Prompt. Low rates. Katharine Ward Fisher. 201 South-ern Building.

□ LECTURES □

The Leading Question of the Day
UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE
 will be discussed from the Liberal and Radical points of view by

DR. JOSEPH MITCHELL of Columbia Univ.
 and DR. ABRAHAM MARKOFF, Dir. of
 the Workers School

under the auspices of the

Social Workers Discussion Club

■ Stuyvesant Neighborhood House
 Corner Stuyvesant & 9th Sts.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16, at 8 P.M.

Admission 25 cents

Institute for Advanced Education
 Roerich Museum—103rd St. ■ Riverside Dr.
 DEC. 15 at 8 o'clock

The Inferiority Complex

DR. W. BERAN WOLFE

DEC. 15 at 8:55

The Ductless Glands and the Future of Mankind

DR. LOUIS BERMAN

□ EDUCATIONAL □

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
 1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers.

Private lessons. 75c short courses 1 to 1 daily. 1 year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

BOARDING SCHOOL—GERMANY

ONE of the best German boarding schools for boys, located on a lake near Munich, with excellent teachers and a distinguished clientele, will make room for a few American boys, preferably with some knowledge of German. Highly endorsed by the Editor of *The Nation*, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1931

No. 3468

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	681
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Hoover's Tax Program.....	684
Navy, or President?.....	685
Brüning's Last Stand.....	685
Look Up, Not Down!.....	686
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION	687
IF I WERE DICTATOR. By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	688
RUBBER MONEY AND IRON DEBTS. By Henry Hazlitt.....	691
"HOME" AND THE HOUSING EXPERTS. By Arthur Evans Wood	693
DISARMAMENT AND DEPRESSION. By Alanson B. Houghton..	695
WASHINGTON MADHOUSE. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	696
AN INTERVIEW WITH MAHATMA GANDHI. By A. Fenner	
Brockway	697
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	698
CORRESPONDENCE	699
FINANCE: Germany and the Gold Standard. By S. Palmer Harman..	700
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Salvos for Randolph Bourne. By Horace Gregory.....	701
Harris Versus Shaw. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	701
The Sacco-Vanzetti Case Reweighed. By Morris R. Cohen.....	702
An Austere Poet. By Genevieve Taggard.....	703
Books in Brief.....	704
Drama: International Incidents. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	706
Films: "Arrowsmith." By Margaret Marshall.....	706
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	708

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

IF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES has made a good start by doing away with the old gag rules—we cannot be enthusiastic over the election of Mr. Garner to the Speakership—and the Senate Progressives have rightly defeated the reelection of Senator Moses as president pro tem, the fact remains that both parties are as yet without a clear-cut program or vigorous and able leadership. It is true, as Paul Anderson points out in this issue, that the Democrats have now set themselves to the task of building a program, but that does not excuse the failure of the leaders to come together during the vacation in order to have not only a program but bills ready for action at the opening of the session. Meanwhile, there are thousands and thousands of individual bills going into both houses; we shall see a session of extraordinary complexity, if not complete confusion. It is, however, gratifying to note that even without voting the Congress has been able to make its opinions felt on certain questions. It has rightly refused to consider the revival of the World War Foreign Debt Commission, for the question of debts must always come back to Congress, and the Congress ought to meet and grapple with it and come to a decision, whether it spells disaster for the country and for Europe or not. The leaders of House and Senate also refused to sign the paper Mr. Mellon had prepared authorizing the President to waive the payments due from abroad

December 15. Congress had a right to ask time for consideration; the fault is Mr. Hoover's for having refused the extra session.

IN HIS "TWELVE-POINT PROGRAM" the President has at last revealed his plan for dealing with the economic crisis. Some of Mr. Hoover's proposals, if vague, are undoubtedly sound enough within their limits, but nearly all of them are mere palliatives, and not one of them goes to the root of the trouble. The program is vitiated at the very start by the President's assertion that "the major steps that we must take are domestic. The action needed is in the home field." As long as Mr. Hoover continues to take this attitude we cannot expect any real improvement. The most urgent steps that the Administration must take are in the international field. The greatest obstacle to an American business recovery lies in the state of our foreign trade; the greatest obstacle in the path of our foreign trade is our high protective tariff, and Mr. Hoover, in his message to Congress, again firmly opposed any reduction in our preposterous rates. But though Mr. Hoover does not include the question in his twelve-point program, he and Secretary Mellon are at least to be congratulated on finally recognizing the necessity for a reduction in the international war debts. In his domestic program, however, Mr. Hoover continues to oppose compulsory unemployment insurance and, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, to pretend that voluntary contributions have adequately "solved" the problem.

SECRETARY DOAK continues to regard with unreasonable and narrow suspicion every immigrant who comes to this country. He would have the government stamp these aliens as potential criminals until they have lived here on probation for at least ten years. He feels, as he said in his annual report to Congress, that immigration "is no longer a substantial economic menace"—primarily because so few aliens are now being admitted. Nevertheless, he believes it necessary to control under the most rigid sort of rules those few who do manage to get in. He would have them fingerprinted before they can become citizens, and he would have the government reserve for a period of five years the right to cancel the citizenship certificate of any naturalized alien, "in case he violates the law in such manner as to show a lack of proper intention on his part at the time of his admission to citizenship." Moreover, Mr. Doak strongly objects to giving the alien his full share of legal protection. He declared, said the *New York Times*, "that even in cases where guilt was clearly shown the efforts of the department were being handicapped by every possible resort to the courts." Mr. Doak's department has already shown such slight consideration for the legal rights of aliens that this latter declaration comes as no surprise. It is really a pity that Mr. Doak has to be bothered with interference by the courts. If he were not, he could proceed quite untroubled to destroy all that is left in this country of a once honored tradition not only of hospitality, but of justice to the stranger within our gates.

THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER'S call for an economic conference of the nations has unfortunately met with coolness only. That there should be one is plain; it should have been called a year ago. Now Austen Chamberlain has publicly declared the difficulty to lie in the fact that those nations—plainly France and the United States—which ought to be most concerned would probably refuse to abide by the inevitable findings of the conference. There is the crux of the problem. Those two nations have not yet suffered enough from the crisis to be ready to readjust, however painfully, their own fiscal policies and their politics to the gravity of the international situation. Unfortunately, the crisis nears so rapidly that there is no time to wait for the American Congress and French financiers to awaken to the facts of the situation. We wish that every member of Congress might be able to read these words from an address by Nicholas Murray Butler:

We are the chief sufferers by the war-debt settlement. As was said by Lord Hervey back in Walpole's time, we reserved for ourselves the poor consolation of being ruined last. . . . What use is it to take in millions of cash in Washington if billions of value are flying out of the windows of the farmhouses, the workmen's dwellings, the industrial, commercial, and financial establishments of the land?

DOMESTIC POLITICS may have been chiefly responsible for the fall of the more or less moderate Wakatsuki Government in Japan. In any event the personal ambition of Kenso Adachi, Minister of the Interior in that government, to head the Minseito Party appears to have made it impossible for Baron Wakatsuki to continue longer in office. But the change in cabinets at this time is most untimely and may easily have dire results. This is not only because the change has come while the Manchurian situation is still critical, but because it has brought into power the imperialists and interventionists of the reactionary Seiyukai Party. The Seiyukai was the party of the late Premier Tanaka, who had such positive ideas as to Japan's special position in Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. Under Tanaka and the Seiyukai Party the Japanese replaced the fairly liberal Chinese policy of the Minseito Party with a harshly militaristic policy of direct intervention in Chinese affairs. It is true that in the present Manchurian controversy the militarists had returned to the "positive policy" of Baron Tanaka, and had compelled the Wakatsuki Cabinet to support them. Nevertheless, the presence of men like Foreign Minister Shidehara in the Wakatsuki Government acted as a potential check upon the militarists. Now even that counterbalancing factor, however slight it may have been, has been removed. In place of the moderate Shidehara will be found the outspoken imperialist, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, and he will be supported by other interventionists, among them Jotaro Yamamoto, former president of the South Manchuria Railway Company, who once declared that the railway "has a more important mission [in Manchuria] than a merely economic one."

THIS NEW VICTORY of the Japanese militarists came immediately after the League of Nations had confirmed, and by implication had approved, their seizure of Manchuria. The Paris resolution, which sets forth the League's final

position on the Sino-Japanese dispute, reveals nothing except that any strong member can defy the League and compel it to bow to that defiance. By this resolution the League abandoned its earlier demand that the Japanese troops be withdrawn as the first step toward an adjustment of the Manchurian dispute. The resolution sets up a commission of inquiry, but it provides for no positive action whatever. It seeks neither to determine who the aggressor may have been nor to check further hostilities. Indeed, it specifically states that it shall not "be within the competence of the commission to interfere with the military arrangements of either party." This can only mean that the League has decided to let the Japanese carry on their illegal military operations, and thus complete the conquest of Manchuria. Such, apparently, is the interpretation placed upon the resolution by the Japanese. They have announced that they will send 5,000 additional troops to Manchuria for the ostensible purpose "of coping with the bandit menace," as the Tokio correspondent of the *New York Times* put it, "but it can be considered certain that as soon as the rivers freeze definite steps will be taken to clean Chang Hsueh-liang's army from Chinchow, if he still refuses to withdraw peacefully." Virtually the only check on the Manchurian war is economic; Japan is in financial difficulties and has been forced off the gold standard, while the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods is becoming increasingly effective.

THE CESSATION OF WORK on the giant Cunarder of 73,000 tons which was under construction at Clyde-side is a hard blow to British prestige. This was to have been not only the world's largest, but finest and fastest liner—an overwhelming answer to the present supremacy of the North German Lloyd with its Europa and Bremen. But the heart-breaking conditions in the North Atlantic trade, which the directors think will be worse next year, have compelled the Cunard Company to cease construction after \$5,000,000 had been expended and the hull had risen to the ninth deck—a happening without parallel in the annals of the company since its first contract for ships was awarded on March 18, 1839. For the Clyde this is a crushing decision, since British shipbuilding is at lowest ebb and 3,500 more men must now go on the dole, joining 70 per cent of the shipyard men who are idle now. An appeal that the government finish the ship has already been made, and rejected by Walter Runciman for the Cabinet. Undoubtedly the Prime Minister would like to help, for his Labor Government had agreed to assume that much of the ship's insurance which private underwriters could not underwrite. Meanwhile, the London bankers explain their inability to advance further funds for the ship on the ground that they have \$275,000,000 frozen in Germany. With the White Star and other great British lines in financial difficulties, and no foreign orders coming in, the outlook for the British shipyards is of the blackest.

NINE NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS, headed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, submitted a memorial to President Hoover on December 14 asking an end to the financial dictatorship of Haiti by the United States and the complete restoration of self-government in that country. While praising President Hoover for the steps taken so far to restore the sovereignty of Haiti, violently seized by the United States, the memoria

states that "at present the Haitian government cannot appropriate a dollar for any purpose without the consent of our financial advisers"; for example, on October 26 last the American Minister to the Haitian government held up all salaries except those paid to Americans! The memorial also asks the immediate withdrawal of all American marines, saying that as it only takes four years to train an American officer at West Point it would seem as if in sixteen years of American domination of Haiti there must have been ample time to train the native Haitian constabulary. The memorial also points out that the Republic of Haiti has repeatedly assured the American government that in the event of war no foreign power will be permitted to get a foothold of any kind on Haitian soil. Finally, the memorial correctly demands a new treaty between the two countries "negotiated with the consent of the legislatures of both nations."

TWO NEGROES LYNCHED in Lewisburg, West Virginia, on December 10 bring the total for the year to thirteen. This is bad enough, although it is vastly better than the total of twenty-five for 1930. This improvement, indeed, is surprising in view of increasingly depressed economic conditions in the South and a corresponding increase in animosity toward the Negro wherever he interferes with white men's jobs. Governor Conley of West Virginia has issued the by now usual statement of horrified indignation at the lynching and a promise, also to be expected, that the lynchers will be speedily apprehended and summarily dealt with—if they can be identified. We do not wish in any way to disparage the Governor's statement or to imply that we are skeptical of his sincere desire to bring about the arrest and conviction of the mob leaders. We merely await results, as we are still awaiting them from Maryland, where a lynching occurred on December 4. Governor Ritchie also issued a statement denouncing the lynchers and calling for their blood; but so far the only blood that has been spilt has been the blood of the lynched.

COLLEGIATE VOTING on disarmament reveals a steady trend toward pacifism. In the recent poll of students on questions relative to disarmament, 78 per cent of the Yale undergraduate body, or 2,453, replied. Only 107 voted to keep the heavy armaments of the world; 1,269 approved of moderate armaments; and 987—almost 41 per cent—urged complete disarmament. On this same query Dartmouth students recently split as follows: for heavy armament, 76; for 50 per cent disarmament, 226; for total disarmament, 359. More than 44 per cent of those voting in the senior class at Yale favored independent reduction of arms by the United States; in Dartmouth, 152 students favored total disarmament by the United States irrespective of other nations, 332 opposed independent disarmament, and 425 advocated partial independent disarmament in varying degrees. Balloting in Colgate and several other institutions where votes have been published follow the same general trend. Meantime, the New History Society, "looking to the younger generation in the colleges and universities to develop international fellowship," is offering a first prize of \$300, a second prize of \$200, and a third prize of \$100 for the best original papers of not more than 1,200 words on "How May the Colleges Promote World Peace?" Details are to be outlined in the January issue of the *New Historian*. The con-

test closes on April 5, 1932; the judges thus far announced are John Dewey, Devere Allen, William Floyd, Tucker P. Smith, James G. McDonald, and Kirby Page.

FOURSQUARE TO ALL WINDS Jane Addams has stood in her advocacy of peace. No one has deserved the Nobel Prize more, and to no one could it come more fittingly, or at a better moment than when she is ill from a serious operation. She has, indeed, long been the foremost woman citizen of America. But that did not save her during the war from much abuse, notably at the hands of the *New York Times* and other highly respectable journals of the conservative classes. Hence, it is a great satisfaction that within the current year she has received three notable awards, one from Bryn Mawr, one from *Pictorial Review*, and now the Nobel Prize, the greatest of all. Thus has been well recognized a pacifism that has never known any cowardice or compromise. We wish we could say as much for Nicholas Murray Butler, who divides the Nobel Prize with Miss Addams. He was a great pacifist before the war, and since the war as administrator of large Carnegie funds he has shown genuine zeal for the cause of peace and disarmament. Only last week he again rightly warned the world that its fate for at least the next decade is involved in the Geneva conference. But during the war his record was thoroughly bad; he subordinated what he knew in his heart to be right to mob psychology, especially that of the rich mob which donates to Columbia and controls its Board of Trustees. None the less, we are glad to add that no public man in America today is making better or wiser or more courageous addresses on national and international affairs.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!" said Samuel Morse as his first message over the telegraph eighty-seven years ago. And the mystery of the telegraph and more particularly the wireless remains to common men today. Thirty years ago Guglielmo Marconi heard, at Cape Breton, Newfoundland, a three-dot "S" tapped out from Cornwall, England. That anniversary was celebrated on December 12 by a radio program in which fifteen nations participated, a series of sounds heard literally around the earth. Music from Japan and Rio de Janeiro; speeches from London and Paris; words from Spain, from Belgium, from Italy, from Poland—all were heard in rapid succession in New York. A marvelous, an incredible instrument, a machine that ninety-nine men out of a hundred can only wonder at without in the least understanding! Nevertheless, they can manipulate it. They can, with a turn of a dial, hear the Philadelphia Orchestra play a symphony concert as well as if they sat in sight of the instruments; they can also hear, with another twist of the wrist, broadcasts by the "School of Health," a skit entitled "Mr. Bernstein and Mr. Goldstein," "Three Little Funsters," the "Sleepy Time Club," and an address on "Thought in Action," by the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman. God works in mysterious ways, to be sure, but his works do not always fittingly proclaim him. There is no law compelling all citizens of the United States to listen to Amos 'n' Andy, but to radio listeners who prefer programs of a slightly more elevated nature the prevalence of programs of the Amos 'n' Andy type are a great drawback to the perfect enjoyment of Signor Marconi's marvelous discovery.

Mr. Hoover's Tax Program

WHATEVER may be the deficiencies of the Administration's tax program, it must at least be conceded that it is much better than any outsider until lately had reason to expect it to be. As late as a month ago Mr. Hoover seemed to have shut his eyes to the necessity of any tax increase whatever. Now he and Secretary Mellon have presented Congress with a set of tax proposals which, for the most part, deserve a respectful hearing.

Secretary Mellon estimates that if there is no increase in taxes, there will be a gross deficit next June of \$2,123,000,000, and of \$1,417,000,000 on June 30, 1933. Mr. Mellon does not propose tax increases sufficient to wipe out these deficits entirely. He presents a tax program which he estimates should bring in additional revenues of \$390,000,000 between January and June of next year, and of \$920,000,000 for the following fiscal year. If estimates of receipts and expenditures were realized, this would still leave a deficit of \$1,733,000,000 next June and of \$497,000,000 in June of 1933. As these deficits, however, allow for statutory debt retirement, Mr. Mellon expects that the net increase in the public debt next June will not be more than \$1,321,000,000, that there will be no net increase in 1933, and that in 1934 net reduction of the debt will be resumed through the sinking fund.

This general program has already been vigorously attacked from opposite points of view. Mr. Walter Lippmann has very ably stated the opinion of those who hold that the budget must be balanced entirely. Professor E. R. A. Seligman, on the other hand, contends that in Secretary Mellon's program "too much is expected from taxes and too little from loans." Neither of these criticisms can be dismissed as unintelligent, but *The Nation* believes that Secretary Mellon's position on this point is more defensible than that of either of these critics. The case against any attempt to balance the budget completely at this time is a very strong one. It would, to begin with, be practically impossible to do so. Mr. Hoover, it is true, should have asked Congress to raise tax rates months ago. Last June at the very latest, when he had been compelled to propose his debt moratorium and when a deficit of \$903,000,000 for 1931 was officially established, it was the President's duty to call Congress in special session and propose most of the tax increases he is now recommending. Such a measure, enacted last summer, would have reduced the prospective 1932 debt by several hundred millions of dollars more than it is now possible to reduce it. Discussion of what the Administration should have done last spring, however, is futile. It would be unwise at the present time, in any case, to impose new taxes greatly in excess of those that Secretary Mellon actually proposes. He is quite right in pointing out that "it is not easy for any people to determine to assume a large additional tax burden at a time when their resources are depleted through business depression." There is, moreover, as *The Nation* remarked in its issue of December 2, a positive defense to be made of a policy of paying off loans at an unusually high rate in good years, and offsetting this to some extent even by fresh borrowing in years of severe depression.

There is no sounder principle in taxation than that the burden should be placed on individuals in proportion to their relative "capacity to pay," and if this principle is sound as applied to individuals, it is equally sound as applied to years. Further, since we reduced our debt from a total of \$26,600,000,000 in April, 1919, to \$16,200,000,000 at the end of the 1930 fiscal year, a net increase in the public debt of \$1,321,000,000 would not damage the national credit. On the other hand, there is no assurance that the deficit will not be more than this, particularly when Mr. Hoover admits that receipts for 1932 will fall below the original estimates by the staggering total of \$1,717,000,000. Further, when he remarks that the present increase in taxes "shall be definitely terminated in two years from next July," he is making a statement that he has no real warrant for making, particularly since all his previous guesses regarding the length and extent of the depression have been notoriously bad. All this does not mean that it is immediately necessary to balance the budget, but it does mean that it is necessary, if the government's credit is to continue to maintain unquestioned standing, as it must for new bond issues, that Congress show its readiness to raise taxes courageously in the present crisis.

Many of the specific tax increases which Secretary Mellon proposes, based to a large extent on the revenue act of 1924, are also worthy of indorsement. This applies to the taxes on passenger automobiles and trucks, on tires, on radios and phonographs, on amusement admissions over ten cents, to the increase in the tobacco tax, to the restoration of the income-tax rates to a maximum of 40 per cent compared with the present maximum of 20 per cent, and to the rebroadening of the base to include lower incomes. The taxes on checks and drafts and on telephone and telegraph messages, however, are extremely undesirable. They would not only be unpopular and objectionable as nuisance taxes, but they would place a needless burden on general business activity. The necessary revenue could be raised from many sources not mentioned by Secretary Mellon. Congress might consider a small federal gasoline tax and taxes on numerous luxuries and semi-luxuries such as domestic jewelry, cosmetics, perfume, chewing gum, and the like. The corporation-income tax, which it is proposed to raise from 12 to only 12½ per cent, could be raised to 15 per cent. Above all, the inheritance tax could be raised very much above the 25 per cent maximum suggested by Secretary Mellon—at least to the income-tax maximum of 40 per cent, with gift taxes to prevent evasion. The 40 per cent rate on inheritances existed in the law of 1924, and European inheritance-tax rates are much higher than this.

These increasing revenues will be worse than ineffective unless accompanied by drastic economies in expenditure. The most obvious place for these is in the army and navy appropriations. But the very fact that our present federal expenditure, wholly apart from the interest and sinking-fund requirements on the war debt, is more than five times what it was before the war, is sufficient *prima facie* evidence of extravagant spending.

Navy or President?

WHO runs this Republic—the navy men or the Executive? We had thought this question settled long ago. The founders of this country, with their deep-seated hatred of the ships and sailors and soldiers of His Majesty King George III, certainly believed that they had decided the issue once and for all. But today it is pretty clear that the navy thinks it directs the government, that it does not recognize the President as the Commander-in-Chief and proposes not only to pay no attention to his wishes and program but openly to defy them. For that is what is now taking place. The annual report of the Secretary of the Navy calmly ignored the President's policy in that it was a well-considered plea for the enlargement of the navy which the President seeks to check. Now Rear Admiral Upham, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, has made a report to the Secretary in which he declares that the new operating plan of the navy, insisted on by President Hoover, "will inevitably result in materially lowered training and efficiency, and in the event of war would be of the gravest consequence"; that it means "the serious impairment of the strength of the navy as an arm of the national defense."

This plainly raises the whole question of who is to run the navy. The President has just given his word to the Congress that the navy has never been in a higher state of efficiency and that this situation will continue. The Rear Admiral's statement is plainly a direct challenge which will further fan the flames of Mr. Hoover's unhappy controversy with the Navy League, which he should have ignored as beneath his contempt. The way out would be prompt action by the man in the White House. If Mr. Hoover had a normal amount of backbone, Rear Admiral Upham would be detached from the Bureau of Navigation—always a hotbed of intrigue—and Secretary Adams's resignation would be reposing in the archives of the Administration. For the simple truth is that, whether he is in this case mistaken or not, the responsibility is Mr. Hoover's under the Constitution, that he has the clear right to demand loyalty of his subordinates and to dismiss them if they cannot give him that loyalty in fullest measure. That an Executive may be overruled by Congress is always possible since that is provided for, but the idea that the President may be overruled at any time by any of our too numerous admirals, or by his Secretary of the Navy, is just a little bit too much.

If this were a sporadic case of insubordination it would be easy to express this opinion and let it go at that. But the publication of Rear Admiral Upham's outburst is but one more incident in a long list. Ten days ago Rear Admiral Moffett also forgot that, under the United States government, policies are formulated not by naval or military officers but by the civilian authorities, and demanded in his capacity of Chief of Aviation "more money, more ships, and more and faster airplanes." Even the Associated Press commented on the "bluntness" with which this admiral penned his demands. This officer, who appears to be in charge of navy propaganda, has been heard from before. It was apparently he who sent out to "Navy Day" speakers instructions to make an unblushing demand for the increased navy to which the President is opposed. Then he became worried and issued fresh

instructions of a milder character. By pure inadvertence—of course!—both sets were given to the press, and from the jingo dailies the big-navy appeals got a lot of the desired publicity.

The Navy Department has a record of its own. Mr. Adams first disobeyed the President by submitting an increased budget instead of the reduced one asked for. The department then released to the press a confidential document to the effect that the President was demanding a \$61,000,000 reduction in the estimates when he was asking a reduction of only \$20,000,000 below the current appropriations. When to this are added the "accidental" release of the false instructions and Rear Admiral Upham's latest attack, it must be perfectly obvious that any vigorous Executive would give Secretary Adams just about twenty-four hours to clean house or start home for Boston.

Well, we hear it asked, should not chiefs of bureaus and Cabinet members have the right to speak out if they believe the country in jeopardy? Not if they are in the military or naval services. Just imagine a battleship commander talking publicly against the policies of Rear Admiral Upham or Secretary Adams. How long would it be before he "hit the beach"? He would be lucky if he escaped court martial. When a man enters the army or navy he deliberately accepts the muzzle; he agrees to subordinate himself and his opinions to the discipline of the service. Why is any rear admiral to be excepted? Why should the department be permeated with insubordination? There was formerly a clause in the Army Regulations reading:

SUBORDINATION TO THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES

§1559. Respect and obedience to the civil authorities of the land is the duty of all citizens, and more particularly of those who are armed in the public service.

In 1881 this was dropped out of the army regulations. It ought to go back into them and into those of the navy. And every bureau chief and rear admiral in the service ought to be compelled to paste it in his cap with this addition: "For it is the American way and the American people desire no other."

Brüning's Last Stand

CHANCELLOR BRÜNING himself inferentially admits that his drastic emergency decree of December 8 represents his final effort to save Germany from economic collapse and possible chaos this winter. The decree gives the government virtually absolute control over the economic life of Germany. It reduces wages in private industry, the salaries of all public officials, the prices of standardized articles, all house rents, and the interest rates on domestic loans, bonds, and mortgages, whether public or private. The decree also provides for the appointment of a price commissioner, who may upon his own initiative fix the prices of all commodities sold anywhere in Germany. One may question the wisdom and practicability of these and other provisions of the emergency order, and one may charge Brüning with having set himself up as dictator of Germany, but one must in any case acknowledge his great courage. Never before has the government of a capitalistic state gone so far toward controlling national economy by a single ges-

ture. But, then, never before in peace times has a capitalistic state been faced with such grave problems as those now confronting Germany. If they are to be solved without injury to the state, immense courage is necessary.

Does Brüning today govern Germany with the consent of the governed? This is a serious question that can neither be readily answered nor lightly dismissed. In his decree of December 8 he incorporated definite measures designed to suppress popular opposition to the course he has chosen. Political meetings and the wearing of political uniforms are prohibited for the time being, persons who criticize public officials may be sent to prison, and the state authorities are clothed with extraordinary power to prevent violence. Brüning has gone to the extreme in overriding personal liberty, curbing free speech, and suppressing freedom of the press. He has promised that if these harsh measures do not suffice, martial law will be declared to protect the government. But the Chancellor must not forget that suppression invariably breeds violence. We admire him for his great courage, and it is possible that the end—stability and economic security—is to be reached by no other means. However, by his action Brüning is openly defying a considerable section of the German population. Adolf Hitler now lays claim to 15,000,000 followers, and the recent astounding election successes of the National Socialists suggest that this is not wholly fanciful. The Communist voters number 6,000,000 and their strength is also growing. Moreover, the opposition to Brüning within the still faithful Social Democratic Party is spreading rapidly. Should Brüning's program fail to accomplish the desired purpose, it is almost certain that that failure will bring an explosive reaction.

Two countries can in generous measure help Chancellor Brüning to prevent an internal collapse in Germany. France can do so by agreeing to a sharp downward revision in reparations, and the United States by agreeing to forego a large part, if not all, of the war debts owed to this country by Europe. But the mania of nationalism still keeps both of these countries blind to what has become an imperative duty, not to Germany, but to themselves. At the meeting of the special reparations committee held at Basel the German expert, Dr. Carl Melchior, presented a comprehensive and alarming statistical picture of Germany's plight. The figures he produced should have been enough to convince the most skeptical that Germany must be granted immediate and adequate relief. But the French delegate, Professor Charles Rist, according to the Associated Press, "declared the German case was invalidated by the very evidence submitted" by Dr. Melchior. The summary, Professor Rist said, "showed the great uncertainty in Germany, and was sufficient justification for the belief that the present was not the time to reevaluate Germany's capacity to pay." To what madness has their nationalism reduced the French! Even more unreasonable is the attitude of our own Congress. Mr. Hoover's suggestion that the war-debts question be reexamined was timid enough, but even this mild suggestion has met with the most obstinate resistance from Congress. Secretary Mellon's frank declaration that the European countries simply cannot pay "failed to break the Congressional resistance." Will anything less than the bankruptcy of Europe, with its inevitably disastrous effect upon this country, convince the Washington patriots that revision of the war debts is a question of economic security for everyone?

Look Up, Not Down!

SOME of Harold Bell Wright's novels have sold as many as 2,000,000 copies each. It is probably fitting, therefore, for young writers to attend to what he has to say about novel-writing. In a recent interview he declared modestly that he knew nothing of literature and was not competent to judge writers; he even added that he employed an assistant to correct his spelling, "because my own schooling is so terrible." But he has his ideas, nevertheless, about how books should be written.

There are some things, said Mr. Wright to begin with, which "should be beneath an artist's notice." "Although I believe I have made some very accurate studies of life I have known some things I would not care to put into any book of mine." "I feel the average reader wants entertainment plus. He wants to feel after reading a book that he has been entertained but has also gotten something out of it, some encouragement or a new outlook on life."

With these unexceptionable sentiments Mr. Wright aligns himself with the Stork-and-Santa-Claus school of fiction, as anyone might have supposed that he would. One might pause to wonder, however, just what sort of literature we might hope to have if his precept and example were generally followed. In the first place, let us take the Bible, that unfailing criterion whenever anything is to be demonstrated. The merest cursory glance at an index to that estimable work reveals the word "lust" and its derivatives listed forty-five times; there are seven "ravishes," eight "adulteries," nineteen "lewd," and the word, with its derivatives, that Mr. Wright would probably write "wh-re" if he wrote it at all is dignified by no fewer than forty-nine mentions. One might also urge on those who incline to Mr. Wright's point of view a careful reading of the stories of Tamar, David and Bathsheba, and Potiphar's wife, to mention no others.

Then there are the Greeks. But at them one gives up in despair. These husband-murdering, mother-marrying, virgin-ravishing creatures would have no place in Mr. Wright's literary paradise. Vergil and the other Latin poets come off no better; Chaucer—but let us pass quickly over Chaucer! Let us not pause too long with Shakespeare either, or Fielding; let us completely forget to list those misguided gentlemen Boccaccio, Rabelais, and Benjamin Franklin. Indeed, it is only when one comes into the safe fold of the nineteenth century that one feels Mr. Wright would be perfectly comfortable, and even there the unfortunate insinuations of "Moby Dick" might come unhappily under his eye. On the whole, one may conclude that it is just as well that Mr. Wright is not intimately acquainted with literature. It would be too strong for him.

His purpose in writing books is uplift; "mountain tops instead of sewers" are his province; he dislikes those writers "who like to stir life with a stick to get the stench out of it." Well, why not? There is a stench in life when it is stirred with a stick and there is an odor of sanctity. On the whole the stench has seemed to remain with us a little longer, but who can tell? We may yet see naughty Shakespeare, or even the lesser moderns who try to see sewers as well as mountain tops, give way to the undeviating, the relentless glare of sweetness and light.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



AS the purveyors of information for the masses might now write their little pieces but as they most assuredly won't.

Abraham Lincoln was the greatest statesman of all times. He said: "You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of

the people all the time." But Abraham Lincoln was wrong. If, like all other politicians, he had not felt obliged to flatter the mob whose votes he needed, he would have spoken as follows: "You can fool some of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, and furthermore if you are clever and unscrupulous enough you can fool all of the people all of the time."

The United States of America maintains a greater number of learned societies and bodies of savants than any other country in this or any other universe. The men who work for these societies are paid their princely salaries to keep our nation well at the head of the great international Procession of Progress. You see even so-called high-brows can at times be quite as useful as street cleaners or automobile mechanics. One of those men, a historian (remember, Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford have written books, too), discovered that during the Middle Ages (when all mankind was steeped in darkness and long before America invented the machines that now make the world so rich and happy) and even in ancient times no country could ever hope to grow larger than just so many thousand square miles. If it grew any larger than just so many thousand square miles, it would disintegrate, which means go to pieces. In short, beyond a certain point it was size which destroyed the work of Caesar and Alexander. But it was not really size that did it in the last analysis. It was the inability to find enough men with first-rate brains to administer so large a territory which eventually doomed their empires to perish from the face of the earth.

The people of those dark and ignorant days seem to have known this. It must have been a bit of divine inspiration, for they were too deeply steeped in ignorance to find out anything for themselves. Nevertheless, they seem to have known this or to have felt it, for they rarely made the mistake of going beyond those limits imposed upon them by the wisdom of the Almighty. And right here, my friends, is where we ourselves have grievously sinned, and that is why the world today is in such a sad, sad plight. That is why millions starve and millions of others shiver in a world that has a plate of beans and an overcoat for everyone.

Do you remember what happened about a hundred years ago? Of course you don't, for we keep you so busy and so contented with trifles and gadgets and silly movies and cheap

shows that you never have any spare time for anything serious, even if you had the brains to understand what the leaders of mankind who have brought you where you are today were talking about. I know, of course, that we have been telling you all this time that you yourselves have done everything that was ever done, that you built the pyramids and carved the statues of Praxiteles and painted the pictures of Michelangelo and wrote the symphonies of Beethoven; but all that was mere poppycock. We discovered that it paid us to tell you that sort of thing and we write what pays. But today we are going to be honest with you. You are the zeros which amount to absolutely nothing until we place a definite figure at the head of them. Like this—000,000,000. Add a mere 1 or a 2 and you get 1,000,000,000 or 2,000,000,000 and that amounts to something, while 000,000,000 alone amounts to nothing but a little waste space.

A hundred years or so ago the pioneers of the mind suddenly forged ahead and gave us our inanimate slaves, those multiplied tools which we call machinery. Those machines were gathered together in large buildings which we called factories. Those factories set to work, and around them grew an entirely new economic and social order, the so-called Industrial Era.

But we had apparently forgotten that in order to make a success of this new system of things, which was a million times larger than the old order of our ignorant ancestors, we should also need a million times more brains. Now, if we were to tell you the truth, we should have to confess that the proportion of brains in the community in the year 1931 was no larger than it had been in the year 131 or even 131 B.C. And so everything was bound to go wrong because there was a lack of brains—there just simply were not brains enough to go around and the world began to resemble the Grand Central Station with a hundred thousand passengers and only two ticket sellers and perhaps three porters. Of course things had to go wrong and they did go wrong, and now you are standing in the bread line, and if we had warned you in time all that perhaps would not have been necessary.

The world is too complicated for you. You will never be able to catch up with it. The longer we try to hide the fact from you that our present system is doomed because we have not got enough brains for the key positions, the harder it will be for you in the end. But the harder it also will be for ourselves, for we make a living fooling you by our flattery and adulation. And so we shall go on flattering you and fooling you for many more years to come or as long as the present bargains in real estate continue.

Queen Marie Antoinette based her actions on the Bourbon philosophy of life that found expression in Mme de Pompadour's famous phrase, "Après nous le déluge." She was a wise woman but not quite wise enough, for the deluge caught her in her beautiful neck before she could quite get away. You think that may happen to us too. Well, just watch us.

If I Were Dictator*

By GLENN FRANK

I WANT to part company with most of my colleagues in this series by confining my discussion to one problem, alluring as the temptation is to write a kind of table of contents to one's thinking about the whole round of political, social, economic, and educational dilemmas that harass our time. The single issue I shall discuss is the manifest crisis confronting Western capitalism. I want, first, to state the problem, and, second, to state with the utmost brevity the manner in which I think I would approach its solution.

I do not want to join the oversimplifiers, and bring a false clarity to a situation that is admittedly complex. The cause of the depression that has swept the whole Western world cannot be captured in a phrase or its cure distilled in an epigram. It is not a simple sickness that has fallen upon us, and it will not yield to any simple and single remedy. A lush variety of causes lies at the root of the economic crisis of the United States. Political unrest the world around. Mounting armaments. Speculative mania. Abortive governmental attempts to stabilize certain commodity prices. The fall in the price of silver. Provincialism of policy in the fields of foreign trade, tariffs, and the exploitation of the world supply of natural resources. The direct impact of war-debt payments upon Europe and the indirect impact upon the United States. The gravitation of an undue amount of the world supply of gold into French and American hands. And so on to the end of a list I need not rehearse. Even a casual diagnosis of the confusion and arrest that have fallen upon Western affairs compels us to consider all of these factors in addition to the obvious issues of wages, hours, prices, technology, and management, as well as the deeper human factors of security, leisure, and self-respect for the toiling millions.

To all these issues, and more, we must bring a clear-headed and courageous statesmanship before we can expect the Banquo's ghost of depression to absent itself permanently from the economic table or even to schedule its appearances at more decently long intervals. I do not, let me repeat, want to join the oversimplifiers. But in any situation, however complex, there may be one factor more fundamental than the rest, so fundamental, indeed, that the presence of all other factors cannot compensate for its absence. Is there any single factor thus fundamental to the economic recovery of the United States in particular, and of the Western world in general? I think there is. A long series of causes lay back of this economic relapse, but one thing seems to me sun-clear: the leadership that has determined our policies for using goods and distributing wealth has proved inferior to the leadership that has developed our processes for making goods and producing wealth. The production of goods has halted because the distribution of goods has halted. And the halt in the distribution of goods is due to a fault in the distribution of wealth. The depression through which the United States is passing is, in essence,

an indictment, not of the machine order, but of the economic order. The machine order is ready to produce goods. The economic order is not ready to produce customers.

Our machine economy is today sinking us in a sea of surplus production, or surplus productive capacity, that could, were we statesman-like enough, be used to our advantage and to the good of the world at large. I speak of surplus production with some reluctance, for it is, in my judgment, a false surplus that is today choking the economic West. It would mark a definite gain in economic realism if we should reserve the term surplus production for goods not really needed, instead of using it, as we do, for goods that are simply difficult to sell at the moment. In the light of the social function of industry, business leadership has no right to regard as a surplus the goods for which an authentic human need obviously exists. Unmovable goods, unless they are at the same time unneeded goods, are not a sign that business leadership has been too zealous in producing goods, but a sign that it has not been zealous enough in building buying power among the masses.

I cannot concur with the observers who contend that we have been producing too much. There are 123,000,000 of us in the United States. As late as 1928, a year of prosperity, 8,000,000 Americans were living below the poverty line, and some 12,000,000 Americans living at a bare subsistence level. And today millions of our population have far from satisfied the legitimate demands of a healthy and civilized folk. There is a whole world outside our frontiers in which millions upon millions of men and women and children, outside the ranks of the dire poor, are living far below the consumption level that we have known and that health and civilized values dictate. To say that we are now or shall be for a long stretch of decades to come at the point where humanity is surfeited with goods and services it does not need for better living is, to me, too incredible to consider seriously.

Setting aside for the time other less fundamental factors in the rise and fall of prosperity, there are two ways to deal with this disturbed balance between production and consumption: (1) we can slow down production by deliberate policy, or (2) we can speed up consumption by deliberate policy. I shall not disguise my conviction that to throw the brakes on our productive capacity as a policy for the future, before we have fully explored the possibility of building a buying power adequate to absorb, to sound social advantage, our potential output of consumer goods, would be a coward's policy and a social retreat.

I am not at all interested in a shallow and sinister doctrine of consumptionism that would make it possible for the millions to buy prodigally only that business might grow bigger and the nation be swept into a kind of St. Vitus dance of industrial activity. An intelligent people will never trump up business just for the sake of doing business. I am concerned, however, that we shall not, in panic fear, take counsel of our timidity and under the magic of the new gospel of national planning rush pell-mell into a restriction

* The fifth of a series of articles on this subject. Others will follow in early issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

of production, thus allowing to lie even partially unused the matchless instrument of social emancipation which our genius has forged in the machine economy. Restriction of production is the line of least resistance. It has its appeal in a phase of sluggish inventory. It is implicit in much of the current agitation for national planning. It occupies the councils of most of our great trade associations. But until legitimate human need is served and saturated, a wholesale restriction of production is a confession that our capacity for economic statesmanship has gone bankrupt. What will be the judgment of future generations upon our genius if, after succeeding in elaborating a machine economy capable of putting an end to drudgery and poverty and insecurity, we say: "Now that we have sharpened this tool, we must dull its edge; now that we have perfected this swift efficiency, we must throw on the brakes"?

After the war some of the more farsighted leaders of American business and industry saw that a point had been reached in the evolution of our machine economy at which they must concern themselves with the purchasing capacity of the masses as well as with the producing capacity of their manufacturing plants. They adopted, in consequence, a new credo in which they asserted that stable prosperity and healthy industrial development require high wages, short hours, and low prices. This ran contrary to the business thinking of earlier days when business leadership generally thought that low wages, long hours, and high prices made for maximum profit. But outstanding industries throughout the United States proved by their balance sheets that high wages, short hours, and low prices were not only good for the masses but good for the manufacturers as well. The simple fact is that a machine economy must, along with the making of commodities, see to it that the consuming millions have money with which to buy and leisure in which to enjoy the products the machine economy creates in increasing volume and with increasing rapidity. Unless we can bring millions upon millions of men and women into position to buy the lavish output of Western industrialism, even our existing investment in its marvelous productive facilities will become, in large part, a permanently frozen asset.

When the market collapse and economic retardation befell the United States, it was basically at the place toward which the dreams of prophets and seers have pointed through the centuries. As we reread the literature of Utopian thought and list the things that the social seers have, with striking unanimity, set down as elementary requirements of an ideal society, we find that the United States was in position to provide them all in the closing months of 1929. Its technical genius had invented machines enough to free its people from drudgery. Its organizational genius had achieved a manufacturing efficiency that made possible the production of everything its people needed without their slaving from dawn to dusk. Leisure in which its people might laugh and love and adventure among things of the mind and spirit was within the nation's grasp. It was at such a moment that the United States found the shadow of a serious economic depression falling athwart its life. If some sinister spirit had been seeking to brew an exquisite irony, this turn of fortune could not have been timed with more devilish aptness. The machine economy has brought us to the threshold of a social millennium, but we have lacked the wit to unlock the door. And my contention is that, instead of planning to adjust ourselves

to the half-hearted and insecure existence that marks the current economic order, with its alternate swings between panic and plenty, we should be searching for the key that will unlock the door into this social millennium of prosperity, leisure, and security which science and the machine have made possible. I think we know what the key is. The only question is whether we shall have the courage and statesmanship to use it. The key is a wider annual distribution of the national income.

The radical agitator has long pleaded for a wider distribution of wealth on the ground of social justice. In the past this plea has been regarded by many as a peril to the capitalistic industrialism of the West. Today, however, events are proving that a wider distribution of wealth is essential to the solvency and success of capitalistic industrialism itself, on the simple ground that it is self-defeating for industrialism to get itself in a position to produce vast quantities of goods unless at the same time it sees to it that there are vast masses of consumers ready with money to buy, and leisure in which to enjoy, the goods that the high-powered industrial machine produces. A too great concentration of wealth means money in the hands of those who will invest it in producer goods. A wide distribution of wealth means money in the hands of those who will invest it in consumer goods. And it is the absence of an adequate and dependable market for consumer goods that is stalling the economic machine of the West. It has thus come about that the capitalist has an even greater stake than the proletarian in the widest feasible distribution of the nation's annual income, not in the superficial sense of dividing up by decree existing wealth, but in the statesman-like sense of so balancing the factors of wages, hours, prices, profits, and so on that, in the very process of producing wealth, industry will be making its market while it is making its goods.

There is, in my judgment, no dodging the conclusion that the stability and success of the machine economy will ultimately depend upon higher wages than we have yet paid, shorter hours than we have yet set, and lower prices than we have yet fixed. I am not naive enough to assume that the imposition of higher wages, shorter hours, and lower prices upon all industries by legislation would suddenly produce a stable and prosperous economic life. It would, on the contrary, probably drive industry after industry into quick bankruptcy. High wages, short hours, and low prices must come as the triple fruit of a farsighted and statesman-like application of the principles of mass production and mass distribution to every phase of industry to which these two principles of economic modernism are logically applicable.

Business and industrial America is, as I write, in a phase of wage-cutting. I do not suggest that wages should not at any time be readjusted in the light of other factors in the economic scene. The merely formal maintenance of a wage scale may be meaningless. A wage scale may be rigidly maintained while other factors in the economic process shrink or swell the purchasing power of the worker's dollar. Overtime or part time may double or halve the worker's actual income. I do not suggest that a reduction of a formal wage scale is always and inevitably a social backsliding. To say that would be the economics of infantilism. But we must not, in the rush of readjustment, fall into the easy error of assuming that wages are simply a charge on industry, and that every dollar subtracted from wages by reduc-

ing the scale of payment or lengthening the hours of labor means a dollar added to profits, for the contrary may be true. The working millions are not only industry's servants but industry's customers as well. Unless other factors exist as an offset, if industry puts 25 per cent less into the pockets of labor through reduced wages, industry must expect at least 25 per cent less to come out of the pockets of labor in the form of purchases of the goods industry produces. We cannot eat our cake and have it! I am not arguing against an intelligent balancing of all the factors in the industrial process. I am arguing only against the ancient fallacy that industry can grind labor and gain by it. What industry pays in wages is an investment in industry's market just as definitely as what industry pays for advertising is an investment in industry's market.

Three possible roads of economic destiny stretch before us, each having as its goal a wider distribution of wealth: (1) the road along which economic leadership may seek to effect a wider distribution of national income by the way it administers wages, hours, prices, profits, and the other factors of business and industry; (2) the road along which political leadership, in the event that economic leadership goes renegade to its responsibility, may seek to effect a wider distribution of the national income by taxing incomes and inheritances more and more drastically; and (3) the road along which social leadership, in the event that both economic and political leadership fail or refuse to effect a wider distribution of the national income, will seek to effect a revolutionary overturn. I hope America may travel the first road promptly. I think it is a better road than the second. I hope America may never have to travel the third road. It lies entirely with politico-economic leadership to say whether or not the road of revolution shall ever be taken. There is no reason why America should resort either to political radicalism or social revolution, for the wider distribution of the national income, which is the major key to economic recovery, is a policy of enlightened self-interest for industry. We need neither a Stalin nor a Mussolini if enough of our *big-business* men are really *big* business men, and if they will think socially and act nationally respecting this central problem of the wider distribution of buying power, which, while imperative in the interest of social justice and social stability, is at the same time both the best insurance policy for capitalism and the best business policy for capitalists.

With these beliefs at the center of my socio-economic outlook, if I were dictator I should approach the problem of economic recovery and stabilization from two angles. If the first approach succeeded, I should not need to resort to the second.

First, I should decree the creation of an integrated national organization in each distinctive field of economic enterprise, with the elaboration of the machinery and methods of responsible self-government as the goal of these organizations. I should undertake by persuasion, with appropriate threats lurking in the background of my appeal, to lodge the leadership of these national organizations of economic enterprise in the hands of the few really farsighted and statesman-like business leaders existing in the respective fields. I should notify the leaders of these functional associations that, in the name of the nation and in the interest of its future, I was committing to them the problem of organizing in their respective fields, on a mass-production and

mass-distribution basis, every phase of enterprise to which these principles were logically applicable and economically feasible, to the end that as much as possible of the nation's economic life might be on the basis that makes high wages, short hours, low prices, and large total profits a practical business possibility. I should emphasize the fact that mass production and mass distribution are not simply large-scale industry, which may, despite its scale, be inefficient and anti-social. I should remind these leaders that the private profit and social advantage that mass production and mass distribution make possible depend upon very great business statesmanship. I should tell them that the nation expected them to see to it that each functional field of enterprise was organized in a manner that would put the planning and managerial genius of the whole field at the service of the whole field. I should try to get them to see that it is to the benefit of every industrial enterprise in a given field that the whole field be ably organized and ably managed. I should, for a time, leave it to these leaders to figure out what such a commission would, when carried out, involve in the way of a recasting of our traditional notions of individualism. And I should serve notice that the dictatorship would not tolerate any wholesale attempt upon the part of these national organizations to go in for a restriction-of-production policy until an adequate expansion-of-consumption policy had been elaborated and put into operation. I generalize roughly here. I do not mean that production should be reckless and unplanned in total disregard of available markets. I mean only that I should definitely block any attempt to settle down to satisfaction with getting less than the full social advantage out of our machine economy.

Second, if this approach did not bring a prompt and hopeful response, after I had guaranteed the leadership of economic America against undue governmental interference with a business and industrial system that could guarantee the nation against social loss by effecting its own socially sound and economically efficient self-government, I should tackle the problem of providing the machine economy with an adequate market by the following method. I should call a congress of the leaders of the nation's great businesses and great industries and say to them: "I am imposing upon the income of you and your enterprises an unprecedentedly high tax. I shall not insult your intelligence by trying to prove to you that the government needs all the money this tax will produce. It does not. At least, it does not for meeting the normal expenditures that a government must make. Save in times of grave unemployment crises, my colleagues and I would have difficulty in finding wise ways to spend the money this tax will presumably produce. I hope that you will do your best to prevent my government from getting more from this tax than an intelligently economical governmental program needs. I hope you will deliberately trick the government out of a large part of this tax by rapidly shifting the organization of your enterprise to a thoroughly modernized basis that will permit your distributing larger and larger amounts through higher wages, shorter hours, and lower prices. In short, this is not a tax for needed revenue, but a club to enforce farsighted business policy."

If the business leaders took my hint, they would discover, I think, that their attempt to cheat the government had resulted not in reducing their income but in increasing their income; for high wages, short hours, and low prices

—granted, of course, that they had reorganized their businesses so that these were economically feasible—would mean that the masses would have money with which to buy and leisure in which to enjoy an unprecedented amount of goods and services. Business would boom, and although the profit per article would be low, the total profit would be great. And then, with the lesson learned, I should reduce the tax as drastically as I had raised it.

Something like this happened some years ago when vast

sums were poured into advertising as an alternative to having these sums taken by government in excess-profits taxes. The excess then went into larger advertising appropriations rather than into larger wages. But there has been in the meantime so much education of the business mind on the "good business" of high wages, when they are economically possible, that the next time we might expect to see wages share with advertising in absorbing money that would otherwise be absorbed by taxes.

Rubber Money and Iron Debts

By HENRY HAZLITT

THERE is a school of economists which holds that all business cycles are caused by changes in the price level—that it is rising prices which bring prosperity and falling prices which bring depression. If these economists are right, and if the business cycle is the unmitigated evil that most of them regard it as being, then the task to which all economists and statesmen ought to address themselves is that of keeping prices stable. To keep prices constantly rising would be as undesirable as it would be impossible. Such a plan would keep industry humming and profits soaring, but those profits would be mainly at the expense of labor, whose wages would rise more slowly than wholesale prices, and also at the expense of the creditor class. (There is a popular misconception of this term which leads to a great deal of confused thought. When it is said that inflation helps the "debtor class" at the expense of the "creditor class," many persons assume that this is equivalent to saying that it helps the poor at the expense of the rich. But "creditors" include all savings-bank depositors, holders of life-insurance policies, and so on, and "debtors" include all the great corporations with bond issues outstanding. The great stockholder is usually, in this sense, a great "debtor," and as such, stands to gain from inflation.) The history of Germany in the six years following the war is a sufficient example of the effects of the constantly rising price level.

The effect of a falling price level is, of course, much worse. By reducing or wiping out profits, it compels manufacturers to reduce output or shut down entirely and throw men out of work. When the general price decline is relatively small, and is accompanied by increasing industrial efficiency, it may benefit both the laborer and the creditor, as did the decline from 1925 to 1929, for example. But when the fall becomes violent, as it has in the last two years, a large part of the creditor class also suffers heavy losses through interest and principal defaults and receiverships.

All these evils could be done away with, in the opinion of many economists, if commodity prices could be kept at a single unvarying average level. The method most frequently suggested for achieving this is through some change, manipulation, or "management" of money. The schemes of this nature are innumerable, and in recent months magazine editors have been flooded with them. Most of them inescapably suggest the ingenious inventions with which the cartoonist Goldberg used to beguile us, in which, the object being, say, to kill potato bugs, Mr. Goldberg would design a marvelously intricate series of levers, pulleys, falling

weights, water-spouts, caged squirrels, and so on, and proceed to show how, through a process of causation partly mechanical and partly psychological, either a hammer would finally land on the bug, or it would die of fright. Apart from the more fantastic of these currency schemes, or outright inflationary projects which involve the manufacture of various forms of fiat money, those that have succeeded in commanding the most attention fall into three main groups: (1) bimetallism; (2) plans for stabilizing prices through control of bank rates and volume of credit; and (3) plans for controlling prices by varying the amount of gold in the dollar.

Bimetallism need not detain us long. Most of the present propaganda for it comes directly from the silver interests or from Senators from the silver-producing States. That it would raise the price of silver—particularly if the absurd legal ratio to gold that is usually proposed were actually accepted—is certain. Its other benefits are not clear. A bimetallic standard tends in practice to become an alternating single standard, depending upon the relative market values of gold and silver as compared with their legal-ratio values. If the silver interests could get silver overvalued in the ratio as compared with gold—which is, of course, their whole aim—then gold would be driven out of currency or reserve use by the operation of "Gresham's law"; and if silver were sufficiently overvalued in the ratio, we might very shortly find ourselves on a plain silver standard. We should also, in that event, find ourselves on a higher price level as a result of the debasement of the standard; but this end, if it were desirable, could be achieved in a more direct, dependable, and much less costly fashion by reducing the gold content of the present gold dollar.

It is much more frequently suggested that the price level could be stabilized through control of central bank rates and the volume of credit. Maynard Keynes's recent "managed-currency" proposals in the main suggest these means. There is of course an intimate relationship between bank rates, volume of credit, and price levels; but there is by no means a simple or a directly proportional relationship. It is possible for those in control of central banks to reduce the volume of credit by raising discount rates high enough, though it is impossible for them to know beforehand just *how much* effect a given advance in the discount rate will have on the volume of credit. And even this measure of control does not work the other way. In times of depression the discount rate may be lowered to next to nothing without increasing the volume of credit, as the recent experience of

the Federal Reserve banks amply testifies. Finally, even if the bank rate could directly control the volume of credit, or if other means could be found, there is no direct proportional relationship between the volume of credit and the general price level. The cause-effect relation, moreover, is practically the reverse of what these credit-volume proposals assume. It is not the volume of credit which determines the general price level, but the price level which, together with the activity of business and speculation, determines the volume of credit.

Of all the plans for stabilizing the price level, that of the "compensated dollar," of which Irving Fisher has been the leading exponent, has the advantage of being the most direct. If we disregard for the moment its secondary effects, there can be little doubt that it would achieve what it directly set out to achieve. That plan, in essence, is very simple. It is that we abandon the present gold standard based on a dollar of a "fixed weight and fineness of gold," and substitute for it a paper dollar, still redeemable on demand in gold, but redeemable in a varying quantity of gold, depending on the course of commodity prices. As prices rose, the weight of the dollar would be increased to pull them down; as they fell, the weight of the dollar would be lightened to push them up again. The changes in the gold content of the dollar would be based on an index number of commodity prices, and would be announced, say, once a month.

It can be said in favor of this plan that as long as it could be kept in operation it would actually prevent all but negligible changes in the general price level. But the drawbacks would greatly outweigh the possible advantage of the plan, particularly if any one country attempted to apply it acting alone. If the values of other commodities as compared with gold soared to more than twice their former levels, the country applying this plan would have to pay out more than twice as much gold in redemption of notes as otherwise. Only a very strong country would be able to command this increased supply of gold. If prices fell precipitously in a crisis, foreign bankers and speculators, anticipating a reduced amount of gold for their credits in that country, would drain gold out of the country at such a rate that it would soon be compelled to abandon gold redeemability altogether. Some of the greatest difficulties and dangers of the plan could be avoided if it were adopted not by one country acting alone but by international agreement among all the leading gold-basis countries of the world. Such international agreement would, however, be enormously difficult to obtain; and it would face the initial difficulty that a single index number of world prices would not correctly represent the movement of prices in any one country, while different index numbers for different countries would complicate the foreign-exchange problems worse than ever. Even a world-wide adoption of the plan, moreover, would not prevent speculators everywhere from trading in gold, with relative assurance and safety, against governments—turning in gold for currency when they anticipated a rise in commodity prices and currency for gold when they anticipated a fall.

We are compelled, in brief, to dismiss as impracticable all existing plans for stabilizing prices directly by the manipulation of gold, silver, currency, or credit. There is a further objection to these plans besides their immediate impracticability. Substantially every one of them rests on the false

assumption that all depressions are caused by changes in the general price level. They fail to consider the causes that have led to the fall of prices itself. Doubtless many long-run price movements—that is, tendencies extending over more than a decade—are the result of changes in the supply of gold itself; but most price changes—and this applies particularly to those of the last few years—are the result of changes in the supply of and demand for goods. Moreover, an attempt to deal with all crises simply by the manipulation of currency or credit would be not unlike the attempt of the chiropractor to cure every disease by thumping the spine: it may not only be harmful in itself, but by ignoring the real causes of the trouble it allows those causes to continue to operate. Nor, again, is it desirable under all conditions to keep the average level of commodity prices "pegged" at any one point. If new inventions, new chemical processes, or more efficient industrial methods make certain basic commodities or widely used articles cheaper to produce, the public should have the advantage of that cheapness directly. It should not, because of any fetish made out of the stability of the general *average* of prices, be compelled to pay *more* for *other* commodities, as it would be if the "compensated-dollar" plan were put into effect.

This consideration brings up immediately the real problem that we face today. It is not the change in the *general* level of prices that causes industrial deadlock and stagnation; it is changes in the *relations* of *particular* prices, or of *particular classes* of prices. The violent fall in the prices of farm products and raw materials, unaccompanied by any corresponding fall in prices of finished goods, or in indebtedness, interest, wages, rents, and other production costs, brought about a situation in which raw-material producers as a whole, and the labor dependent on them, were no longer able to buy finished goods; so that the relatively high price of the finished goods brought little advantage to those who had them to sell. This situation still exists. We can epitomize one angle of it by comparing the decline in Bradstreet's index number of wholesale commodity prices between December 1, 1929, and December 1, this year, which amounted to more than 35 per cent, with the decline in the "cost of living," as shown by the figures of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, which amounted between December 1, 1929, and June 1 of this year to only 12 per cent.

The situation in which this decline and deadlock have left us is illustrated in one of its aspects most forcibly by the railroads. Traffic has declined to a point where very few railroads are able to continue their former dividends on their stock, where a very large number are not earning their bond interest, and where a substantial number are not even earning their operating expenses. Under these circumstances the railroad executives contend that the roads cannot be saved unless railway labor takes a 10 per cent cut in wages. The executives point out that as the cost of living, as shown by the Labor Bureau's figures, declined 12 per cent between December, 1929, and June, 1931, and will doubtless show a further decline when the December figure is published, such a reduction would still leave railway labor better off than it was at the peak of prosperity.

Railway labor, however, can hardly be blamed if it does not immediately see the justice of this proposal. No doubt, if a wage that varied with the cost of living were generally in effect in industry at the present time, it would make the

transition to a new price level enormously smoother, less wasteful, and less painful. But labor, after fighting so stubbornly and against such resistance for its increases, would be justifiably suspicious of enthusiasm for such a wage system among employers at the present time, when the prospect is almost certainly for a further decline in living costs. Moreover, it is not easy for the worker to look upon his wages as the purchasing power for a certain standard of living; he looks upon them directly, as dollars, as if they had a fixed value in themselves. Forty-five dollars a week is forty-five dollars a week, whether it purchases more or less. It is wages based on a cost-of-living index number that would seem to him uncertain and fluctuating. Nor is this view entirely unreasonable. Such a wage might vary from month to month, whereas a fixed item of expense, like the worker's rent, for example, might vary only from year to year. Further, a cost-of-living index which reflected average changes for the entire country might not correctly reflect them for the particular city in which the worker lived. The average cost of living in the country as a whole, for example, increased 50.3 per cent between 1913 and June, 1931, but the increase in New York City was 57.1 per cent. The possible discrepancies become more striking if we take a single item, like rent. In Los Angeles, rents in December, 1923, had increased 100.9 per cent over those in December, 1914; from that point they broke violently, and in June of this year were only 31.3 per cent above those of 1914. But rents in New York, which in December, 1923, had increased only 62.4 per cent above those of 1914, were still 61.5 per cent above in June of this year.

A still further reason why the cost-of-living argument is not likely to appeal to the worker asked to take a cut in wages is that the same medicine has not been suggested for the bondholder. When railway labor was recently asked by the executives to accept a voluntary reduction, the union leaders remarked that they saw no reason why the worker should be asked to turn 10 per cent of his wage over to the

bondholder. This argument, of course, is not quite just as applied to the bondholder who has held his securities since 1914, for he is still receiving no more in dollars than he was then, whereas train- and engine-service labor on Class I railroads has been receiving about double what it did in 1914. But the argument is certainly relevant against the bondholder who got his bonds within the last decade. He stands to gain from the decline in prices, while the railroad worker is being asked to "protect" him.

Regardless of considerations of "justice," the purely economic argument against the fixed bond is a very powerful one. The burden of fixed debts upon nations, industries, homes, and farms offers perhaps the greatest single problem presented by the present crisis. If Congress were to pass an act declaring that the interest and principal of bonds and mortgages were to be scaled down in the same ratio as commodity prices since 1929, the act would be denounced everywhere as an attack upon the rights of property and the sacredness of contract, and it would of course be condemned by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. The way we are actually taking and will probably continue to take will be that of default, receivership, wrangling among different classes of creditors, and endless litigation. Perhaps industry will learn in future to issue fewer bonds, to substitute either preferred stocks or at least debenture bonds on which interest does not have to be paid unless it is earned. Perhaps we may even be able to develop a "compensated" bond to take care of changes in price levels.

The problem is an enormously difficult and complex one; but if no obvious answer presents itself, it is no longer possible to ignore it or to treat it as if it were merely academic. Capitalism must learn either how to stabilize itself or how to adjust itself; its price structure must become either firm or genuinely flexible. If it cannot provide a smooth road, it must at least provide reasonably satisfactory shock absorbers. Only by more drastic reforms than it has hitherto been willing to make will it find itself able to survive.

"Home" and the Housing Experts

By ARTHUR EVANS WOOD

IN characteristic fashion President Hoover recently summoned housing experts from all over the country to Washington for a four-day Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership. No fewer than thirty-two committees had been at work for nearly a year gathering data on all aspects of the housing question. They represented all the multifarious interests of modern housing enterprise, from realtors to makers of air-conditioning apparatus. One of the Washington newspapers announced in headlines, "Hot-Air Experts Convene"; but the text of the article indicated that it had reference to furnace men! As a whole, the conference seemed to release a spirit of protest that had been gathering for decades over the abominable conditions of housing and home building in the United States. The President himself in the opening address at the first evening meeting set the tempo of the conference—that "Home, Sweet Home" was not written over rent receipts. If this remark appeared to some of his audience to verge on sentimentality,

it may be said that the question of home building and home ownership is traditionally and irretrievably immersed in sentiment for millions of persons who have sought and still seek desirable dwelling places.

However, it is quite otherwise with those whose business it has been to provide homes for the people. This major job has been in large part a racket, in which realtors, builders, supply dealers, and numerous others in the building game have been engaged. They have exploited the needs of the people, either through herding them in multiple dwellings without regard for the requirements of the family in the matter of light, air, privacy, and space, or by loading the masses with small single homes at prices which they could not afford to pay. Of course, the building industry has entirely missed the lower income groups, who are forced to cultivate their civic ideals in the rookeries and dilapidated dwellings of our slums or in the shacks and garage dwellings on the outskirts of cities. During the conference it was

pointed out that, whereas in most fields of manufacture production costs and prices within the last decade have notably declined, in housing this has not been so. Good small dwellings for the lower income groups are still as scarce as hen's teeth, while automobiles, radios, washing machines, and vacuum cleaners have all been brought within the range of democratic consumption. The admission of this by the speakers at the conference was a sort of wholesome confession that was good for the soul of the nation, a necessary prelude to something better.

Lest one be accused of "scandalizing the name" of our stalwart entrepreneurs in this field, it should be said that their failure to meet social needs may be attributed to a number of factors, most of which lie beyond the power of the individual private builder to control. Rather, this failure goes back to faulty land control, to lack of zoning, to difficulties of financing, to outworn codes, to the refusal to adopt methods of mass production and of large-scale operation. Fundamental also is our neglect of the art of community planning and building. Whatever values "rugged individualism" may have for President Hoover as a general economic philosophy, even he would have difficulty in justifying it in the light of what has befallen us in the vitally essential processes of housing and community development. The spirit of the conference was for a right-about-face with respect to this principle, some of the constituent committees not balking at government subventions to housing, if such be necessary for doing the wholesale job that confronts us.

As we have indicated, no fewer than thirty-two committees functioned under a general planning committee of the conference of which Secretaries Lamont and Wilbur were cochairmen, and Dr. John M. Grier the executive secretary. To the latter, and to the chairman of the various subcommittees, must be given a good share of the credit for the large measure of success attained by the conference. At least twenty-six of the committees published for circulation more or less voluminous, tentative reports of their findings. Besides, most of the committees had prepared mimeographed appendixes which contain a mine of valuable research material in their respective fields. The publication of this material alone would have justified the conference. Thoroughgoing inquiry is a necessary prelude to social achievement. On the other hand, it is quite possible for a body of distinguished citizens to march in serried ranks right up to a mountain of accumulated facts regarding a problem, and then to wheel around and go home, leaving the facts out to freeze. It is to be hoped that the rich data of the conference will have a different fate.

In a brief summary of the conference one can call attention to only a few of its outstanding concerns and conclusions, as set forth in the reports of the committees. For example, the Types of Dwellings Committee had the problem of drawing up acceptable definitions of the various types of modern domicile and of discussing the respective social values of each type. The opinion of the committee tended to favor the one-family house for family groups of parents and children, though it was recognized that other groups, not so constituted, find the apartment a convenience in modern urban living, where the traditional home would be a burden. Problems relating to types of dwelling were also considered by the committees on Design, Construction, and Remodeling, and by the correlating Committee on Standards and Objectives.

The report of this last committee is in the nature of a source manual for the desiderata in home construction and furnishing. Its counsels of perfection are most impressive, even though a bit didactic. For example, I read with some discomfiture that "there should always be harmony between the room and those using it," as if one were to blame for one's last year's Christmas neckties, which may be only on armistice terms with the household decorations!

Another very important series of committees were those on City Planning and Zoning, Blighted Areas and Slums, Industrial Decentralization, and Large-Scale Operations. The reports and meetings of these committees envisage the possibilities of slum clearance and of rebuilding on an extensive scale. Especially the Committee on Large-Scale Operations attacked its problem fearlessly, demonstrating the urgent need in the immediate future of engaging in extensive construction of good inexpensive housing on a mass-production basis, under nation-wide coordinated auspices with respect to both materials and finance. Such enterprises, it was urged, should be undertaken both in slum areas and on cheap rural land, but preferably in the latter regions. It was this committee which went on record in favor of government subventions to such projects, in case private capital could not be secured in sufficient amounts. The Committee on Blighted Areas and Slums was of the same opinion. The rehabilitation of slum areas was faced as an economic necessity for restoring taxable values to urban areas which in their present state are an economic and social burden to the community. So far as the dislodged slum population is concerned, it was suggested that if they were unable to pay the higher rentals of the new dwellings built on the cleared areas, they probably would find better accommodations than they have hitherto known in the vacated houses of those who move to the new dwellings. Always in the background of conference discussions, the extreme-poverty group, for whom new housing cannot be economically provided, lurked as a disturbing imponderable element. Outside Vienna perhaps, no successful attempt has been made on behalf of this group, and the final chapters of the experiment in that city remain still to be written.

Another group of committees wrestled with fundamental problems of Taxation, Finance, and Income and the Home. After calling attention to the present excessive tax burdens upon real estate, the Committee on Taxation was inclined to seek remedial measures through a better administration of the tax laws, and through a reduction of the expenses of government. On the other hand, this committee viewed tax-exemption measures cautiously, if not critically. The Committee on Finance scored the abuses connected with second mortgages and apartment-house financing. Constructively it urged a stronger organization of second-mortgage agencies, suggesting the desirability of a joint handling of first and second mortgages, such as would allow a single payment to carry both obligations.

Perhaps the most hopeful aspect of the whole matter lies in the organization of a continuing Research Committee that will gather additional data and be the initiating agent for further organization and concerted action on the basis of the accumulated facts. The ultimate test of the value of such a meeting of minds on this great national problem will lie in the results that are achieved. For these we shall have to watch and wait.

Disarmament and Depression

By ALANSON B. HOUGHTON

[Representing forty American peace organizations, the former Ambassador to Germany and to Great Britain attended the Paris meeting of international societies working for the success of the forthcoming disarmament conference. When the attack by French militarists of the right broke up the final session, Mr. Houghton was unable to deliver the address he had crossed the Atlantic to present. It is printed here in full.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Trocadero Palace, Paris, November 27

TONIGHT I bring you greetings from millions of American men and women who, in one form of organization or another, have banded together to promote the peaceful settlement of international disputes. They are under no illusion as to the difficulty of the task. But at least they recognize its necessity. And in whatever other respects they may differ, they are united in the belief that until armaments can be brought under control, not by mere limitation, but by reduction to a level where they no longer threaten the peace and security of others, progress toward a more orderly and stable world will be largely impossible. Armaments block the way. Unless their steady increase can be reversed, it is a mere question of time when those armaments will assume control and, partly because of their cost, partly because of their power, will themselves become a direct incitement to war. Those for whom I am speaking believe that danger should now be actively combated. They are eager to associate themselves with the peace-loving men and women of all countries in a common effort for effective reduction. They have asked me to deliver that message to you.

The problem of disarmament has many angles of approach. Tonight I want to speak of but one. I want you to think for a moment of armaments in their relation to the industrial depression which, impartially, among all the peoples, is causing so much privation and distress and social discontent. Economic stability, it seems to me, is an end to be sought no less than political security. At the moment, indeed, it may be even more important.

I begin with the war because the depression begins there. What we have all been slow to realize, I think, is the material damage wrought by that titanic conflict. We have thought of it as like all other wars, greater in extent, no doubt, more severe in its results, but, after all, essentially the same—an episode, dreadful in itself, but without lasting effects. And it was not. We forgot that that war was waged, not by armies, but by whole peoples. We forgot that it was waged in a new kind of world—a world in which the nations were no longer self-contained and self-supporting units, but mutually dependent and bound together in an economic unity which, once destroyed, could not be easily or rapidly replaced. And we forgot therefore that such a war could only end in exhaustion—that it had consumed a large part of the liquid capital of the world, that it had disrupted trade and commerce, and ruined markets, and that it had left the economic machinery of the world, if not completely

broken down, at least unable normally to function. That was the situation in which we found ourselves a dozen years ago.

How did we meet that situation—I say we, because we were all partners in the doing? In a world where mutual confidence was desperately needed and cooperative effort essential, we capitalized hate and fostered fear and suspicion. In a world whose accumulated resources had been largely dissipated, we began at once to pour into armaments again a formidable share of all we could raise by taxation or borrowing. That may have been natural. Human nature has its limitations. The nations had passed through a veritable hell, and nerves were still raw and minds still weary. But in any event that was what we did. And today, as a matter of course, we are reaping the consequences. There are more men under arms than ever before, armaments have steadily increased, and the search for new and more effective means and methods of destroying life and property goes on unwearied and unchecked. Two-thirds of all the money governments raise by taxation today goes to pay for wars past and to come. Today, between us all, while industry languishes and unemployment grows and the bread lines lengthen, we are spending \$5,000,000,000 annually for naval and military purposes, and in all probability, directly and indirectly, if the full truth were known, perhaps half as much more.

Not a single nation today, one or two smaller ones possibly excepted, can honestly assert that its budget balances. Governmental deficits exist in every country, and in every country new and heavier loads of taxation must, necessarily, be imposed on the already staggering burden. What wonder, then, that economic conditions everywhere are unsettled and threatening, that the sources of credit are drying up, that values are steadily diminishing, and that men are fearful of the future? What wonder that the growing cost of government seriously threatens the stability of our whole economic structure? Is it not high time that we took counsel together as to the direction in which we are now all moving?

That is the question I wish to leave with you. For it seems to me in all seriousness that the world can no longer safely or wisely carry the burdens armaments impose. There is no other single item which offers so definite a possibility of relief, or so directly tends to free the world from menace, or opens so widely the way to prosperity. We need not fear that political security is at stake. It is not. Armaments are comparative things. To reduce them all in the same proportion is to leave each nation in the same relative position of security it now holds. We can, of course, postpone the decision. We can close our eyes to the somber facts and tendencies all about us, and hope that somewhere just ahead a magic door will open to lead us, despite our folly, into happier and more stable conditions of life. But such a hope will be found illusory. To temporize is dangerous. In the end the necessity of decision will overtake us. Why not render the decision now?

Washington Madhouse

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 12

CONGRESS meets, and the first general impression is that of bedlam, pierced here and there by the isolated voice of a thoughtful and determined man. Whether these voices eventually will prevail is the question, and the answer rests with the Democrats. They have organized the House and by combining with the Progressives they can effectually control the Senate. The Republicans are a whipped and leaderless mob, hating the world and reviling each other. In the House the Democrats have made a significant advance toward representative government by reforming the medieval rules of that body so that members will occasionally be permitted to speak, and even to vote, on important measures. True, the personnel of ranking committees—and the sudden and beautiful friendship between Speaker Garner and John F. Curry—suggest that Tammany and the South have reached an understanding. Moreover, we hear Arkansas Joe Robinson, in language borrowed outright from the venerable Andrew Mellon, warning against the perils of legislation designed to “soak the rich.” Obviously, the Democrats again are being tempted to bid for the support of those interests which have heretofore governed the country through the Republican Party. We shall know more when the party’s legislative program is disclosed. In selecting a joint committee from the two houses to draft such a program and submit it to the membership, the Democrats have set an example in orderly common-sense procedure.

* * * * *

WE need not wait on the outcome to assure a startled public and a collapsing stock market that the new Hoover-Mellon tax plan will not be adopted. That crazy relic of Spanish-American War days, with its proposed levies on bank checks, deeds, telephone calls, and telegrams—to say nothing of movie admissions, radios, and flivvers—has no more chance of becoming a law than Tom Heflin has of becoming the Pope of Rome. That such a bill was ever offered is sufficient commentary on the political acumen of this Administration. Instead of a 5 per cent increase in the inheritance tax, Messrs. Hoover, Mellon, and Mills are more likely to be confronted with one of 25 per cent. Instead of a 40 per cent surtax on million-dollar incomes, Congress probably will vote for 50 or 55. Unless my judgment errs, there will be no such lowering of exemptions as the Treasury and the White House advocate. There should be, and probably will be, a substantial tax on large gifts. That is the sort of bill which eventually will be laid on Mr. Hoover’s desk. And watch him swallow it!

* * * * *

IN the communications which the Great White Feather has addressed to Congress on the subject of the economic crisis and international affairs, one detects nothing but the reflection of an agitated and uncertain man. There is a mumbled drone about “frozen credits” and more “liberal” banking laws, punctuated with occasional entreaties to have

faith in God and the American Home. Nowhere does he reveal the slightest comprehension of the tremendous causes which precipitated the disaster; nowhere does he exhibit the faintest will to face the crucial problem of redistributing the national income. What we observe is simply a bewildered ex-promoter of mining stock struggling to suspend himself by his bootstraps until another boom can arrive—from somewhere. He urges ratification of the moratorium in language intended to persuade Congress that he opposes cancelation, and in tones which deepen the belief that cancelation is his aim. His fear of Congress, amounting almost to obsession, prevented him from calling a special session in time to obtain ratification before the payments fell due, and aroused antagonism which certainly will nullify any further efforts along that line, even if he has the courage to make them. In but one place is it possible to discover a note of firm and deliberate purpose. That is where Mr. Hoover recommends a drastic cut in the appropriation of the Federal Trade Commission, which is conducting a searching investigation of the rates and financial practices of the electric-power industry. If the cut is made—which I doubt—the investigation will be seriously crippled, and in one quarter at least it can still be said that Herbert Hoover has been faithful to the last!

* * * * *

TURNING to pleasanter scenes, we find the Senate Progressives performing with more than usual brilliance and vigor. Senator La Follette has completed an amazingly thorough inquiry into the possibilities of industrial stabilization, and is ready to present the results in terms of legislation. Senator Wagner, despite the puerile heckling of his colleagues, Hebert and Glenn, has made a scholarly and searching examination of unemployment-insurance plans, and presently will report. The indomitable and indefatigable Norris, this time with able assistance, has concluded an impressive survey of the whole question of public-utility regulation and ownership. Borah probably knows more about the actual state of foreign affairs right now than the muddle-headed Stimson and all his white-spatted aides combined. Hiram Johnson already has driven through the Senate a resolution providing for an investigation of the flotation and sale of foreign securities in this country which will cause a score of our leading financiers to seek the Riviera in search of health providing they realize the danger in time. Happy days are here again in the Senate—or unhappy days, depending on the point of view.

* * * * *

THE story that the Progressives decided to depose Senator Moses as president pro tempore of the Senate in reprisal for his having called them “sons of the wild jackass” was too good to stay out of the papers. It also was too good to be true. And since the engaging myth has been so widely circulated, it may do no harm to give the facts. The Progressives—and some who are not—are determined to prevent Moses’s reelection, but their grievances go considerably deeper than

mere name-calling. The New Hampshire "wisecracker" happens to be chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, which is supposed to furnish impartial support to all Republicans duly nominated for the Senate. Not only has he failed to give such support to Progressive Republicans after they were nominated, but some of them believe he has attempted to prevent their nomination. Moreover, at the last session he inserted in the *Congressional Record* a garbled and misleading account of the expenses of the committee investigating Senatorial campaign expenditures, of which Senator Nye is chairman. Although the document actually contained a record of the expenses (some incorrect) of all the five members of the committee and its large staff, Moses's shabby trick enabled Nye's political enemies to tell

the North Dakota farmers that their Senator had been leading the life of a voluptuary while they sat at home contemplating the mortgages. Finally, there are a number of Senators, not limited to Progressives, who feel that Moses's personal habits and characteristics disqualify him from performing the duties of a presiding officer. The regular Republicans in the Senate would gladly elevate genial Jim Watson to the post, in order to make way for McNary of Oregon as floor leader, but McNary is understood to be unacceptable to the White House. It seems that "Our Charlie" is a shade too radical—he voted for government operation of Muscle Shoals and municipal ownership of power plants in Oregon. Who says Herbert Hoover never stands by his friends?

An Interview with Mahatma Gandhi

By A. FENNER BROCKWAY

London, November 25

OUTSIDE ■ gang of workmen are repairing the road, and the noise is like that of ■ quick-firing machine-gun—deafening and distracting. In this room Mr. Gandhi sits, quietly and calmly, on a rug on the floor, in front of a deep open fireplace, busy at his compact little spinning-wheel, as though there were no such things as noise and nerves.

It is a curious setting for an Indian scene. The room is mid-Victorian, with heavy upholstered chairs and old English ornaments. I sit deep and comfortable as I talk, while Mr. Gandhi turns the little handle of his wheel with one hand and holds a roll of raw cotton in the other, skillfully guiding it round a revolving needle. Now and again the thread breaks, and he stops to repair it. Only occasionally does he look up to interpret the spirit of my words by a glance at my face, or to express the feeling of his own words in the expression of his eyes or a movement of his features.

The Round Table Conference is crumbling, but naturally Mr. Gandhi cannot express his views upon it for publication yet. I don't want to embarrass him, so I put this question tentatively:

"Is it possible for you to speak about what developments are likely in India if the conference breaks down?"

"Not in detail," he replies. "As I sense the future now, there will be a revival of trouble in its intensest form."

"But do you think you will be able to renew the psychology of resistance? When a movement is called off, is it not always more difficult to renew it?"

"I have no doubt whatever about it. I have never found it difficult to renew a movement which I have called off. But I must feel the strength within."

"My friends were nervous when we finished at Bardoli in 1922, and then renewed the struggle in 1931. But it was just the right time. And the suspension proved to be good. During the intervening years we were not idle. The people were imbibing our ideas. Our constructive work went on, and it told. The masses assimilated the meaning and spirit of the movement, and there was ■ very wonderful response."

"I see that Jawaharlal Nehru is saying that it is difficult to keep back the people now."

"This is all to the good. I can say in the plainest possible manner that I should not like to start the struggle if there were no spontaneous feeling among the people. But even at this distance I am conscious that the people are absolutely ready. They are only waiting for the signal."

"Is that the case with the peasants as well as with the population in the towns?"

"Yes, I have to depend more and more on peasants."

"Do they take part in the movement principally from economic or political motives?"

"Their economic difficulties have given them a grasp of the political situation. They understand that their economic position will not be better until the present political system is destroyed root and branch. The government in India has become the protector of the rich. There seems to be a conspiracy of the rich behind the government to get every pice they can from the poor. The position of the peasants cannot be improved until the cruel burden of taxation which they have to bear is removed."

"In the struggle at the beginning of this year, South India seemed to be weak. Do you think you can count on South India this time?"

"South India gave its share steadily in the last struggle, and was coming forward splendidly when the civil disobedience campaign was suspended. It will come forward again when the struggle is renewed. South India is like that. It moves more slowly, but it is sound. I did not lose faith in the south before. In the making of Khaddar (homespun cloth) the south has done the best, and its work among the Untouchables has been solid. . . . But I cannot say which province will be best this time. I have faith in all the provinces."

"Have you any fear lest the impatience in India prevent you from keeping the movement on non-violent lines?"

"No, I think not. If the people continue to respond and the mass character of the movement is maintained, violence will play no part."

"Not in Bengal?"

"No, not even in Bengal."

Then still more carefully I approach the question of the Moslems.

"I don't want to embarrass you, but I cannot escape the conviction that some of the Moslems at the Round Table Conference have been more concerned about their communal claims than about Indian self-government."

"I would not say that. I would say that their predominant concern is the guarding of what they consider to be the rights of Islam in India. That certainly occupies a very important place in their minds. But one has to say the same of the communal claims of the three sections—the Hindus, the Moslems, and the Sikhs."

"Do you regard the communal 'representatives' at the conference as in fact representative, or would you say that the larger part of their communities are behind Congress?"

"Undoubtedly they are behind Congress. Otherwise, Congress could not do its work. We have had the hearty support of both Sikhs and Moslems. There are five Moslems on the Congress Working Committee. And they are not nonentities. They are really respected Moslem leaders."

I want to get at the facts of this matter, so I press it further.

"Would you say that the National Moslem League (which supports Congress) is more representative than most of the Moslem 'leaders' at the conference?"

"Certainly. That is what Dr. Ansari, who is on our Working Committee, is always claiming. It may not be so true, perhaps, as Dr. Ansari thinks, but it is becoming truer day by day. There is no doubt whatever that it is true of the younger generation, which is turning from sectarianism."

"Is this tendency in the younger generation a revolt against sectarianism only, or is it a revolt against religion itself?"

"It is difficult to say. I am not able to say that they are agnostics and atheists. I can only say that they have developed the spirit of toleration. Whether that signifies less appreciation of Islam and a waning of the religious instinct, I do not know."

"If the Round Table Conference breaks down on the issue of responsible government at the center, do you think there will be a repetition of the united opposition which was given to the Simon Commission?"

"Yes, I think so. The Liberals and Moderates will not join the direct-action movement, but their opinions will be entirely on the Congress side."

"Do you see any possibility of agreement with the British government on the basis of self-government in the provinces?"

"No, I suggested a formula, but the British government would not accept it. There might be a possibility of agreement if the provinces were given real control immediately and if an absolute guaranty were given of early central responsibility. I would accept an interval in point of time, but not in legislation. The same legislation must deal with the two things. Indian Nationalists will not look at provincial autonomy without the certainty of central responsibility. They say they have waited a long time for complete independence, and they can wait a little longer rather than accept a compromise which withholds central responsibility."

"What is your view of Mr. Brailsford's suggestion of complete provincial autonomy, with provision for a national constituent assembly to settle the issue of the form of central government?"

"Only a guaranty of responsible government under statutory provision would do. We must have responsible government."

I had kept Mr. Gandhi a long time, but I wanted to clear up the issue of the army.

"How would you face the problem of the transition in the control of the forces?" I asked.

"There can be no transition in the control of the forces," Mr. Gandhi answered. I noted that he proceeded to personify India in himself.

"The British must trust me to take control. Idiot or no idiot, they must trust me. I would rely on solid, good judgment, but I must have the power to override military decisions which are not compatible with the national interests. After all, a Prime Minister does not know the technique of military tactics, but the last decision rests with him. The ignorance which ministers show on many questions is amazing, but it is not unnatural. How can any man understand the technique of every question? He must have experienced people to advise him, but he must judge their advice in the light of his principles. The declaration of war or of peace is in the hands of the Prime Minister, not of the Commander-in-Chief or Field Marshal. It was not the decision of Lord Roberts or General Kitchener, but of the Cabinet, when the South African War was called off. Though the military men squirmed with indignation, they obeyed. The controlling power must be in the hands of the minister appointed by the legislature, whatever his nationality. If the legislature elects him to the job, the decisions must be made by him."

And so out again to the crowded, noisy streets, wondering what the future relations of Britain and India will bring.

In the Driftway

NOT long ago the Drifter spent a day in one of the so-called modern progressive schools that he has so often heard about. Frequently he passes the door of this particular school just before nine o'clock in the morning and a heartier, handsomer set of children never bounced into a school entry hall and slammed the door behind them. He was more than grateful, therefore, for the invitation to inspect the young ones at their work. He was taken first to a couple of top-floor rooms, full of sun, in which a group of six-year-olds expressed themselves daily. On the floor were a number of extensive building operations in course of construction. There was a great pile of blocks, perhaps six feet long, vaguely set in the shape of an ocean liner, which its proud creator assured him was a seaplane of 1,200 tons in weight, and he added moreover that it took fifteen minutes to walk from one end to the other. There were very brightly colored pictures on the walls, and the Drifter listened to a heated argument between two of the six-year-olds as to whether the blue sky which topped the picture should be wavy or straight. He watched a young lady of six measure, mark, and saw a board with disconcerting expertness, if with her left hand. In short, he shared for a brief time the life of children, and it seemed very simple and very good.

LATER on he watched another group of nearly the same age enjoying instruction in the singing of Christmas carols. It seemed a harmless and pleasurable enough occupation, but the young teacher and pianist assured him that only after a struggle had she been allowed to teach the children any songs that "mentioned the Nativity." The Drifter was inclined to view this as carrying impartiality too far. If the school in question is desirous of not pressing upon the children a Christian ethic, well and good. But to refuse them therefore the delights of Christmas music and the Christmas story of the birth of Jesus smacks of pedantry. The Drifter would as soon think of depriving them of "Mother Goose" because its morals were not of the best, as indeed a strict analysis reveals that they are not; or of the story of that unconscionable little wretch Pinocchio because he disobeyed his elders.

* * * * *

NEVERTHELESS, despite certain disagreements in method, the Drifter liked the results that the modern school in question seemed to be producing. The children, in the first place, were having a good time. And they were doing so without undue excitement, noise, or interference with one another. Moreover, they displayed a competence and an ability to take care of themselves that would probably have astonished their parents. Not only did they demonstrate a well-established acquaintance with a paint brush, a saw, and a brace-and-bit, but they appeared perfectly able to don the most complicated of winter clothing without assistance, they spoke glibly of Zeppelins, Akrons, Mauretania's, Empire State buildings. And they arose to a small domestic crisis with promptness and dispatch. One young man, probably under the stress of having a visitor, became fractious and with one blow of his right foot leveled an ambitious freight boat of blocks to the ground. The others did not shout or weep, but very quietly they set upon him and pommelled him, and it was he who retired weeping to the corner, failing utterly to catch a sympathetic eye from his elders. It was a charming lesson in communist justice. If the Drifter were not afraid it would be misused, he would recommend it to larger and weightier social groups.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Late F. J. Kern

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I bespeak a little of your space to pay a tribute to a devoted reader and follower of *The Nation*, Frederick J. Kern, editor and owner of the Belleville, Illinois, *Daily News-Democrat*, a member of the Fifty-second Congress, and for five terms, from 1902 to 1912, mayor of Belleville? He could have held this position indefinitely had he so desired. During his term of office he revolutionized Belleville's municipal life, leaving the city one of the most highly important cities of its size in the country.

Mr. Kern was also for many years president of the Illinois State Board of Administration of the twenty-one eleemosynary institutions of the State. He found the conditions existing in the insane asylums nothing less than barbaric; he abolished

corporal punishment, largely substituted competent women nurses for the merely brutal men, introduced the cottage system, abolished the rule of silence at table, and in many other ways humanized and made livable the institutions of the State.

The Nation might like to record these facts of a valuable life lived in this community, to offset some of the many breaches of public trust by men in similar positions.

Belleville, Ill., November 30

F. H.

A Letter to Lincoln Steffens

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the year 1905 or 1906 I published in some publication "An Open Letter to Lincoln Steffens." I have told the story of this article in "The Brass Check," page 25. I have no copy of this article, as all my papers were burned in the Helicon Hall fire. Neither has Steffens a copy, as he also had a fire loss. I am very anxious to find a copy of this article, as it contained a somewhat remarkable prophecy of the present collapse of capitalist finance.

I should greatly appreciate the courtesy if you would publish this letter on the chance that some of your readers may be able to give me a hint as to where the article in question was published.

Pasadena, Cal., November 25

UPTON SINCLAIR

Not Even a Dollar

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a reader of your magazine for the last five years. Now I have to confess my incapacity to renew my subscription. It is sad but it is true.

Compositor, twenty-six years in United States, for the first time I have to face a situation which you never realize. Out of job for the last nine months, and no hope to find one; my family disbanded and the winter here; you see clear that with all my good disposition I am unable to send you so much as a dollar.

New York, November 12

M. DE INTIMIS

Hope from Portland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here is a little ray of hope! The city council of Portland, according to the *Portland Oregonian* of November 5, "yesterday denied the petition of the Ellison-White Bureau that the rent of the public auditorium for the meeting of Major General Smedley D. Butler be reduced from \$225 to \$150. General Butler failed to attract a crowd large enough to finance the expenses of the lecture."

Portland, Ore., November 12

C. J. WALKER

A Group in Westchester

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to organize a discussion group of the readers of *The Nation* residing in Westchester County. Will those interested in such a group kindly correspond with me at Post Office Box 647, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York.

Hastings-on-Hudson, December 1

ERVIN WAGNER

Finance

Germany and the Gold Standard

IN spite of the common belief that foreigners' money in Germany is tightly locked up under the bankers' *Stillhaltung* agreement, funds have been escaping from the Reichsbank and over the national borders at such a rate as to furnish occasion for the rumor that Germany would shortly abandon the "gold standard." Such a report was heard in Wall Street on a recent day of heavy selling of stocks, and gave rise to a degree of alarm which, even if the much-feared event had taken place, was hardly warranted.

The gold standard in Germany today is of course a myth, judged by any reasonable definition of the term. When a country suspends payments under a moratorium, freezing agreement, or other device, it goes off the gold basis quite as definitely as when the central bank announces that it will no longer sell gold, as the Bank of England did on September 20. Any New York banker with balances tightly frozen in Germany will agree without much quibbling that that country is no longer on a gold basis. The effects of abandonment manifest themselves, however, in various ways. Great Britain merely let the sterling exchange rate slide down to a point where demand balances supply from day to day, and thereby establishes a price. Any one can still withdraw sterling balances from London if he is willing to sell his pounds for \$3.26, or some other depreciated figure, instead of the old par of \$4.86. Germany, however, has chosen to stabilize the exchange rate close to the parity of 23.8 cents per mark—by persuading foreign creditors not to sell their marks in sufficient volume to break the price.

Through the chinks and crevices of the *Stillhaltung* agreement, however, the funds of the Reichsbank have been trickling away. Gold holdings are \$250,000,000 less than a year ago, and the reserve in foreign currency (bank deposits abroad) is \$80,000,000 less. The total of these two assets in the latest report was approximately only \$300,000,000. Dr. Luther, president of the Reichsbank, has undertaken to show where some of the losses have occurred. He points out that between July 31 and the middle of November repayments of foreign credits have amounted to about \$250,000,000—this during the term of the "freezing" agreement. Excess of German merchandise exports over imports, totaling \$230,000,000 from September 1 to November 15, would not have been sufficient to cover repayments on foreign capital account, even if all credits resulting from the export excess could have been earmarked for that purpose.

For Germany, then, abandonment of the gold standard would mean withdrawal of further support from the mark exchange, leaving the rate to find its market level as sterling has done. It might also mean the issue of increasing volumes of paper money in Germany, without any reference to the amount of gold coverage which the Reichsbank could supply, though already that coverage has fallen to about 25 per cent, against a legal requirement of 40 per cent, recently reduced by government decree to 30.

It seems probable that the ill effects of gold-standard "abandonment" would consist chiefly in dispelling any illusions which may now be entertained as to Germany's financial strength. No one could be unduly shocked who has followed the course of events abroad in recent months. Indeed, one result of a natural, if heavily depreciated, exchange rate might be to effect a measure of "thawing" in German finance and industry, a substitution of motion for the present immobility.

S. PALMER HARMAN



Consider Yourself when you go Christmas shopping

The one gift you *should* have is this useful 2 piece frock with noble simplicity.

The jumper skirt is either canton or wool crepe, and the silk blouse has cross stitch embroidery and smocking. Available in a choice of color combinations. Hand tailored . . . superb workmanship. Sizes 14 to 40.

Jumper dress without blouse	\$22.50
Silk Blouse	7.50
Voile Blouse	3.50 and up

Mail orders filled

Peasant Children Dresses. Sizes 2 to 12. A lovely gift. Voile, \$1.95 up; Silk, \$3.50 up.

IMPORTED CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF COLORFUL PEASANT ORIGIN

1. Russian linen smocks \$7.50.
2. Hungarian Peasant Pottery \$1.00.
3. Embroideries by the yard \$1.00.
4. Czechoslovak embroidered collar and cuff sets 50c.

and a rich variation of antique textiles
table covers, scarfs and bridge sets.

Very moderately priced

Peasant Art Importing Co.

38 West 57th Street, New York City



Books, Drama, Films

Salvos for Randolph Bourne

By HORACE GREGORY

I

O bitterness never spoken, the death mask etched in silver,
the dark limbs rolled in lead where the shallow grave conceals
despair: the image of a large head, forward, devouring
the collarbone. No general in brass over it and no
conquering angel kneels.

II

This was the end: there were no firing squads,
no City Hall Nathan Hale with a bronze cord at his throat
speaking of lives and his country where a hundred million
lives
rose, wavered, shattered like an invisible sea coiling
against a rock, no longer there, but sunken
into a shore line of weeds and sand.

Only a small room and a million words to be written before
midnight
against poverty and idiot death like the gray face of Emerson
fading in New England winter twilight, the hard face
vanishing
in snow, the passionately soft words issuing from the mouth—
O listen to the rock, the oracle no longer there!

III

To be the last American, an embryo coiled in a test tube,
to be a fixed and paralytic smile cocked upward to the clouds,
to see friends and enemies depart (around the corner)
their sticks and smart fedoras bright in sunlight—
to be or not to be Hamlet, the Prince of Wales,
or last week's *New Republic*;
to be death delicately walking between chimney pots on
Eighth Street,
possibly this is best to be
or not to be.

Harris Versus Shaw

Bernard Shaw. An Unauthorized Biography Based on First-Hand Information. By Frank Harris. With a Postscript by Mr. Shaw. Simon and Schuster. \$4.

WITHIN a few years of one another Frank Harris and Bernard Shaw came up from nowhere to lay siege to London. Equally unknown and equally picturesque, they both rose to fame in a most improbable fashion, and since they met rather early, each followed the career of the other with intimate interest. But the rising curve of the one soon crossed the descending curve of the other, and when they met for the last time upon the Riviera they met as a triumphant success and a complete failure. Shaw was the most famous and probably the richest playwright in the world; Harris was an outcast from literature as well as from society and, by his own confession, not more than one jump ahead of legal bankruptcy.

Under the circumstances it was inevitable that Harris, desperately in need of copy, should think of his fortunate rival, and it was also natural, at least, that Shaw should object. In

1930 he was declaring, "I won't have you write my life on any terms," and a few months later he was protesting with characteristically disarming brutality, "If you publish a word of mine I'll have the law on you. . . . Any fool can get a book published if he can persuade the publishers that I have written it." But he yielded inch by inch, and the posthumous book now appears enriched by a number of Shavian letters and a sizable postscript in which the subject not only confesses that he corrected the proofs but adds a brilliant sketch of Harris's character. The result may not be—in fact it is not—conventional biography. It is loosely written, and it contains very few facts not already familiar. But it makes fascinating reading as a study in clashing temperaments, and constitutes a document which ought to be missed by no one who is interested either in character or in the technique of success.

Doubtless the two men were not equally endowed with genius. Yet differences in character and temperament probably had more to do with the course of their careers than differences in talent had, and though no one will ever know the full secret of the one's success and the other's failure, it is easy to sense in the pages of the present volume many reasons why the one triumphed and the other collapsed. Even if there be some truth in the vague rumors which attribute to Harris plainly dishonorable acts, yet such acts are not necessary to account for the debacle, for there is a subtle but very important difference between the apparently similar buccaneering truculences of the two men. In Shaw impudence, egotism, and ostentatious intransigence were all part of a technique of getting on; in Harris they were the uncontrollable manifestations of an unconquerable wilfulness. Shaw said the wrong thing at the right time; Harris said the wrong thing at the wrong time, and there is all the difference in the world between the two actions.

People laughed at the one but they hated the other, and in the end Harris paid the penalty for flouting his audience, while Shaw reaped the reward for flattering it in a subtle, oblique, but carefully calculated fashion. Shaw's hidden strength lay in the fact that at bottom he wanted success and money more than he wanted anything else, while Harris could never for long put anything second to the pleasure of going his own sweet way. Everyone remembers Oscar Wilde's remark: "Frank has been invited to all the great houses in London—once." Rodin's reply to a question concerning Shaw's French is less well known, but should be put beside it for the sake of the significant difference which it reveals: "Monsieur Shaw ne parle pas bien; mais il s'exprime avec une telle violence qu'il s'impose."

Harris's final estimate of his subject is far from flattering. He grants him a personality which will be long remembered, but he denies him greatness either as an artist or as a thinker, and he very clearly implies a conspicuous lack of moral courage besides. The plays depend upon the ideas in them, but it is impossible to say exactly what these ideas are, and Shaw, despite all the wildness of his talk, has never actually committed himself to anything even faintly dangerous. He began as a Fabian, he had the support of the government in his very ambiguous, if not actually disingenuous, war-time attitude, and he has nothing to contribute to those who are struggling to save socialism in England except a vague and wholly theoretical admiration for both Stalin and Mussolini. What are we to say of a philosopher whose ideas cannot possibly be systematized, and what are we to say of a revolutionist who has always managed somehow to keep in with the most respectable people?

The charge is damning, but it is hardly possible to deny that it contains a rather uncomfortable amount of truth. Shaw has been reckless with words but he has never been reckless with anything else—not even with money; and though he has expounded more interesting ideas than any other living man, I

for one must confess that, despite an admiration which began in adolescence, I do not myself know what Shaw believes, and would find hopeless any attempt to reconcile his statements with one another. No one could have been more valuable than he was because no one could have started discussions more effectively than he did. But it was chiefly as a stimulant that he was valuable, and he has done little toward concluding any one of the numberless arguments which in one way or another he has provoked. A showman of ideas, he became the victim of his own showman's gift, and he will probably be remembered neither as a playwright nor as a philosopher, but chiefly as a man who beat a drum so effectively that he enticed an apathetic public to that main tent where greater men than he were performing.

Incidentally, it is amusing to note that Harris, the exhibitionistic satyr, finally worried the prudish Shaw into giving him a statement concerning the latter's sex life, and in view of the notorious sexlessness of the Shavian drama the statement is worth quoting:

I lived a continent virgin until I was twenty-nine, and ran away even when the handkerchief was thrown me. From that time until my marriage there was always some kind lady available, and I tried all the experiments and learned all that there was to be learned from them. . . . But you may count the women who have left me nothing to desire on the fingers of one hand. . . . I found sex hopeless as a basis for permanent relations and never dreamt of marriage in connection with it. I put everything else before it and never refused or broke an engagement to speak on socialism to pass a gallant evening. . . . In permanence and seriousness my consummated love affairs count for nothing beside the ones that were either unconsummated or ended by discarding that relation. And now, no romance and above all no pornography. G. B. S.

Harris sniffs, but he makes no pretense of doubting the facts, and indeed there is no reason for doing so. In general, ascetics lie as unconscionably about their sex experiences as Don Juans do, but there is nothing inherently improbable about Shaw's statement.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case Reweighed

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case. By Osmond K. Fraenkel. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

NO criminal case since the Dreyfus affair has stirred the world so much as that of Sacco and Vanzetti. The conviction of Mooney was a clearer instance of the miscarriage of justice; the trial judge himself is now convinced that it was brought about by deliberate perjury. But if William James be trusted, insensibility to abstract justice is characteristic of the American people; and those who disapprove of Mooney's career in the labor movement can say, as they do: "He is a bad man, and ought to be in jail, even if not guilty of the particular outrage of which he was convicted. The State of California did enough for him by commuting the death sentence to life imprisonment." Not so in regard to Sacco and Vanzetti. They are now dead, and in life were either cold-blooded, mercenary murderers or else, as their letters reveal them, singularly high-minded, if impractical, idealists. Their guilt or innocence is thus a matter of intense faith to millions who have never examined the record of the case. Nor is the latter task an easy one. Very few have the time and the disposition to go through six volumes of detailed testimony, motions, arguments, and technical judicial decisions, in order to arrive at an independent

opinion on a case which was legally terminated four years ago.

And yet the question whether Massachusetts did or did not, in a state of hysteria, execute two innocent men, is of the utmost importance to those who care at all for actual justice.

One of Voltaire's chief claims to fame was that he fought for years to prove that an old man, Calas, was broken at the wheel only because he was a Protestant in a Catholic community. And numerous other brave and enlightened Frenchmen fought hard to prove that Dreyfus was convicted only because he was a Jew. What shall we think of those Americans who contend that Sacco and Vanzetti were cruelly done to death because they were dissenting foreigners? Our conservatives, like the French clericals and militarists, preach the duty of blind, unquestioning faith in Massachusetts and in the infallibility of her officials. But that is inconsistent with the mentality of free men, and really subversive of all the traditional ideals of Americanism. It is the claim of our conservatives that our courts are bulwarks of justice against popular hysteria. Was that true in this particular case? Only a careful study of the evidence will enable us to give an honest answer one way or the other. And for this purpose Mr. Fraenkel's book is most helpful. It is indeed a great public service to give us in one volume a remarkably clear account of the legal history of the case and a transparently fair analysis of its principal issues. I do not know of any book on a public question that exceeds its scrupulous honesty in handling all the available evidence. The essentials of the case are put before us in the first two hundred pages illumined by apt extracts from the record. This includes an appendix on the Bridgewater case, in which Vanzetti was condemned for an attempted hold-up. Mr. Fraenkel deals quite objectively with the evidence (he mentions without comment, for example, an identification of Vanzetti as having "run like a foreigner"). He is rightly critical and cautious about accepting the subsequent confession of Silva (printed in the *Outlook*) which exonerated Vanzetti. But Mr. Fraenkel admits that "Silva's knowledge of the case was great and that the opportunities for collecting such knowledge after the event were very slight." It might be added that Silva was hardly of the type that could or would make a study of the official record.

In the second part of the book we have the analysis of all the points advanced to prove Sacco and Vanzetti guilty of the Braintree murder and a similar treatment of the chief counter-arguments of the defense:

1. The first point relates to the identification of the accused as having been at or near the scene of the crime. I think that after reading what Mr. Fraenkel has written no fair-minded man will deny that the government witnesses had little chance to observe the actual murderers. Nor were the identifications made under the safeguards that common sense and sound police practice dictate. Some of the witnesses, like Lotta Packard, offered obviously absurd testimony in order to get into the case. None of the witnesses for the prosecution were positive all the time. The only government witness who claimed to have seen the actual shooting was not only contradicted by other witnesses, but he told a quite different story to both sides before the trial. On the other hand, not only witnesses for the defense but even a government witness positively denied that Sacco and Vanzetti were the men involved. Mr. Gould, who admittedly had the best opportunity of all to get a full view of the murderers, was never given a chance to testify. But so strong was his subsequent affidavit to the effect that Sacco and Vanzetti could not have been the men he saw, and so weak did the government's case seem in retrospect in 1924, that Judge Thayer was forced to say that the verdict did not rest on the identification of the accused men by eye-witnesses.

2. It was argued that one of the fatal bullets had been fired through the pistol carried by Sacco. There was little evi-

dence for this and the district attorney himself did not at first take much stock in it. But later he and the judge "put it over" on the jury by perverting the intent of Captain Proctor's testimony. The latter's subsequent affidavit clearly pointed this out, but, alas, in vain.

3. During the trial it was also contended that a cap found on the scene of the murder was Sacco's. But the evidence for it was so insufficient and so contradicted by most reliable testimony that the Lowell committee dismissed it as trifling. Yet in arguing against a new trial, the district attorney contended that the cap was sufficient basis for conviction.

4. It was also urged that the gun found on Vanzetti at the time of his arrest belonged to one of the victims of the crime. It is on the face of it inherently improbable that anyone who planned a crime so carefully as to prepare peculiar tacks to interfere with pursuing cars, should for weeks after the act carry the evidence of the crime about his person. In fact, the real evidence on this point was so flimsy that both district attorney and judge had to misrepresent it to impress the jury.

5. Judge Thayer himself, especially in his subsequent defense of the conviction, insisted on the consciousness of guilt which Sacco and Vanzetti had shown at the time of their arrest. This of course is readily explained by the fact that they were afraid that because of their radicalism they would be maltreated like their friend Salsedo. It cannot be denied that not only the lies that both Sacco and Vanzetti told to the district attorney, but also those that some of their friends told on the witness stand, profoundly prejudiced judge and jury against them. But here we must note that people such as the Italians, Russians, and others who have lived under oppressive governments get into the fixed habit of not telling the truth to government officials, just as patriotic soldiers avoid telling the truth to their enemy captors.

For the defense, Mr. Fraenkel considers, in the first place, the alibis of both Sacco and Vanzetti. Sacco's testimony that he was in Boston on the day of the murder is not only corroborated by others, but his own recognition of a fellow-passenger on the train from Boston is clearly incompatible with his presence that day at Braintree.

To get around this point Governor Fuller distorted the testimony, and President Lowell acted as a partisan seeking to vindicate the prosecution. When President Lowell thought he had secured evidence to discredit one of the supports of Sacco's alibi he exclaimed, "There goes your strong alibi." But when it turned out that Sacco's witnesses were right on the particular point at issue, he ignored the matter.

The innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti becomes reasonably certain when we consider the strong cumulative evidence that the murder was committed by the Morelli gang as confessed by one of its members, Madeiros. There was obstinate fanaticism in the way this phase of the case was passed over by Judge Thayer and the Lowell committee. The crime was clearly the work of professional or experienced bandits who had studied all the phases of their job, such as when the money would be carried, when their own car should arrive and get away, and how to elude pursuing cars. Will a skilled laborer like Sacco, with a growing family, a garden, and a savings-bank account, suddenly take a day off from work to join professional bandits in such a desperate enterprise? No part of the money was in fact ever traced to Sacco or Vanzetti. And the Morelli gang not only had the requisite motive and experience to commit the robbery but were in funds right after it.

In view of the fact that no other court really passed on the question of Judge Thayer's prejudice, it is important to consider his own intemperate expressions to Professor Richardson and others. Can anyone who gloated so at what he did "to those anarchist bastards" be rationally considered free from prejudice? Yet Judge Thayer not only presided at both trials

and passed on the new evidence offered by the defendants, but was also the judge of his own fairness. No wonder that so many of our law-school teachers, including Judge Hinton, an authority on the law of evidence with judicial experience of his own, publicly and emphatically declared that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have a fair trial.

Mr. Fraenkel has had to restrict his task to the purely legal side of the case. He does, however, refer to the general anti-red panic of the time as a significant circumstance. If so, would it not have been relevant to make more of the letters that Sacco and Vanzetti wrote from prison? Surely such letters throw some light on the character of their writers. If I were to accuse an archbishop or college president of having picked my pocket, it would surely be reasonable to demand more evidence than that which would be sufficient to convict one who had shown a more ready disposition for that sort of enterprise. For that reason I think all those who wish to avail themselves of the best evidence on this case should also read "The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti," edited by Gardner Jackson and Marion Frankfurter.

It is to be hoped that someone will write a careful history of the human side of the whole case, of all that went on behind the scene and caused the various changes of public, newspaper, and official opinion. But no one will have to write again concerning the trial and the evidence. Mr. Fraenkel has done it so as to leave nothing more to be desired.

MORRIS R. COHEN

An Austere Poet

Jane Matthew and Other Poems. By Eda Lou Walton. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.

ART is metaphor so much of the time that we forget how at intervals it is undoubtedly nothing more than passionate plain statement. Some of our best poetry is simply this—a great moment when the poet says with unaccountable energy, "I fear," "I do not fear," "I hate," "I am." The reader repeats these words and they become his own. Miss Walton's work seems to me to be a case in point; we have few writers of this kind among us, and fewer still who find themselves. There is a quality in Miss Walton's work that shows kinship with Emily Brontë. When we recall the older poet we remember that she made small use of double meaning, overtone, or playful implication in her verse; that she took no round-about with rhetoric or symbolism. Those who study the craft of verse do not study a Brontë, because there is nothing that can be learned, technically, from such writing. When this verse fails of its highest register it often falls flat. It is quite incapable of virtuosity, being stark rather than flexible. A Lapland austerity selects for it only those readers who share the same rigorous spirit.

Miss Walton's country-of-the-mind is the great desert of New Mexico—this place, wherever she writes best, is the assumed background, and throughout her work a rocklike bareness, nobility, and economy mark both her feeling and the very texture of her stanzas. For this reason she is unfitted for writing a long poem such as the one which opens the book. Here, in seventy-four pages of blank verse, Miss Walton squanders her talents, losing, it seems to me, all the advantages of a prose rendering without gaining any of the intensity of high poetry. She does, by sheer force, tell a difficult story; but one that seems to me to be from the outset an unsympathetic one. Not even the best of the long-poem poets have written well enough to solve the problem of this form, in our own time; but certainly the best of them have to an eminent degree a mastery of light and shade, variety, metrical flexibility, natural ease, and the

gift of surprise. All Miss Walton's gifts lie in an opposite direction. If she continues to write lyrics of the quality this book contains, she will accomplish in a limited form what the long-poem poet cannot achieve.

In so far as *The Blue Room*, her second long poem, is dominated by the ideal of lyrical power, it is successful. This narrative is told in a series of seventy-three sonnets; a neurotic woman comes to New Mexico

to find

How reason might unite her heart and mind.

Miss Walton pictures a desert that does not heal the foreigner and a ruthless wind that tears apart the sick nerves as quickly as it would a wilted garden flower. Her story has a reportorial actuality which makes it recall the subject matter of William Ellery Leonard's "Two Lives." Her sonnets rise and fall like the shapes of the desert itself; all her descriptions are memorable. Most memorable of all is the March wind:

Everything shifts, even

Houses lean low against the dreary sound.
All roads are blotted out, the sands advance
In tidal dunes across each field and round
Each greenish meadow, in frenzy play and dance
Over each roof.

Or again:

Aggressively

The wind's round rhythm hugs each lonely house,
Nor even at night is stilled, but spins cocoons
Of sound all night.

But the lyrics are the best. These *Humble People*, *Sun Dial*, *Cyclic Chill*, and *Recessional* have climbed out of the human world into stark meditation. A stoic strength grew from Emily Brontë's identification with the Yorkshire moors, and found final expression in "No Coward Soul Is Mine." Something similar to it has infused Miss Walton's best work; and the lesson in her case, too, has been learned from a dispassionate environment. Emily Brontë wrote her poems to assert her faith in undying life; Miss Walton makes, with much less passionate strength but with equal firmness, a contrary statement. Whether we fully experience the belief in immortality or the conviction of oblivion, either takes courage; and Miss Walton's stoicism is the attitude of our time.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Books in Brief

Gaynor. By Louis Heaton Pink. The International Press. \$2.75.

Mr. Pink has written a most engaging story of that choleric old warrior, Mayor William J. Gaynor of New York, taking him through his bitter struggles as lawyer, judge, and mayor, and giving us a picture of the campaigns for reform in New York from 1890 to 1913. Gaynor might have been President instead of Woodrow Wilson if he had not possessed an uncontrollable temper, if he had run for governor of New York in 1910, and if he had handled the Rosenthal murder case wisely. As it was, he came to the mayoralty too late. Mr. Pink describes him as "the Tammany mayor who swallowed the Tiger," which is somewhat unfortunate in view of the recent signs of life in the old beast. The life of Gaynor seems to be the best proof that no individual but only a powerful new party will ever be able to swallow the Tiger and keep him swallowed.

The Kid. By D. P. Berenberg. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Here is another of these prize-fight poems done in lively verse—a convincing narrative of action. And this time the

fighter is a Jew, and the story is, in good part, that of his spiritual struggle and defeat, for the hero is sensitive and imaginative and the game he engages in terrifies him. The book has this to commend it—that it analyzes the significance of the life of the fighter and makes clear its motivation and its horror.

The Delicate Situation. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Had this novel been offered to us as a posthumous work by the author of "Cranford" it would probably have been enthusiastically received by many as Mrs. Gaskell's strongest tale. The plot is one that has been used in many a mid-Victorian novel; the humor of character has all the charm and the pathos, all the tenderness, of the mid-Victorian county novel; and the spirit as well as the language is almost perfect in its imitation of the stories of seventy years ago. The more wary reader would not be fooled, however—not quite. And the thin edge of modernity gives a double edge to the satire. The characters and story and humor by themselves, however, afford delightful entertainment.

In Krusack's House. By Thames Williamson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Although the locale is less remote, Thames Williamson's latest novel is not so effective as his earlier "The Earth Told Me." The structure of the story is as simple as the characters, although incompatibility and infidelity among inarticulate people is not a simple theme. Mr. Williamson does as well by it as can be expected; but like all novels which in the final analysis of their technique depend upon the sophisticated, subtle understanding by the reader of what the characters can only grossly feel, "In Krusack's House" is fundamentally incomplete and inaccurate. It falls between the stools of realism and romance.

The Inquisition. By A. Hyatt Verrill. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.

Mr. Verrill, though still a young man, is the author of thirteen books on various impressive subjects. Hardly a season arrives without at least one opus from his pen, written in Sunday-feature style and with a corresponding lack of scholarship and ideas. The preface to this book attempts to justify it by claiming two novelties of approach. One is to deny any historical definiteness to the Inquisition and regard it as the outgrowth of the Roman secret service and penal system. The same logic should, however, trace it to Adam or the evolutionary baboon. The other novelty is to see the Inquisition as inevitable and even useful:

It is nothing short of appalling to speculate on what might have been the results had the Inquisition not been inaugurated and maintained during these long centuries, when, on every hand, innumerable fantastic, weird, and often most repulsive forms of religion were springing up. Devil worship, witchcraft, sorcery, Bacchanalian orgies, lust, every form of vice and immorality would have overrun the then civilized world, and Europe would have been a teeming hotbed of cults worse than voodooism at its worst.

This quotation serves as a measure of Mr. Verrill's authority, judgment, and style.

Norman Douglas. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Opinion as to this little book will probably be evenly divided between those who think that Norman Douglas is one of the world's great misunderstood geniuses, and those who find him a mere decadent, though admittedly of a colorful and swashbuckling sort. Even the Douglas admirers, we feel, will agree that Mr. Tomlinson's brief monograph is a rather irritating performance, diffident, manneristic, and thin. Mr. Tom-

linson seems oddly with himself at war on the subject of his portrait. Part of him evidently admires—as who does not—the joyous and slashing polemist who appears in certain pages of “Alone,” and in the “Defence of Maurice Magnus”; while the other part distrusts the questionable and garrulous moralist who putters about in “South Wind” and similar rubbish. Mr. Douglas, considered under certain aspects, seems to bid fair to become a kind of Nordic or Pictish André Gide, though he mercifully lacks the sly, incessant, utterly wearing, and tiresome sexuality of the Protestant Balzac. In short, he is much more variegated and amusing, and this is without doubt his great charm. There is a fine portrait of him in Compton Mackenzie’s underrated and exceedingly funny novel about Capri life, “Vestal Fire,” a much more sympathetic portrait, let us add, than the pale profile which dimly appears in Mr. Tomlinson’s high-toned prose. Practically the only enduring impression one derives from the thin book is that Mr. Tomlinson considers Douglas “dangerous,” but evidently enjoys the thrill. “Suddenly,” remarks Mr. Tomlinson, “he will raise the question as to whether it would not be better to go to the dogs than to Jesus,” adding rather acutely: “Whatever we choose to think of Jesus, we know that dogs are dogs, and return to their vomit.” Mr. Tomlinson does not intend this statement as an epitaph, but it might easily serve as one.

Endless River. By Felix Riesenbergr. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

What here passes for an extraordinary experiment in prose style and in novel technique is nothing in the world but a series of sometimes complete, sometimes incomplete (much as “The Lady or the Tiger” is incomplete) sketches, some of which resemble very closely the materials out of which Jonathan Leonard fashions his peculiar and often remarkable novels. The sketches are interspersed with comments which aim to be satiric.

Strange Brother. By Blair Niles. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

The author of “Strange Brother” takes her homosexual hero through as many mental sufferings as she can, then puts a pistol in his hand and lets him shoot himself and end the book. The content of the novel is made up of the fact that the hero is homosexual, and of the reactions of other people and their not very bright comments. If the unspeakable June had not been created to make people “talk” about themselves, there would have been no novel.

Selected Poems. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Dresbach has always had the trick of writing very pleasant descriptive poetry. His background has been the Far Western mountain country and the desert and he has done very well by it. New Mexico, in particular, he paints with accuracy. His observation of his scene, of the wild life there, of the simple people one may meet is intimate and delightful. He is not, of course, a particularly important poet, nor is he motivated by any great intensity. His poetry is magazine verse of a fairly high order.

Jasbo Brown. By DuBose Heyward. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

This book contains many new lyrics and a selected group from the earlier verses of DuBose Heyward. The best poems have to do with Negroes and with the Southern mountaineers. The poet shows himself a student of character, an accurate observer of scene and circumstance—possessed, in other words, of the attributes of the novelist and the dramatist. His verse is graceful and simple, without artifice of any kind and handled with some skill. Now and then there are fine lines. But one remembers chiefly the people drawn and the stories told.

“Like the pistol cracks of a detective story”

THE PUBLIC PAYS

A Study of Power Propaganda

by

ERNEST GRUENING

Author of “Mexico and Its Heritage”

How the power interests of this nation have attempted to debauch public opinion through pulpit, press, school, college, radio and forum.

“The revelations come like the pistol cracks of a detective story. . . . A monumental piece of research and an exciting piece of literature.”— **STUART CHASE** —
N. Y. Herald Tribune.

\$2.50 at all bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

*Read the Book
That is Making History:*

The **STRANGE CAREER** of **MR. HOOVER** UNDER TWO FLAGS

● The NATION says “The very seriousness of the charges makes it impossible to ignore them lest the press itself be charged with being in a conspiracy to prevent the public’s knowing that such volumes have been issued.”

381 PAGES

Illustrated

\$3.75

The **PRIVATE LIFE** of **FRANK HARRIS**

By **SAMUEL ROTH**

What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body? It is with Roth that Harris planned his famous autobiography. Now Roth does for Harris what Harris himself did so well for Shaw and Wilde—and with a vengeance!

325 PAGES

Illustrated

\$3.00

☐ Check here if you desire books sent C.O.D.

WILLIAM FARO, Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York.

Gentlemen: For the enclosed \$_____ please send me _____ copies
of THE STRANGE CAREER OF MR. HOOVER and _____ copies
of THE PRIVATE LIFE OF FRANK HARRIS.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

USE THIS COUPON

Drama

International Incidents

IT was once generally believed that a European success counted for more than it should in the American theater. We were supposed to be provincial snobs unduly impressed by the approval of our betters, and we were blamed for being only too ready to applaud what England or France had first approved. But if there was ever any truth in the horrid charge, it is baseless now, for conspicuous European successes have recently had a way of fading off our stage with a regularity which must be very disconcerting to managers who hoped to be able to play safe. At least a dozen examples could easily be cited from recent years, but a few instances afforded by the present season will do. "The Good Companions" gave up after something of a struggle, but "The Sex Fable"—which had kept Paris in paroxysms for two whole seasons—disappeared before any except those who make a business of following the theater even knew that it was here. So, too, did "Lean Harvest" and "The Lady with the Lamp."

Doubtless mere accident and mere caprice have something to do with all this; but at least in the case of the English plays it is evident, I think, that there is something in the whole tone and manner of a great many of them which is more than likely to leave us cold. Of recent years the American playwright has been becoming more and more bold, but his English fellows seem determined to lower their voices into a gentle whisper, and to turn aside from the major issues in order to concern themselves with the most tepid, if not the most trivial, incidents of domestic life. Our plays may often be crude enough, but they are very likely to have passion of some sort in them, and passion is just the thing which seems conspicuously lacking in too many of the plays which come to us from London. These latter are seldom absurd and they are almost always sensible, but they do not often run any risk of being ridiculous, and they seldom say anything which has not been said so many times before that it must be true.

Consider, for example, the case of "After All" (Booth Theater). The author is that same John Van Druten whose "Young Woodley" attracted much attention a few years ago, and the present play comes to us with the enthusiastic approval of both the English critics and the English public. The *Observer* called it "impassioned," the *Evening News* spoke of its "distinction," and the *Saturday Review* thought it worthy of "pure praise." Yet the New Yorker who goes with these tributes ringing in his ears will find it difficult not to wonder what there is in this mild, repetitious, and essentially undistinguished little play to awaken more than a polite interest. Perhaps it is, as the *Manchester Guardian* said, "true." Perhaps life in the upper middle class of London is as monotonous, as unimaginative, and as completely routine as Mr. Van Druten represents it. But if it is, then there are several remarks which are in order, and the first of them is that the author has fallen far short of his avowed purpose of demonstrating that such a life as this is best—"after all." All England's geniuses from Shakespeare to H. G. Wells must be wrong; all the poets and preachers and prophets must have been barking up the wrong tree when they insisted upon the necessity of stirring the Englishman out of that lethargy which was supposed to be the national vice. For the whole duty of man is an achieved regularity, and the good life is the life imposed by that dull tyranny of well-fed fathers or sedulously spoiled mothers, which—so Mr. Van Druten assures us—can easily be passed on from generation to generation if we will only behave as his characters do.

Let us grant that intimate sketches of domestic manners can never mean to a foreigner what they mean to a native. Let us grant still further that there is indeed some subtle moral or aesthetic difference between that ugly "standardization" which is so repulsive a feature of American life and that noble "regularity" which has been responsible for the greatness of England. There are, nevertheless, sound artistic reasons for preferring the somewhat robustious manner of contemporary American plays to the polite insignificance of English ones. Even when they fail, the former have at least the merit of having attempted something. They reveal some awareness of the fact that the world is not everywhere anemically well bred, and that drama is no longer drama when it is afraid to permit passion to speak upon the stage. One may admit that Mr. Van Druten's play is quiet and sensible. But it is so quiet as to be almost inaudible, and so sensible that it is not far from the fatuous. As for its title, "After All" has the virtue of being colloquial and appropriate. But so too would something like "When All's Said and Done," or even—and more suggestively—"What of It?"

On the other side I must report that I recently paid a visit to "Cynara" (Morosco Theater) and that I found it rather more entertaining than did the deputy who saw it for me when it first appeared. It is true that the moral deduced from this story of a respectable barrister who got entangled in a love affair with a shop girl is not particularly new. It is, however, very clearly stated, and the whole play is written with an easy competence which makes it always entertaining and occasionally moving. It should be remarked, however, that the reference of the title to Ernest Dowson's all too well-known poem is singularly inappropriate. The story is not the story of a congenital philanderer who finds comfort in the dubious phrase "faithful in my fashion," but of an essentially monogamous man who is a victim of circumstance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"The Second Comin'" (Provincetown Playhouse) is a rather preposterous play about a white pastor who hypnotizes a Negro girl and attempts to satisfy the desire of his superstitious Negro parishioners for a miracle by providing them with an immaculately conceived "black Christ."

H. H.

Films

"Arrowsmith"

ONE of the main interests in "Arrowsmith" the book lay in the minute knowledge of bacteriology there displayed, out of which grew the drama of an antitoxin for bubonic plague. It was an exciting story, but except for Leora, Gottlieb, and perhaps Sondelius, the characters did not come alive for me, and the bristling episodes of Main Street stupidity—episodes peopled with types and ending typically—did not contribute to the ultimate theme, namely, the struggle between the scientist who is ready to sacrifice life in order to be able to save it, in later generations, through immunity, and the doctor who saves lives at the risk of learning nothing exact about a disease or its cure. "Arrowsmith" the motion picture (Gaiety Theater) obviously could not pay much attention to bacteriological detail. It had no room for the episodes of small-town life which crowd the book. It contented itself, therefore, with a lavish display of test tubes, skipped most of the episodes, and concentrated upon the ultimate theme, with the result that so far as the story is concerned the picture is more vivid than the book. It is melodramatic, of course, and the tropics in which the plague rages are Hollywood tropics; but the story in the

☐ PLAYS ☐ FILMS ☐ LECTURES ☐ DEBATES ☐

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

1931 -

By CLAUDE and PAUL SIFTON

Under the Auspices of The Theatre Guild

MANSFIELD THEATRE, 47th St., West of Broadway

Evgs. and Sat., 50c to \$2.50. Thurs. Mat., 50c to \$2.

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays

Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA. 44 St. & 8 Ave. Penn. 6-6100
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40



AVON | Every Evening, 8:50.
W. 45 St. | Pop. Price Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

James B. Pond presents

**CORNELIA
OTIS SKINNER**

in her sensational novelty hit

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII

PRECEDED BY SOME SUPERB CHARACTER SKETCHES

"One of the most amusing and novel evenings in a New York Theatre Today."—John Mason Brown, *Post*.

GILBERT MILLER Presents

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:40

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, *Judge*.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

ELIZABETH of AUSTRIA

See and hear the sensational revelations in this amazing historic German talking film drama

THE LIFE OF KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH IN NEW LIGHT,
ASSASSINATION OF EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA

EUROPA Real Facts of World's History
154 West 55th Street, at 7th Avenue
Popular Prices — Cont. Noon to Midnight

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.

Sunday Afternoon, December 20th, at 4:30 p.m.

S. A. DE WITT, will speak on:

"POETRY: ITS USES AND ENJOYMENT"

Tuesday Evening, December 22nd, at 8:30 P.M.

The Group invites you to its monthly

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE

DORSHA—in a short Dance Recital (Dancing until Past-Midnight)

DEBATE

Resolved: "That periodic business depressions can only be eliminated by Socialism."

MORRIS
HILLQUIT

vs. GEORGE GORDON
BATTLE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20th—8:30 P.M.

B'KLYN FORUM—B'KLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

30 Lafayette Ave., near Flatbush Ave.

Tickets \$1—50c—25c at Box Office and Rand Bookstore, 7 East 15th St., New York City

LOUIS FISCHER

Foremost Authority on Russia

Available for lectures after February 1st

For terms and open dates address

LEE KEEDICK, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

PLAYS TO SEE

After All—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.

Bloody Laughter—49 St.—W. of B'way.

Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.

Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.

Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way

Louder, Please—Masque—45 St. W. of B'way.

Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.

1931—Mansfield—47 St. W. of B'way.

Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 11 Ave.

Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.

Springtime For Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.

Cornelia Otis Skinner—Avon—W. 45 St.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.

The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.

The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.

The Passing Present—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

The Left Bank—Little—44 St.

The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.

If You Have Any Problems to Solve

CONSULT OUR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

If you cannot find what you want, send in your requirements.

Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York
Cortlandt 7-3330

American Jewish Communities

offer unexcelled opportunities for creative, stimulating effort in: 1. Family and Individual Case Work; 2. Child Care; 3. Educational and Recreational Work; 4. Health Work; 5. Community Organization.

As in Other Professions, Social Work Requires Specialized Training.

College graduates are invited to examine the facilities for preparation offered by

THE TRAINING SCHOOL  FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(a graduate school)

M. J. KARPF, Director

71 West 47th Street, New York City

Scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$1,000 to \$150 are available for specially qualified candidates.

TWO L. I. D. STUDENT CONFERENCES

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

December 28—30, 1931

New York:

GUIDING THE REVOLUTION

to be held at Union Theological Seminary

122nd Street and Broadway

Chicago:

NEW TACTICS IN THE SOCIAL CONFLICT

to be held at University of Chicago

Speakers at both conferences are leaders in the radical movement and college students active in organizing for a new social order. Over 100 colleges will be represented.

For further information, write to League for Industrial Democracy, 112 East 19th Street, New York City, or 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

book, told barely, is no less melodramatic, while such imaginative photographic bits as plague-bearing rats running, almost incandescent in the light from a burning village, add much to the effectiveness of the tale.

The casting of the picture is excellent, even though in important instances it does not quite fit the book. Thus the character presented by Ronald Colman is hardly Martin Arrowsmith, small-town grandson of an American pioneer. It is a richer, more sophisticated character who has neither the unmodulated voice nor the awkward eagerness of the Martin of the book. But once past the early scenes in which the more tangible traits have any significance, Mr. Colman becomes believable and lovable enough as the doctor with a passion for research. As for Helen Hayes, with her well-known competence and understanding she develops the part of Leora to its fullest possibilities of tenderness and strength. Richard Bennett as Sondelius is convincing; Gottlieb, the abstract scientist, is more competent and less appealing in the picture than in the book, but nevertheless well played by A. E. Anson. The story, though it is necessarily much cut, is faithful to the original, and Sidney Howard has done an excellent job of adaptation. It need hardly be pointed out, however, that the process of picturization inevitably involves a shift of emphasis from ideas, which play the more important part in the book, to action, which is essential to an absorbing film.

It must be said that the picture, like the book, leaves the spectator a little confused. In both, the conflict between the immediate relief of human suffering and distant immunity for all mankind seems to be identified with the fight on Main Street between stupidity and intelligence, when as a matter of fact the former struggle might well enlist intelligence on both sides.

"Arrowsmith" is a superior motion picture admirably directed, beautifully photographed. But the fact remains that the perfect film will never come out of a book. True, some books lend themselves to filming more readily than others. "All Quiet on the Western Front," being essentially a visual account of stirring events hung around the dominating central theme of war, was obviously good movie material. "Arrowsmith," based as it is on a book of episodes centered around an idea, cannot help seeming merely synoptic for almost half its length, or until it gets into the final episode, which contains all the important action of the story.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Contributors to This Issue

GLENN FRANK is president of the University of Wisconsin.

ARTHUR EVANS WOOD, professor of sociology at the University of Michigan, was a delegate to the President's Conference on Home Building and Ownership.

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON, former Ambassador to Germany and to Great Britain, has a knowledge of the present European situation equaled by few Americans.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

A. FENNER BROCKWAY is the author of "The Government of India" and "A Week in India," and has recently been chosen editor of the *New Leader*.

HORACE GREGORY has recently published a translation of Catullus.

MORRIS R. COHEN, professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York, is the author of "Reason and Nature."

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is the author of several volumes of verse and of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1931

No. 3469

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	709
EDITORIALS:	
The President Violates the Law.....	712
Relief Hits New Low.....	713
Short Selling	713
God's Book for God's People.....	714
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	715
"SHE'S NOT HOLDING UP HER END!" A Cartoon by Edmund	
Duffy	716
CONGRESS, DEBTS, AND BANKERS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	717
LYNCHINGS, FEARS, AND FOLKWAYS. By Howard W. Odum..	719
TELL ME, GOD. By Virginia Moore.....	720
MILKING THE UTILITIES. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	721
"RED" UNIONS AND THE A. F. OF L. By Felix Morrow.....	722
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	725
CORRESPONDENCE	725
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	726
FINANCE: A NEW ASPECT OF REPARATIONS. By S. Palmer	
Harman	726
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
Tender Pelican. By Edward Davison.....	727
The Wellsian Bible. By Henry Hazlitt.....	727
Fenimore Cooper. By Granville Hicks.....	728
Ludwig on Ludwig. By Horace Gregory.....	728
More Roses and Locomotives. By Eda Lou Walton.....	729
Our Lawless Police. By Paul Blanshard.....	730
Books in Brief.....	730
Art: The Whitney Museum. By Paul Rosenfeld.....	731
Drama: The Decent Thing. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	732
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
"Friendship!"—Slogan of Vienna. By Cornelia Stratton Parker..	735

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN	FREDA KIRCHWEY	MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT	H. L. MENCKEN	CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON	NORMAN THOMAS	ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

EUROPEAN REACTION to the stand Congress has taken on the question of revising the war debts should serve as a warning to Washington. Editorial comment in the press of Berlin, Paris, and London has lately been increasingly bitter toward us. Moreover, Berlin observers report that Adolf Hitler, who has promised outright repudiation of reparations, has been considerably strengthened by the adamant attitude of Congress. Chancellor Brüning may fall unless he can soon counter Hitler's promise with a definite guaranty of relief from Germany's creditors. But France is hardly likely to extend such relief unless assured in advance that the United States will not insist upon full payment of the war debts. From London has come the suggestion that England and France take joint action on this question without regard to our position. Following up this semi-official suggestion, Wickham Steed proposed that England and France upon their own initiative proclaim a two-year extension of the Hoover moratorium. He described his proposal as "one sure way of bringing home to the American people a sense of their own dependence upon the welfare of other nations." If the Steed proposal were carried through, we should not only collect no debts what-

ever during the two-year period, but we should be in a weak position in any future negotiations looking toward an adjustment of the debt problem. Europe may yet be swept by revolution, as some people believe, as a result of our callous and unintelligent attitude, but even if we escape the consequences of such disturbances, we shall very probably suffer in other ways from growing European hostility.

THE TESTIMONY of Mr. Lamont and Mr. Mitchell before the Senate Finance Committee covered a good deal of ground, and it will be difficult to draw conclusions from some aspects of it until more testimony from other bankers is in. Mr. Lamont's remarks were reassuring in tone. He pointed out that in no case up to date has there been any default in the service on any private German governmental debt, including all the municipal issues, and he asserted his confidence that none of these issues would be repudiated. Mr. Mitchell, though also inclined to believe that Germany would take this attitude toward private credits, expressed the correct opinion that the generation which has grown up since the war was becoming increasingly resentful of paying reparations, and would eventually revolt against them if they were continued. On the whole, the answers by both bankers were much more intelligent than most of the questions addressed to them. Some of the Senators on the committee seem to be trying to prove both that the international bankers favor the cancelation of war debts solely because they want to make their own private foreign bonds more secure, and that they have already sold all these private foreign bonds to unwary investors!

THE WORST MAN President Hoover could possibly have chosen from the Senate, Swanson of Virginia, he has picked for one of the places on the Commission to the Disarmament Conference. It begins to look as if Mr. Hoover were deliberately trying to sabotage the conference by appointing men who have neither the ability nor the desire to make it a success. Senator Swanson is an imperialist and a big-navy man. Henry P. Fletcher is the man who, while he was Ambassador at Mexico, nearly precipitated a bad break between that country and the United States; he is at best a routinized, big-business diplomat. Hugh Wilson, if clever, is also a typical career diplomat of limited vision. It only remains now for Mr. Hoover to appoint a man like James J. Davis of Pennsylvania to represent the Republican members of the Senate, and the mischief will be complete. The only hope left is that Mr. Stimson will head the delegation. He really desires disarmament. There is not the slightest sign that the others do. As for putting a woman on, or a man who is really passionate for disarmament or who is identified with the peace cause—such as Alanson B. Houghton or Nicholas Murray Butler—why, Mr. Hoover won't think of such a thing. Unless all signs fail, he has insured from the start that ours will be a reactionary delegation without the possibility of leadership. And yet, as President Butler has said, the Geneva conference may settle the fate of the world for a generation.

SENATOR COSTIGAN of Colorado has introduced a bill in the Senate appropriating \$125,000,000 for the fiscal year which ends June 30 next, and \$250,000,000 for the following twelve months, for the benefit of the unemployed, and creating a Federal Board of Unemployment Relief, comprising the heads of the Children's Bureau, the Director of Extension Work in the Department of Agriculture, and the Chief of the Vocational Rehabilitation Service, the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor to be charged with the administration of the act. Forty per cent of the amounts appropriated are to be divided at once among the several States according to the proportion of their population; the rest, after deductions for the expenses of administration—which should be very light—is to be held in reserve for emergency allotments. These are to be made whenever it appears that "the combined moneys available from local and State funds within the State, supplemented by the moneys apportioned to the State . . . will fall below the estimated need for emergency relief." The disbursing board must, however, be satisfied that every effort has been made by local authorities to meet the emergency without calling for aid. The original payments are not to be in excess of two-thirds of the amount available within a State by local and State agencies or private gifts. It strikes us that Senator Costigan's bill is sane and well drafted and that it offers an excellent method of beginning federal aid.

THE JAPANESE, having induced the League of Nations and our State Department not to interfere with their aggressive operations, are now making ready to "consolidate" their position in Manchuria. We are told in dispatches from Tokio that this task will probably be undertaken in the middle of January. First, these dispatches say, the "bandits" and Chinese "irregulars" must be driven from the Chinchow area. In other words, the Manchurian war is to go on until the military conquest is completed and the last vestige of Chang Hsueh-liang's influence eradicated. The State Department is said to have protested against the renewal of the Japanese military drive, but again the essential details as to the department's action are being withheld from the public. According to the United Press, General Jiro Minami, the former Minister of War, has been appointed governor general of Manchuria, although the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* more cautiously quotes the Japanese press as saying he has been sent to Mukden to "prepare for the establishment of a government-general in Manchuria." Perhaps both of these statements are incorrect, or in any case premature. More certain is it that the Japanese have picked their own man, Tsang Shih-yi, to be Chinese governor of the territory for the time being. They kept Tsang an involuntary guest for three months before "appointing" him. In his first interview with foreign correspondents he was surrounded by Japanese "advisers." It is fairly safe to presume that Tsang, unlike Chang Hsueh-liang, will take care to do Tokio's bidding.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, the militarist who was to regenerate China in the name of Sun Yat-sen, has fallen. The manner of his falling was little short of revolutionary, and it may have far-reaching consequences. Marshal Chiang rose to prominence and power with the repeated victories of the Nationalist armies which swept northward from Canton

in 1926. The ground had previously been prepared for them by the teaching of Dr. Sun and the clever agitation and propaganda work of Michael Borodin, the Russian. But no sooner had Chiang established himself at Nanking than the reaction against the nationalism of Sun Yat-sen and the communism of Borodin began. The Kuomintang under Chiang immediately set about the task of purging itself of its radical elements, the purging consisting partly of driving Mrs. Sun, Eugene Chen, and other radical leaders out of the party, and partly of wholesale beheadings of Chinese peasants and "bandits" suspected of Communist sympathies. Nevertheless, radical propaganda continued to make deep inroads among the common people, especially among the students. Three years of unceasing student agitation against Chiang Kai-shek has now finally driven him from power. This is the first instance in the recent history of China of a war lord being overthrown not by another war lord, but by popular opinion. In that respect his fall holds vast significance; it may mark the end of militarist government in China.

IT HAS BEEN OBVIOUS since the "standstill" agreement was arrived at by Germany's "short-term" private creditors that, barring a radical change for the better, these creditors could not hope to have their claims paid as a group except over a long period of years. The problem has been that of either putting all these claims on an equal basis or separating them into a few clear-cut categories and assuring an orderly liquidation. Recent reports indicate that this will be done by the formation of a trust company to take over the separate claims and exchange for them its own 5 per cent bonds. These bonds are then to run for a maximum of ten years and are presumably to be retired serially at the rate of 10 per cent of the total amount each year. At the moment this appears to be the most reasonable way of dealing with the problem. The suggestion has been thrown out that the bonds are to be made the basis for advances by "national banks of issue," which would seem to imply the hope that they could be rediscounted by the Federal Reserve banks. Such a proposal should not, of course, be given the slightest consideration, even if the bonds of the proposed trust company were much sounder than they seem likely to be. The Federal Reserve system must not under any circumstances be made the dumping ground for long-term securities or frozen credits. The bonds of such a trust company would, however, have a general market—something which the individual claims do not have. But no plan for liquidating the short-term credits, no matter how ingenious technically, can hope to succeed or to prevent leaks unless steps are taken to restore genuine confidence in Germany's financial soundness.

LAST SUMMER the representatives of twenty-eight nations at Geneva approved a new convention designed to control the international traffic in habit-forming drugs. The plan contained in this agreement, while by no means perfect, was rightly acclaimed by the State Department as "the most advanced step yet taken in the fight against the abuse of narcotics." The convention is to take effect when ratified by four drug-manufacturing nations and twenty-one non-manufacturing nations. Unhappily, not one government has to date ratified the agreement. For some peculiar reason, and notwithstanding the State Department's en-

thusiasm for the convention, President Hoover not only failed to ask the Senate to ratify it, but neglected even to mention it in any of his messages to Congress. In *The Nation* of July 29 we pointed out that the weakness of the new plan lay in its failure to control or regulate the production of raw materials. We expressed the belief that, inasmuch as Turkey is the largest producer of raw narcotics for the illicit drug trade, the announced intention of Turkey to accept the new convention, and also to sign the 1912 Hague treaty and the 1925 Geneva convention, would go far toward remedying the weakness of the 1931 agreement. But Turkey has not yet acted. Early ratification of the agreement by the United States would unquestionably encourage other countries, including Turkey, to take similar action.

THE COST OF RACE PREJUDICE is revealed with new force by recent information regarding the death of Juliette Derricotte in a Southern Negro hospital last November. Miss Derricotte was a credit both to her race and to the Y. W. C. A., of whose national board she was a member. On November 6 she and a companion were injured in an automobile accident at Dalton, Georgia. Her friend, Miss Johnson, would certainly have died from injuries; but the death of Miss Derricotte, according to recent investigations by Walter White for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was not inevitable. Mr. White declares that the color line barred Miss Derricotte from the local hospital; that she lay for six hours in a private house to which sick colored people are "referred," and then, though in great pain, was carried fifty miles to Chattanooga; and that the colored hospital at Chattanooga lacked ordinary X-ray equipment. "The real kindness of the white doctors in Dalton, in whose offices the colored women received treatment," says Mr. White, "only emphasizes the rigidity of the hospital segregation which is directly responsible for Miss Derricotte's death." The fact that the victim of caste in the present instance was a person of culture and prominence vividly illuminates the handicaps under which thousands of Negroes, more obscure, are compelled to suffer without the public ever hearing of them.

DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON it is proper to give a thought to employees of the Post Office Department. Weary postmen with bulging sacks over their shoulders can be seen delivering Christmas and New Year's mail at any hour of the day. But in the branch post offices there are clerks who do not appear on the streets and are no less to be relieved if possible. Several of them have written letters to *The Nation* describing their plight. Significantly enough, each begs that his name not be used or refrains from giving it: "I'd lose my job if it were found out that I am telling you this." Briefly the subcarriers complain that they receive no salary but are paid by the hour for work done and must often wait long intervals between assignments; that the average earnings per subcarrier per day in one representative station amounted to \$2.35; that hours are from 6 a. m. till frequently 7 p. m. or sometimes later; that uniforms are furnished by the employees themselves. Recommendations recently issued by First Assistant Postmaster General Coleman prove that such conditions are not imaginary. The deficit in the department, he declared, makes economy imperative; no increased pay rolls, as a result, no

new help, no vacancies to be filled unless the most urgent need can be shown, every possible employee who can be spared now is to be "dispensed with." "Regular clerks and carriers should appreciate the effort of the department to protect them in their positions and they must cooperate in maintaining the service, under present conditions, even though they are required to accept less desirable assignments." This is the government's answer to the unemployment crisis. How fortunate that we have rugged individualism to console the Post Office employees in their working and non-working hours!

BERTRAND RUSSELL, who took ship lately for home, promises never to return to the United States. Americans are too hospitable, he declares; they feted him to death and, he undoubtedly might have added, urged on him too constantly indifferent liquor and dull sociability. If we have sent away forever a good friend, a sound scholar, a first-rate conversationalist we have only ourselves to blame. The way of Americans with foreign, and particularly British, visitors of almost any degree of excellence is past understanding. Most of the visitors, it is true, come frankly to make money; they find, often enough, that they can sell for a good price their second-rate wares to uncritical women's clubs and "literary" societies; in the process they are "entertained" to the point of exhaustion by persons in search of a lion. This is highly demoralizing to the foreign visitors and to the Americans who welcome them. The latter are treated to inferior wares and made to like them; the former yield to the temptation of palming off their thinnest ideas on indiscriminating audiences, with sometimes disastrous results to their own integrity and lasting fame. In the case specifically of Lord Russell, he has added nothing to his eminence as a philosopher and mathematician by lectures on current morality and the future of sex. We trust he will not keep his promise never to come back to the United States, but that when he does come, it will be to eschew the swing around the lecture circle.

WE ARE SOMEWHAT SURPRISED but very much gratified to learn that Thomas Stearns Eliot has been appointed to fill the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard during the academic year of 1932-33. Cynics may remark that Mr. Eliot possesses a rare combination of qualities in that he is at once an Eliot, a Harvard graduate, and, by choice, a British subject. They may add that this combination is exactly the one which would appeal to certain prejudices rooted in the academic mind. But the fact remains that he is a man of extraordinary talents and that he is, despite his present conservatism, not quite the type which usually receives official recognition. Once a satirist and a rebel, he has become a defender of a highly intellectual kind of authoritarianism in politics and religion as well as in literature, but he has achieved a solid fame without ever saying or writing anything which seems likely to be popular. He is the most conspicuous survivor among the group of young men who set out some ten or fifteen years ago to remake the literary tradition, and he has gradually become the most generally accepted leader of what he would certainly refuse to call "the young intellectuals." The appointment should be gratifying to him and will certainly contribute largely to the intellectual life of America.

The President Violates the Law

THE Secretary of War's impassioned defense of President Hoover at last week's meeting of the Republican National Committee, we read, "brought the party leaders to their feet with cheers by his militant thrusts at the Democrats, and his confident prediction that President Hoover's leadership would carry his party to victory next year." As to that, we shall see what we shall see. It is the regulation talk of a Cabinet member loyally devoted to his Chief. But what we are concerned about today is one item of the twelve points listed by Mr. Hurley to prove that the President has been a great and successful leader. It reads as follows:

3. He stopped immigration by an effective order to bar 300,000 aliens who would have been unemployed.

Far from being a cause for praise, this is to us a grave indictment of President Hoover, so grave that if the national legislature were aware of its significance and of the enormity of the offense, and the process of impeachment were not so difficult, it could well be made a basis for impeachment proceedings. For what this means is that the President deliberately set aside a law passed by Congress without himself having the authority of law, thereby invading the field of the legislative branch of the government.

We are quite aware, of course, that Mr. Hoover's action has been acclaimed by others besides the Secretary of War; that it has even been described as a statesman-like act in the time of national emergency; that it has the approval of the bulk of the Congress; that it was an act of kindness to the intending immigrants not to permit them to come into a country where they would starve for lack of work and increase the difficulties of the American people. Now, valid as these arguments seem on their face, they are entirely beside the mark. The only fact worth noting about this matter is that the President of the United States deliberately violated a law, deliberately trenched upon the prerogatives of the Congress. For those who respect the laws and the Constitution of the United States it must seem far worse to have the President again setting the example of lawlessness than to have had a few thousand more people come through the gates of Ellis Island. More than that, not only did the President himself undertake to say when a law should or should not be enforced; the agents of the United States abroad, the consuls and vice-consuls involved, deliberately resorted to all sorts of stratagems and misrepresentations to head off people who under the laws of the United States were clearly entitled to receive visas. The President's offense is, moreover, the less defensible because he could have asked Congress last winter for a temporary modification of the law, or for the power to suspend it if in his judgment it seemed wise. Had the regular session not granted this authority, he would have been justified in calling a special session for that purpose alone.

We cannot think of a more vital principle today than this one that officials of the United States, and especially the President, who have taken a solemn oath to uphold and maintain the laws shall be held accountable for that oath and for

the responsibility they assume. Every American has his theory as to why it is that ours has the disgraceful distinction of being the most lawless of countries. Some students of our society and national life attribute it to the inheritance of the pioneer spirit which, when it broke ground through the wilderness, was by force of circumstances at times superior to its own laws, or was a law unto itself. Others attribute it to the government's attempt to regulate the habits and actions of private individuals, as in the national prohibition act. We, too, have our pet reason for this national lawlessness, although we realize that it probably cannot be explained wholly by any single circumstance. Our belief is that our laws and Constitution are constantly brought into contempt more through the lawlessness of public officials than in any other way. The statement we have made above, that this might be well made a case for the impeachment of the Executive under certain conditions, will doubtless seem to many readers a gross exaggeration. It is nothing of the kind if one regards the tremendous amount of lawlessness by public officials throughout the land. Anything we could do to bring home to our officials from the White House down that this is a government of laws and not of men, that no administrative or executive official has the right to alter or disregard a law, would be the greatest possible blessing. Yet the Secretary of War actually commends the President for lawlessness that would send to prison men who set aside the same law for the purpose of smuggling a half-dozen persons into the United States!

No one, certainly not Mr. Hurley, can deny the fact that the laws of the United States are violated by officials at every turn. The other day the mayor of Syracuse hit upon the happy idea that the way to help the unemployment situation in that city was to remove from the civil service about 170 married women whose husbands were also wage-earners—an act that fortunately met with vigorous and outspoken protest from the college community situated in that city, and others of the citizenry. It was a deliberate violation of the civil-service laws. It was just as lawless an act in its essence as if the mayor had wounded a citizen of Syracuse on the street. Yet he believed himself absolutely justified in overriding the law because of the authority vested in him. Just so Secretary Doak in his annual report acclaims the President for his violation of the immigration law, and the President himself admits it by asking the Congress in his annual message for ex post facto approval of his infringement of its prerogatives and his own violation of his solemn oath of office. No emergency can justify this sort of thing. Everywhere it will encourage the mayors who have made a joke of the constitutional right of free speech and free assembly; the governors who use the militia to enforce their arbitrary will as to oil production; the chiefs of police who, as the Wickersham Commission has proved, hourly violate the rights of prisoners and administer the "third degree" without realizing that thereby they make themselves worse criminals than the thugs from whom they seek to wring confessions by torture. Things like these constitute in our judgment one of the gravest menaces to our Republic.

Relief Hits New Low

HARDLY a day goes by without its hymns of thanksgiving from industrialists, reactionary labor leaders, and other public guardians because we are free from the fearsome "dole." This frank jubilation may arise from mixed motives, yet we assume that few among the defense corps really prefer starvation, even for others, to unemployment insurance or various forms of state aid. They console themselves with the thought that American generosity, thank God, has risen to the call for sharing and has guaranteed that no matter how hard the winter, they will not see actual starvation.

They may not see it. But granting that the relief funds as proposed for various cities and towns will be available in the full amounts requested—a hope not positively certain of fulfilment—will wholesale hunger be averted? Some valuable testimony on this point was offered by experienced observers from many cities who gathered recently in Washington under the auspices of the Joint Committee on Unemployment. In Atlanta, said Professor Mercer G. Evans of Emory University, almost 5,000 families are receiving relief, and figuring the minimum allowance for groceries at \$6 or \$7 a week for each family, and other living costs at about \$3, practically \$50,000 weekly is required. For a period of thirty weeks, this would imply a definite need of \$1,500,000, whereas the total actually sought is only \$800,000. A report from Los Angeles placed the unemployed actually registered as 151,000, of which 60,000 were heads of families. A \$5,000,000 bond issue was used up last year and has not been replaced, and out of the Community Chest drive, which brought in about \$3,000,000, only \$600,000 has specifically been designated for unemployment. Even adding in other indirect sums, the total falls far short of the city's needs. In Cleveland, where 100,000 needy families are estimated to exist, the minimum food allowance of \$4 a week necessitates spending \$400,000 weekly, or \$6,000,000 for the fifteen coldest weeks. Adding \$5,000,000 for shelter and clothing, \$11,000,000 is demonstrably required. But the complete amount at hand is only \$4,075,349, falling short of the need by almost \$7,000,000.

Are the larger cities doing any better? Last September in Chicago 43,545 families were receiving relief from the County Bureau of Public Welfare and five major relief agencies. Paul Hutchinson, managing editor of the *Christian Century*, representing the Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment, declared:

The minimum amount needed for the bare necessities of life for the unemployed from October 1 this year to September 30, 1932, is \$21,260,000. To meet this need there is available \$8,890,000, if county appropriations are maintained, and if the Joint Fund is raised. This means a deficit of \$12,370,000 to meet the barest family-sustenance needs already apparent. The legislature will be asked to provide \$10,000,000, \$3,000,000 for relief and \$7,000,000 for a special work fund; but even if this goes through, it will leave the deficit for the merest maintenance \$8,870,000.

Last year Philadelphia spent \$7,400,000 for relief, it was shown by Andrew J. Biemiller, secretary of the Philadelphia League for Industrial Democracy, who also indicated that

whereas the Child Health Society estimated the minimum food allowance for a family of five to be \$8.50 a week, the Bureau of Unemployed Relief allows only \$5 for groceries. The United Campaign for Relief raised \$9,000,000. Mr. Biemiller said:

Dr. Jacob Billikopf, director of the Federation of Jewish Charities, estimates the minimum to keep Philadelphia's unemployed from starving during the coming year is \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. J. Hampton Moore, Mayor-elect, has served notice that the city will give no appropriation for relief in 1932, and the State constitution specifically prohibits appropriations for direct outdoor relief, so for even the starvation minimum of \$5 a week for the Relief Committee's estimated 75,000 families in want, Philadelphia would need at least \$15,000,000 more.

An extraordinary similarity in conditions runs through the reports from every section of the country. Dr. Sidney E. Goldstein, chairman of unemployment of the City Affairs Committee of New York, speaking before a recent city appropriation of \$5,000,000 had been passed, thus described a situation which this new fund will change only a little:

New York will face a six months' wage loss of not less than \$600,000,000 with a total unemployment-relief fund of \$40,000,000. This means that we shall be able to take care of somewhere between 6 and 7 per cent of those who are out of work. It is difficult to hazard an estimate, but certainly every leader in close touch with the field will agree that fully 30 per cent of those who are out of work today are in need of assistance. In other words, we are prepared in New York, the richest city in the country, to relieve less than one-quarter of the burden of unemployment.

And so, we imagine, few of those whose contact with misery is closer than that of after-dinner speakers will reflect the comfort of soul exhibited by some of the patriotic gentlemen who have won the battle—as they fatuously dream—for charity as against direct and substantial federal help to the wretched millions.

Short Selling

THE recent defense of short selling by the president of the New York Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, is intelligent and impressive. Analyzing the detailed statistics which the Exchange has recently collected on the amount of short selling in individual securities, Mr. Whitney points out that the fifteen stocks in which the greatest amount of short selling has occurred since May 25 are, for the most part, the very ones which have had comparatively the steadiest market and the narrowest price fluctuations in that period. None of the fifteen stocks which experienced the greatest decline in percentage of value in the same period, on the other hand, has had any sizable short interest in it. The greatest short interest in any stock for the period investigated was 406,000 shares in General Motors, the general market action of which has been comparatively steady. Even this maximum short interest, moreover, was less than 1 per cent of the total shares of General Motors outstanding. For the whole period of the investigation, short sales, Mr. Whitney concludes, have amounted to only 5 per cent of the total

volume of sales. The rest represented genuine "liquidation."

These figures call for some comment. Assuming that Mr. Whitney is correct in his conclusion that short sales as a whole represent on an average only 5 per cent of total market transactions, the relative influence of short selling is considerably greater than such an average figure might imply to the uninitiated. For the short selling that occurs, ■ Mr. Whitney's own figures reveal, is not distributed equally over the list, but tends to be concentrated on a few "market leaders." As the action of these leaders commonly sets the tone for the whole market, if these leaders can be depressed on any day or over a series of days by concentrated short selling, the probability is that the whole market will be depressed. Thus on October 28, as Mr. Whitney admits, the short sales of United States Steel amounted to 24 per cent of the total selling of that stock. Again, the fact that the price fluctuations of the shares in which the greatest short interest existed were in general less erratic than those in which virtually no short interest existed does not in itself prove that the short selling was a factor making for stabilization. The causation is, in general, the other way round: most short selling tends to occur in those issues which already have the broadest and most active market, for these are the "market leaders." But while the statistics which the Stock Exchange has collected do not make out a positive case for short selling, they do make out an impressive negative case. They show that the short interest is in general very much less than had been generally assumed before the investigation was undertaken. And they certainly do not indicate that short selling is in itself an unsettling factor.

The case for short selling, however, is broader than any statistical one. It cannot be repeated too often that every short sale must eventually be completed by a repurchase, and that the purchase, or "covering," will tend to send prices up on an average to the same extent as the preceding short sales may have sent them down. Further, on days of severe panic, when a particularly disturbing piece of news has appeared, "short covering" may prove one of the few forces existing to check the decline. It is true that short sellers often circulate false rumors with the intention of undermining confidence in particular securities or in securities generally, but in that case it is the rumors that are vicious and not the selling. The prohibition of short selling would not in itself have the effect of stopping such rumors, for they are quite as often circulated by persons who have not sold short but merely wish to buy stock cheaply. Further, as "bulls" appear to outnumber "bears" by about twenty to one, it is safe to assume that there are on the average twenty times as many false rumors made to raise the price of stocks as there are rumors designed to depress them. Short selling, in the long run, is a stabilizing rather than an unstabilizing influence. Congress should not forget the disastrous consequences of the act of 1864—repealed three weeks after its passage—which forbade all sales of gold "futures," or the unfortunate effects of the trading restrictions forced on the Berlin bourse in 1896.

A prohibition of short selling, in brief, would be equivalent to tampering with the thermometer in a frigid house as a substitute for turning on the heat. Those Congressmen who are "unalterably opposed" to reducing the tariff or canceling a penny of the war debts are doing more to send the prices of stocks and bonds to lower levels than all the short sellers combined.

God's Book for God's People

THE newest translators of the Bible, whose "American" version,* at last complete, has just come off the presses, defend themselves by a quotation from the preface to the King James Version—which, as they point out in passing, was the third authorized version and a sixth revision.

Most honoured be their name that breake the yce and give the onset vpon that which helpeth forward to the saving of soules. Now what can bee more auailable thereto, than to deliuer Gods booke vnto Gods people in a tongue which they vnderstand? . . . For is the kingdome of God become words and syllables? Why should wee be in bondage to them if we may be free?

Those numerous persons to whom the Bible has become words and syllables—those persons, in brief, to whom it has become, as the phrase is, "literature"—will not be especially happy as they glance through the pages prepared with such care by Professors Smith, Goodspeed, Gordon, Meek, and Waterman. For the single aim of these scholars has been to make their translation accurate and intelligible. Lovers of the Bible as literature will find, for instance, that "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys" has become "I am a saffron of the plain, a hyacinth of the valleys"; that "the way of a man with a maid" has become "the way of a man with a woman"; that "through a glass darkly" has become "at a dim reflection: in a mirror"; and that "the mote that is in thy brother's eye" is now merely "the speck in your brother's eye."

What comfort can be given these persons, with whom, we must confess, we have a good deal of sympathy? In the first place, of course, there is the possibility that the Chicago Bible will fail to drive out the one which we know and which hundreds of millions of readers have known during three hundred years. But if it succeeds, as it or another one like it probably will, what then? Well, the King James Version will still exist as "literature"—indeed, by existing purely as literature, in the way Shakespeare exists, it will be all the more precious because it is a private possession of the godless; let God's people make of their new book what they may. "Exactly," we can imagine the godless saying, "but what can they make of it? And is it not deplorable that a treasure-house of phrases, a whole folk literature of marvelous beauty and strength, should be destroyed?" The answers to that are many, and only time can make them. Time, for instance, may determine that the saffron of the plain is quite as potent a blossom as the rose of Sharon; or it may dry the rose and mysteriously preserve it on the lips of men who cannot know where it once flourished—or forget it.

A more significant answer than either of these is given, or implied, by the translators themselves when they speak of the need of an "intelligible" Bible. To the extent that the old Bible was unintelligible, had it not already become "literature"? The new one is eminently what it claims to be, readable. Let it be read, then, for the profit it can give. And let the old one still be read for pleasure.

* The Bible: An American Translation. University of Chicago Press. \$3.50.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



WHETHER Monsieur de Cambronne actually said what he was supposed to have said on that memorable afternoon of the eighteenth of June of the year 1815, when the Imperial Guard was asked to surrender, or whether he delivered himself of the magnificent platitude recorded in our schoolbooks, will prob-

ably always remain ■ mystery. For M. de Cambronne shortly afterwards married an English lady, and English ladies, ■ century ago, did not care for four-letter Anglo-Saxon words any more than their French cousins cared for five-letter French words of similar import.

But since this world is ruled by fairy tales and not by facts, the noble picture of Nicolas Charlet with its spurious inscription about the dying Guard will be remembered and revered long after everything else connected with Waterloo will have been forgotten.

Whether General Pershing, upon his arrival in Paris, saluted the grave of the great Marquis with the martial words, "La Fayette, nous sommes là," or whether, as others claim, he showed that Blücher was not the only famous soldier to make a career out of good strategy and bad grammar and announced his arrival by informing the ghost of our loyal ally that "nous sommes voilà," is another matter which I am willing to leave to the tender mercies of future historians, who will be as hard up for suitable Ph.D. subjects as we are ourselves. I, for one, incline to believe that he used the correct *là* and that *viola* was an invention of some bright and "indispensable" young lad who fought the battle of St. Mihiel from the safe distance of the Potomac. I don't know what the military critics of the year 2031 (if any) will say about the campaigns of John Pershing, and to tell you the truth, I don't care, for I shall not be there to hear it. But to me, here and now contemplating this planet on a very murky day full of the rumors of war and unrest, Black Jack is one of the few military leaders who are rated AAA-1. His Supreme Commander gave him a job to do—he did it—then he came home and kept his mouth shut. Future Alexanders and Napoleons and Smedley Butlers please notice!

We now come to the year of grace 1931, and a little, swarthy man enters the White House. The attendants who guard the Holy Portals have been informed that he is the Premier of France and that they must not mistake him for ■ humble Oriental come to sell rugs. He is duly divested of his overcoat. He halts before the picture of the Father of His Country that graces the entrance hall. He bows low and whispers, "La faillite, nous sommes là."

The merry Grandi chaser has almost made us forget the doleful dreariness of the French mission, which somehow or other refused to click. A little elementary English in the

grammar schools of France would on the whole increase the effectiveness of that country's statesmen and diplomats in dealing with modern nations and modern conditions. We can't after all blame Mr. Hoover for not having learned any tongue but his own. He was too busy acquiring the rudiments of the engineering profession to devote much time to outside reading. But M. Laval had a whole week on the Ile de France, and the purser of that excellent *paquebot* is a master of the Anglo-Saxon tongues as he is an accomplished virtuoso of all the other graces that go with his high office. I can no longer afford to ride on his little barge and therefore I won't be suspected of trying to get the imperial suite for the price of an inside tourist third on my next pilgrimage to that promontory of Asia which used to be called the Continent of Europe. But ■ liberal sprinkling of pursers and headwaiters among the diplomatic corps of this and all other countries would make the machinery of international good-will run with an oily smoothness it has never known since that field of patriotic endeavor was abjectly surrendered to automobile magnates and wholesale plumbers with socially ambitious wives.

"Son Excellence Monsieur le Baron Georges d'Algonquin, Envoyé Extraordinaire et Ministre Plénipotentiaire des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique"—and after five minutes' conversation the President of France, the tears running down his whiskers, has promised to send us at least one dollar on account of his country's war debt before January 1, 1941.

These serious meditations, however, are not merely the result of my recent philological reflections. They were inspired by reading the news sheets of the last two weeks and by the shock I got when I caught up with the European press and realized how gloriously the propaganda mills continue to grind—more than ■ dozen years after they were supposed to have been demolished together with the last of the great German arsenals and military schools. Undoubtedly we get more foreign news than we ever got before. Even the biscuit-shooters of the Kansas plains now know that all is not well in the innermost circles of the august family that rules the broad oil fields of the old land of Dacia, and the superpatriots of the Superior Lake districts are beginning to become aware of the fact that Russia, although no longer ruled by the Romanov family, is at least possessed of a first semblance of an "established form of government." But though barrels of money are wasted on cable tales and "special stories," the true meaning of the events which are rapidly turning Europe into ■ battlefield between the red- and black-shirted disciples of Karl Marx is still kept carefully hidden from him whom the organizers of the Presidential Relief Committee have ■ charmingly baptized Mr. John K. American.

I have been puzzling a great deal about that "K." I thought at first it might have something to do with "kidding" or the "katabolism" which is sure to make itself felt if we continue to feed millions of people the ill-balanced rations of the unemployed. But now I have got it. The "K" stands for Know-Nothing.



"She's Not Holding Up Her End!"

Congress, Debts, and Bankers

An Appeal to Reason

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE House of Representatives having voted by 317 to 100 for the bill to authorize the moratorium to our foreign governmental creditors promised by President Hoover last summer, the Senate is also engaged in passing it. That is right and proper. It settles the question whether Congress will or will not approve the President's action. Unfortunately, the bill contains a proviso flatly rejecting the idea of the cancelation or reduction of Europe's debts to the United States.

This is sheer folly. For one thing, no one can foresee what the European situation will be three months or a year or two years from now. For another, the gravity of the European situation which led President Hoover to proclaim the moratorium is unchanged. As these words are written, dispatches from Washington announce that President Hoover has just communicated to a number of the House leaders at breakfast "a very black picture of conditions in Central Europe." The truth is that Germany is still on the verge of collapse, and the economic fate of England is as closely allied with that of the Reich as it was during the events of July and August last. As things stand, Germany will not be able to resume reparations payments at the end of the moratorium—it must never be forgotten that she has made payments heretofore solely with money borrowed abroad—and England, for one, will not be able to continue to pay debts to us if the money she received from Berlin and Paris fails to arrive. As long as debts and reparations stand in the way, it will not be possible to rehabilitate the shattered nerves and restore to balance the psychology of Europe. Until this question is settled, the normal processes of trade cannot recur. As long as debts and reparations continue on the books of the nations, they will form a barrier to the recovery of our own country over which no tide of returning prosperity can easily flow. As long, moreover, as the Congress demands that debts must be paid, and continues to maintain high tariffs so that our debtors can pay us only, or chiefly, in gold, there will continue to be a heaping up of that metal in the vaults of the United States Treasury. There it will further upset the equilibrium of trade, and make difficult the return of the world to the gold standard—twenty-three nations are now not operating on that standard. As long as the Congress continues our tariffs at the height at which they are, it will make increasingly difficult the payment of the debts if they can be paid at all.

It is therefore folly, I repeat, for Congress to tie its hands now, or to lay down any rigid rules for the Administration to follow. That it is extraordinarily difficult in these hard times for Congress to contemplate the renunciation of debts which were incurred by the debtors in good faith at a time when the getting of money meant victory or an immediately negotiated peace, is perfectly true, as is the fact that we have already made substantial reductions, so substantial that in the case of Italy the debt payment to the

United States is only 0.6 per cent of the annual budgetary expenditures. But this is a topsy-turvy world, and it is a fact that the payment of reparations money has been doing injury to our business life by unsettling trade in the debtor nations and introducing into it an economic factor not created by the normal processes of give and take in international barter. It is not to be denied that Nicholas Murray Butler had considerable truth on his side when he said that the receipt of these moneys is actually helping to drive prosperity out of the homes of American workingmen and women. And of what avail are payments to the United States when those reimbursements are achieved only by our lending money to Germany with which, after passing through another set of hands, the payments are made to us?

But, I hear it said, the Allies are perfectly able to pay if they will stop wasting money on armaments, and in other directions. We have seen a Machiavellian campaign in the *Saturday Evening Post*, given tremendous circulation through the notorious Chemical Foundation, to prove that Germany has been deliberately wasting her money on unnecessary municipal and other expenditures for which she borrowed large sums from abroad for the express purpose of so involving the United States and other lenders of money with her domestic economy as to be able to enlist the international bankers in her campaign to get rid of her reparations obligations. I would not deny that there is capacity to pay in Germany and the Allied nations. As to the former, I wrote that from Germany last winter (*The Nation*, January 28, 1931). But the question was then and is now whether the United States should compel the payment of these debts at the cost of a steadily decreasing scale of living, at the cost of misery and suffering which in turn make for the general instability and unhappiness of Europe, factors which in themselves work against the restoration of normal trade conditions. It is undeniable that the countries that owe us money could readily pay us if they would only stop some of the insensate waste of money on armaments. I have always favored our country's insisting upon a substantial reduction in armaments as a prerequisite of the cancelation of the debt of any country, though it would hardly be decent for the United States to demand that without some action on its side, when our own governmental appropriations for army and navy run up to \$775,000,000, when influential members of Congress are demanding the building up of our fleet to treaty limits.

But these are details, important as they may seem. The vital fact is that *the whole world stands on the brink of the gravest economic disaster in all history*. Beside that everything sinks into relative insignificance. The menace of that collapse is so great that the debts seem of relatively slight importance. If Europe crashes, we of the United States shall lose so much money as to make the debts seem a bagatelle. We shall lose it by the collapse of foreign trade, the inability of foreigners to travel in this country, their inabil-

ity to pay private debts, in a dozen different direct and indirect ways. That is the real choice which is offered to the Congress. When in the face of that it undertakes to bind the hands of the Executive, it should remember that with Europe prostrate the United States cannot possibly recover by itself, Herbert Hoover to the contrary notwithstanding. That superficial gentleman has injured his own case for a liberal international settlement by telling the Congress that we could pretty nearly recover no matter what happened in Europe—a marked contrast to his own assertion that the reason we are suffering from the depression is the unfavorable effect upon us of the European economic misadventures. We do not mean to suggest that the President should have the right to settle these matters by himself; but he should be free to negotiate, to keep in touch with the heads of other countries, and to make recommendations for immediate action in case of emergency. The Congressional vote may be taken as barring him from that.

Instead, however, of a clear realization of the gravity of the European situation, and the unalterable fact that we are involved in it and cannot hope to escape from it unless we are willing to make substantial sacrifices, the whole issue is being confused by this question of capacity to pay of the individual countries, by bringing up the false charges of an international conspiracy to rob us of what is rightfully ours, and by the assertion of Senator Reed that the issue is whether the "private claims of some American citizens should be given priority over the intergovernmental claims which are the claims of all American citizens. . . ." The latter sentiment finds expression in the violent and outrageous utterances of Representative McFadden, who has not only accused President Hoover of selling his country out to German interests, but has laid at the door of certain bankers in the United States, notably so admirable, wise, and patriotic a citizen and banker as Paul M. Warburg, the responsibility for suborning the President and engineering the campaign to get rid of governmental debts so that those bankers who have loaned a lot of money to Germany may be rescued at the expense of all their fellow-citizens.

Fortunately, such violent absurdities defeat themselves. I am more concerned with what seems the disposition on the part of certain of the Progressive Senators, who are and have been righteously alert to the unfavorable influences of international bankers upon our relations to other countries, to swallow the doctrine that the whole situation of the world has been brought to pass by these international bankers and by the Germans, so that the latter and our Allies might escape just responsibility for their debts. It is with them that I should like to reason. I should like to point out to them that in this case the wishes of the international bankers coincide with what is for the very best interests of all the peoples concerned. I should like to remind them that the liberal journals in this country, both daily and weekly, have been pointing out for at least ten years the impossibility of collecting these payments from Europe. These journals are not the mouthpieces of the international bankers. More than that, it is time to point out to them that the leaders of the Labor Party in England have been for years certain that payments could not go on, that there must be a complete remission of debts and reparations; surely no one will charge the Labor Party with having been a tool of the international bankers—did it not break with MacDonald in the last elec-

tion because, for one reason, it refused to accept banking dictation? Again, if the Progressives in the House and the Senate could travel abroad they would find that wherever men thought their thoughts, and talked their talk about the rights of the plain people against the modern control of economic and political life by great capitalistic influences, those men would be foremost in asserting that there must be a cancelation of the debts and reparations which, day by day, create bitternesses, hostility, and hatreds, and add to the moral and mental unsettlement of the world.

There lies before me a pamphlet entitled "The Crisis," by Ernest Bevin and G. D. H. Cole, two of the foremost and more radical leaders of the Labor Party. No one could possibly accuse them of being willing to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the international bankers—since the recent election Mr. Cole has come out with a demand that Great Britain immediately socialize its entire banking system. What do they say in their pamphlet? "Complete cancelation of war debts and reparations is the first obvious step toward the recovery of world equilibrium." Elsewhere they speak of "this farce of war debts and reparations." And they declare that "it is plain to any rational person that Germany and other debtor countries are burdened with international obligations which they can never possibly meet." It is no exaggeration to say that these are the views of the democratic forces in all the countries involved.

The only question is whether the United States will be big enough and broad enough to make what is on its face an unquestioned sacrifice. It is a widespread belief among men of the highest economic standing that the United States would actually profit in dollars and cents by cancelation. It would not be difficult to demonstrate the soundness of their view statistically. Our national income in 1929 was estimated to be approximately \$90,000,000,000. The latest statistics published by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York show that industry and trade are running at more than 25 per cent below the level of normal years. These statistics indicate on their face a loss of not less than \$22,000,000,000 in our annual national income. Compared with this, our receipts from the war debts are only \$240,000,000—barely more than 1 per cent of this loss through demoralization in world trade. But even supposing that the sacrifice should be great, the simple truth is that the world cannot be set on its feet again unless every country is ready to make some sacrifice. By setting the example the United States would be in a position to demand that others do likewise. It should also heartily join in the proposal of Ramsay MacDonald for an international economic conference, yet if that economic conference should come to pass, the first question that would come up would be the question of the cancelation of war debts and reparations, as well as the reduction of tariffs, and the question of raising and stabilizing the world level of wholesale prices. Indeed, there is no possible way of approach to the world's problem which would not involve cancelation. The handwriting is on the wall. Signs of the collapse of the existing order are on every hand. There is very little time left. If the Congress takes the position that there cannot now or at any future time be a revaluation of these debts, a scaling down and ultimate cancelation of them, then it will bring the impending disaster in Europe and America within sight, and will insure losses all over the world that will make reparations and debts seem the merest trifles.

Lynchings, Fears, and Folkways

By HOWARD W. ODUM

A READING of recent lynching records in "Lynchings and What They Mean," the report of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, recalls two elementary points of emphasis in the late Professor Giddings's theory of the evolution and behavior of human society. One of these points of emphasis was that the second most important objective of all social education is the emancipation of the human mind from fear, the first objective being akin to it—namely, the development of faith and confidence in fellow-beings in the social order and in the immediate social environment through which growth and development are conditioned. "One of the most significant characteristics of civilization," he said, "quite distinct from barbarism and other savagery, is the diminution of fear." And again, when fear is rampant, "the whole life of man has dropped back to a lower level."

The other point of Giddings's recalled by a reading of the records concerning lynching—this "deadly harm and deadly injury" to human society—relates to effective laws and their enforcement.

With all our government activities [wrote Professor Giddings], all our legislation, everything we think we are doing with the power and finality and precision of government and law, . . . we discover that we are not doing it at all, that we get no result from it whatever unless we get the backing, the cooperation, and the loyal fulfilment of our wishes in and through the folkways. Every time, the folkways will defeat the stateways if they are against the stateways. . . . I have been unable to find any instance in history in which a law, a governmental enactment, has won its way against the folkways.

These are not only important considerations to note at this time but they reflect two basic explanations of the situation as revealed in this study of recent American lynchings, which clearly indicates the problem to be a Southern and an interracial one. These basic points of theory interpret also the tragic consequences of lynching to the South, to the white man, to the Negro, and to the nation. Approximately 95 per cent of all lynchings in the United States during the last five-year period were in the Southern States, and nearly 90 per cent of the lynchings were mob murders of Negroes. There has been a very marked decrease in lynchings from about 187 cases a year during the late nineties to an average of less than 17 in the five years preceding 1930; but with an increase to 21 cases in 1930, and again a decrease in 1931. In the decade before 1899 the South's proportion of lynchings was 82 per cent, and in the decade from 1919 to 1929 it was more than 95 per cent. The States having the largest number of lynchings were Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, and Louisiana, while the highest rate of lynching per ten thousand of Negro population was in Florida, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. In the States with dense Negro population the rate is least in the old black-belt counties, and the Negro is most in danger in sparsely settled areas and in newly developed territory.

In many of the lynchings there has been doubt as to the guilt of the persons lynched. This was true of more than three-fifths of those lynched in 1931, and while no complete

study has been made of the last thirty years, it is evident that something of the same tragic double travesty has appeared. In addition to this there have been frequent attempts on the part of whites to fasten crimes of their own on Negroes by false accusations or by impersonating Negroes at the time of committing the crime, especially of robbery. Some of the mobs displayed unbelievable extremes of savagery. Their behavior was reminiscent of primitive orgy, maniacal frenzy, and holy combat. Burning, cutting, shooting, dragging of the body through the streets, disfiguring and dismembering the victim—surely such actions are a vivid demonstration of "the whole life of man dropping back to a lower level."

What do these facts, and many others as well, mean as far as the phenomenon of lynching in the Southern States is concerned? We assume various causes and irritants, such as economic competition and depressions, racial animosities and prejudices, lack of education, ignorance and limited social experience, a high crime rate for both Negroes and whites, elements of frontier society, and general historical background. But these exist in other regions without producing the same tragic results. We turn naturally, then, to inquire into special regional elements which, merging with these other factors, have produced these results.

First we come to the elemental factor of fear with its many ramifications. It is not primarily that the South is traditionally afraid of Negro domination. It might seem logical to assign this as an important factor in those regions where the Negro predominates numerically and where conceivably he might become master of voting and of control. But these regions are not the only ones where lynchings occur or where the most barbaric anti-social conduct is found. What, therefore, are the other phases of the fear-force which condition the region for this particular sort of anti-social behavior? It seems apparent that the general fear which lies at the basis of the lynching phenomenon involves many other features. The Negro is troublesome to our peace of mind, though we do not quite know how or why. He is making a great deal of progress in many different ways. He may become a different sort of person from what we now think he ought to be. He may become an intimate part of our civilization and culture. He may really be our equal. We may really be wrong in our estimates of him. We fear what will happen in the future. He has to be kept in his place. We are not really afraid of the Negro himself. We are afraid of the prospect. Our thought of it is beyond the control of anything except our emotional conditioning. What are we going to do about it? We are uneasy. But we let things drift along, and when something happens, the easiest way is the way of violence and emotional debauch. And we struggle with fear and misgivings and rage that we should get into such a fix. And the Negro must pay.

And then we are afraid of what we have done. Our conscience is the conscience of a religious people. It is written that we must protect our women and our race. It is written that the Negro is a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Written or not written, we have done right and will stand by it and see that the sacred whiteness of our race shall not

be violated. We are dangerous to those who oppose us. We are hostile to those who reason. We are afraid, and it makes us mad.

Of this fear the great body of people who are horrified at lynching are afraid. In our turn, we are afraid to protest. We are afraid to legislate. We are afraid to enforce law and liberty. We are afraid to teach. We are afraid to preach. Afraid of the public, afraid of the demagogue, and, deep down, rationalizing amid the fear of fears, we are afraid to do anything. There are practically no exceptions. Teacher, preacher, doctor, lawyer, business man, farmer, laborer, artist and craftsman, writer of poems, dreamer of dreams—we are all afraid. Among the Negroes fear, a normal conditioning factor of life, becomes stark terror. The Negroes are afraid to do anything. Why shouldn't they be afraid?

What is being done about it? Why can't more be done about it? The fear which militates against vigorous protest and action is of course a product of the folkways. *"Every time, the folkways will defeat the stateways if they are against the stateways."* The special report on lynchings says: "The lynching method is a recognized custom in many communities. Hence, church members and civic leaders, instead of taking a determined stand against mob violence, often yield to it either by silence or by apology." What the outside observer does not see is that the folkways are so strong that the enforcement of law by local or State forces would mean literally civil war in the community. The folkways have ruled continuously since the days of reconstruction. Progress is being made but it is in proportion as the folkways are being changed by education, publicity, civic appeal, and courageous leadership. One-half of the Negroes who have been lynched never got to the law; one-fourth never got as far as the jail; and one-fourth were taken from custody of the jail. Many lynchings have been prevented by officials and citizens and these are evidence of changing folkways and the diminution of fear. For what has been done and the reasons that no more has been done, I quote the report:

Although a few lynchers have been indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced, the courts usually deal with them in the most perfunctory fashion. Between 1922 and 1926 grand juries investigated seventeen lynchings and indicted 146 persons. In 1922 ten were sent to the penitentiary; the next year two; in 1924 five were given jail sentences; the next year five received suspended sentences, one was put in jail, and fifteen were given indeterminate sentences of six months on the chain gang to eight years in the penitentiary; in 1926 eight were given sentences of four years, and a ninth a life sentence.

Of 1930's twenty-one lynchings, investigations resulted in grand-jury indictments of lynchers in five instances, forty-nine persons being indicted. In only one case, that of the second lynching near Thomasville, Georgia, were the lynchers dealt with as murderers. Here, life sentences were given two young white men. Not one of the lynchers indicted at Marion, Walhalla, or Chickasha was convicted. To date (October 15, 1931) but two of the Sherman lynchers have been convicted, one for arson, the other for rioting, each with a two-year sentence.

Although it is doubtless a good omen that courts investigate some of the lynchings, and that from year to year a few indictments are brought against the participants, with an occasional sentence, thus far lynchers have been comparatively safe from indictment and conviction. This im-

munity has been due to the lack of a disapproving public opinion and to the fact that State authorities have seldom made effective efforts to prosecute in such cases.

A third regional element which seems to enter into the situation is that of the high homicide rate in the South and especially in certain cities and counties. The report of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching pointed out the seasonal fluctuations in lynchings, with July, August, and June showing the largest number. This coincides with H. C. Brearley's study of homicide in the South. Furthermore, many murders of Negroes have been committed in such a way as to lead some students of the problem to classify them as in reality lynchings. There are those who affirm that one reason for the low rate of lynchings in the densely settled Negro areas is the custom there of murder by one or more individuals rather than by mob action, which is deemed unnecessary. The rate of murder reflects a lack of respect for human life and personality which gives rise to the accusation that murder is in the way of receiving institutional sanction in the South. The general "unwritten law," its special application to the Negro, and other "justifiable" grounds for homicide challenge the South to take stock anew of its prospects and tendencies.

Lynching attains none of the ends for which it has been defended. It proves no superiority. It clarifies no issues. It brings no happiness. It adds nothing to the richness of human living or the development of social personality. It accentuates devastating fear. It sets the folkways over against the stateways in lawless revolt. It cheapens human life and lessens respect for human liberty and personality. It defeats the ends of justice. It violates all the better traditions of Southern honor and ideals. It sets the strong brutally over against the weak. It negates the South's claim for excellence and genius in the science of politics. Its cost is frightful in money and in men. It drains off energies and resources. It blackens the reputation of every State. It cripples a race and handicaps a region. It intensifies racial animosities, isolates a section, sets people against people, and retards a wholesome integration of national culture.

Tell Me, God

By VIRGINIA MOORE

Tell me, God, what am I to do
When two opposites are true?
When the straight stick in water is a crook
And speech in anger wiser than a book?
When a face looks beautiful and whole
And is the mask of an aborted soul
Tied on with strings? God, how do you
Tell the almost from the true?
Tell love from hatred when they mix
As if from conscious tricks?
Tell which is better, that or this
Way of life, whose bait is bliss,
When sternly, though the spirit sighs,
The one the other one denies?
What hope, idea, or memory
Is unequivocal and free
As sunlight falling on a tree?

Milking the Utilities

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

SEVERAL days ago controlling interest in the Green Mountain Power Corporation of Vermont was sold at public auction in New York City. The records show no other case of a utility company actually making a profit being knocked down to the highest bidder at a public sale. This extraordinary transaction was the sequel—though not necessarily the final consequence—of one of the most brazen attempts on the part of a holding company to milk an operating utility that has thus far been revealed. The milking process was discovered by the Public Service Commission of Vermont when the Green Mountain Power Corporation sought permission to issue bonds to the value of \$322,000. Whatever may be the record of regulatory bodies in other States, the Vermont commission demonstrated in its disposition of this case that it was both willing and able to protect the public interest.

In November of this year the Green Mountain company presented an amended petition for authority to issue the bonds in question. Evidence was offered to show that the company had made extensions and improvements to its plant to the value of \$844,200.24, bringing its net security and equity assets to \$17,261,947.83 as of June 30. The commission found that of this total, \$362,967.83 "represents the amount for which no securities have yet been authorized by this commission." If the company's statement of its financial position was correct, an additional \$322,000 in securities could safely be authorized, as there then would "still be \$40,967.83 margin above all bonds and stock approved by this commission." But the commissioners found that "this statement does not include in either assets or liabilities \$692,547.73 advances made by the petitioner to its holding company, the Peoples Light and Power Corporation, a Delaware corporation, or \$36,100.30 discount and expense on an issue of short-term gold notes, or \$5,625 interest accrued, or \$1,500,000 liability of petitioner on said notes."

At the time of the hearing the Green Mountain company was controlled through ownership of all its common stock by Peoples Light, which in its turn was a subsidiary of the Tri-Utilities Corporation. E. C. Deal was president of both Peoples Light and Green Mountain. Members of the boards of both companies included Mr. Deal, L. O. Gordon, J. F. Doetsch, and D. L. McDaniel, all of New York City. Bankers interested in the companies were likewise represented on both boards, but by different individuals in each case. The only Vermont residents on the board of Green Mountain were Ralph N. Hill and F. E. Gleason. Vermont was not represented at all in the holding company.

On December 1, 1930, the Green Mountain company issued one-year gold notes to the amount of \$1,500,000 "without the consent of this commission as required by General Laws 4,981." However, the commission suggested in its report that the company might still have been within its rights had the proceeds of the sale of the notes been used "only to provide a means for temporary financing of legitimate and present corporate needs." The prospectus describing the note issue said the proceeds would be used "toward

the retirement of unfunded debt, for additions and betterments, and for other corporate purposes." As a matter of fact, the commission found that the "Green Mountain Power Corporation loaned without security to Peoples Light and Power Corporation \$660,367.89 of the proceeds of said issue on the last-named corporation's demand note dated December 1, 1930, and that \$27,719.46 additional was advanced to Peoples Light and Power Corporation on open account." This loan, the commission's report asserted, "was clearly *ultra vires* and had no relation whatever to furthering the corporate purposes of this Vermont operating company. Such a transaction runs counter to the basic principle of regulation of public utilities in order that the credits, bonds and stocks, rates, and service of these companies may be protected by the State in the interest of the people."

More interesting is the manner in which the transaction was negotiated. On December 1 Directors Gordon, McDaniel, and Doetsch, who were on the boards of both companies, "decided without any formal directors' meeting or legal advice" to make the transfer of funds from the operating to the holding company. "This was done," the report continued, "without the consent of the bankers who negotiated the sale of the \$1,500,000 notes on the representation of Green Mountain that the proceeds were required to raise funds for its 1931 construction budget and other corporate purposes." At the same time a similar loan of \$300,000 was negotiated by Peoples Light from the Arizona Edison Company, another of its subsidiaries. Other directors, including the banking representatives, did not learn of the Green Mountain-Peoples transaction until July or August of this year. An attempt was subsequently made to pledge the common stock of the Arizona Edison Company as security for the Green Mountain loan, but upon examining the balance sheet of the Arizona company the Vermont commission determined that "this stock was worthless." The commission therefore withheld its approval of the original petition with regard to the projected \$322,000 bond issue.

On November 5 President Deal and other officials argued before the commission that the acceptance by the Green Mountain board on the previous day of a note of the Texas Public Service Company for \$619,514.52 to the Peoples company, indorsed by Peoples to Green Mountain, had liquidated the debt of Peoples to Green Mountain. Of this transaction the commission said:

We know nothing about the Texas company except that it is also a subsidiary of Peoples and that Mr. Deal is its president. Under the law of Texas neither its Railroad Commission nor any other State agency has jurisdiction over this company. Under the exigencies of the situation caused by its own illegal act Green Mountain has seen fit to accept this note, but under all the circumstances of this case this does not warrant this commission in consenting to the issue of these bonds. On the record of the means employed by Peoples to obtain notes from its operating companies, we are not favorably impressed with this transaction.

The commission likewise criticized the consolidated

balance sheet of Peoples Light and Power Corporation, and found that "Peoples is in financial difficulties." It furthermore pointed out that the Tri-Utilities Corporation was in receivership, and was in process of being reorganized by "certain banking interests." The report continued:

We find that the Vermont directors, Hill and Gleason, knew nothing about this loan from Green Mountain to Peoples until some time in August. These officials and their subordinates have worked loyally and efficiently for the petitioner. The pity of this situation is that their efforts have been seriously affected by the domination and exploitation of this operating company by their New York associates. Vermont utilities have no need of such exploitation, which, if not checked, may ultimately be felt in rates and service. . . . It may be for the courts to decide whether or

not this loan to Peoples by Green Mountain was the result of an unlawful conspiracy. The consequences may be far-reaching.

In denying the Green Mountain company the right to issue bonds to the value of \$322,000, the commission also canceled authority previously given the company to sell other stocks and bonds, as yet unissued, to the value of \$405,160. "This \$727,160 reduction of potential liabilities," the report concluded, "is some \$39,000 in excess of the unauthorized loan by the petitioner to the Peoples Light and Power Corporation. This is the only method now open to us to safeguard and increase the security for the bonds and stock now issued." The report was signed by Commissioners Henry B. Shaw and Stephen S. Cushing.

"Red" Unions and the A. F. of L.

By FELIX MORROW

IT is a little over two years since the Communists decided for independent leadership in the trade unions and took the lead in organizing the Trade Union Unity League out of the elements gathered together in the Trade Union Educational League. The latter had been organized by William Z. Foster in 1921 as a rallying point for all progressives and radicals who favored industrial and democratic unionism and were positively opposed to the A. F. of L. officialdom. Its policy was to organize anti-administration groups within the old unions. The Communists and their sympathizers kept aloof from the T.U.E.L. until 1922, when Foster declared for affiliation with the international Communist movement. During the next few years it became clear that an aggressive opposition movement within the old unions could not protect its radical leaders and active members from being expelled. The irritated administrations in every union in which the T.U.E.L. was active—United Mine Workers, Fur Workers, Ladies' Garment Workers, Carpenters Union, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and so on—resorted to the weapon of expulsion, as, with the growth of its forces, the T.U.E.L. shifted from penetration through propaganda to a struggle for outright control of the union machinery.

By 1928 the only anti-administration elements who were still countenanced in the old unions were the progressives and Socialists, who had dissociated themselves from their pre-war policy of "boring from within for control" and substituted a policy of gradual education. This was scarcely enough for Foster and the T.U.E.L. Although he had led a fight to turn the old I. W. W. from its policy of dual unionism, he now reached the conclusion that working exclusively within the old unions had been made impossible by the wholesale expulsion of his followers. Moreover, during his leadership of the great steel strike of 1919 he had learned to his cost that the paramount task of organizing the unorganized was not to be accomplished with the aid of the A. F. of L. Consequently, in 1929 there was issued a call for a new organization of trade unions, and the Trade Union Unity League was formed.

The Socialists and progressives had been scared away from the Trade Union Educational League by its declaration

for affiliation with the international Communist movement, and they also kept away from the T.U.U.L. They were by now principally organized about Brookwood Labor College, in the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, led by A. J. Muste, and were generally referred to as the Musteites. It may be interesting to summarize their criticisms of the T.U.U.L., as presented at its inception in their organ, the *Labor Age*, by a young Socialist student, Louis Stanley. The T.U.U.L. was pronounced to be right (1) "in concentrating its attention upon the specific industries," (2) "in going after the rank-and-file workers," (3) "in stressing the importance of women, youth, and the Negro," (4) "in seeking to organize the unorganized," (5) "in emphasizing the failings of capitalism and the vision of a better social order," (6) "in teaching the necessity for international solidarity." The T.U.U.L. was declared wrong (1) "in abandoning the old unions" ("perhaps the old unions are not hopelessly under the control of so-called reactionaries"), (2) "in its analysis of the economic situation" ("it is doubtful whether the American worker, despite sporadic outbursts here and there, is prepared for a revolutionary program containing appeals which are foreign to his experience and otherwise lacking in interest to him. . . . It is doubtful furthermore, whether the T.U.U.L. has the personnel to carry on its ambitious program . . . Has it the leadership to reach these objectives, has it the money, has it the ability to adapt itself to changing situations? Has it weighed all the obstacles?"). Finally the T.U.U.L. was declared wrong in "isolating itself from other militant workers by submitting to the dictatorship of the Communist Party."

The answer of the T.U.U.L. to the first of these objections is that the wholesale expulsions of militants made the creation of independent unions necessary and unavoidable, and that if the progressives appeal to the fact that they were able to remain within the unions, that only proves that they either were not active enough or were really not opposed to the reactionaries. The succeeding objections are said merely to reflect an attitude which Lenin called "tailism"—waiting for the masses to become revolutionary instead of teaching them by their experiences in strikes. "The practical organizer who complains of shortage

of people in such conditions cannot see the wood for the trees, admits that he is blinded by events, that it is not he, the revolutionary, who dominates them . . . but they who are dominating him or have overwhelmed him." As for the dictatorship by the Communist Party, the T.U.U.L. denies this. Politically, it acts with the Communist Party; in the economic field, it declares it acts independently. It is not the fault of the T.U.U.L. that the progressives will not accept its program of class against class.

More pertinent criticisms than these may be made of the T.U.U.L. record. An analysis of the difficulties and setbacks it has met discloses a series of errors. The recent Resolution of the Trade Union Unity League (*Daily Worker*, November 11) offers a clear analysis of the causes of many of the defeats and declares that mistakes have been continually repeated. But this fact is to be explained by the sheer difficulty of the situation confronting the T.U.U.L. Mistakes are repeated, not because the strike leaders do not know better, but because the line where correct tactics end and error begins is at many points in practice almost unrecognizable. The errors actually committed can be understood only in relation to these tactics.

The present T.U.U.L. policy in strikes is "the united front from below." This method was designed to prevent isolation of the militant workers from their less conscious fellows, a result which had occurred earlier when they were still in the old unions by their suppression or expulsion, later by their calling independent strikes without making adequate attempts to unite with other workers. The aim of the united front is to build up the radical unions by participation with members of other unions in strikes, during the course of which it is to be demonstrated to them that the T.U.U.L. is capable of leading, knows the right tactics, and formulates the right demands, and that the other unions are incapable and corrupt. Specifically, the united front means that the strike is to be carried on by a committee whose members are elected not by the unions participating in the strike, but by the rank and file in the individual shops or mines. Thus, each shop may elect a committeeman for every twenty-five strikers. On such a basis, the T.U.U.L. argues, no one can claim that it is seizing leadership. The strike belongs to the rank and file, and the function of the T.U.U.L. is to offer them correct tactics and experienced organizers.

This is the united-front theory. Hitherto, however, it has worked only in part; the T.U.U.L. and the Communists themselves say the reason is that it has not been pushed whole-heartedly. There are other reasons, too. In every strike which has also been participated in by other unions, the conservatives have retained control over most of their members and refused to permit them to elect delegates to the United Front Strike Committee; A. F. of L. officialdom takes no chance of its membership coming in contact with T.U.U.L. organizers. This means that the United Front Strike Committee from the first is isolated from a large part of the strikers, an isolation which mass meetings, delegations to the conservative union members, circulation of common strike demands, and infectious contagion by T.U.U.L. members have not been able to overcome. The chief element drawn into the united front, then, is the unorganized workers. And these often elect as their shop delegates regular T.U.U.L. organizers, because, having no previous trade-

union experience, they feel they have no leadership among them; they are encouraged in this by some organizers (despite strict orders from the T.U.U.L. to draw in new blood) who want to be sure to control the tactics of the United Front Strike Committee.

Thus, in the pursuit of the correct policy of the united front, arise the errors which lead to failures. The disproportionate number of T.U.U.L. men and sympathizers on the strike committee means, generally, that the committees have little notion what changes of attitude are taking place among the large body of "wage-conscious" strikers. As the T.U.U.L. resolution says of the recent mine strikes, "The back-to-work movement was already very strong, while the strike leadership was still slow to recognize the extent of this." Similarly, the desire to show the strikers that the T.U.U.L. and the United Front Strike Committee are incomparably more militant than their rivals leads often to a lack of realism in formulating specific demands and to slowness in modifying them, making individual settlements, or getting some partial advantages before a strike disintegrates. So true is this that it is amazing to find the *Musteite Labor Age* asserting the contrary—that in the recent Paterson silk strike they were forced to close their strike because the radical National Textile Workers Union was making individual settlements below the union scale. From my own observation of the Paterson strike I should say that in no case have the T.U.U.L. leaders been more inflexible and less ready to make partial settlements; and I do not say this as a compliment. The same strike exemplified another typical error resulting from the same desire to demonstrate the superior militancy of the radicals; inadequate preparation and practically no relief organization resulted in defeat.

Thus have secretarian tendencies—insufficient delegation of active work to non-union strike elements, failure to make adequate appeals to members of other unions, precipitate action—often defeated the purposes for which the united-front policy was designed. It should be made plain, however, that most cases adduced of T.U.U.L. failure to achieve the united front are not so clear-cut as they may seem. It would be superficially effective to quote critics such as those of the Communist opposition, who, during the miners' strike this summer, wrote that the united front was not being carried out, that the National Miners Union was bent on hegemony at all costs. What any T.U.U.L. union really should have done in any specific instance is not, however, so easy to prove. For example, in the situation of which the critics spoke the facts were these: Repudiating the Lewis machine and the disintegrating United Mine Workers, an apparently large number of the miners in Pennsylvania and Ohio had sent delegates to a rank-and-file convention called to discuss the next move. The leading figure in the convention, to whom a large body of delegates looked for guidance, was Edmundson, a former ally of the discredited Lewis. The Communists accused him of still being a Lewis man, now merely working of necessity under cover, and at the opening of the convention distributed circulars attacking him. This antagonizing move, according to the critics, was one of the main causes of the convention's vote against sending delegates to a National Miners Union united-front conference. All that the vote proved, however, was that Edmundson was in control of the convention. Suppose that the Communists had not attacked Edmundson, and that the

convention, controlled by his group, had entered into a united front with the N.M.U. If Edmundson is a Lewis man, what value would such a united front have? Certainly the T.U.U.L. is right in insisting that the united front which they enter must be one of class struggle or it is worse than no unity at all.

The errors, real or supposed, which I have been discussing provide common ground for discussion with the T.U.U.L. and Communists, who are themselves continually fighting against them. They should be sharply distinguished from errors adduced by conservatives and progressives, based on such assumptions as that the radicals should never have left the old unions, or that a united front need not necessarily be of the rank and file but may be of the constituent unions. Such objections have no validity unless the prior assumptions can be substantiated; and the previous record of the Trade Union Educational League gives at least reasonable grounds for considering them dubious.

Perhaps the chief of these objections, and certainly the most damaging in its effect on workers torn between the A. F. of L. and the radical unions, is the charge that the Communists and the T.U.U.L. are not interested in winning the day-to-day demands of their members, that they confuse a trade union with a political party and lay the main stress upon ultimate issues. This charge has been lent color by the inflexibility of the radicals in formulating and modifying demands. It is, however, a pre-war cry of the moderate Socialists against Daniel De Leon and his Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, which did neglect immediate demands. It is today a cry which is no longer pertinent, not only because the Communists have specifically rejected De Leon's tactics, but, much more important, because the division of trade-union activity into ultimate and political issues or day-to-day demands is by now completely false; the two are inseparably bound up.

This is obviously true of the two principal fields in which strikes have occurred this year, the textile industry and bituminous-coal mining. Here what policy a trade union will follow is bound up with analysis of the industrial structure and its general movement. The A. F. of L. program is based on the assumption that these industries are no "sicker" than others, and that the thing to do is to mark time until the depression is over, accept wage cuts philosophically, and seek raises when business improves. Consequently, President McMahon of the United Textile Workers, who is also an executive of the notorious National Civic Federation and one of its bitterest propagandists against Soviet Russia, declares: "I do not anticipate any general strike this winter in our textile mills, and I will be disappointed if it takes place." And his Southern organizer reports approvingly: "The thinking worker will not allow himself to be stampeded into untimely action by the tactics of the employer [that is, a systematic series of wage cuts and increases in hours] and has ceased to think of the union in terms of strike." And even where the A. F. of L. begins to recognize that an industry is "sick," such as coal, it still has no program, believing presumably that "in the long run" displaced workers will find other employment. Consequently, Lewis and his United Mine Workers accepted the necessity of mass rationalization, introduction of machinery, and so on, and stuck to the simple line of business unionism, with the result that in eight years nearly two-thirds of the

miners, a half-million men, have been forced out of the industry with no other place to go.

The T.U.U.L., on the other hand, is sure that the upturn for which the A. F. of L. is waiting before pressing even the "daily" needs of its membership will certainly not come, and is convinced that displaced workers will stay displaced. It is fighting tooth and nail against the introduction of new machinery and speed-up at the workers' expense, demanding for those who are demobilized from the sick industries immediate unemployment insurance, with its supervision participated in by workers. It is in the sick industries that the T.U.U.L. unions have made their clearest gains. This year, besides participating in the Paterson and Lawrence strikes, the National Textile Workers Union has led hitherto unorganized workers in Providence, Pawtucket, and Central Falls, Rhode Island, and at Putnam and other places in Connecticut.

The best record of the radicals so far has been in the sickest of industries, bituminous coal. The revolt against the corruption and incompetence of the United Mine Workers has channelized itself in the National Miners Union. As is common knowledge, the U.M.W. is broken wide open. In Pennsylvania, the key bituminous-production State, employing at any time one-third of the soft-coal miners working, the N.M.U. is solidly intrenched, as it is in the Panhandle section of West Virginia; and the offensive against it of the coal operators, on the one hand, and the curious combine of the United Mine Workers and the I.W.W., on the other, has not prevented the N.M.U. from gathering in a substantial majority in Kentucky. When more mines begin to open one will be able to gauge the exact strength of the N.M.U.; sober observers are convinced that it is rising to leadership.

If business unionism has proved inadequate in the sick industries, it has worse than failed in the trust-controlled basic industries. Iron and steel, rubber, automobiles, oil, meat packing, lumber are completely unorganized, and here even the most optimistic liberals have long given up hope that anything can be expected from the A. F. of L.

The basic industry to be watched during the next few years is steel. The T.U.U.L. and its Metal Workers Industrial League are slowly and carefully erecting a Steel Workers Industrial Union. For two years organizers have been in the field, building local groups. They maintain an organizers' school in Pittsburgh, the great steel center, to which workers come from the region all around. There will be no precipitate action here. And here, too, "daily" demands and large-scale political issues will have to be inseparable. Foster and the 365,000 men who came out with him in 1919 were beaten by inadequate relief funds (the A. F. of L. craft unions which reluctantly had agreed to support the strike squabbled as to the division among themselves of the men to be organized, and never gave the funds they had promised) and by the unsurpassed thuggery of company police and militia. In lieu of a gigantic relief fund such as no effort could possibly raise today, food, clothing, and housing will have to be obtained from workers in other industries in the central strike regions. These workers must be made to realize on the basis of common economic and political demands—unemployment insurance will be a paramount issue—that the steel strikers are fighting for a cause that is also theirs.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just paid a visit to the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, exhibited in New York City in December, and thereafter to be carried about the country, first to Philadelphia, and then to other cities, for many months. He dutifully and with due pleasure and satisfaction examined the Indian rugs, woven with intricate care and colored with the softest and purest of dyes, he looked at the pottery, at the silver and turquoise jewelry, at the shells set with turquoise and common coal that gleamed like black diamonds, at the carved pipes, the bright baskets, the poster-like and highly colored paintings of dancers and medicine men in all their brave array of feathers and skins. He found, what he already knew, that the Indians are a resourceful and skilful people with the true inward eye that makes them create beauty in common utensils for everyday use.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

WHEN he had seen and recognized anew these things, he saw something more. He watched, literally for hours, the efforts of two Navajo sand painters, medicine men and artists, making pictures in sand that they had brought with them to New York from Arizona. They smoothed off sections of the sand-pile that lay before them, they took up pinches of colored sand from the Painted Desert—orange, red brown, yellow, gray, black, and white—and on the sand surface they made designs of precision and elegance the like of which the Drifter has rarely seen. It is difficult to describe the effect of the sand painting as it appears to observers, but the nearest thing to it is the beadwork wrought by Indians on a hide—the same vivid contrasts of color, the same geometrical patterns and sharp edges, the same incredible skill in performance. If, by some miracle of weaving, beadwork could take shape rapidly before one's eyes, the lines of beads falling into place about as fast as a pen travels over paper, the speed and accuracy of the sand painting would be duplicated. Such steadiness of wrist, such delicacy of digital movement, such sureness of eye are surely not often equaled in the arts. Not one grain of sand seemed ever to fall in the wrong place, not one sharp edge failed to be sharp, not one fine line to be properly fine. The Drifter came away in humility and awe. White men do not construct their marvels in this way. If they ever had the trick of patience and of precision that is needed, they have lost it long since. They have, indeed, bestowed it upon the machine. We make machines as marvelous for speed and accuracy, but the human hand has lost its cunning.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

THE making of the sand painting is a religious ritual, the patterns are rigidly fixed and cannot vary, from childhood the painters are trained to a true eye and a firm wrist. And finally, when after a whole day of constant labor—in this case from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon—the picture is finished, the next part of the ritual consists in solemnly and irretrievably shuffling over it until it is obliterated. It may not last after sundown. Tomorrow another sun will demand another picture. Today is its own begin-

ning and end. It remains only to say that this people is the one we are trying to "cultivate," to "civilize," to "educate." This people which knows so well how to live that it can create perfection and destroy it between sun and sun, which is completely careless of excellence, because so sure of its own power to create more tomorrow. This is the poise and courage of the eagle; we are trying our utmost to transform it into a hen.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Rosenfeld and Matisse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Rosenfeld's review of the Matisse exhibition in *The Nation* of December 2 is petulant and irresponsible. To his austere, historic eye the paintings are "bespangling," "gaudy images"—"pretty paintings," of which the quality and motive are "quite interesting." They have even "a certain crudity of technique." The earlier Matisse, i. e., the Matisse presented to America by Mr. Stieglitz and Mr. Rosenfeld, was a good painter, but since the war "the fact of his decadence as an artist is lamentably clear." His subject matter has become bourgeois and luxurious, "the purely pictorial values, almost negligible." Hence the "total effect" of the exhibition, which contains thirty-nine paintings of the Rosenfeld period and thirty-nine of the bourgeois decadence, "is melancholy." "To what end this display?" he calls out twice in the name of the "great tradition." "If the museum could not get the prime Matisse, why did it not have a show of . . . Marin or O'Keeffe or any other painter at work in the great tradition?"

Now the prime, pre-bourgeois Matisse seems to be in Moscow and in the very private Barnes Foundation. Mr. Barnes would lend nothing, although he visited the exhibition with a secretary to dictate aesthetic analyses for a probable book on the subject. Without inquiring into Soviet policy and the exact nature of the museum's efforts, Mr. Rosenfeld has accused the latter of laxity (and a sort of betrayal of the grand tradition) in not obtaining the pre-bourgeois canvases in Moscow ("Stschoukine's houseful of Matisses is now the proud property of the Soviets"), which reveal the "sturdier, living, futuristic [!] Matisse." The Russian government also sent nothing to the recent Byzantine exhibition in Paris despite all solicitation.

New York, December 4

MEYER SCHAPIRO

Empire State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Speaking of the skyscraper, why sentimentalize over a silhouette? Why thrill with the glint on an aluminum erection? Look at the thing, not as it says it is or as it would like to be, but as it is—an unethical monstrosity, a robber, going tall to rob the neighbors. Were the neighbors to go tall, too, all would be worthless because all would be stalled—dead—no thrills. The thing has the same "picturesque" as has any piling up of wreckage by means of blind forces. This space-inclosure is rooted in greed. It rises regardless of human life or human scale to impose exaggeration on a weak animal. The herd instinct of the human animal is easy to exploit. The deserted farming areas of the United States testify to that. And this tall monument to the white-collarite is also testimony.

As a minor point, skilful engineering inside and stone draped on outside by the architect-tailor do not make architecture ex-

cept by grace of such sentimentality for lies as has "built" the nation to a standstill. Cathedral? All the little houses round about the cathedral each trying to be a cathedral? And the devil for the shortest?

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

Spring Green, Wis., December 8

The Seminar in the Caribbean

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Seminar in the Caribbean was launched last winter by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America as an experiment in bringing leaders here into something more than casual touch with the leaders of the Caribbean republics. The experiment met with so enthusiastic and appreciative a response both here and in the Caribbean that we feel justified in planning to repeat the experiment this winter. We are therefore announcing the Second Seminar for January 23-February 10 (inclusive, from New York).

This year we shall have programs in Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Santo Domingo, Panama, Haiti, and Cuba. A few of the members will omit the visit to Panama and spend a week in Santo Domingo and Haiti, motoring over the island. The faculty will include Lincoln Steffens, Chester Lloyd Jones, Ernest Gruening, Thomas E. Benner, Leland H. Jenks, Samuel Guy Inman, and Charles Thomson.

Any of your readers who may be interested in applying for membership in the seminar should write me, in care of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

New York, December 10

HUBERT C. HERRING

Reason or Unreason

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot see any distinction in reason or logic between a protective tariff imposed for the benefit of certain manufacturers theoretically needing government support and a "dole" for the benefit of the laboring man who likewise is needing support. The same reason or unreason underlies both alike.

Baltimore, November 3 OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER

Contributors to This Issue

HOWARD W. ODUM, a member of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, is professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina.

FELIX MORROW has contributed articles to the *New Republic*, *Symposium*, and *Menorah Journal*.

EDWARD DAVISON will shortly publish a volume of verse entitled "The Ninth Witch."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

HORACE GREGORY recently published a translation of Catullus.

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

PAUL BLANSHARD is the executive director of the City Affairs Committee, New York.

CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER is the author of "Watching Europe Grow."

Finance

A New Aspect of Reparations

WHATEVER the plan produced by the experts now in session at Basel for dealing with the German reparations problem, it is almost certain to differ in one striking particular from all the mechanisms that have gone before. On past occasions "new money" has been poured into Germany by foreigners with a view to making the country a going concern. It is hard to see where any new money is coming from this time. One of the first actions of the German government after the creation of the Dawes Plan in 1924 was to borrow \$200,000,000 abroad in order to begin operations under the plan. When this method of paying reparations threatened to collapse and the Young Plan was substituted for it six years later, a foreign loan of \$300,000,000 was obtained. The breakdown of the second attempt, signalized by the Hoover moratorium, was accompanied by an indirect loan of some \$400,000,000 in the form of suspended payments, plus a \$100,000,000 credit to the Reichsbank.

Thus, there has grown up a well-established technique in dealing with German reparations. Large amounts of money are advanced by investors in the creditor countries in the expectation that the debtor, with the use of the money, will build up productive capacity and will finance its industrial and trade activity, to the end that both reparations and the additional credits may be liquidated. This method cannot now be applied. German bonds issued under the Dawes and Young plans are selling, respectively, at 50 and 28 cents on the dollar, while in addition to the reparations payments proper, there is a mass of private short-term indebtedness which, according to the latest German figures, amounts to about \$4,000,000,000. Even in the care-free days of our open-handed lending policy, it might have been hard to persuade investors to advance a sum sufficient to "finance" such obligations. At present the raising of even a fraction of the amount needed is out of the question.

Finance, however, is full of resources, and it would be premature to say that no reasoned method of reducing the German payments to order and apparent feasibility will be brought forth. Reports now at hand indicate that a moratorium (a word for which Wall Street bankers are beginning to express a cordial dislike) will be recommended on at least a part of the annuities, and that the committee, or more than one member of it, would like to advise a more or less sweeping cancelation of the total amount.

The whole dreary discussion is assuming an academic air. Barring utter collapse, Germany will doubtless pay something on reparations account. How far that amount will go toward providing the sums which must be passed on to the American government, and at the same time providing the "clear indemnity" on which France has insisted, is anybody's guess. The French formula, Britain's neat plan of collecting no more (and no less) than she has to pay America, and the angry outcry against debt cancelation in Congress are all based upon the assumption that the money can be had if enough pressure is applied, or a workable "plan" discovered. All these statements of policy have yet to meet the test of ultimate economic fact.

Suppose, under that test, they collapse. What then? The obvious alternatives are a series of unrepaired defaults, unhealed sore spots, or a formal adjustment of claims to realizable payments. One of the interesting aspects of financial opinion at the moment is the growing disposition to "write off" our foreign losses and concentrate on the domestic situation.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Art, Drama

Tender Pelican

By EDWARD DAVISON

"Who will heal your bloody breast,
Gentle pelican, tender pelican?"

"Brack and brine will try their best,
And the sun will do the rest,"

Said the gentle pelican.

"Famine comes and famine goes,
Dear old gentleman, kind old gentleman;
How it happens no one knows

(Like your rainbow and your rose),"

Said the gentle pelican.

"Here is a fish to help you through,
Gentle pelican, tender pelican."

"May the Good Lord look down on you,
And on your little children too,"

Said the gentle pelican.

The Wellsian Bible

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind. By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Two volumes. \$7.50.

A FEW years ago Mr. Wells announced, quite calmly, that he was writing the Bible of our time. This Bible, he said, would embrace the whole range of man's modern knowledge and interests. The "Outline of History" was merely the first volume. Other men may announce such grandiose projects; Mr. Wells, matter-of-factly, proceeds to carry them out. Shortly there appeared, in collaboration with Julian S. Huxley and G. P. Wells, the two huge volumes called "The Science of Life," and now, barely ten months later, come two more volumes completing the Bible, and written by Mr. Wells alone, under the rather inclusive title, "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind."

"Such a general picture of all mankind about its business," writes Mr. Wells in his Introduction, "has not been attempted before." Assurance to this degree seems astounding, but we have to remember that it is quite impersonal: it is not a mere personal vanity; it is a compelling sense on Mr. Wells's part that what he has to say is of the utmost urgency and importance to the world. H. L. Mencken once accused him of possessing a Messianic delusion; the charge is completely just, but it is this very "delusion" that is the secret of his present value and force. Without it, without his unfailing exuberance and enthusiasm, his own excited learning and excited imparting of what he has learned, without his passionate conviction of the profound need of shouting his knowledge and his message from the housetops, the present work would probably never have come into existence, and it would certainly not be the absorbing and impressive work that it is. Mr. Wells sees the human scene today, probably even more than he did a few years ago when he first uttered the phrase, as "a race between education and disaster"; and by "education" Mr. Wells means knowing the things that he knows, and believing the things that he believes.

The scope of the present work is so great that it is difficult

to convey an adequate idea of it. Let us try to do so in the words of Mr. Wells himself:

It represents all current human activities and motives—all and nothing less. It is a first comprehensive summary of the whole of mankind working or playing or unemployed; it seeks to show the jockey on the race course in relation to the miner in the pit, the baby in the cradle, the savage in the jungle, the city clerk, the fish-wife, the lord-in-waiting, the Speaker on the Woolsack, the Soviet envoy, the professional cricketer, the shopwalker, the street walker, the dealer in second-hand microscopes, the policeman, the news vendor, the motor-car "bandit," the political gangster, and the university professor.

Even this is not quite an adequate summary. The work is entirely too broad to be called a mere treatise on economics; it is too readable, graphic, and concrete to be called a treatise on sociology. Mr. Wells opens with a "historical overture" telling how man became an economic animal. He tells us next how man has learned to think and gain a mastery over force and matter. (This second chapter ranges all the way from an explanation of the medieval metaphysical controversy between "nominalism" and "realism" to a history of the processes of making steel.) Next he describes the conquest of distance: the story of the railroad, the steamship, the motor car, the airplane, the newspaper, the film, the telephone, the radio, television. Then follow sections on how mankind is clothed, fed, and housed, ranging from a description of the modern woman's cosmetics (it is one of the great virtues of Mr. Wells that he considers no field of knowledge beneath his "dignity") to a discussion of modern architecture and the possible rebuilding of the world. Next come chapters on How Goods Are Bought and Sold, How Work Is Organized (from trade unions to the atrocities in the Belgian Congo), Why People Work, How Work Is Paid for and Wealth Accumulated (covering currency, banking, the present crisis), the Rich, the Poor, and Their Traditional Antagonism (with brilliant short biographies and analyses of such accumulators as Hetty Green, the Rothschilds, Jay Gould, Rockefeller, Edison, Ford, and a section on Soviet Russia), The Role of Women in the World's Work, The Governments of Mankind and Their Economic and Military Warfare, The Numbers and Qualities of Mankind, The Overflowing Energies of Mankind (leisure, travel, sport, gambling, entertainment, art), How Mankind Is Taught and Disciplined (universities, mental training, encyclopedias), and The Outlook of Mankind.

To exactly what extent has Mr. Wells succeeded in achieving his Napoleonic objectives? The present two volumes, certainly, are less successful than either "The Outline of History" or the much better "Science of Life" written in collaboration with Huxley and G. P. Wells. Mr. Wells is a man of quick apprehension, very wide reading, enormous industry, and even genius; but the body of modern knowledge is too much for any single man. To the present reviewer, who happens to have made some study in the field of money and banking, Mr. Wells's chapter on that subject seems extremely unsatisfactory. It is for the most part a simplification and popularization of the theories of Maynard Keynes, but it would have been immensely better if Mr. Keynes had written it. It gives the gold standard, which Mr. Wells does not very well understand, a sound thrashing, and proposes instead "a managed currency, free of entanglement with any standard commodity, under a world board of control." Just how one would get a world board of control that anyone would trust with such a problem, or what would give value to the money—why anyone would take it, and at what exchange ratio, without the pieces of paper being tied to anything at all—are questions that Mr. Wells is too impatient to answer, or even to ask. He goes on to propose that

it would be also an excellent thing for the world to keep "continually draining away indebtedness by a steady, gentle continual monetary inflation," but he does not stop to tell us just who, under such an arrangement, would be so foolhardy as to keep on lending. Mr. Wells's monetary theories, in brief, suffer from the absence of any thinking through of fundamental theoretic problems. This chapter suffers also from a number of very misleading factual statements.

One feels, in short, that Mr. Wells has been in too much of a hurry, and that his ambition for short cuts to knowledge has overreached itself. Combined with this is a cocksureness in his manner, a continual implication in his tone that he is addressing mental inferiors, an air of "I'm-telling-you," which remind one uncomfortably of Arthur Brisbane. But perhaps this is only to say that Mr. Wells's manner is a platform manner, that his interest in the propagandistic aspect of knowledge is even greater than that in knowledge for its own sake, that he is at bottom a controversialist and a pamphleteer. And he is surely a superb one. You will not find many better satires than, to take but a single example, his description in the present volumes of British parliamentary government. With the possible exception of Shaw, he has made himself the world's most eminent writing reformer. And it is a very high compliment to be able to pay any man in our time to say that he has *almost* succeeded in producing a one-man encyclopedia. If Shaw may be regarded as our twentieth-century Voltaire, Wells is certainly its Diderot.

HENRY HAZLITT

Fenimore Cooper

Fenimore Cooper: Critic of His Times. By Robert E. Spiller. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

PROFESSOR SPILLER'S book is perhaps less readable but certainly more valuable than the biography of Cooper that Henry W. Boynton published last spring. Mr. Boynton clearly and pleasantly told the story of Cooper's life, and that was all. Mr. Spiller has also traced the life, but chiefly as "a record of the evolution of a point of view." He has sought "to discover in the forces which made him some of the causes of his ideals and opinions." His principal concern is, of course, with the years after Cooper's return from Europe, the years in which he engaged in social theorizing, polemic writing, and libel suits. He shows him, not as a conceited and crotchety litigant, but as the staunch defender of a well-considered position.

The chief objection to be raised against Professor Spiller is that he does not prosecute with sufficient rigor his quest for the social bases of Cooper's theories. At the very outset he makes a false step by assuming that Cooper was a son of the frontier. It is true that Cooperstown at the end of the eighteenth century was on the frontier, and that Cooper found there, though largely at second hand, the materials for his romances; but the attitude of the Cooper family was not that of the ordinary frontiersman. Fenimore Cooper's father had made himself a landed proprietor, and Susan DeLancey, whom Cooper married, belonged to a family even longer established in the same class. It was his economic status, not his frontier experiences, that shaped the novelist's views.

Farther on in the book Professor Spiller admits that Cooper was the spokesman of the agrarian aristocracy. His patriotism led him to defend the republican form of government, but he distrusted the masses and believed that equality was as undesirable in society as it was desirable in politics. Even here, however, where he sees pretty clearly what lay behind all Cooper's opinions, Professor Spiller does not push his interpretation to its logical outcome. His book is commendable because

it goes as far as it does, but it might easily have gone farther. In Cooper's writings agrarian aristocracy challenged, for the last time in the North, the commercial aristocracy; at the same time it defied the masses, whether urban or rural. His economic status is the clue to all Cooper's activities as a critic of his times, and the decline of his class is the explanation of the failure of his influence.

As for Cooper's present significance, Professor Spiller's views are singularly like those Dr. Canby has expressed in "Classic Americans." "Once more," he writes, "we may pause to take stock of our accomplishment over material obstacles, and to question the values in the *things* we have gained. With that questioning, there may come, as there came to Cooper, an appreciation of the amenities of life and an opinion that equality in all things—education, art, even society—is alien to the principle of quality in anything." Are we to have, then, a new era concerned with what Brownell called democratic distinction? Not, it seems likely, until certain other questions about the "things we have gained" have been settled.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Ludwig on Ludwig

Gifts of Life. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

EMIL LUDWIG is a good host—active, smiling, generous, putting you at your ease and telling you his life story. Of course he does not tell everything, but he selects the very things you would like to hear: little anecdotes about his father and mother, his wife, his dogs, his children, his fine house, his work—and most of all, the terribly important people that he has met during the course of his successful career.

You may be an embarrassed guest, protesting a little at all this show of energy, this speed in racing up and down stairs, dodging in and out of closets, writing over a thousand words a day, eating a hearty meal at midnight, and then early in the morning, bounding out of bed on both feet, happy as a young lion and twice as big as life itself. This may wear you out, but sooner or later you will relax—from exhaustion or comic despair—and thoroughly enjoy your host, for he is having a marvelously good time, and his high spirits are contagious.

First of all, Emil Ludwig is his father's son, son of Dr. Hermann Ludwig Cohn of Breslau, a skilful and talented eye specialist. This meticulous little doctor overrode anti-Semitic prejudice, fought the academicians, and made a name for himself. Here, if anywhere, is the source of Ludwig's hero-worship, for his father was a worthy antagonist for an ambitious son, a man to love, to hate, to admire. He attempted to make a lawyer out of his son, but no, Emil had set his heart upon being a poet, a good old-fashioned, long-haired, romantic, rip-roaring poet. There was, however, an important break in Ludwig's career. Upon leaving the university, he became interested in a girl, and had dreams of marriage in his head. This was to be a gloriously expensive marriage, so Ludwig dashed full speed into a coal business operated by a wealthy uncle. Soon he was promoted to the main offices in Berlin, and the poet became an alert, bristling executive. One has no doubt that Ludwig could sell anything: coal, wood, ice, books—and himself.

Somehow the girl vanished, and since she had disappeared, the young coal merchant went also. Then suddenly another took her place, "Diana," Ludwig's present wife. She was a young singer of Scotch-English-German descent. The poet was revived; there was an elopement to Italy, and we have a period of feverish poetic play-writing. No doubt these poetic plays were high-sounding, melodramatic affairs, veritable barnstorming with pen and ink, filled with noble passion, noble love, and

ever-so-noble death, yet in them we see the forerunners of the biographies in which all action is organized to create a dramatic effect, something that is neither fact nor fiction, but a spectacular performance that Ludwig calls a "portrait."

Further training, however, was necessary before Ludwig found his life work. Just as the war broke out he became London correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and whoever gave him his commission deserves credit for discovering one of the best journalists of our time. Ludwig elevated the job of reporter into the profession of brilliant feature writing. He could and did shake hands with celebrities seven days a week. There was no escaping him, and as soon as he set them down upon paper, they were no longer ordinary men and women but superhuman creatures, all actors in a vast, mysterious drama that Ludwig would call "Life" in capital letters. I recommend his portraits of Von Bülow, Maximilian Harden, Rathenau. They are sharp, vivid, unforgettable.

It was the most natural thing in the world for Ludwig to step beyond his feature articles into biography, and after writing his biographies to give you a special invitation to his beautiful home at Moscia. You may not be grateful for your opportunity but I can assure you that you will have at least two hours of uproarious entertainment.

HORACE GREGORY

More Roses and Locomotives

Viva. Seventy New Poems. By E. E. Cummings. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

"IT is with roses and locomotives (not to mention acrobats Spring electricity Coney Island the 4th of July the eyes of mice and Niagara falls) that my 'poems' are competing," Cummings once explained in an earlier book. And here in "Viva," his latest collection of poems, Cummings is giving us more of the same roses and locomotives—not poems about these objects, of course, and not poems about how a poet feels on seeing this or that, but poems which are experiences in themselves, even as are roses and locomotives. In other words, E. E. Cummings remains an impressionist. The basis of impressionism in poetry, as everyone knows, is that a poem should recreate an experience by recreating in the reader the identical, often very indefinite sensations the poet himself has felt. The poet attempts to set down in words the exact intuitive groping toward feeling which was his own reaction to an object. Such groping defies measurement in terms either of time or of space; it is concerned with bridging distances in feeling too small or too large for any logical measuring stick. It can be put into words, therefore, only as a kind of vague imagery—dimmed, as it were, floating suddenly to the surface of logical thinking, externalized for a moment, then submerged again in the stream of consciousness. E. E. Cummings, like Joyce, follows the stream of consciousness; there are, consequently, no chronological arrangements and no spatial designs in his poems.

This being true, how are we to understand Cummings's poetry? Only by sinking ourselves in the same stream of emotions. We must actually relive his experiences. And because this is difficult, we are likely to think Cummings obscure. Here is disassociation of idea and imagery, quixotic emotion changing, in the very naming, to its exact opposite—all this in a vague, generalized language which names a flower but not a particular flower, since the attempt is not to particularize but to suggest a dreamlike beauty; an action, but no physical action save as it suggests an indefinite, sometimes metaphysical impulse. Cummings's effort is, in general, to express, with amazing precision, feelings which can be put into no definition. The whole of this may be summed up in the poet's own sentence: "yet

shall our Not to be deciphered selves merely Continue to experience a neverish subchemistry of alWays"—and his readers can make what they will of it.

In E. E. Cummings's poems on sex this technique results in a direct representation of the physical experience itself. Here the poet's punctuation, typography, arrangements of words and syllables, capitalization, and use of parenthesis—all his so-called eccentricities—are employed, first, to emphasize the hidden meaning, secondly, to emphasize rhythm. These eccentricities are actually a very individual editing of texts which, if studied—something no censor will undertake—reward the reader with tales of buffoonery and healthy masculine vulgarity. Any number of tricks are employed to bring out puns upon words, vulgarisms hidden in what seems to be direct and uninteresting expression. Parentheses read through carry one thought, while the rest of the poem carries another. Words are misspelled to exaggerate pronunciation. Anyone who wishes a winter's evening of entertainment can unriddle these cryptograms. They are enormously entertaining—those I have solved—and, as always in Cummings, the work of a robust, witty mind. Their chief virtue as poetry is an inimitable rhythm.

Cummings's poems on romantic love are his serious artistic efforts. Many of these in "Viva" are sonnets—Cummings's own variety of sonnets—in which the poet's individual rhythm combines with the metrical pattern in a very subtle phrasing. Cummings's rhythm is one of his chief contributions to modern poetry. His further importance is his use of language: his deliberately different association of words, grouping of ideas, sentence phrasing, and use of generalized imagery show a command of a literary language put to highly individual purposes. He stirs the feelings through a distortion of sentence, a unique turn of phrase, a new use of a very familiar word or image. By such poetic innovations he translates emotions so indefinable that they could never be put into prose. He can—but with a difference—imitate any of the older poets. He has out-Donne Donne:

god's terrible face, brighter than a spoon,
collects the image of one fatal word;
so that my life (which liked the sun and moon)
resembles something that has not occurred:
i am a birdcage without any bird,
a collar looking for a dog, a kiss
without lips; a prayer lacking any knees
but something beats within my shirt to prove
he is undead who, living, no one is.
I have never loved you dear ■■ now i love.

Hell (by most humble me which shall increase)
open thy fire! for i have had some bliss
of one small lady upon earth above;
to whom i cry, remembering her face.
i have never loved you dear as now i love.

Or he can strike his own romantic medium, as the following excellent poem shows. Here he is conveying the strange sense of death through images of life and the immediate denial of those images ("unhands"), through the reverse of the usual statement of burial ("with angry seasalt and indignant clover marrying to themselves Life's animals"). Here he makes use of his favorite negative-positive method of statement to suggest confirmation and doubt in the same breath ("but not darkness shall quite outmarch forever"). The whole poem is a fine performance, and an illustration of the extreme romantic method in modern verse:

put off your faces, Death; for day is over
(and such a day as must remember he
who watched unhands describe what mimicry),

with angry seasalt and indignant clover
marrying to themselves Life's animals

B A
PUBLIO
LIB

but not darkness shall quite outmarch forever
—and i perceive, within transparent walls
how several smoothly gesturing stars are clever
to persuade even silence: therefore wonder

opens a gate; the prisoner dawn embraces

hugely some few most rare perfectly dear
(and worlds whirl beyond worlds: immortal yonder
collidingly absorbs eternal near)

day being come, Love, put on your faces

Cummings is the antithesis of Eliot in both method and subject matter—romanticist while Eliot is a classicist, a poet of affirmation rather than of negation. His intensive, all-inclusive vitality is non-selective of experience, whereas Eliot's sensibility is extremely selective. Cummings accepts his world, and everything in it, with vigor and with gleeful wit and satire; Eliot has rejected, now, almost everything in this world save the religious experience.

EDA LOU WALTON

Our Lawless Police

Our Lawless Police. By Ernest Jerome Hopkins. The Viking Press. \$3.

I SUPPOSE that most Americans think of policemen as sturdy and tolerably honest public servants who are at times a trifle rough with their prisoners but whose roughness can be excused because it is directed against crazy Communists and brutal gangsters. For those who have adopted this conventional American attitude toward police lawlessness, Mr. Hopkins's study will come as a rude shock. He has demonstrated by a great mass of incontestable evidence that the lawlessness of American police is habitual, and that it occurs in the handling of almost all types of citizens. Illegal detention, unwarranted arrest, and the third degree are the rule rather than the exception in police practice. "A heavy share of the confessions with which the trial courts are deluged," he says, "would not be worth the paper they are written on, as evidence, if judge and jury knew how they were obtained." And then he continues with a paragraph summarizing his own findings for the Wickersham Commission regarding the third degree:

In various cases which occurred between 1920 and 1930 the Wickersham Commission found that suspected persons had been starved, kept awake many days and nights, confined in pitch-dark and airless cells; had been beaten with fists, clubs, blackjacks, rubber hose, telephone books, straps, whips; beaten on the shins, under the knee cap (at the point of the patellar reflex), across the abdomen, the throat, the face, the head, the shoulders, above the kidneys, on the buttocks and legs; kicked on the shins, the torso, and in the crotch; had had their arms twisted, their testicles twisted and squeezed; had been given tear gas, scopolamin injections, and chloroform; had been made to touch corpses and hold the hands of murdered persons in morgues; that women had been lifted by the hair; in one case, a man had been laid flat upon the floor and lifted repeatedly by his organs of sex. This in modern America between 1920 and 1930, in the fifteenth decade of the Constitution, and for the purpose of obtaining "voluntary" confessions of guilt.

Less sensational than this primitive police work but quite as illegal is the almost universal system of arresting an alleged suspect and holding him for several days without a hearing and often without access to friends or attorneys. The policeman is legally required to have a basis in fact and not merely an unsubstantiated suspicion before making an arrest, but he commonly ignores this requirement. Nearly half of the 750,000 per-

sons arrested in eighteen major cities of the United States in recent years have been released as innocent either by the police themselves or by the first judge the arrested persons could reach. St. Louis, Chicago, and New York are the worst "false-arrest" cities, with St. Louis reaching the astounding record in 1929 of releasing 86 per cent of all its felony arrests without even the formality of a court hearing.

Some of such false arrests are the result of a "drive" hysteria created by the maudlin press and nurtured by politicians for the sake of advertising their own virtues. New York witnessed such a drive last summer, when Mayor Walker and Police Commissioner Mulrooney sought to cover up the failure of New York's police after the shooting of five children by gangsters in the streets, by a wholesale kidnapping of unlucky citizens, who were crowded into stuffy cells and corridors to wait until the newspapers had lauded police diligence. As usual in such cases nothing important was accomplished.

An enterprising newspaper in Dallas discovered that there had been 1,823 "guesswork arrests" in that city in the first three months of 1930 and that the 1,823 arrested persons had spent an average of twenty-two hours apiece in jail. Sixteen had been held more than forty-eight hours; four had been held more than five days. Fewer than 5 per cent of the 1,823 were ever charged legally with any offense. Mr. Hopkins found this practice of illegal detention so common in the cities which he visited that he was himself almost persuaded of its necessity when he came to San Francisco. There he discovered a city which had speeded up its legal processes until every prisoner was presented promptly and legally for trial without delay. And this observance of the law has come about in the same city where Tom Mooney was held incomunicado for a whole week without a formal charge after the Preparedness Day explosion of 1916!

Mr. Hopkins suggests a whole series of legal remedies for the lawlessness of the police, but they are so condensed that I can only refer the reader to the book itself, a book which is one of the most useful studies of recent years.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Books in Brief

Eden Tree. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75.

Those who have watched Witter Bynner's poetry have observed that he has the clearly defined attitude toward life necessary to all good writing. This attitude or philosophy was stated first in "The New World," and "Grenstone Poems," and these two books established Mr. Bynner's reputation in American poetry. Here again, as in Whitman, was a poetic faith in democracy, in equality, and in the essential goodness of human beings. Bynner had in common with Whitman an inclusive vitality, robust enthusiasms, and complete faith in America. His own most individual contribution was his modernity, and his inspiration toward poetry—in this case Celia or personal love, which, frustrated, gave birth to a more perfect understanding of the meaning of beauty. And so woven through the themes of hatred of war, of faith in brotherhood, was the theme of the beauty in personal relationships, in nature, and in all life. That was when Mr. Bynner was thirty. Now, at fifty, he has written "Eden Tree," a book which should be read along with "The New World," for the two together give the complete statement of the poet's faith. In "Eden Tree" we find the poet telling that more than personal love is needed to sustain the soul, that life's seeming chaos must be accepted in entirety. Adam, who is the poet, or mankind itself, must suffer and must understand all physical and spiritual experiences, and in the end he must be alone, lonely. "Eden Tree" is one of the best books Mr. Bynner has ever written. And these three volumes,

"Grenstone Poems," "The New World," and "Eden Tree" are likely to be those by which this poet will be remembered. There are, of course, also, his fine translations.

A Lawyer Tells the Truth. By Morris Gisnet. With an Introduction by Norman Thomas. The Concord Press. \$2.

This book, by a New York lawyer, on the degradation of the legal profession rehearses a familiar tale. In the midst of a highly competitive business civilization, the practice of the law has become a business, not a profession. The corruption of the American political system has inevitably extended to the bar. The tremendous overcrowding of the profession has had the effect of driving the ordinary practitioner to almost any extreme of dishonesty to make a bare living. The author hopes for the ultimate socialization of the bar, which unfortunately must be regarded as utopian as long as the profit system is maintained, and for the present urges some devices, principally the public defender, to give legal aid to the common man; but there is no reason to suppose that in the present state of our political institutions the public defender's office would prove any less a political preserve than the district attorney's office. Both in its analysis of evils and proposals of remedies the book is highly impressionistic.

St. Francis of Assisi. By Abel Bonnard. Translated by Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

In the second chapter of this book M. Bonnard writes: "I shall not enter into the details of the life of St. Francis . . . because such events are not the most important considerations." Because they are the most important considerations in biography, the book fails as a biography. Lacking these "details," the St. Francis of this book is without vitality. We have, rather, an eloquent and frequently interesting commentary on his career, which leaves the reader only half satisfied.

The Poetic Way of Release. By Bonaro Wilkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

This is a book for those who do not understand poetry or how it is written. Its purpose is to give a simple chart of the road down which most poets travel, of what poets feel, and of how they turn what they feel into words. The author's desire is to prove that all of us are, in our own ways, poets too, and that the world of the poet is no mysterious land. For those familiar with the field this book is of no importance; for those to whom poetry is a blind alley it may be helpful.

Black Cherries. By Grace Stone Coates. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This story of a Kansas childhood is in effect a series of sketches of the narrator's parents, each episode revealing a little more of their history, and giving a little more information on their unhappy relationship. Seen through a child's eyes, however, the situation is never entirely clear. Since liberties are taken in other directions with the amount of insight the six-year-old narrator possesses, the method seems merely a means of avoiding direct statement, and more than suggestive hints are required to account for a Kansas farmer who beats his children and who refers to Christmas in these terms: "The entire conception is a travesty on truth, but this is a travesty of the poesy that lies back of the conception." When the episodes treat of childish events Mrs. Coates writes with humor and with an unforced lyricism, but her version of the adult world remains muddled and unconvincing, even in the last chapter, in which the device of the child narrator is abandoned. Some of the chapters, notably *Black Cherries* and *Glass*, are valuable as stories, complete in themselves, and far superior to the book as a whole.

Art

The Whitney Museum

A METAL eagle spreads imperial wings over the door of the new museum in Eighth Street. Under the national symbol an inscription specifies the dedication of the building to the arts that have grown from the continental country. Voices even louder than those of metal and engraving have proclaimed the institution a deed in behalf of American art and the American public. At the inaugural a message from the President and a speech from Al Smith figured among many sonorities advertising the museum to the world. Mrs. Juliana R. Force, the director, announced that the purpose of the museum was none other than the acquisition, for the art of America, of "the prestige which heretofore the public has devoted too exclusively to the art of foreign countries and the past." All the papers bruited forth the name and the fame of the donor, Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Entering the newly converted building, Mr. Royal Cortissoz, subtle dean of American art critics, saw that it was good. Daily, since the dedication, crowds of people have wandered through the little rooms, "wonders to see." And dismally enough, it appears very possible that only the grace of the gods can prevent the new institution from recoiling upon the prestige of the American art it proposes to enhance.

The collection it houses, all in all, is puny and gray. Few forces, few personalities radiate from the walls. One passes yards of uncreative canvases. The impression of American painting left is extremely disaffecting: that of a matter devoid of large life, of individual charm, of eloquence; and provincial and secondary to a degree. The collection of sculpture is even less attractive. But the fault is the collection's: it is sadly unfaithful to the work it pretends to represent.

The Whitney Museum is not uncatholic in its scope, or entirely bare of good and representative things. Many names, at least, figure in its first show. The vaults of the museum are said to contain at least a hundred paintings that could not be accommodated in the first exhibition, and later shows will doubtless augment the already copious list. The first exhibition, certainly, contains a few representative examples of the work of distinguished painters; Sheeler, Matulka, and Kantor are depicted with sufficient fairness. The *Lachaise Head* is characteristically sumptuous. Yet these adequate representations are exceptional. The majority of the exhibits are inferior, especially those revealing the art of the more vigorous talents and temperaments.

The attempt to specify the deficiencies of the Whitney collection as exhibited by the inaugural show would be too ambitious for this space. It is sufficient to remark that this museum dedicated to American art wants not only a Ryder but a Homer Martin. It does sport an Eakins. But the canvas, a portrait upon a meaningless background, is uncharacteristically slack. The Winslow Homer is unimportant; the Twachtman, dismal. Now, one does not demand of a museum of American art that it comprise nothing but masterworks. What one does expect, in view of its style, is that it contain good examples of the classics and excellent examples of the work of the significant contemporaries whose best has not yet passed into the safekeeping of museums and large private collections. But the only group thoroughly represented in the Whitney collection is the showy "he-man" generation of the 1900's—who was it said, "Childe has 'em, George bellows, George looks"? And it is precisely the work of Henri, Bellows, Luks, and their school that, of all ambitious recent American painting, seems

least deserving of a place in a museum of art. To an eye trained by Manet and Van Gogh and Cézanne, a work like Luks's recent *Mrs. Gamely* appears a mere cavalier evasion of the problems of the painter.

Meanwhile, the artists of the more recent decades fare almost as poorly in the Whitney Museum as those of the brown era. We have seen far better Kents and Davieses and Hayes Millers than those on its walls. The *Bluemner* is complete enough but it is cold in key, and a *Bluemner* cold in key is *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. While the *Hartley* is a fair specimen, and characteristically distinguished, its color suggests a passing subjection to Derain. The nude in the long *Karfiol* is exquisitely articulated, but the couch she lies on is badly painted. The *O'Keeffe* is a mere sketch. The *Niles Spencer* is uncharacteristic. And if the *Sternes* and the *Burlin* are characteristic, it is merely for the reason that absence of personality appears to be the hallmark of these painters. We repeat: the *Sheelers* and the large *Matulka* and the *Kantor* are the good and individual works of very able painters. But a few swallows do not make a museum.

The truth would appear to be that the Whitney collection was formed for purposes other than those of a museum of American art. Unless we mistake, it was originally born of the worthy desire to patronize and support a number of young and struggling artists; and the canvases acquired were bought with an eye bent more to the struggles and promise of the artists than to the completeness of their expressions. Later, when the idea of a museum began to obtain, the collection appears to have rather hastily been augmented to fit the new purpose.

It will be asked what the reasons for one's fear that the Whitney Museum may prove a boomerang to American art,

actually are? The answer is that it is very likely that in pretending to represent American art and actually misrepresenting it the museum may deprive American art of the confidence of the artistic public—at a moment when the prestige rightfully American art's, and fought for during many years, is on the verge of holding its ground. During the last decades American painting has not only challenged French painting with the freshness, daring, and integrity of its spirit. In the last years it has caused the delusion of the innate superiority of the modern Parisian product, long nurtured by French picture dealers and their social allies, to begin evaporating in the brains of the public, and to assure the living American of a chance in America. At this moment, then, the Whitney Museum plays into the hands of the picture dealers, who batten on the kind of snobbery which sees in all French things symbols of transcendent value, the apparently conclusive proof that American painting is a second-rate affair. The publicity obtained for the museum assures it of a wide influence. It is now the place where the outsider in New York will come to gauge the quality of American painting, and where the Europeans will come to investigate the reality of its claims. And it is scarcely to be supposed that those who do not turn aside to smile will remain to pray. Nor is it to be supposed that the large public will understand the decorativeness of the gesture which offered it this museum. It will see what the President and Al Smith and all the rest have helped to persuade it to see: a large, disinterested, and devoted gift to art and America. For this reason, then, one could almost wish that the Whitney Museum had never opened its pompous doors.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

The Decent Thing

LAST week I gave utterance to some patriotic reflections concerning the quality of the plays which London and Paris have recently been sending us. I said, I believe, that they generally lacked any boldness of imagination, and I am still willing to repeat that particular charge. But it was an unfortunate moment to choose for any general damnation, because London is responsible for "*Springtime for Henry*" (Bijou Theater), and that particular farce-comedy is as uproariously laughable as any which it has ever been my pleasure to see.

Its author, a certain Ben W. Levy, may be remembered as the author of "*Mrs. Moonlight*" and of "*Art and Mrs. Bottle*." It may further be remembered that both of these pieces were comedy-with-a-purpose. But it must be added immediately that "*Springtime for Henry*" has no purpose of any kind, that by cutting loose from reason and common sense—as well as from all sound morality—Mr. Levy has provided a mental and spiritual holiday which is blessedly free from any justification whatsoever. There is a pleasure in being mad which only mad men know, but as is now demonstrable, some part of it may be communicated.

To attempt any account of the action would hardly be worth while. Suffice it to say that it deals with the adventures of two charming wastrels who make a disastrous attempt to transform themselves into useful citizens, and that it proves—if it proves anything—how deleterious high ideals can be when they begin to ferment in systems unfit for their digestion. Doubtless other men would have profited much from the presence of a secretary who believed in "the decent things." Doubtless they would have reduced the number of highballs included in the regular routine and possibly thought more often about

Social Work as a Profession

is becoming increasingly important and recognized.

Some other professions may be financially more remunerative, but none offers greater returns in terms of intrinsic interest, social usefulness and stimulating contacts.

The Training School for Jewish Social Work

offers graduate courses in Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers and Community Organization.

Scholarships and Fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1000 for each academic year are available for especially qualified students.

For full information, address

M. J. KARPf, Director.

THE
TRAINING
SCHOOL



FOR
JEWISH
SOCIAL WORK

(A graduate school)

71 W. 47th St., New York City

☐ PLAYS ☐ FILMS ☐ THEATRES ☐ LECTURES ☐ DEBATES ☐

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted
All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner
intermission at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK THEA. 45 St. & 8 Ave. PENN. 6-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40



AVON THEATRE, West 45th Street
Every Evening at 8:50
Mats. Thursday and Saturday

James B. Pond presents
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

6th WEEK

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII

Preceded by Selections from Miss Skinner's Character Sketches
NOTE: Miss Skinner moves to the Lyceum Theatre Sun. Eve., Dec. 27
Seats on sale for regular and special holiday performances.

GILBERT MILLER Presents
HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy
THE GOOD FAIRY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:40

"First American play of the of any sound quality; a play real
in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its
approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

GALA HOLIDAY RETURN OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERETTAS
FIRST OPERA—BEGINNING CHRISTMAS DAY MATINEE

THE MIKADO FAMOUS CAST OF GILBERTIAN FAVORITES

HOWARD MARSH, WM. DANFORTH, FRANK MOULAN,
HIZI KOYKE, HERBERT WATEROUS, ETHEL CLARK, ALLEN WATEROUS
THEATRE, W. 44th Street. Phone PENN. 6-7963
Nights (Incl. Holidays) 50c to \$2.50.
Saturday and Holiday Mats. 50c to \$2.00.

LOUIS FISCHER

Foremost Authority on Russia

Available for lectures after February 1st

For terms and open dates address

LEE KEEDICK, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, December 29th, at 8:30 P. M.

Debate: "IS CAPITALISM WORTH SAVING"

LOUIS WALDMAN, negative; J. GEORGE FREDERICK, affirmative.
FORREST BAILEY, Chairman Subscription, 50c.

Sunday Afternoon, (Dec. 27th) at 4:30 P. M.
LEON SAMSON, on: "IS ART POSSIBLE IN AMERICA"

LECTURE

"FORGOTTEN UTOPIA"

ALEXANDER **WOOLLCOTT**

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 8:30 P. M.

HARRY HANSEN, Chairman TICKETS—\$1.00, 50c, 25c ■

BOX OFFICE—RAND BOOK STORE—7 E. 15 St.

BROOKLYN FORUM—B'KLYN, ACADEMY OF MUSIC
30 Lafayette Ave., Near Flatbush Ave.

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Bloody Laughter—49th St.—W. of B'way.
Civic Light Opera Co.—reopening Dec. 25, Matinee, with Gilbert
& Sullivan's THE MIKADO—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
Louder, Please—Masque—45 St. W. of B'way.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Avon—W. 45 St.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The House of Connelly—reopening Dec. 25—Mansfield—47 St.
W. of B'way.
The Passing Present—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.

CONFERENCES

Dec. 28—30—League for Industrial Democracy, Student Conferences;
"Guiding the Revolution" at the Union Theological Seminary,
122nd St. and B'way, New York, and "New Tactics in the
Social Conflict" at the University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

☐ FIRST NIGHTS ☐

Dec. 23—Cold in Sables—Cort—W. 48th St.
Dec. 24—It Never Rains—New Yorker—54 St. W. of B'way.
Dec. 25—Fata Morgana—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.
Dec. 25—Sugar Hill—Forrest—W. 49 St.
Dec. 25—Sentinels—Biltmore—W. 47 St.
Dec. 26—Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Dec. 26—The Bride The Sun Shines On—Fulton—W. 46 St.

If You Have Any Problems to Solve

CONSULT OUR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

If you cannot find what you want, send in your requirements.
Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62c.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York
Cortlandt 7-3330

LABOR NEWS

'In the Raw'

During this winter of discontent when the suffering of the workers is to be the greatest in American history, you will want to get your facts straight from original sources without "the editorial slant."

Federated Press, labor's only daily news service, offers you either a daily news service from bureaus in Washington and New York plus less frequent service from Pittsburgh and Chicago, at \$5 a month; or

A weekly news service including usually the most important release weekly from each of FP's four bureaus, at \$10 a year. Both payable in advance.

Federated Press is non-partisan, has 100 correspondents watching the hot spots, gets the news too hot to print—and no editor can keep it from you if you take this service. We suggest that clubs, groups, classes and libraries take the service. Republication is expressly forbidden.

FEDERATED PRESS

112 E. 19th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

the problems of international politics. But when Henry Dewlip, hereditary head of Dewlip Motors, is led by the beautiful face and figure of his secretary to appreciate for the first time in his life the beauty of "the decent things," the results are lamentable. Formerly he had been the kind of man who would adopt a new carburetor for the Dewlip car for the sound and beautiful reason that its manufacturer turned out to be that same Jelliwell who used to pinch his behind when both were happy boys in the fourth form; now he becomes the kind of man capable of canceling the contract for the purely mercenary reason that he himself can make better carburetors for less money. Nor is this all or, even, the worst. Jelliwell's happy home is practically destroyed when Dewlip ceases to pay to Mrs. Jelliwell those dishonorable attentions upon which she had come to count, and as the result of circumstances a little too complicated to explain here, Dewlip's poor old mother spends a night in jail. If it is added that Dewlip himself ruins his dress clothes and catches a frightful cold, it will be perceived at once what a relief it is to all concerned when he decides to abandon the straight and narrow for that primrose path upon which he had been accustomed to tread with so much grace. A chappie cannot hope to keep his friends if he has got into the habit of coming up to them at the club and asking, "Have you ever known the pure love of a pure woman?"

Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce are ideal for their parts, and the parts are ideal for them, since they possess to perfection that air of graceful imbecility suitable to the young aristocrats of comedy. They are the direct descendants of the ineffable pair who flutter through "The Importance of Being Earnest," and they are charming for the same reason—namely, that we are all envious of an irresponsibility so complete. Brains, like muscles, are necessary only to those who must use them, and if Thorstein Veblen had carried his speculations a little farther he would have perceived that a certain incapacity for being serious is far more significant as a badge of the leisure class than that walking-stick which he made famous. It is something to be able to demonstrate that you do not have to use your hands, but there is even more swank in showing that you do not have to use your head either, and at bottom it is their ability to do just that which makes such airy creatures as these delightful to contemplate. It is a luxury to "take serious things lightly and to take light things seriously" because only the very rich and the very secure can afford to make a habit of doing it. As for the rest of us, we indulge that extravagance as we indulge most of the others—vicariously. Helen Chandler as the secretary and Frieda Inescort as the not too faithful wife are also both excellent.

"1931" (Mansfield Theater)—a sort of pageant of unemployment by Claire and Paul Sifton—is hardly entertaining, but it is sincere and impressive. In fifteen scenes and seven "interludes" it traces the history of a laborer from the moment when he quits his job in the joyous confidence that a strong man need have no fear to the moment when he joins a mob of rioting unemployed; and it moves with a kind of terrifying inevitability to which, no doubt, the mood of the moment contributes not a little. It is hard to imagine just how it would seem at another time, but just now it brings to a focus the current sense of insecurity, and it produces an effect of ominousness difficult to describe. Both the settings and the general staging of the piece reflect great credit on the Group Theater, of which it is the second production. Such scenes as that which shows the elevated over head and as those which use the closing steel doors with symbolic effect reveal considerable imagination.

Ernst Toller's "Bloody Laughter" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a revolutionary drama which seems to me rather violent than moving. More or less "expressionistic" in manner, it reminds one how quickly the symbols of this particular style became stereotyped and stale.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Friendship!"—Slogan of Vienna

By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

"**F**REUNDSCHAFT!" Can you imagine the word being called to marching thousands along Fifth Avenue, called back from marching thousands to the thousands lining the way? "Friendship!" The English language is timid of fine words.

Can you imagine the events of this summer's Saturday night and Sunday morning taking place in New York instead of Vienna? For three days the Workers' Olympic Games had been filling the New York Stadium, twenty-two nationalities participating. And then Saturday night the torchlight parade of young people marching by the thousand from the Stadium along Fifth Avenue, all of them from the working class, the proletariat. Hundreds of them, railroad tickets far beyond their means, had paddled three days down the Hudson in their canoes, sleeping in their tents; thousands had bicycled for days; still more thousands had arrived after days of tramping over more than one State border; groups had reached New York in trucks from yet more distant States. Not one of the ten thousand was in possession of a car.

For three days they did their muscles' best in every conceivable sport—no polo! For three days they wandered about New York, bronzed, bareheaded, barelegged—boys and girls as unselfconscious about the fact of Friendship as about the word. A gay swinging of clasped hands, locked arms, laughter, wonder at the great city with so much to be gazed upon—galleries, museums, shops (rather casually)—so many new friends to be made. But it seemed that Saturday night in Vienna that they had come only for the torchlight parade. You have seen New York stage much more splendid parades. So has Vienna. Royalty has paraded in Vienna—also in New York. There have been files of marching soldiers, uniformed, in perfect step, files of marching police, bands, horses, coaches of state. Perhaps, in New York, there was a hero in the parade who had done some deed to catch the public fancy for the moment. The crowds along the way cheered; royalty or hero waved.

A word was hero of the Vienna torchlight parade; it was a word those thousands of young workers marched for; it was to call back the word that thousands upon thousands lined the way. There was no single band; after four and a half hours of marching no one was keeping step very well; torches had burned low or gone out altogether by the time the last of the marchers passed the Opera House on the Ring. They were merely ten thousand youths, boys and girls, still bareheaded, barearmed, barelegged, tanned, smiling. But after four and a half hours there was still the call over and over again, from marchers of twenty-two nationalities to marchers of twenty-two nationalities—"Freundschaft!" "Freundschaft!" "Freundschaft!"

It was not enough to march four and a half hours Saturday night. They must begin again at six-thirty Sunday morning—the grandiose climax to the *Arbeiter Olympiade*. It was not enough for twenty-two nationalities to call "Freundschaft!" for four and a half hours Saturday night.

They must call it for four and a half hot hours Sunday morning. Nearly a hundred thousand marchers this time, with it seemed at least a hundred bands! One band was hardly a block away, one band was blaring its music to the Austrian skies directly at our corner, one band had only a block yet to come. This morning we marched in line, we kept step, we carried flags, large proud flags, small fluttering flags; yet this morning, too, above the bands, the cheers, the clapping, the fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hands, rolled the same call over and over and over again, for four and a half hours—"Freundschaft!"

Past the reviewing stand at the feet of the colossal Pallas Athene in front of the House of Parliament the thousands marched. First the buzzing of motor cyclists, next the bicyclists of many lands, some of whom had pedaled over two or more national boundaries to reach Vienna. Then the marchers, children of workers who probably had never spent an hour of their lives in sport as these brown, barelimbed, swinging, cheering young people had come to know the word. Granted, if you marched these thousands in competition with the picked athletes of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, they might make an inferior showing. They had gathered from crowded tenements, from small pinched countrysides; their sport all their lives had been snatched between hours of hard work at home, in factories, in shops, on farms. The childhood of every one of them had known the lean, tragic years of war. Probably the ten thousand put together had never in all their lives spent as much money as Harvard or Yale or Princeton students in one month. Yet here they were, eager, cheering, bronzed, and very poor, holding more or less dearly to two ideals, ready to strive and sacrifice for their realization, come from near and far to Vienna to show the working strength of what they believed in: to make the most of their physical bodies, to build a Socialist world on the basis of peace. For that they had paddled, tramped, bicycled, sat up all night in wooden seats of third-class carriages from distant corners of Europe—to try their muscles in every conceivable sort of contest in Vienna's Stadium, to march the hot Vienna streets waving the red flag of their political ideals, carrying aloft the banners "For World Disarmament and Universal Peace," "Voor Werclloortwapening en Volkenvrede," "Für Weltabrüstung und Weltfrieden," in many languages, and to call again and yet again, hour on end, "Freundschaft."

After the bicyclists a sea of great red banners, each with a green wreath over the point, dazzlingly gay in the hot sun. How the world cheered! Then came the blond Danes, followed by—our own Stars and Stripes. "Ach, die Amerikaner—stark sind sie!" Boys and girls from Palestine next, who had tramped, ridden, wandered this way and that over the long roads across Asia Minor; blond Hollanders, the girls in gay flowered dresses carrying flower baskets. "Like a spring dream," sighs a stout waving Austrian. The English; the Scotch in their kilted plaids, to the joy of Vienna; the French, their blue caps with that French twist over one

ear; the Belgians, Rumanians, Poles, Bulgarians, Estonians, Norwegians—each group cheered, each cheering back. An unusually hearty burst of applause along the line—the Finns! The swing of their bodies, the gay stride of girls in sky-blue, full-skirted dresses, youths strong, laughing; Vienna took the Finns to its heart.

Then followed the Germans—hundreds upon hundreds of Germans. Over an hour it took the Germans to pass the reviewing stand. Musicians all in white, and after the band four hundred waving red flags. As the marchers reached the reviewing stand, to a man they put back their heads and burst forth with the "Internationale." The reviewing stand rose in a body, the red flags lowered to obeisance; a man dashed from his place on the stand to where the German delegation stood and frantically shook each man by the hand. It was Renaudel, French delegate to the Socialist Congress meeting in Vienna. And still the Germans marched—swimmers, wrestlers, half an hour of young women gymnasts, the street-car workers of Dresden, then the last of the German red flags, the last of their red, black, and gold.

One more frantic burst of cheers, of calls, of waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs, the finale to the seven miles of marching thousands—our own Austrians. "*Freundschaft!*" call the visiting Socialist delegates in the reviewing stand, springing to their feet. "*Freundschaft!*" call back the cheering Austrians. Hundreds, thousands of Austrians pass—from Salzburg, from the Tyrol, from Graz, sunburned girls from upper Austria swinging past in bathing suits, and at the very end Vienna's own. Vienna's sport-minded, Socialist, working-class young people, marching to the cheers of their own Socialist-governed city. Monday's *Arbeiter*

Zeitung flaunted the black headlines across its front page, "Ours the Youth—Ours the World!"

It is not for a stranger cheering on the sidelines to weigh after two parades the relative strength of the various ideals behind those thousands of marchers. Is the Socialist correct who contends that the workers' joy in sport is but an evidence of the strength they mean to bring to the class war? Are they not so much athletes as working-class athletes, and before that Socialist working-class athletes? It may be. Thus the *Arbeiter Zeitung* summed up the intangibles of Sunday morning:

People who never had laid eyes on one another and probably never would lay eyes on one another again called gaily to each other, waved hands and handkerchiefs. Strange to each other in language, they were united in the proud bond of a mutual *Weltanschauung*. One color and one word never fail to bring a clear realization of this bond—the red flag and the word which in a few years has captured the world—"Friendship!"

It is a good word. We Americans are apt to be afraid of colors and afraid of words.

Come Without Reservations

For Your CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR VACATION AND WEEKENDS

To SCHILDKRAUT'S ON THE HUDSON,
Highland Falls, N. Y. (bet. Bear Mt. and West Point)

Music, dancing. New Year's Eve Frolic and Midnight Spread Free to our guests. Free auto trips to and from Bear Mountain Park, ice skating sunshine or rain. Other winter sports at our Pine Terrace Hotel and Camp for your health and pleasure.

Open All Winter

Highland Falls 340

□ EDUCATIONAL □

FRENCH, SPANISH ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Native teachers.
Private lessons. 75c short course 11 to 9 daily. 26th year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH
Spanish - Italian - German
Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

RUSSIAN

Newest Method Moderate Fee Quick Results
Phone 8-11 A.M. or 5-7 P.M. Jerome 7-9266

□ FOR RENT □

REASONABLE rents. One, two and three room apartments are available in a comfortable house in The Heights section of Brooklyn. In replying please state what your requirements are. Box 580, c/o The Nation.

FOR LEASE OR SALE

LEASE or sale. Children's summer camp in the heart of the Berkshires. Fully equipped, on a beautiful lake. Present capacity 60 children, can be easily enlarged. Box 584, c/o The Nation.

An Advertisement of HOUSE TO RENT or APARTMENT TO RENT

in a space this size, will get answers, in The Nation.

Rate \$6.16

THE NATION - 20 Vesey St., N. Y.
New telephone number—Cortlandt 7-3330



A Merry Christmas

is in store for the young folks who are planning to make the Lodge their scene of festivities. Just a big family of youthful spirits having as gorgeous a time as only a voracious crowd is capable of. Better reserve accommodations early.

You can now come up by train from Grand Central to Harmon for \$1.60 per round trip. Ask for Special Weekend Round Trip ticket. We'll charge nothing for transportation from and to the station. By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon Station

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y. Phone 300
A country resort of 150 acres in real country environment.
Ideal for HEALTH, REST or RECREATION.
All outdoor and indoor sports including indoor HAND BALL COURT.
1½ hours Erie R.R., Bus or route 17.
OPEN ALL YEAR

ReST CUperation CREATION at THE CRYSTAL VILLA

Woodcliff Lake, N. J.
23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone, Park Ridge 404

SONAQUA CLUB

Lake Mohegan, N. Y.

The Haven for Sport Lovers. Ideal for recreation and relaxation. Convenient for week-ends. Only 45 miles from New York.

Special feature program Sports
for Christmas and New Year weekends. Skating, Hiking, Skiing, Tobogganing.

For reservations call Peekskill 1276

The LAKE VIEW

Offers every comfort of the large Winter Resorts with the homeliness of a not-too-big hotel. Splendid cuisine.

Moderate Rates

59 MADISON AVE.
Tel. Lakewood 287-963
LAKEWOOD, N. J.
SILVER AND EPSTEIN

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT NEWMAN'S HOTEL MONMOUTH

7th St. and Monmouth Ave., Lakewood, New Jersey
Gala holiday is insured at this beautiful modern home-like hotel well rest and relaxation. Large open sun-porches, lovely pine wooded grounds—diversification of indoor and outdoor sports.

Excellent Table Attractive Holiday Rates
Tel. Lakewood 92-705-708

MR. and Mrs. Arthur Morse wish all old friends a Happy Christmas, a Courageous New Year, and a few days delightful rest at "Erewhon." P. O. Box 547, Monroe, N. Y. Telephone 13F3

WESTERN VIEW FARM

Open all year. WINTER SPORTS. \$8 daily; \$49 weekly. Address Edward G. Ohmer, New Milford, Connecticut. Phone: New Milford 440.

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends. TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Address: R. F. D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone Ridgefield 648.

